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MOTION PICTURE

THE QUALITY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

12 1932
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Leatrice Joy

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Motion Picture Magazine

The Quality Magazine of the Screen

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Also publishers of the CLASSIC (combined with SHADOWLAND), out on the fifteenth of each month; and BEAUTY, out on the sixteenth

For Next Month

When they're interviewed, the difference in the personalities of the stars is very marked. Mary Pickford is always indiscreet. That is a sign of greatness, so **Harry Carr** says. And he tells about other stars in the presence of the interviewer. About Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Charlie Chaplin, Dorothy Phillips and others too numerous to mention. It tells secrets about the stellar personalities which most interviewers never discover.

The **Latin Invasion** is the latest contribution of **Eldon Kelley**. And it is amusing in this day when the old plots have given way to a new plot which always permits an Italian or Spanish lover to hold full sway among the shadows upon the screen. You'll laugh over the amusing verse and the clever drawings.

Sally Steele draws another word-picture . . . this time of the palatial Goldwyn studios.

The third episode of the **Dana Gatlin** serial, "**Thistledown**," offers a dramatic incident in this love story woven about two young people in a pretty suburban town. . . .

Incidentally, there is "**Black Oxen**," the **Gertrude Atherton** best-seller, told in short-story form . . . and a novelization of "**Flaming Youth**."

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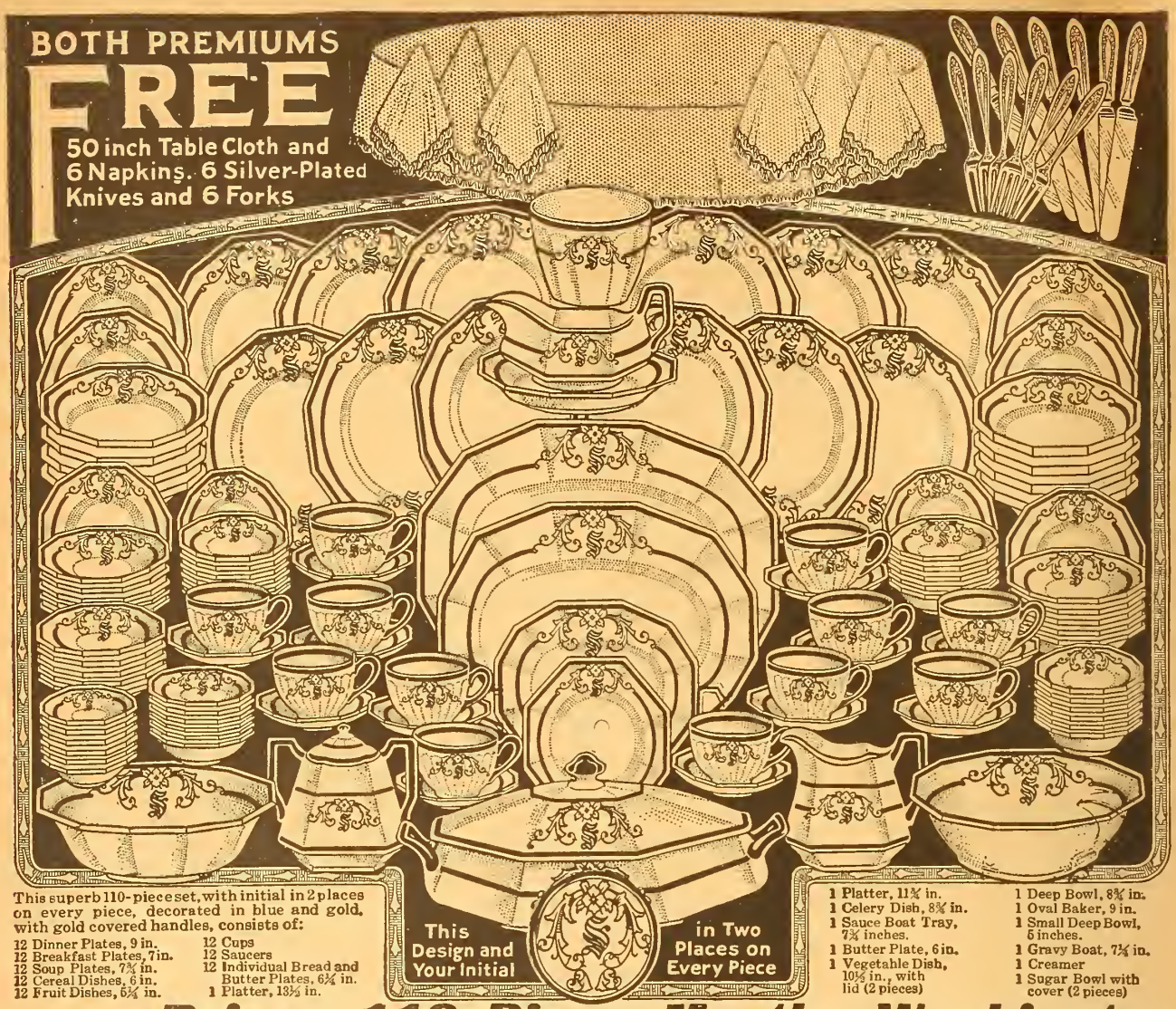

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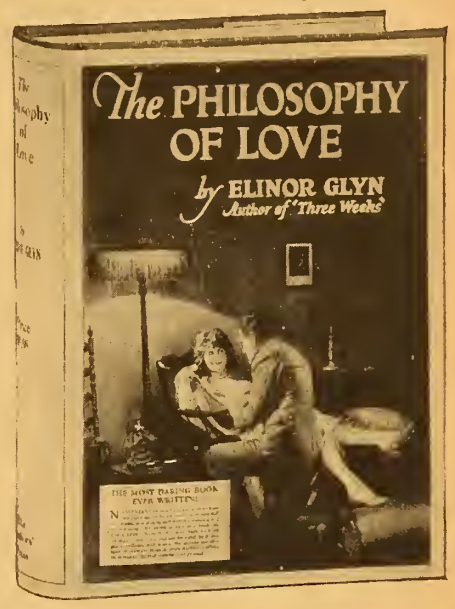

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame —the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

ELINOR GLYN
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IF you can answer the above questions— if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

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DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- —how to win the man you love.
- —how to win the girl you want.
- —how to hold your husband's love.
- —how to make people admire you.
- —why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love.
- —why many marriages end in despair.
- —how to hold a woman's affection.
- —how to keep a husband home nights.
- —things that turn men against you.
- —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- —the "danger year" of married life.
- —how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming —how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- —how to attract people you like.
- —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- —are there any real grounds for divorce?
- —how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- —how to tell if someone really loves you.
- —things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *MUST NOT DO* unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

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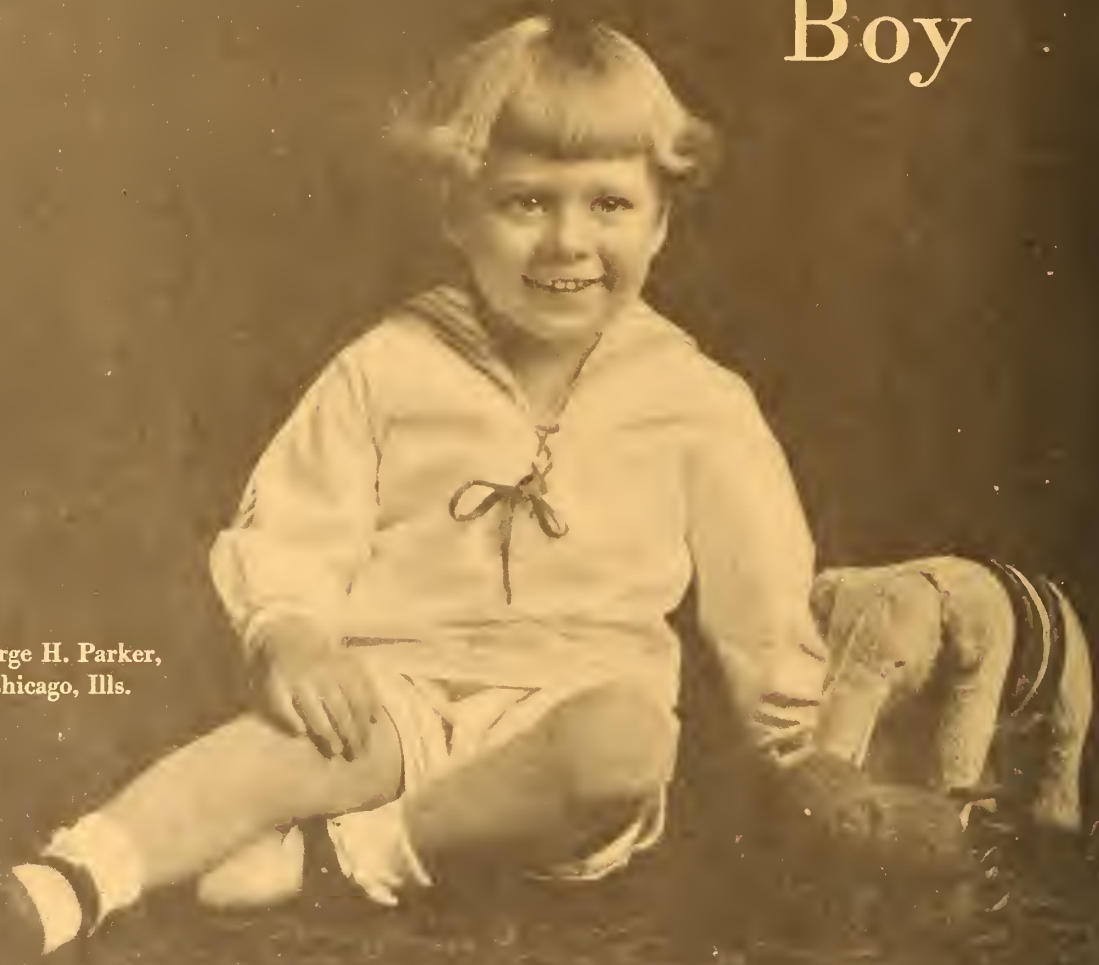

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Another Bone Is Removed From the Movie's Vertebræ by the Surgical Censor

Prematurely, we were growing optimistic about motion-picture censorship. The press talked of its being abolished in New York State, where it has now been in force for some years. This seemed, at least, a beginning . . . a promise that eventually there would be a nation-wide erasure of that stigma on public intelligence.

But since then we have heard sorry tidings. Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania has forbidden liquors or anything remotely suggestive of alcoholic beverages to be shown upon the screens of his State. And because he is in a position where he can use censorship to gain his own spectacular ends in connection with prohibition, all imbibing scenes are eliminated from motion-picture productions before they are permitted to be projected in his State.

We believe in the enforcement of laws. For it is only thru rigid enforcement that a law can be proved unwise and gain the intense disfavor which will result in its being repealed. But Governor Pinchot must realize that every law ever placed upon the statutes has been broken. Murder, a violation of one of the first laws, occurs daily. And, therefore, it is necessary to the drama of the screen that scenes wherein intoxicating liquors are shown be projected. For how can the screen portray life if it is forbidden to show life as it is lived day by day?

Bone by bone the surgical censor removes the movie vertebræ. And we have no doubt that when what remains of the motion picture falls in a flabby and anemic heap, a great hue and cry will arise about the drama of the photoplay lacking vitality.

Such a state of affairs is deplorable. It mocks those men who died, in the words of Abraham Lincoln, that this nation of the people, for the people and by the people should not perish from this earth. For, in truth, this latest imbecility, committed in the name of censorship, is not logically a part of such a nation.

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-Mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

FEBRUARY, 1924

Vol. XXVII No. 1

After Thirty—*can a woman still gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"?*

SOME women have a better complexion at thirty or thirty-five than they ever had in their twenties.

The reason is simply that they have learned to take better care of their skin.

At twenty, contrary to popular tradition, a girl's complexion is often at its worst.

Too many sweets—late hours—and, above all, neglect of a few simple rules of skin hygiene, result in a dull, sallow color, disfiguring blemishes, and ugly little blackheads.

By giving your skin the right care you can often gain a lovelier skin at thirty than you ever had before.

Remember that each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Whatever your complexion has been in the past—by beginning, now, to give this new skin the treatment it needs, you can gradually build up a fresh, clear, radiant complexion.

Often the best of life doesn't begin for a woman until she is thirty. Often it is only then that she begins to realize herself and her own possibilities. Don't think of your age, whatever it is, as a limitation—think of it as an opportunity! Use the knowledge you have gained from life to overcome past faults and disadvantages. Make up your mind to be lovelier every year—and you will be!

The cause of blackheads and blemishes

Blackheads are caused by dirt and oil collecting in the pores of your skin. A large-pored skin, or one that is much exposed to dust and soft-coal smoke, is especially susceptible to blackheads. Blemishes are generally the result of infection from bacteria carried by dust into the pores.

Don't neglect defects like blackheads or blemishes. They can easily be overcome by the following two treatments:—

To Free your Skin from Blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes, then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against a reappearance of the blemishes.

A Special Treatment for Blackheads

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Special treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Follow the treatment you need regularly and see how much clearer your skin will become and what a world of difference it will make in its attractiveness.

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Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

JOHN BARRYMORE

John Barrymore, the matinée idol, who is also one of the greatest artists of his age, has again been busy in the motion-picture studios for an all too brief interlude. And the result is another extraordinary motion-picture . . . "Beau Brummell." We hope for the day when Mr. Barrymore will be more definitely associated with the screen

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

MADGE KENNEDY

In "Poppy," a new musical comedy, Madge Kennedy supplements her charming enough personality with several musical numbers. And the theater is crowded to capacity every evening and every matinée. However, with her last screen production, "Three Miles Out," now released, Miss Kennedy is taking time to consider the story she will use as her next motion-picture

LILA LEE

We publish this new portrait of Lila Lee because it presents her as the young matron. And, after all, that is what you might expect the comparatively new Mrs. James Kirkwood to be, above everything else. With her husband, she is playing in a motion-picture called "Painted Women"

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

COLLEEN MOORE

It is a wicked wink with which Colleen adorns this page—and it is illustrative of the flapper Colleen in "Flaming Youth." Personalities change in Hollywood, and we have noticed lately that this daughter of old Erin is more attractive than ever. Her next picture, by the way, will be "The Swamp Angel"

Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

ELLIOTT DEXTER

The pictures which Elliott Dexter makes from now on should please him. For by his new contract he is permitted the entire responsibility of choosing his story, his director and his cast, and anything else which is necessary to his productions. His first picture under this Utopian arrangement is "The Way Men Love." And Mildred Harris is the leading lady of his choosing

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

DOROTHY GISH

Dorothy Gish is wintering in Italy. No, this is not a society note . . . quite the contrary. For Dorothy is in Italy for the purpose of appearing in "Romola," the film in which she will star with her sister, Lillian. It is being filmed under the direction of Henry King on its native ground

Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

This is one of the best pictures we have ever seen of Constance Talmadge, for it portrays her as she is . . . a rare good fellow, chic and fascinating . . . who has a perfect regiment of attractive and wealthy admirers eternally at her heels. (Production Note: Miss Talmadge is next to appear in a screen version of "The Mirage," the drama in which Florence Reed was starred upon the stage)

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

ADOLPHE MENJOU

Adolphe Menjou has justly come to be regarded as one of the most adept and fascinating shadows cast upon the screen. In "A Woman of Paris," he succeeded in making his villain all of the hero. And we hear that Lubitsch has only praise to offer him for the work he has done under his direction in "The Marriage Circle"

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

VIRGINIA VALLI

Miss Valli is carving a definite niche for herself in the foremost ranks of screen players. Her portrayals never lack dignity, and she was recently selected for important rôles in "Wild Oranges" and "The Signal Tower"

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Donna Roma . . . a portrait study of Barbara LaMarr in the rôle she essays in "The Eternal City"

Patricia: Hollywood's Flapper

By

HARRY CARR

Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

PATSY RUTH MILLER was only two hours late for the engagement—which was doing pretty well, considering.

She had announced her intentions of paying us a call of ceremony and state at our California ranch. She said she wanted to meet the Pekin ducks; she had never known a white Pekin duck on what anyone could call intimate terms.

The fair Patricia was due at two o'clock; she blew in some time around four when the sun was just beginning to settle down over the rim of the Tujunga mountains.

She had the thrill of her young life as she drew up under the old oak-tree that shelters the ranch house. Frances Marion was just leaving with her husband, Fred Thomson. And Frances has been the heroine of Patricia's young dreams. Also Frances's husband being a handsome blade, and probably the most perfect athlete the world has ever known, as well as a highbrow young man with a string of university degrees after his name, has also not escaped the notice of Patricia and the other flappers.

"They say she is the greatest scenario writer in the world," said the awe-struck Miss Miller as the Thomson family jammed the gears into place and receded in a haze of glory and oil smoke.

Miss Miller watched until they were out of sight. "If she's got all those brains and such a charming husband, I dont see why Heaven had to make her also the prettiest girl in Hollywood," she said with a sigh.

And with that,

Patricia was almost kidnapped into the movies. When the Millers first came to California, they were having a family picnic on the beach at Venice. A motion-picture director saw Patsy Ruth romping on the sand and introduced himself to her family in order to ask if the pride and joy of the household would not like to be a movie actress. The pride and joy thought she would . . . and that was that

Until now, Patsy's biggest success has been with Charley Ray in "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." Before she is much older she is likely to do something really big. Patsy Ruth is one of the girls that Hollywood critics are eagerly watching. She has tenderness of feeling and brains. She is due to get somewhere

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Patsy Ruth came to the bottom of the ice-cream and remarked sorrowfully. "If you were to ask me to have some more, I would say, 'No, thank you'; but if you asked me the second time, I should relent."

She relented and I dare say has been repenting on a diet of pineapple, without even the lamb chops ever since.

She played around the ranch all afternoon from the chicken yard where the white leghorns hide under the wild plum bushes to the yard where the geese stalk around in solemn dignity.

At sunset we climbed the hills and watched the colors flame across the mountain ranges that "stand up like thrones of kings" on the skyline; we watched the scarlet and gold melt into ashes of roses and deep violet as the day was dying.

And Patsy Ruth grew a little solemn and serious and we talked about the problems of life and death and art and careers.

Little Patsy Ruth has more interesting backgrounds than many of the Hollywood girls you meet. She comes of a fine family which grew on the borderland between the old South and the practical aggressiveness of the Middle West.

I think her people were a little bit scandalized at first when she became a motion-picture star.

She was almost kidnapped into the movies—so to speak. When the Millers first came to

(*Continued on page* 85)

Patricia wandered out into the orchard. Presently she emerged from the middle of a fig-tree and with a half-eaten Smyrna in her hand asked in a horrified voice: "Are these things fattening?"

"Being full of sugar, they are about the fatteningest things that grow," was the ruthless answer.

With the fig still in her hand, she wailed out her grief to the world. "Here I have been starving on a diet of lamb chops and pineapple for two months and you invite me out here where fat grows on the trees."

Which did not deter Patsy Ruth from reaching for another fig.

It was one of those belated hot days that come after the summer is supposed to have died and I had been grinding at an ice-cream freezer most of the afternoon.

"You're a wonderful conversationalist," said Patsy Ruth when someone mentioned ice-cream.

"I'll be so fat when I leave here that they'll have to retake all my close-ups; but let us be happy on the Sabbath."

Photograph by Seely, L. A.

She told us that she is living in the hope that she will get a part some day which does not depend upon the sugary cake-frosting that directors and stars call "sympathy"—that sickly mush with which scenario writers have spoiled most of the best stories in the world with impossible heroines who are all snow maidens who are incapable of frailties

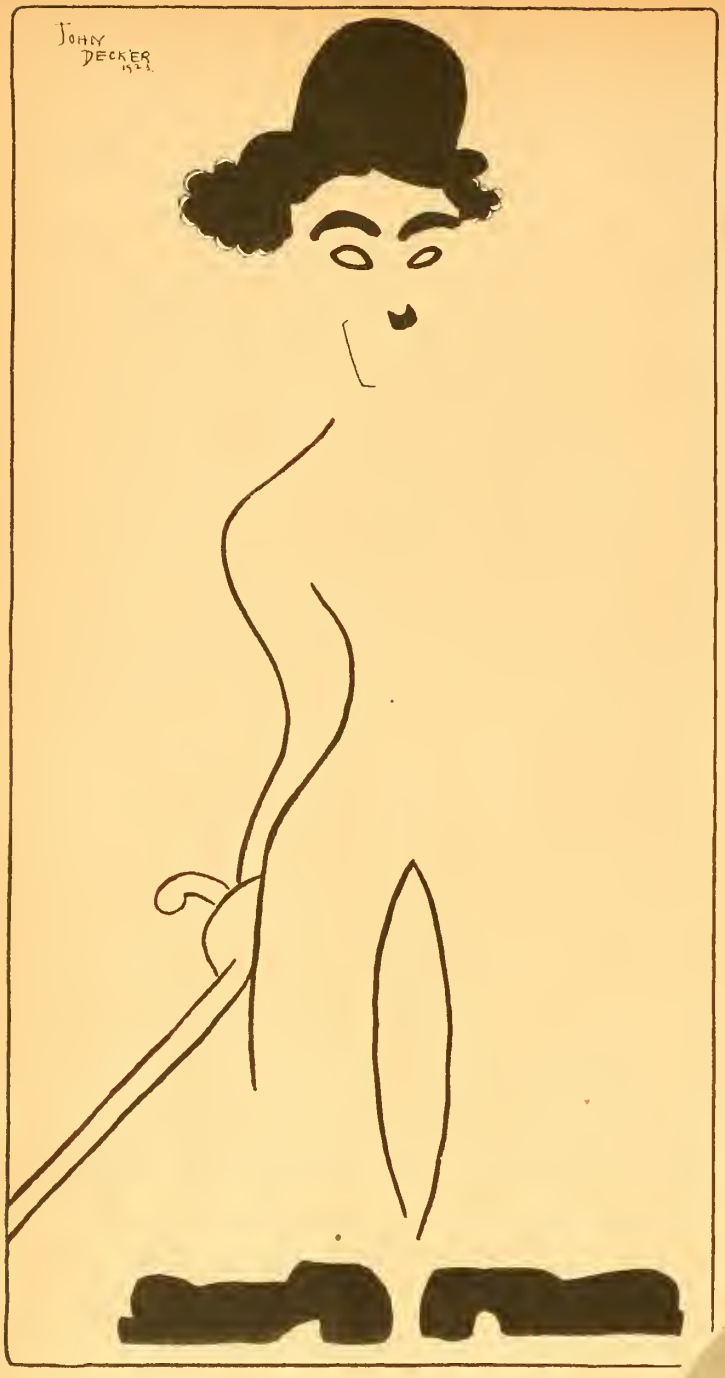
Patricia has a heroine. She is Frances Marion. Of her she says: "They say she is the greatest scenario writer in the world . . . and if she has all those brains and such a charming husband, I dont see why Heaven had to make her also the prettiest girl in Hollywood"

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Photograph by Mandeville

Elinor Glyn Named Her As Queen

For the rôle of the Queen in "Three Weeks," Elinor Glyn personally chose Aileen Pringle from all the beauty of Hollywood . . . "because distinction and some subtle suggestion of the tiger lurks in her strange beauty." Above is one of the first photographs taken of Miss Pringle in this rôle



"No, no, NO!" said Charlie Chaplin, "I'm going back to California and make another comedy. I dont want to play Hamlet at all. Shakespeare would bore me to death on the screen. It's the beauty of Shakespeare's lines which have made him an immortal. I'm going hack to the old shoes . . . the old cane and derby. Once in awhile . . . about once a year or so . . . I should like to make something really rare and beautiful . . . as it comes to me; like 'A Woman of Paris.' I had to make that when I did. It grew and grew in my mind until I couldn't do anything else but just that"

Photograph by G. Maillard Kesslere

Above is a caricature made by John Decker over which Charlie was e.. usiastic. And, after all, whatever Chaplin may do, he will never be forgotten as the wistful little man who has erased the tears of the world. And, on the right, is one of the new portraits taken of him on his recent visit in New York

Charlie doesn't think the heroine in his story loved the boy from the country after she had known intimately a man of the other sort . . . sophisticated, with polish and charm. He thinks she only felt a sentimental interest for the boy, thinking, perhaps, that she should be in love with him. At the left is a scene from "A Woman of Paris," showing Adolphe Menjou and Edna Purviance. On the right, Chaplin is seen directing a sequence of this production . . . and below, as he was snapped directing an exterior scene

We Interview Charlie Chaplin

A Playful Playlet in One Act and Five Scenes

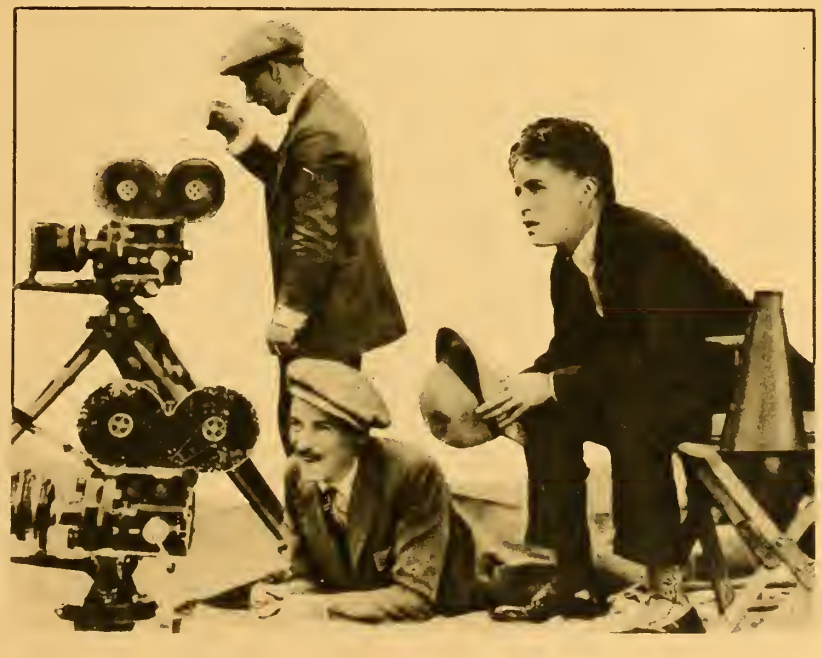
THE CAST

Charlie Chaplin . . . . . Whom all the world knows
We . . . . . Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher

Such supernumeraries as: Hotel clerks, audience at the Lyric Theater, page boys, telephone operators, publicity men, elevator experts, Charlie's Japanese valet, who should be in the diplomatic service, *et cetera*.

SCENE I IS THE LYRIC THEATER.—It is the New York première of "A Woman of Paris," the motion picture written and directed by Mr. Chaplin, but in which he does not appear in person. The filmerati are there. The Elect, Highbrows who look down upon the common movie. In the thronged theater lobby stands a large floral display from Mary and Doug. And merely in passing, Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher are among those most inconspicuously present.

In a stage box Charlie sits alone. About him is that air of solitariness that marks the truly great. Small of stature, but great in dignity and exceeding charm. That is the atmosphere of Charlie. The film runs its keen, triumphant way. And ends to the calls of "Bravo! Bravo! Speech! Speech!" There is mad applause. Charlie rises and steps forward. He bows in grateful acknowledgment. The applause insists that he break the silent drama. He finally comes out onto the stage from the recess of his box and the applause dies down as he opens his speech with his international smile. His hair is dusted with iron grey. He tells a funny story. And his audience comes immediately under the spell of his magnetic and dynamic personality.



GLADYS HALL (*coaxingly*): Aren't we going to interview him? Huh? *Huh?*

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER (*with deliberation . . . perhaps she was planning a single interview, who knows?*): Maybe. . . .

G. H. (*elbowing her point into A. W. F.'s ribs if not her plans*): I think we might do an interview with him. Why, I should think we would *have* to do an interview with him. Why-ee, I should think that even *you* could see *that!*

A. W. F. (*icily reproachful*): I'm *aware* of his achievements. Really, my Dear . . .

G. H.: I have a new dress and everything. . . .

A. W. F.: Charlie has, perhaps, seen one or two new gowns among his movie friends. . . .

G. H.: Well, are we going to interview him or are we *not?*

A. W. F. (*having intended this reply all along*): I'll 'phone about an appointment in the morning.

SCENE II.—The lobby of the Ritz-Carlton. Two days later. It is eleven o'clock and G. H. and A. W. F. enter, yawning. Of course they are working girls and all that. Still . . . A. W. F. requests the number of Mr. Chaplin's suite with something of an air *de luxe*. One can see that it isn't every day she has so distinguished a number to call. She then goes to the telephones with quite an air while G. H. adjusts the aforementioned new dress with many a nervous twitch and pull.

A. W. F. (*optimistically, as it develops*): Room 423, please. . . .

(*There is the signal of ringing on the wire for several minutes Then . . .*)

A. W. F.: Miss Hall and Miss Fletcher to see Mr. Chaplin by appointment. [Pause.]

A. W. F. (*aggrieved*): But we had an *appointment*. He hasn't risen yet? Are you sure he's gone to *bed?* He left word not to be disturbed until two o'clock? Oh, we see! Well, not to mind us, I am sure. Time is *not* so far as we are concerned (*these latter remarks mostly under her breath. Aloud.*) Well, we'll telephone again, then.

(*She hangs up the receiver. There would seem to be nothing else to do.*)

G. H.: I thought you *said* it was all settled for eleven o'clock. I'll say it's settled all right, wrong side up!

A. W. F. (*with something less than her usual asperity*): It *was*. . . .

(*At this juncture Hariette Underhill, the motion-picture writer of the New York "Tribune," comes into the lobby. The interviewers tell her of the broken, or deferred appointment. She is sympathetic.*)

HARIETTE UNDERHILL: My dears, that's why I haven't made an engagement with Charlie Chaplin since he came to town. I'm awfully fond of him, but I know that the one thing he cant keep is an appointment, and if he broke one with me I'd be furious and I dont want to be that. . . .

(*With this encouraging news she takes her leave.*)

Altho sophisticated, "A Woman of Paris" escaped the censors, because, as Charlie himself explained: "the ending of the picture salved things. And then, too, there was really nothing in the entire picture that could offend a child. Only the sophisticated person, the person thoroly in the knowledge of a certain type of life and what it means, would be sure of what he or she was seeing." At the left is another new portrait . . . and below is Charlie in a playful moment on the roof of the Ritz-Carlton

SCENE III.—Same as Scene II. Two o'clock in the afternoon. The same procedure takes place. Once more A. W. F. calls the suite number on the 'phone. Once more G. H., who has again checked her wrap for a small monetary consideration, adjusts her new dress.

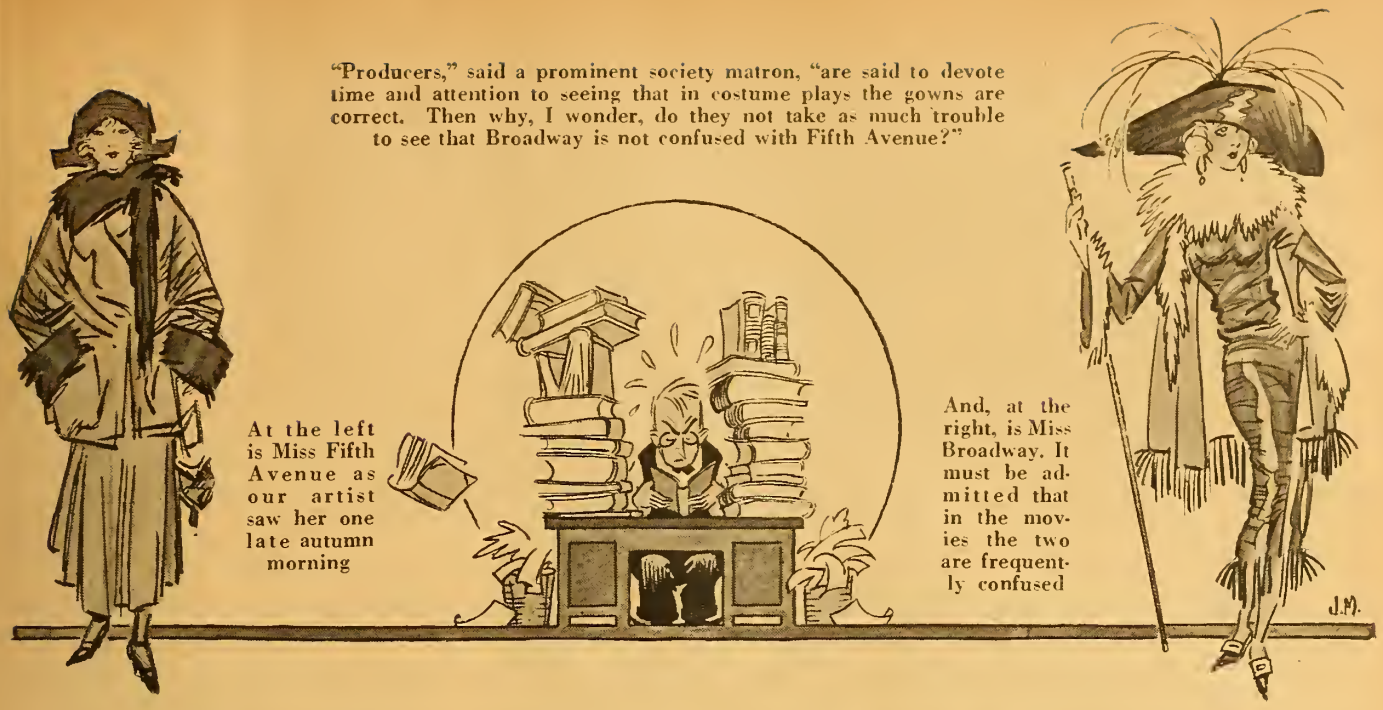
A. W. F. (*and there is marked doubt in her tone.*): Room 423, please. . . . [Pause.]

A. W. F.: He hasn't risen yet? Well, but . . . [Pause.]

A. W. F.: Very well, then, we'll be up in half an hour. . . .

(*Continued on page* 94)

Photograph by International Newsreel



The Verdict of the Vanderbilts

By HAROLD·SETON

THE average individual possesses a certain amount of "social ambition," even tho this statement may be indignantly disputed. Due consideration will certainly prove that in each community the very poor look up to the not-so-poor and the well-to-do look up to the very wealthy. Unusual is the man who does not secretly enjoy associating with "the richest man in town," and even more unusual is the woman who does not secretly enjoy associating with "the richest woman." Denounce such "snobbishness" if you will, but, at the same time, remember about "people in glass houses" throwing stones!

Residents of Main Street do not hobnob with the denizens of back alleys. And in large cities the contrasts are greater than in small towns. In New York Fifth Avenue and the Bowery are worlds apart, and so are Fifth Avenue and Broadway. Fifth Avenue realizes this quite well. So does the Bowery. But not so Broadway. That is where our subject comes in—the verdict of the Vanderbilts! Just as in small towns Main Street and the back alleys flock to the movies, so Fifth Avenue and Broadway do likewise, altho bringing different viewpoints.

The present writer has for many years, thru the force of circumstances, been brought in close contact with rich and fashionable people, the richest and most fashionable in America. Each summer he is at Newport, Rhode Island, the most exclusive resort in the world, for not even at the famous Continental watering-places, Deauville, Trouville and the Lido, is there a private bathing-beach, as at Newport, where even a glimpse of the bathers is denied the rank outsider.

At Newport there are three moving-picture theaters, and during each summer these houses are patronized not only by the tradespeople of Thames Street, but by the owners of estates on Bellevue Avenue. One evening last summer the present writer was a member of a fashionable party attending a Newport picture-playhouse, and was keenly impressed by the fact that altho the rest of the audience sat enthralled, spellbound by the spectacle, the group of men in dinner-coats and women in evening-gowns giggled and tittered. The film was supposed to depict people of position, their modes and their manners, to say nothing of their morals, but was so fantastically false that an impression was created such as if a company of Esquimaux was engaged for a "Wild West" production!

The chaperon of the theater party was the mistress of a Fifth Avenue mansion as well as of a Newport estate. In her box at the Metropolitan Opera House she wears ropes of pearls worth a fortune, but only on special occasions dons her diamond tiara. She wore the diadem when, in London, she was presented by the American Ambassador's wife to the King and Queen of England. She was asked for her opinion of the film, and her comments were jotted down. They are herewith set forth as those of a genuine "society woman" discussing an alleged "society picture."

"This film, and the majority of others which profess to depict the dress and deportment of people of wealth and position, could only impress those who have no more acquaintance with the actual conditions than have the directors of these absurdities. Producers are said to devote time and attention, to say nothing of money, to seeing that in 'costume' plays, the

IT AMUSES SOCIETY TO SEE—

Diamond tiaras worn to casual dinner-parties.

Maids wearing short skirts with silk stockings and high-heeled slippers with glistening buckles.

Male servants dressed always in livery.

Débutantes with Mary Pickford curls.

Boudoir wraps and caps of barbaric splendor.

And dining-rooms as large as museums.

Middle Ages are not confused with the Colonial Period and the Colonial Period is not confused with the early Victorian. Then why, I wonder, do they not take as much trouble to see that Broadway is not confused with Fifth Avenue? My New York house is large and well proportioned, and my Newport villa is quite commodious. I constantly visit at the best-known residences in both communities, but I have never seen or heard of any drawing-rooms or dining-rooms half the size of those constantly shown in picture-plays as being the haunt of 'the idle rich.' When we entertained such distinguished foreigners as Prince Henry of Prussia, the Crown Prince of Sweden and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, we enlarged our usual staff of servants and dressed the footmen in special liveries. But, in the movies, for ordinary dinner-parties enormous banquet-halls are shown, and dozens of flunkeys. Maids seem to be engaged by the score, and they wear short skirts, silk stockings and high-heeled slippers with showy buckles. Such costumes are of course unheard of outside of the studios.

"I have never been considered a frump or a dowdy, and some of my women friends are hailed as 'the best-dressed women in America.' But none of us would ever dream of including in our wardrobes such details as seem essential to 'society women' in pictures. Evening-gowns, the backs of which are cut down to the waistline would not be tolerated. Head ornaments suggestive of the Ziegfeld 'Follies' would be relegated to the 'Follies.' Boudoir-caps of barbaric splendor would stamp the wearer as beyond the pale. The movies constantly show 'millionaires' wives' trailing about bedrooms in yards of chiffons, glittering with spangles and festooned with fur. Modistes may carry such goods, but they certainly never show them to their Fifth Avenue clientele.

"In ballroom scenes young girls are seen with their hair in curls, after the manner of Mary Pickford. In actual life such coiffures are restricted to the schoolroom or the nursery. Any débutante who appeared at a ball with her hair in curls would be laughed out of countenance, and her mother would be severely criticized. Close-ups of men's faces show that most of them have had their eyebrows shaped in some way. No gentleman in polite society would indulge in such an effeminate practice. I have never heard of anyone who did. And so it goes, with a hundred and one repetitions, until one is forced to realize that, as has often been declared, 'the motion-pictures are still in their infancy!'"

Following this emphatic expression of opinion, the present writer interviewed other prominent members of the Newport colony, and, after returning to New York for the winter, continued his investigations. Not only was the original criticism duplicated and enlarged upon, but the general taste of the smart set was manifested in regard to the movies.

"Society" in Cheyenne, Wyoming, may be headed by the Smiths and in Tallahassee, Florida, by the Browns, in San Francisco by the Crockers and in Philadelphia by the Biddles, but in New York it is certainly headed by the Vanderbilts. So it is edifying to ascertain the verdict of the Vanderbilts, the many-millioned family whose ramifications include Twomblys, Sloanes, Webbs, Shepards, Whitneys and so forth.

It seems that with these discriminating movie fans the favorite screen actor is the virile and romantic Douglas Fairbanks and the favorite screen actress is the winsome and appealing Mary Pickford. Gloria Swanson is considered "magnetic" and Ramon Novarro is considered "fascinating." Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd are immensely popular. D. W. Griffith is highly esteemed, and so is Eric von Stroheim. Some directors who go to great trouble and expense with their "society" scenes are only laughed at for their pains.

And yet for the hundreds

(*Continued on page* 85)

"On the screen the 'wives of millionaires' are constantly shown trailing about bedrooms in yards of chiffon, glittering with spangles and festooned with fur. Modistes may carry such, but they certainly never show them to their Fifth Avenue clientele"

The New Madge

This is hardly the sort of thing we have come to expect of Madge Bellamy. Always she has been the demure and shrinking violet. It may be in line with the recent news that she is organizing her own motion-picture company . . . we wonder if it is, by chance, a subtle hint that she will essay vampire rôles . . . or were the black lingerie and sweeping hat donned only in the interest of an artistic portrait study after all? We favor the last suggestion . . .

Photograph by Henry Waxman

While Hi was dictating his correspondence that morning, he noted an amused smile on his stenographer's face—abstractedly reaching into his pocket for his handkerchief he had drawn out the apron instead!

Thistledown

The Serial Written Around the Younger Generation

By

DANA GATLIN

Illustrated by Harold Lund

INSTALMENT II

AFTER they had gone a couple of blocks, young Daggett said: "Here, better give me the wheel, now."

"I'm a pretty good driver," Dolly murmured, but obediently exchanged places.

"Yes, you can drive, all right—I imagine you could do sixty-one; on that score, at least, you merit the cop's admiration."

His tone was wry, but Dolly clapped her hands merrily.

"That was beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"It was iniquitous," answered young Daggett. "To deceive an officer of the law—and just after preaching at *me!*"

"That was different. You'd been doing the sixty-one actually. You're a reckless driver, and ought to be reprimanded."

"Then why did you come to my rescue with the cop? He'd have handed me over to a judge who'd reprimand me, all right!"

The girl was silent.

"It must have been," the young man said, "that you really wanted to help me."

"Then it was against my better judgment," said Dolly.

"Well, anyway, I'm glad you wanted to help me. It means you must like me a little—even if against better judgment.

"That's really the nicest way to be liked, isn't it?" was Dolly's comment, in her voice of sly mischief.

He glanced at her with answering fun in his own face, then the look gave way to an inquisitive wonder.

"Who are you, anyway?" he asked. "You are an extraordinary girl."

"You know who I am—I served you last night at Thiebaud's road-house. Dont you remember?"

"I remember, all right. You were ducky in that cap and apron. And I called you Thistledown and you said your name was Dolly Watt." Then, putting the question bluntly: "How long have you been a waitress, and where did you come from to Thiebaud's?"

But Dolly laughed tantalizingly and shook her head.

"I dont half-believe your name *is* Dolly Watt," he said, suspiciously.

"What, would riding in a grand car make me such a fine lady that my name should change? Maybe it's the car that's bewitched me—but see! I've got my apron tucked under my cape!" And, true enough, she drew out a flimsy, white trifle and held it round her. She looked down at it, wonderingly. "Gracious, but an apron does make a difference in a woman!" Then she peered up at him anxiously. "Do I seem again Dolly Watt, the Thiebaud's waitress?"

This was sheer levity again, but young Daggett could not help laughing.

"No wonder you bewitched the cop," he said—"it's you who are the witch, not this grand car. I must look out lest you bewitch Hi Daggett, too."

The girl did not answer, gazed demurely off at the rushing twilight.

Then the young man reminded:

"You called me 'dear' back there—and in front of the policeman!"

For another second the girl did not speak; then she said:

"I've come farther than I meant—will you let me out, or be so kind as to take me back to the trolley?"

"Oh, dont go back yet—come on for a little ride. Or are you on duty tonight?"

"No, I'm not on duty," she murmured.

Synopsis of the First Instalment

In the rôle of waitress in the notorious road-house of old Leon, the Alsatian, and Anna, his wife, Dorothy Claiborne of royal lineage is called upon to serve young Hi Daggett, the millionaire rounder of the village of Fairfield, Conn. Daggett recognizes her as unusually lovely and "different," but he accepts her part and parcel as a waitress, and the old story of the chase begins—the son of the idle rich—a lowly waitress. Hi tags Dorothy "Thistledown" because of her delicacy and allure, and tho she modestly protests that her name is Dolly Watt, the pseudonym pleases her. Dolly has her own reason for the disguise: she is engaged to a wealthy and unloved man from whom she is seeking surcease. Young Hi, tho he drinks overmuch and is overfree with hearts, attracts her enormously, but Leon and Anna are apparently the keepers of her honor, from long ago, and act as watch dogs to such good intent that Hi does not get very far in his advances. However, fortune and recklessness favor him, a few days later. He is racing thru Fairfield at a dangerous speed in his roadster, regardless of the lives of pedestrians and the children playing in the streets—a figure dashes from the sidewalk and stands, arms outspread, immediately in the path of the car. He throws on the brakes. The car stops directly in front of the tense figure. It is Dolly. She berates him for his criminal recklessness, he her for her foolhardiness. Then a motor-cycle cop looms in pursuit. Young Hi is an old offender; this last offence will cost him his license. He tells Dolly so, and tho she has said that he deserves just that, she jumps into the car, like a good sport, and takes the driver's seat herself. When the cop accosts them she takes the blame. Hi tries to explain, but is finally silenced when she nonchalantly calls him "dear" and casually mentions to the policeman that he is her fiancé. Dolly's smile, reinforced with a yellowback from Hi, wins the cop and he allows them to go free. They drive off into the dusk, as waitress and millionaire, for Hi has not noticed that Dolly's picture is displayed at the near-by motion-picture house as the lovely Dorothy Claiborne.

His voice was breathless. His face was coming closer. For a paralyzed second the girl watched that nearing face, those shining eyes; terror gripped her, terror and a hundred unnamed sensations—— Then he kissed her

"Then come on—it's a peach of an evening—the air'll do you good."

Dolly still gazed at the rushing twilight.

"Please dont say no," he urged. "I'm sort of lonesome tonight—sort of low. Wont you be a good Samaritan?"

She ventured him a glance then, almost timidly; and it seemed to her that something sombre underlay the audacity in his eyes, and that a certain compression of his lips belied his light-hearted laughter—perhaps this dashing young man was indeed lonesome. She felt a queer stir of pity in her heart. And felt a strange tingle within herself, a flutter of excitement. And it was truly a "peach of an evening"—the dusk filled with a blurred glory, the air full of wind but soft for October, the road gleaming ahead thru the deepening, mysterious shadows.

The girl did not know why she tingled; she did not know that all the ghosts of joyous youth, all of youth that ever quickened in spring's glad season and died, throbbed now invisibly in this windy autumn night—in their inaudible voices tumultuously calling. She did not know, but the look she cast him was sincere and sweet and wistful when she said:

"For a little way, then—but I mustn't be gone too long."

"Righto," said young Daggett. "Promise you not to go too fast—but the road's not jammed out here."

"I like going fast sometimes," she admitted.

"Who's the inconsistent one?" he quizzed. But she didn't mind the banter, or bother about inconsistency, because her mood had changed.

"Needn't be afraid of my driving," he laughed assuringly, and stepped on the gas; and they went rushing in pursuit of their own fleet white headlight, thru the mysterious gloom.

Dusk and the blur of trees and houses, painted more mysteriously as the stars stole out—twilight, starlight—and night to follow . . . and two of them—a young roysterer and a waitress he had met in a road-house—rushing thru the shimmering world. . . .

It seemed as if the speeding car, and the two of them in it, owned the night and the world. Now and then contestants, interlopers, appeared and offered a brief challenge; a pair of huge yellow eyes blazing forth from the gloom, making directly toward them, and young Daggett each time seeming to steer straight to meet the onslaught!

Each time he swerved with masterly minuteness out of danger, Dolly caught her breath and tingled at his strength and skill, at his air of superbly casual ease.

Now and then she glanced where he sat broad-shouldered and silent. He had flung aside his cap and his hair, blowing back, made him akin to the rushing wind; she could see he was smiling—and she got an odd sense that this fast-going brought him some surcease as well as excitement.

She, too, felt strangely soothed; she was aware of an agreeable sensation—a queer gladness, a strange and unwarranted sense of companionship. All restlessness dropped away. The wind was a stinging balm. The stars in the heavens stooped nearer and nearer—they stretched down soft bright jewels of peace—a soft shining contentment rimmed her in. Soft, soft was the night, sharp and sweet the wind . . . down the shimmering night-roads—in the night-time, in the starlight. . . .

Yes, it was stupendously odd and it was incontestably wrong, but this impulsive girl felt nearer contentment than she had felt for months—speeding thru the night with a young man unknown to her, and of lawless repute.

They had not talked much, only little detached inconsequences marking their flight; some quirk of the road—the staunchness of the good old boat—exultation over outdistancing a presumptuous pursuer.

There seemed curiously little need for speech.

It was later than it should have been when Dolly reminded him it was time to turn back.

"Dont bother taking me all the way to the inn," she said. "You can drop me at Three Corners." She couldn't forbear adding impishly: "Then you wont run the risk of scandal."

"I'm not afraid of scandal," somewhat curtly. "And Three Corners is nothing but a cross-roads and a patch of woods."

"There's a perfectly good trolley—dont rich folk with automobiles know trolleys can be ridden in? Or maybe," teasingly, "I live in the woods—in a tree."

"I shouldn't be surprised," he answered moodily. "Thistledown — puff-balls — they blow around in the woods, dont they, or pastures or something."

"Now, I see you're angry with me," she said, affecting mournfulness. "Is it because I said I lived in the woods? Please forgive me for that dreadful lie." And she gazed beseechingly at him, clasping her hands. "Or maybe it's just because I'm a servant—is that why you're angry, Mr. Daggett?"

"You are mocking me again," said Mr. Daggett, "but I'm not angry with you. I wish——" He broke off and stared ahead with that moody expression, but did not voice his wish. Instead, he said:

"Wont you tell me, at least, where you came from to Leon's?"

Dolly put her fingers to her ears.

"Dont ask me questions—cant you see I can hear nothing?"

"I see you have on a very imposing ring," he said, rather cruelly. "It must have cost a good deal, that gleamer."

"Perhaps it cost more than you think," answered Dolly. She lowered her hand and held it before her, gazing at the dimly lit bauble. Her gaze was sober, and her tone was

a trifle sad as she added: "But costly trinkets, they say, do not always bring happiness."

Perhaps it came to young Daggett then, that this frail girl might have a history far unhappier and stormier than his own, for he said, with simple earnestness:

"I hope your ring will bring you nothing but happiness, Thistledown."

"Do you really hope that?" she asked, still gazing at the ring.

"Yes, I hope that."

Then she glanced up, greatly daring but terribly sincere.

"And I hope," she said, "that *you* will find happiness—despite all the mad follies, in which you vainly seek it."

Young Daggett looked at her, startled, nonplussed; but he laid one hand a second on hers, and said, slowly:

"You *are* a witch—you understand me better, I believe, than some who know me better."

This was a dangerous slant of talk and the young man must have realized it, for he removed his hand and suddenly altered his demeanor. He laughed, his gay careless laugh, and said:

"Well, I guess it's about time for refreshments, Thistledown. Always go heeled." And, halting the car, he reached down and began fumbling for something.

The girl drew back in sudden alarm as he brought forth a bottle and collapsible cup.

"Here, you're the guest," he said genially, offering her the first drink.

She drew farther back. "No—thank you, no!"

"Oh, come on—Anna's a long way off."

"That's not it—I really dont want it."

"Oh, all right then—I know somebody who does want it." And he lifted the cup and drained it at a gulp. Then:

"One good drink deserves another," and he reached again for the bottle.

"I wouldn't do that," urged the girl, her mischief lost in mounting uneasiness.

"Why not?" good-humoredly, but pouring out the liquor. He drained the second cup. "Pretty good—better try some." He laughed for no special reason, his buoyancy seemed swift in returning.

Suddenly Dolly caught hold of the bottle.

It was a wrong move, for he laughed, "No, you dont," and grabbed; there was a little tussle, their hands met and contended.

Then, all at once, he let go his clutch. "All right—keep the bottle! But I demand payment—better than a drink!"

His voice was breathless. His face was coming closer. For a paralyzed second the girl watched that nearing face, those shining excited eyes; terror gripped her, terror and a hundred unnamed sensations——

Then he kissed her.

At the touch of his hot lips the girl recovered her numbed faculties, she wrenched herself away. Her face was white and furious, like a flower that has been smitten by storm.

"How dare you kiss me! You cad, you cad!"

Then she drew back her hand and dealt him a stinging slap across the mouth.

I suppose no young man to whom esteem for women—and self-esteem, too—has not become a cheap thing could be in young Daggett's position and accept it equably. Swift compunction seized him, but his humiliation balanced the compunction—and he told himself he did not deserve the humiliation. The girl, with her moods and her lightness, had led him on—and who was she, anyway?

Dolly evinced no agitation when a step sounded and a woman entered. The woman, who was elderly, wore the gown and aspect of an exceptionally trained maid. Her tone sounded a blend of respect and reproach

He knew girls pretty well, could read them and their motives—what right had this girl to flout him? That blow still smarted. The fact he wasn't wholly sober didn't help him any. So he hid his remorse.

And the girl couldn't know his sulkiness was aimed as much at himself as at her, when he muttered:

"Is it such a novel experience to you to get kissed when you go riding—with cads?"

Then bitterness added itself to her anger.

"It's because I'm only a servant you dare to insult me. You hold me cheap—but that makes yourself the cheaper. You're more yellow even than I've heard, Hi Daggett." Then, imperious in her scorn and wrath: "Turn this car around and take me back at once—if you have that much decency left!"

"Cant say that hanging round here gives me any particular pleasure," young Daggett muttered. Her words must have stung even worse than her blow, for he added, viciously: "Cant get back any too quick to suit me—and it'll suit me if I never see your face again."

Nor could she know the venom was directed partly against himself.

But during the homeward ride, darting him a tentative glance or two, she could see the dejected sag of his shoulders, the grim set of his jaw; and once catching his glance for a second she caught the expression of a child who sulks but is unhappy, without knowing why. He was like a spoiled child—a big, bad, spoiled child! Despite herself she felt her cold censure melt a little tho she held to it firmly, and held to her chill dignity and silence.

The ride back was as wordless as the sally-forth had been, but it was a different kind of silence. The same stars shone, the same wind sang, the same mysteries and soft tumults throbbed in the air whispering of youth and youth's adventure; but for these two the adventure had come—and ended disastrously.

Dolly spoke but once, briefly, to remind him to let her out at Three Corners.

"Very well," acquiesced young Daggett, just as briefly.

But when they came to the place where the cross-roads reveal naught by starlight save a dim trolley-track and ghostly bill-boards and telegraph poles and on one corner a fringe of woods stretching out more dim and spectral—then the young man unbent a little.

"It looks pretty lonely here—sure you wont be afraid?"

"I'll be all right," jumping out. But in the road she hesitated a moment. Perhaps it was because she was safely out of the car, perhaps it was because he looked so hostile—and so glum; at any rate she queried—unnecessarily:

"So we part—enemies?"

"The phrase is of your own making," with a shrug. "You said you didn't care if you never saw my face again."

"Did I?—I must have meant it then."

"I cannot help your not liking my face," she murmured, but loud enough to carry above his thrumming motor. Then, more loudly: "There's a smudge on your own, Mr. Daggett, right by your mouth. It's car-grease; it came off my hand when I slapped you."

With this parting taunt she disappeared from his view behind the car. The motor's thrum mounting instantly to a roar was her only answer, and the car plunged violently ahead. It went thundering down the road like an angry thing, one red eye peering back like a lurid eye of wrath.

Dolly watched the disappearing tail-light until it became an imagined speck; then, instead of waiting for the trolley, or for whatever she might expect to encounter at Three Corners, she started walking up that road which leads by the wooded stretch and the old De Bossert place

Dolly watched the disappearing tail-light until it became an imagined speck; then, instead of waiting for the trolley, or for whatever she might expect to encounter at Three Corners, she started walking up that road which leads by the wooded stretch and the old De Bossert place. After walking about a hundred yards she turned into the woods where an ancient and overgrown avenue disclosed itself.

Young Daggett, had he witnessed her, would have been immensely astonished to see her, at this hour, entering the deserted De Bossert territory.

The old drive climbs steeply several hundred yards thru the woods before the extensive clearing begins which formerly made the setting for the mansion; those once beautifully kept grounds are now rank and wild, and all that is left of the mansion is a pile of overgrown débris—it has been a quarter of a century since the seat of the proud De Bosserts was destroyed by fire. Even by day the place has the lonely and haunted aspect that marks any human abode long abandoned, and by night, its gloomy sequestration might easily make it frightening.

But Dolly walked along boldly, and with the air of one knowing the way. When she reached the grounds, with their ghostly vestiges of patterned boxwood and ordered shrubbery and pleasure-gardens, she did not approach the ruins but turned into a dim path which ran off into the woods again, at an angle and ascending abruptly.

On the brow of this isolated hill, with that wilderness and waste stretching down behind her, Dolly might have been a hundred miles from Fairfield and its noisy motor road—a hundred years from the throb and pulse of modern civilization—except for the sudden lights down there, on the farther side, glimmering along the Sound. Except, too, for those nearer lights, so near that one not knowing

(*Continued on page* 108)

Vignettes of the Studios

THE EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The following is the fourth of a series of articles which will portray the various California studios . . . the studios as they appear to the observant spectator, differing as radically in appearance as they differ in atmosphere and in the films which are photographed behind their "No Admittance" signs.*

IV. Universal City Studio

By

SALLY STEELE

FIVE miles from Hollywood's busiest corner, over the twisting, winding Cahuenga Pass and back into the hills.

Universal City.

Six hundred acres of it, if you please, with the eye-trying yellow stucco buildings of California-Spanish type marking its entrance-way, and the inevitable line of studio cars flung like a barricade before it.

"The U," as it is called on the Boulevard, cant live down its past. Art struggles valiantly with Hokum, here, but the gypsy-like atmosphere of the carnival reigns.

There was a day when one could tour Universal City, and see all its wonders, including stars and trained animals, for the nominal admission price of twenty-five cents. Those days are gone, but the tinselly flash of them oddly remains.

Even now the studio cafeteria at the roadside carries an arresting sign, calculated to gather in the shekels of the movie-curious. "Eat Here—Dine With The Stars" it invites.

No number of million-dollar productions, nor of glittering electric signs on New York's Broadway, can quite give "the U" dignity.

On the hillsides tower mammoth sets. If you can slip by the doorman who sits just inside the always-chilly, musty-smelling entrance hall, you can explore to your heart's content miles of amazing territory.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame, built for "The Hunchback," The Casino at Monte Carlo, mute reminder of von Stroheim's tempestuous sway. Chinese, Arabian, Parisian, American street sets, elaborately accurate in detail. On the closed stages, and no studio has larger stages than this one, stand luxurious interior sets.

And tho "the U's" contracted players are of modest rank, Herb Rawlinson, Gladys Walton, Reginald Denny, Virginia Valli, Hoot Gibson, some of our most famous stars have worked on this lot.

Absurdly tho, and delightfully, "the U" remains "the U."

The only studio with a nickname.

A picturesque gypsy who tries at times to be a perfect lady, by wearing an ermine wrap.

Five miles from Hollywood's busiest corner, over the twisting, winding Cahuenga Pass and back into the hills . . . Universal City. Six hundred acres of it, if you please . . . and here the gypsy-like atmosphere of the carnival reigns

They're Not Afraid to Fight

By HELEN CARLISLE

OF course it's all very, very sad. Picture the young, trustful maiden leaving her home town and her best beau to embark upon a motion-picture career in Hollywood! She is deaf to the advice of her elders and to the entreaties of her friends. She is warned that ten thousand eye-filling beauties have beaten her to the extras' bench—that her chances of becoming a movie star are about equal to those of a wooden rocking-horse against Zev on the Belmont track.

She heeds no entreaties. The best hat and the silver slippers are jammed into the wardrobe trunk alongside the movie novels of Rupert Hughes and Harry Leon Wilson, and, feeling like the heroine of a best seller, another self-elected citizeness is on her way.

THE HUMAN STORY OF GIRL-MERTONS

. . . who left home with their best hats and silver slippers jammed into the wardrobe trunk alongside of movie novels, and feeling like the heroines of best sellers themselves.

However, Hollywood taught them the law of supply and demand and, realizing that only a small quota of youth and loveliness can find recognition before the camera, they took off their grease-paint without any sense of failure. Turning their backs to the camera, they didn't desert it but are today successes in other lines of studio work.

They're not afraid to fight. Not one of 'em.

What will become of her? Of the thousands of girls who come to this sunny, hill-circled town on the Pacific slope, so very few can hope to become motion-picture actresses of prominence, or even to earn a good livelihood on the screen.

The law of supply and demand permits such a small quota of Hollywood's youth and loveliness to find recognition before the camera. Will the newcomer be one of the favored few?

Will she become one of the vast, unsettled army of extra people, drifting from one studio to another when the call goes out for mob scenes, living from day to day on the occasional studio checks, gradually losing all her youthful enthusiasm, hope and ideals?

Will she give up her career and return to her home town, disappointed, embittered by her failure as so many have done?

Or will she join the game, spirited group of girls and young women, some of whom I'm introducing to you now? Girls who have taken off the grease-paint, but with no sense of failure. Girls who have turned their backs to the camera, but have not deserted it. Girls who have made of their work on the motion-picture screen a stepping-stone to success in other lines of studio work.

There's little, black-eyed Lillian Russell. That is her honest-to-goodness own name, too. She is secretary to Bernard McConville, scenario editor at Universal City. You've no doubt seen Lillian on the screen, tho you dont know it. She has "doubled" for various stars in scenes requiring a dancer of grace and ability. Lillian was too ambitious to remain a double for anyone very long. When Fame seemed reluctant to award her laurels of her very own, she tripped definitely tho daintily off the screen, and accepted the position she now holds.

And Nell Newman, the lovely, blonde young secretary of the Hollywood Studio Club. Nell played the part of the little Cockney girl-chum, in Nazimova's "The Heart of a Child." This rôle was given her shortly after her arrival from her home in Kansas City, a striking example of the "beginner's luck" so often spoken of on the

On the left is Jeanie McPherson, who gave up her aspirations as an actress to become the best-known woman scenario writer in the film profession. And, at the right is Nell Newman—once an extra girl—who, despite beginner's luck, is now no longer an actress, but the secretary of the Hollywood Studio Club instead

Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe

Boulevard. Naturally, the future looked very rosy for Nell at the time. But shortly after the picture was completed, the studios closed down and Hollywood faced a long period of inactivity. Nell went to the Studio Club as secretary. One thing is certain, life is anything but dull for her there, as anyone who has endeavored to keep an eye on twenty movie-struck girls at one time, will testify.

Madge Wiley won a beauty contest in Spokane, Washington, coming to Hollywood from there. She did extra work for some time, but her ambition was to become a scenario writer, and she left the screen to study this branch of studio work. She has become one of the most capable "script clerks" in Hollywood.

A "script clerk," I may explain, sits at the director's side, takes down the action of each scene as it is filmed, noting in detail what each player wears, so that all shots will match. As an example, if Our Hero strolls thru the drawing-room and out into the garden in a grey tweed suit, the script clerk sees to it that he still wears the same suit when the garden scenes are taken. Hats, gloves, shoes, even the position of the handkerchief in a coat-pocket—all are her responsibility.

Madge will probably be a successful scenarist some day. She is learning photoplay construction in the only place where it can be truly learned—the motion-picture studio.

There is Julia Heron, technical director for James Cruze. Miss Heron entered pictures in the earlier days of the profession and gave up acting several years ago. She'll tell you laughingly that she doesn't regret it a bit. Her position requires a great deal of research work, for she must see that the costumes, customs and manners of any period depicted in a Cruze picture are correct in detail. James Cruze, as you probably know, is one of the most prominent motion-picture directors; "The Covered Wagon" being one of his recent successes.

Charlotte Woods above, at the left, is no longer a girl-Merton. She is happy in her secretaryship to Perley Poore Sheehan. Directly above is Julia Heron, the technical director for James Cruze. Above, at the right, is Lillian Frances Russell, secretary to Bernard McConville, scenario editor at Universal City—and below is Madge Wiley, the winner of a beauty contest—who is recognized as one of the most capable of "script clerks"

Photograph by Mipine, L. A.

Little Charlotte Woods reversed the order of things by entering the motion-picture studios as a stenographer, later becoming an actress. Her story reads like a fairy tale, up to a certain point. Charlotte was bending patiently over her typewriter one day, out at the Thomas H. Ince studios, when Mr. Ince himself, strolling thru the offices, spied her.

He walked right over to her and said: "Young lady, how would you like to play a second lead with Charles Ray in his next picture? You're just the type we've been looking for." (This was several years ago, when Ray was still an Ince star.)

Naturally, Charlotte nearly passed out with excitement. Scores of girls besieging the casting-office for the rôle, while she, without effort, had it offered to her!

Well—she played the part, that of the country girl in "His Mother's Boy,"

(*Continued on page* 86)

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

His Mother's Son

There could be no doubt about the relationship in this picture, for little "Billy" Windsor is a pocket-edition of the gloriously golden Claire. And Claire, by the way, is now in Algiers, where she is playing the heroine of "A Son of Sahara," which Edwin Carewe is directing. "Billy" awaits her return to Hollywood

Once Upon a Time...

The Third of a Series of Drawings Depicting Stellar Childhoods

RODOLPH VALENTINO

By JULES AGRAMONTE

Who doubts that Rodolph Valentino, even in his earliest years, caused feminine hearts to flutter strangely? A juvenile Lothario who wreaked havoc with the young olive-skinned maids of old Italy

And Mae Murray—literally, a jazz baby. With her we close our series depicting stellar childhoods

MAE MURRAY

Hello Miss Liberty

The Valentinos Return from Abroad

Photograph by International Newsreel

Rodolph and Natacha Rambova Valentino returned from their vacation-trip abroad on the *Aquitania.* While Rudy remained in New York, Mrs. Valentino continued across the continent in order to supervise some business arrangements regarding the picturesque Valentino bungalow in the Hollywood foothills. With the Famous Players-Lasky contract barring Rudy from the American screen for a year to come, it is likely that his next production will be filmed abroad

The Story of a Woman Whose Love Endured

Lucretia Lombard

By

JANET REID

LUCRETIA LOMBARD, alone in her silent room, from which the hush of death had so lately passed away, faced herself. As squarely as she could for the tumult that sickened her with each breath she drew and glorified her with each dream she dared to dream.

So this, she thought, was love! *This!*

People should be told that it was like this. Then they could run away from it if they could not have it fairly. Then they wouldn't be exposed to it, left to encounter it, all unguarded and undefended, all uncovered and unwarned.

Love!

Well . . . Lucretia drew a breath that shuddered thru her.

She would have to go back to the beginning, back to the very beginning, to the day she had first met him.

No, she would have to back still further than that. She would have to go back to her girlhood, to her scheming mother and impoverished father, to her meeting with Sir Allen Lombard, tall, distinguished, older than herself, and in love with her.

"You'd be a little fool if you didn't take him while you have the chance." That was her father, intoning in her ears, night and day . . . a note of supplication . . . of fear. Poverty pressing in around them. Dreariness. She had never known love nor any of the lovely approaches.

"I dont know what you'll *do* if you dont marry him. . . ." That was her mother, tremulous, afraid, too, poor darling. . . . Scared by life. By bruises.

"But I dont think I *love* him. . . . I dont think I *love* him. . . ." This from Lucretia herself, the dark cloved bud of the woman she was to be. A woman folded into a tender sheath, but innerly and gorgeously aware of some magnificent mystery to impend.

Then her mother, fearful, on the verge of that recurrent hysteria. "But girls never know love until after they have married . . . nice girls, Lucretia . . . and the idea . . . Sir Allen Lombard . . . ungrateful . . . ungrateful. . . ."

One couldn't be ungrateful.

She had married Sir Allen Lombard who had turned, almost like the waving of a black wand, immediately after marriage from a tall, distin-

Two weeks later Stephen and Mimi announced their marriage. The announcements were in all the town papers. The wedding had been performed at the bedside of Judge Winship just before he passed on. . . . Lucretia read them all. All of the announcements

Lucretia had given him, what she believed to be, more aspirin. It was at his insistent request. When she awoke, the dawn was streaking into the room with long intrusive finger-tips and Sir Allen Lombard was dead

guished gentleman to a querulous invalid, dosing, complaining, shivering, also fearful.

Lucretia had found out that most of the things she had been told were wrong. One had to find out things for one's self and one got terrifically hurt in doing so. One got fearful, too. Too many hurts . . . unendurable. . . .

Long years . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six. . . . First they had drifted about, traveled. "You wanted to see the world. . . . Life . . ." Sir Allen had said. He said it as tho he were complaining of her. He always said things as tho they were complaints. For the first few years he had shown her the world . . . scenery . . . lakes and forests . . . chateaus and battle-fields . . . great chunks of earthly splendor flung into her face . . . partially averted all of the while . . . scenery . . . but she was lonely . . . hungry. . . . It didn't suffice.

After a while they had drifted to America. Sir Allen liked it because he could complain so bitterly about it. The people and the peoples' manners. Politics. Politicians. Society, or the damnable lack of it. The railroads. The telephone. The food. The Stock Exchange.

They wandered thru New England. Sir Allen always emphasized the word "New." It made that particular portion of the map detestable; nevertheless he decided to "settle down" in the smallish town of Sanbridge, Connecticut. For no other reason than that it was such an obviously preposterous place for Sir Allen Lombard and his lovely wife to settle.

Only Lucretia didn't know how lovely she really was.

Lucretia met one or two people . . . not very interesting. And, when, at a Charity Bazar, she met young Fred Winship, she liked him because he was "in trouble" and weak and she was grown accustomed to helping people out of weaknesses and troubles. Besides, Fred was boyish and had something appealing about him. Afterward, she knew that "the appealing something" was his resemblance to Stephen.

Fred told her that she was beautiful, too. "You should never dress any differently than you are dressed tonight, Lucretia," he said after he had known her a few weeks, "that black velvet, the heavy coils of your amber hair . . . magnificent. Heavily magnificent."

"You silly boy!" said Lucretia, but she smiled, and the darkish rose dyed her throat and face. She was so used to hearing only "Cant you hurry? What are you moping about?"

There came the night when a terrible thing happened. Sir Allen had been dozing in front of the fire. Lucretia had been sitting close beside him. She dared not leave him because, the night before, she had arrived home from a card game to find Sir Allen leveling a gun at one of the servants and demanding the morphine which he was forbidden to have.

Lucretia had given him aspirin at his request and then she must have dozed (she told all this in court afterward), for she awoke later to hear him asking her for more aspirin. That was all right, she thought. She gave it to him. She took his hand and patted it and told him that she would stay by him until he fell asleep. When she awoke, the dawn was streaking

LUCRETIA LOMBARD

Novelized, by permission, from the Warner Brothers production of the scenario by Sada Cowan, adapted from the novel by Kathleen Norris. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast:

Stephen Winship.....Monte Blue
Lucretia Lombard.....Irene Rich
Sir Allen Lombard.....Marc McDermott
Judge Winship.....Alec B. Francis
Fred Winship.....John Roche
Mrs. Winship.....Lucy Beaumont
Sandy .....Otto Hoffman
Mimi .....Norma Shearer

into the room with long intrusive finger-tips and Sir Allen Lombard was dead.

. . . . . .

There had been an inquest, of course.

The inquest had passed off smoothly, thanks largely to the efforts of Fred Winship's brother, Stephen, the District Attorney.

The night after it was all over, the first night he had come to her, there in her silent house, with the fire redly low, her black velvet gown, the weight of her amber hair, the loud, triumphantly measured beating of her heart . . . how large hearts are . . . how heavy . . . how . . . how *important*. . . .

They hadn't said very much.

Fragments. Broken things. Broken things, yet splendidly coherent and strong.

"It is like this," Lucretia had said.

Stephen said, "Yes."

There had been a long silence. The fire had died down, down farther, until the room seemed stained with a sort of anger. It was Stephen's anger, Lucretia thought.

"You know," he said at length, in a voice heavy like the beating of her heart, and ominous like the dark red of the room. "You know, I made an oath at my father's bedside to marry Mimi, my ward. Her father and my father . . . their devotion was one of those tremendous things . . . I swore an oath, at his bedside . . . of course, that needn't matter. . . ."

"But Mimi . . ."?

What did it matter to Lucretia, rawly sensitive just then, another woman! What she was feeling. Suffering.

"Mimi loves me, too," Stephen said it very simply, because it was a fact.

"Ahhh!" Lucretia's voice was scarcely more than a minor note. It was drawn in, back into her. It entered her heart and settled there as pain. Pain.

"Of course, you must marry her. An oath. And her love. A young girl."

But Stephen was close to her now, not to be denied. Ah, in that instant neither of them were to be denied.

"They do not matter. They dont, you see . . . you know . . . how can they . . . next to this . . . this overpowering thing . . . more than life . . . than oaths . . . than . . ."

And then his kiss.

. . . . . .

It might have been all right. Such small things alter lives. While they were talking, Fred Winship came in. He came in hastily, abruptly, calling Lucretia's name, sure of a welcome. His face was white and his eyes were dilated with some sort of excitement. Lucretia rose at once, went to him, taking his hand in both of her own. . . . For the moment she was oblivious to Stephen. Her amber head was bent to catch, eagerly, whatever Fred was saying, in a whisper, to her alone. They seemed, both of them, to have forgotten Stephen when, just a moment before, he had been all the world in that dim red room, shutting out whole universes with his arms. . . .

Stephen was a jealous man. He had looked upon sin and crime and sundered faiths so often that he was afraid of them. Afraid of human nature. Besides, there had been rumors . . . about this woman, Lucretia Lombard, . . . why had they come there, to Sanford, she and her wealthy, aristocratic "husband" . . . why were they hiding . . . was she hiding him . . . or was *he* hiding *her* . . .? What had her Past been? For of course she had had a Past. A woman with such eyes, with such hair, with such a body, such a voice. Of course. Of course.

Driftings of this had come to Stephen. He had only half-listened because the woman had been nothing to him but a name, a name like a chord, sonorous and sweet. Until that day when he had seen her at the inquest, drooping in her black, soft like a child and stately like a woman . . . the infinitely desirable . . .

Now Lucretia raised her head from Fred and looked at Stephen, smiling, indulgent. . . .

Stephen's face was dark and the beauty had gone out of it. It looked accusative and ugly and alien, away from her. . . .

He had taken his hat, bowed himself out. "Oh, what . . .!" Lucretia had said, half-turning to run out after him, but Fred had shaken his head and deterred her; "He is a man of few words, Lucretia, dear," he said, "and it's better to let him think this out himself."

"But what . . .?" Lucretia had held

Stephen was close to her now, not to be denied. Ah, in that instant neither of them was to be denied. "They do not matter," he whispered. "They dont, you see . . . you know . . . how can they . . . next to this . . . this overpowering thing . . . more than life . . . than oaths . . . than . . ." And then his kiss

Lucretia's hand flew to her face now in dismay. "Poor little Mimi . . . " was all she said. But she was thinking, "Poor little Mimi . . . not to have *this* . . . "

her hand tight against her heart, trying by physical pressure to allay the dull pain that was stifling her, sickening her, "what . . . what is it? What have I done?"

"He's jealous," Fred had been brief, "he's like that. Fearfully jealous."

"But of whom?"

"You aren't complimentary, of *me*."

Lucretia had started to laugh. She wanted to laugh. After all, it *was* absurd. But she couldn't. She found that she couldn't laugh. Rather, the tears came. Heavy.

. . . . . .

Two weeks later Stephen and Mimi announced their marriage.

The announcements were in all the town papers. The wedding was performed at the bedside of Winship, Sr., just before he passed on. . . .

Lucretia read them all. All of the announcements. At first she was conscious only of a sort of numbness. Deadness. Inertia, mental, physical and emotional. It seemed an alien tragedy. One to which she was remote and withdrawn. She couldn't reconcile Stephen's eyes on her and his marriage to another woman. Even to Mimi, delicate and pretty.

After all, there had been some *other thing* in the attraction between herself and Stephen. Something that her instinct told her he could never feel for any other woman and never receive from any other woman.

He had known that, too. Then why had he denied it, Judas-like? It wasn't like the Stephen Winship she knew. It wasn't like the Stephen Winship she knew by reputation. An unerring, direct, uncompromising Stephen.

His oath to his father . . . but he had said that that couldn't matter. He had said that that couldn't matter compared to *this* . . . Mimi's love for him, her young trust and young hope . . . well, they mattered more, but even they didn't matter comparatively . . . nothing mattered comparatively. . . .

And now, inexplicably, he had married Mimi. He had gone from her, from her house, from the red darkness of that room, that last night, and had married Mimi. . . .

Lucretia stayed at home. She felt a desperate necessity of covering this wound up, away from prying eyes and ears, away from contact. It was, she felt, a mortal sort of wound. And the worst part of it was that she couldn't understand it. She couldn't understand him. Even if she had been able to understand him, if they had parted with truth between them, with faith and clarity, it wouldn't have been so poisonous a thrust . . . but *this* way . . . this baffling wounding way. . . .

She spent her days in visualizing the life Mimi and Stephen must be living together. They had taken a new house, bought furniture, engaged servants. She thought of them together over their breakfast coffee. "How sweet Mimi must look to him . . . "

Lucretia spent her days in visualizing the life Mimi and Stephen must be living together. They had taken a new house, bought furniture, engaged servants. Now and then she caught a glimpse of Mimi, very bright-faced and pretty, riding about in fluttering new frocks and veils . . . starry-eyed . . . young. . . . She thought of them facing one another across the breakfast coffee . . . how sweet Mimi must look to him . . . and yet how he must, deep underneath, be wondering a little . . . remembering . . . she couldn't believe that Stephen would *not* remember. . . .

Or at night, at dusk, when Stephen should come home, before their hearth, together . . .

Knife-thrusts. Then the cruel terror, cold and merciless of turning the knife about in the wounds. . . .

The pain, persistent, not to be evaded. If she should run, it would catch up with her. If she should cover it over, it would stir and catch at her breath in the hurtful way it had. If she should deny it, it would strike at her, not to be denied. The thing to do was to take it out, in the open, under her two naked frightened eyes, in her sore, soft palms, hold the razor edge of it against her wounded heart until she died of it or until she downed it by sheer dominance, by sheer persistence of suffering.

If Lucretia had been more socially active, if her life had been less that of a recluse, she might have found some other love affair as an antidote. For she was desperate and desperate women do very desperate deeds. But she didn't know any other man . . . she didn't think of any other man . . . there was only Fred, poor Fred, so unlike his brother and yet like with that little glint in his eye, that something cleanly cut about his mouth. Poor Fred, who was continually in trouble and continually needing her and who was doubly dear now because of Stephen.

"I know," Stephen told her, "when I held you there, one on either arm, she smiled up at me. Such a smile, Lucretia. It seemed to say: 'I'm all right, Stevie, quite all right!'"

Sometimes she could talk to him of Stephen, tentatively, feeling her way. It gave her the chance to say his name, to hear of him, it gave her something of contact again.

"Steve never loved Mimi," Fred said one night, "that's all damn foolery, marrying her, because he promised Dad. . . ."

But Lucretia shut her ears to that. That was dangerous.

One night, just before the dark had grown too thick, Stephen was admitted.

Lucretia sat in her little sitting-room, by candlelight. It was easier so. She liked to be alone. Somehow she could evoke his presence, bring him near to her, take him out of her heart, conjure him up. . . .

She was startled when his physical presence intruded upon her one day as she had been about to go out. It was almost a boldness. "Oh!" she said.

He sat down beside her. His face was startled, white. He looked afraid, as she had been afraid, for so sick and long a while. . . .

"I didn't know," he said, "I didn't know! May God forgive me for being a criminal fool. Lucretia . . . I'm not worthy even to make you my explanation. . . ."

"But you *must* make it." Lucretia spoke to him gently, softly. She had grown so used to talking to the make-believe Stephen, the shadow. . . .

"I know. You see, I loved you so much. So much it frightened me. Frightened me more than anything has ever frightened me in all my life before. All sorts of forces went to make it up. Jealousy. Violent jealousy. That night, we reached an apex. I felt shaken to the very roots of being. Then Fred came in. Came in as if he . . . as if he belonged . . . ah, dont speak . . . he spoke to you, closely . . . you seemed drawn together into a circle, apart. . . . You know how I left the house, raging. . . .

"The next day I heard that you and Fred had left town together, alone. Then I thought I knew. I think I must have gone mad. Out of my mind. I was obsessed by images. I felt as tho I were bleeding to death inside! I had to have assuagement. Something. *Anything.* There was my oath, so nearly broken. My honor. My word to my father. And I knew then it would help him to die if I should marry Mimi. I had the mad notion that I might assuage this pain I felt with my honor. I might use it as a tourniquet. I . . . I married Mimi. . . ."

Lucretia's hand flew to her face now in dismay. "Poor little Mimi . . ." was all she said. But she was thinking, "Poor little Mimi . . . not to have *this*. . . ."

Stephen nodded.

"And then, last night, Fred was talking to me," he said, "he told me what a wonderful, wonderful woman you are, to me, who knew it so well. He told me how many scrapes and difficulties you had helped him out of and what he owed to you. He told me about that one particular one that he had come to tell you that night I was here and how you never wasted a moment but took a train to New York with him to pawn your pearls in order to help him out of a hole. He said, 'She has been more than a mother to me. She has been the angel in woman guarding over men.'

"Even then I said to him, 'But she is no older than you are, if as old.' And Fred, poor chap, wiser than I, answered, 'She is ageless, Stephen, and absolutely flawless.'"

Lucretia was stilled. Some of the bitter pain was gone. Her mothering instinct rose up again. He hadn't trusted her, of course, poor blundering boy . . . but he loved

(*Continued on page* 89)

Photographs by Russell Ball

The Mother Complex

Being the Tale of a Tea-room

By GLADYS HALL

TO turn from the cinema to cookery is only to prove that to the human soul all things are possible, depending, somewhat, of course, upon the soul in question. . . .

Perhaps we should have said the mother-soul. For the fundamental urges of the mother-soul are to feed, to clothe and to protect, and when we explain that the lady who performed this artistic right-about-face is Sylvia Ashton, always referred to as "Mother" Ashton, it may not seem so astonishing. So many people can act; so few people can cook!

Havelock Ellis or some other expositor of human motivations has said that an artist in one field can be an artist in any field, and what field so much demands artistry as the broadly human field of cooking?

One can consider with some degree of composure an overdone sex drama or an underdone custard-pie comedy, but *no* man can consider with the same composure an underdone *filet mignon* or a soggy pumpkin pie.

But this story began a long while ago when Mother Ashton was sixteen, married, and the mother of two babies who died within twenty-four hours of one another.

Out of the wounds of the heart grow the deeds that are memorable. . . .

Sylvia Ashton never really recovered from that wound. Her vocation was to mother . . . and she had lost her vocation. It left her with what the Freudians would call "a complex." The mother-complex, in this instance. But not being a Freudian we would explain it by saying that it left her great, warm eager heart empty and full of room for all the tired, hungry, needy "children" great or small in all the world.

For even then, at that immature age, in her home state of Colorado, she wanted to found an orphanage, so that all ill and lonely children, all the fatherless, motherless and homeless, could have "a real home" where there would be fresh air, home cooking, plenty of pets and petting and the great thing called "a chance."

But no man could see the practicality of the scheme. She was too young, they thought. She was too pretty; youth and beauty belong . . . well, on the stage, let us say.

At any rate, "time passed," as they say in books, and with the passing of time passed, too, all but the faint memory of that early aspiration and the root of that desire to mother that never was dug up.

In due course of events the pretty face, the youth and, too, the ability, landed her on the stage where for fifteen years she played in various stock companies until she made her first motion-picture, "Old Wives for New," with Cecil De Mille. From that time to the beginning of this

Sylvia Ashton has turned from the cinema to cookery. She has opened a tea-room, "The Goldenrod," in New York City. For all of this, too, Gloria Swanson is largely responsible . . . as you will see if you read this story. The panel shows "The Goldenrod" from the main doorway. And in the circle is "Mother" Ashton as she appears when she is presiding over her tables

story, "Mother" Ashton, as she has consistently been known, played in many pictures, made many friends and was, in personal and professional life, a "mother" to most of the screen luminaries.

Most of this is known to the students of fanology. To get on:

The last year or so Mother Ashton began to get discouraged. Not, as she carefully explained to us, that she has any grudge against the screen nor any of the people of the screen. Quite the contrary: she spoke so generously and in such refulgent terms of the Brothers De Mille, of von Stroheim, of Rupert Hughes and last but far from least of Gloria Swanson, that only a book devoted to enthusiastic encomiums could do justice to her admirations.

But after all, as she put it, "the old beauty was going" . . . and things were changing . . . discouragement . . . what to do . . . ?

After all, maybe "Mother" Ashton knew what she was about when she turned to the art of cooking. One can consider with some degree of composure an overdone sex drama or an underdone custard-pie comedy, but no man can consider with the same composure an underdone *filet mignon* or a soggy pumpkin pie. Below Gladys Hall visits at "The Goldenrod" with Sylvia Ashton and her adopted daughter, Madeline

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Photograph by Russell Ball

In "Souls for Sale" she worked for three months, was frozen and roasted, thrown off horses, wearied and otherwise used up, only to discover that in the end, when the cutting was done and the picture released, one close-up of her remained.

And in between whiles the precarious tens, twenties and fifties per day didn't go so far toward taking care of herself, and doing what is for her far more vital than anything for herself could possibly be, and that is, the care and education of her adopted daughter, Madeline. Madeline is most of the world to Mother Ashton. And for Madeline to have the best available education (she is now studying dancing under Fokine), all of the comforts and none of the worries, is the mainspring of Mother Ashton's hopes and plans.

Then, too, there was the more general desire to see people eat good food and plenty of it. Mother Ashton has always had some kind of a home and always has loved the cooking end of it, the planning and preparing of meals.

When, after her work

(*Continued on page* 87)

The Story Hour

It is the Wesley Barry picture, "The Country Kid," which offers this intimate camera-painting of Helen Jerome Eddy and the two little fellows whose bright eyes have been kist by the Sand Maiden. And who doubts that she begins her bedtime story with that dear old phrase, "Once upon a time . . . ," for that is the way all truly stories begin

That's Out

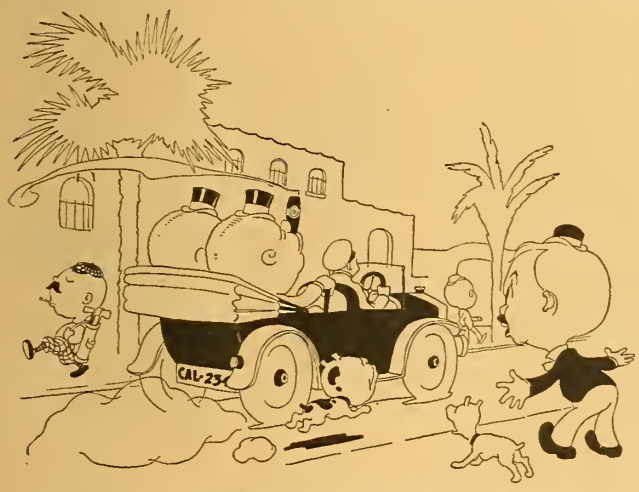
Timely Paragraphs

By

TAMAR LANE

Wherein Irene Dalton Is Discovered

HAVING started a little excitement by forecasting that Mary Philbin will be the Mary Pickford of the next decade—if properly handled, I will now predict a brilliant future for another young screen damsel—as yet practically unknown. Several months ago I paid tribute to her in this column. Now I wish to herald her as one of our coming big stars. This beauty's name is Irene Dalton. She has done very little on the screen, and nothing of importance. I have seen her only three times—in "Children of Jazz"; an Al St. John comedy, "The Author," and another film the name of which I do not recall. But these are sufficient. She has the goods. I will stake my reputation as a picker of stars on Irene Dalton. If given the proper coaching and opportunities, this actress will make even Barbara La Marr (another of my predicted stars) take a back seat.



Hollywood is a Mecca for all kinds of freaks. But recently a misguided freak with an unusually large head arrived. He must learn to his sorrow that there are already more large heads in Hollywood than are good for the motion-picture industry

Too Much for the Dog

I have always contended that dogs are far more sensitive and refined in their tastes than many humans. Here is definite proof of it in the case of the New York critic who took his canine pet to a preview in one of the Manhattan cinema theaters. After viewing four reels of the film, the dog threw a fit and died. New York reviewers being able to stand anything, the critic sat thru the picture and then wrote a review praising the film. The news dispatch does not state the name of the picture which killed the dog.

A Great Screen Performance

Speaking of critics, reminds me that Kenneth Harlan is going to disappoint a lot of these gentry when

Here is definite proof that dogs are more sensitive in their tastes than many humans. For a New York cinema critic took his canine pet to a preview. And after viewing four reels, the dog threw a fit and died

"The Virginian" is presented on the screen. The critics are not the only individuals who are going to be disappointed. As with Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Norman Kerry, and many other players, there has been a prevailing opinion that Harlan has only been getting by on his personality. Several producers to whom I suggested Harlan as a good prospect to sign up on contract, all came back with the reply: "Kenneth is good-looking, but he cant act."

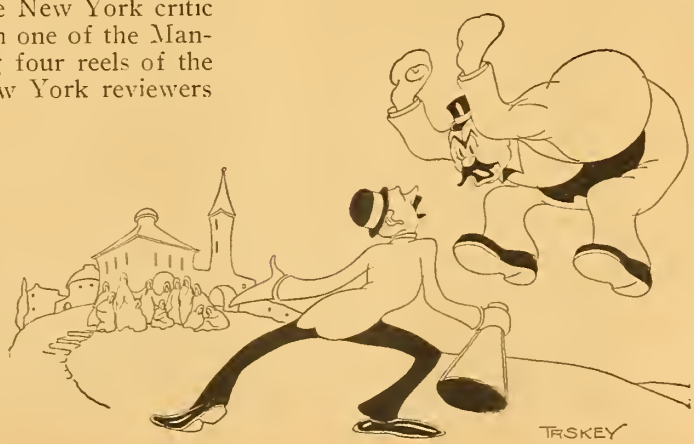
Wait until they see "Kenneth" in "The Virginian." In this very fine photoplay, excellently directed by Tom Forman, Harlan gives one of the five best performances of this year—or any other year. This proves what he can do when given the chance. And dont forget that he is playing a rôle at variance with his own personality.

Carrying Coals to Newcastle

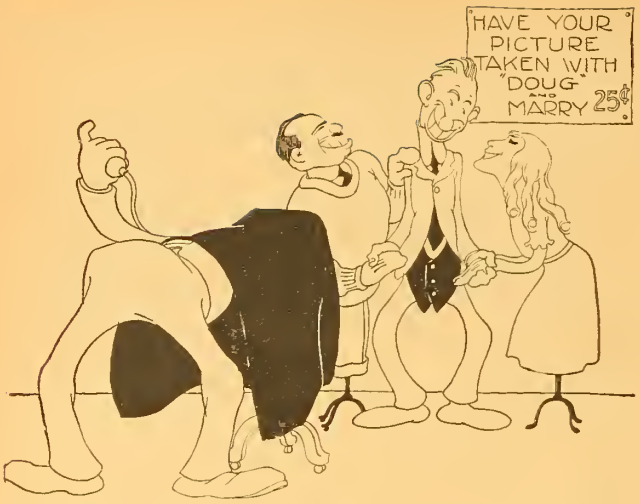
Hollywood is the Mecca for all kinds of freaks. Giants, dwarfs, fat ladies, tattooed men . . . they all journey to the filmland city and meet with success in the studios. But there is one misguided freak who recently arrived in this fair city . . . poor fellow . . . hard times are confronting him. . . . The only qualification he brought with him was an unusually large head. Quickly—and to his sorrow—he will learn that there is no demand for his deformity . . . that there are already more "big" heads in Hollywood than is good for the motion-picture industry.

Jazzing Up the Bible

The craze for huge mob scenes in the films is responsible for many humorous incidents. One of the New



"Never mind what is true to life," cried a producer to a director who was filming a scene of the "Twelve Apostles." "What the public wants is lots of people. Send out right away and get a few hundred more Apostles"



How to Become Famous in Hollywood—— Have some pictures of yourself taken with Doug and Mary

York movie magnates recently arrived in Hollywood to visit his studios. While inspecting the production activities on the lot, he discovered an immense set on which a director was working with only a dozen players. With a puzzled air the magnate approached the director.

"Here we are supposed to be making big pictures and you only have a few people in the scene," he exclaimed, "what means this?"

"This is a scene showing the Twelve Apostles," the director explained, "and I've got to have it true to life."

"Never mind the true to life, what the public wants is lots of people. Send out right away and get a few hundred more apostles," commanded the magnate.

Prediction No. 946

While we are in a predicting mood we wish to prognosticate that one of the big acting hits of the year of 1924 will be the performance of Zazu Pitts in von Stroheim's production "Greed." We have only seen her in a few scenes, but her work in these is sufficient to warrant the assertion that Zazu is going to spring one of the surprises of the new season, and win a place in the hall of fame.

How To Become Famous In Hollywood

Have some pictures of yourself taken with Doug and Mary.

Put a Rolls-Royce body on a flivver chassis and drive about Hollywood Boulevard.

Have yourself announced as engaged to Charlie Chaplin.

Judging America by Its Movies

All prize-fighters are handsome and sought after by beautiful women of refinement.

All criminals are eventually tracked to earth by the authorities.

All foreigners are villains except Englishmen, who are comedians.

Best News of the Month

Mack Sennett announces that he is going to return to the making of bathing-girl comedies.

How to Cut Film Expenses

A new slump is on in the film colony and among the suggestions made for chopping down expenses are a few from the witty Neal O'Hara as follows:

That Jesse Lasky use upper berths on his New York to Los Angeles journeys.

That Will Hays arrange to loan the G. O. P. Elephant to any company desiring to make circus scenes.

That the filming of "Ben Hur" be done in Rome, New York, to save boat fares.

How to Cut Film Expenses—— Let Tom Mix lay aside his guns and ammunition and use a bean-blower

That Tom Mix lay aside his guns and ammunition and use a bean-blower.

Favorite Publicity Stunts No. 4

The one where it is announced that the popular actress Miss Gertie Gumdrop has been proclaimed to have the most beautiful hands in the world by no less an authority than the eminent artist Harold Paintbrush, of whom none but his friends and relatives ever heard.

Things We Have Yet To See

An Alaskan dance-hall jade who did not have a heart of purest gold.

Judging America by Its Movies—— All foreigners are villains except Englishmen, who are comedians

The Editor Gossips

LAST month Peggy Montgomery came to New York for the first time in her eventful life. And, on the day after her arrival, which was also her fifth birthday, her company gave in her honor a sumptuous party-luncheon at the Biltmore. Great adults were, in the main, the guests. There were magazine writers, newspaper people, executive heads and a score of movie magnates present. When we arrived we could hardly see the tiny person of Baby Peggy over all the wise heads which were grouped about her. A funny birthday-party for a little girl. . . .

We remembered birthday-parties we had known when the few adults present were banished into other parts of the house while the children enjoyed the living-room. We remembered joyous games of bean-bag . . . donkey games . . . little square dances . . . and finally the folding-doors into the dining-room opened to display tiny sandwiches, cocoa and ice-cream . . . and in the center of the table a layer-cake with Happy Birthday somewhat awry in pink icing.

So we began to sentimentalize over Baby Peggy as she courtesied to all the people who came over to talk down to her . . . as she smiled a "company smile" and looked longingly towards her birthday dolls lying on the lounge. We thought it must be hard for a little girl to have to wear all the airs and graces of a movie star.

But finally the people broke away and Peggy returned to the few children who were there and we noticed that she favored a tiny doll to all the other bisque beauties in the expensive row. That was encouraging. That was just like any little girl.

Later when her father called her to come over and be presented to one of the Lesser brothers and Joseph Schenck, the film magnate and the husband of Norma Talmadge, Peggy carried the little doll in her arm. A minute later we heard a crash and saw the doll on the floor, broken to pieces. Peggy looked at the wreckage disconsolately. No director will ever bring more dismay to her face or more sadness to her soft brown eyes. But our pity for her childish grief was mingled with something like relief. For that, too, was just what every little girl or boy does . . . breaks the favorite toy before the day is well begun.

In the banquet-hall, Peggy was seated at the speaker's table in a great rose throne chair. And before her on a pedestal stood a birthday cake as huge in proportions as the wedding-cake of a princess, and quite as beautiful with its white icing and its decoration of pink candy ribbon festooning. It was in four mounds, each growing smaller until the top mound held the five white candles which flamed brightly thru the many-course luncheon.

There were more speeches than we've ever heard before. Mrs. Coogan, Jackie's mother, was a guest who spoke and when she presented Peggy with her gift of a school-bag, she kissed her little fat hand, as tho she were, in truth, a princess.

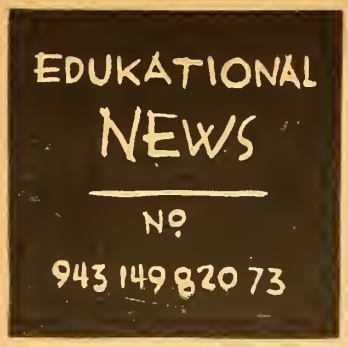
Of course Peggy's mother and father were there . . . and her sister, Louise, who is a little older. From what little we saw of them they seemed pleasant people and we couldn't help wondering if five years ago that day, upon Peggy's pink and wriggly advent into this world, they had even dreamed remotely of such things as have come to pass.

A few days after Peggy's birthday-party, Mr. Weingarten, who is press-agent for Jackie Coogan, came over to Brooklyn to visit us. We had met him at the party and we said something to the effect that, of course, it was all very wonderful that children could bring real fortunes to their families, but it seemed to us that a child's childhood was too great a price to pay for all the wealth and fame in the world.

We are convinced that he cataloged us as a maudlin female but, at any rate, he set about immediately to put us right. He explained, for instance, that Jackie's contract calls for only so many pictures a year . . . and that Jackie is only present at the studios during the production of these pictures when he is actually needed in a scene. This means that he actually works in the studios about two months of a year and no more. At other times he leads the normal life that any child of wealth would lead. He has the best tutors available and is being

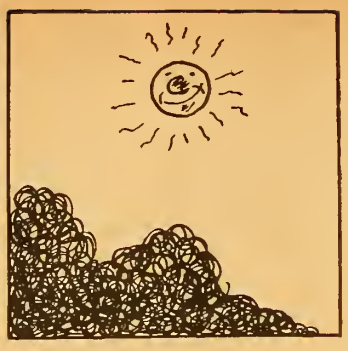
(*Continued on page* 100)

On Baby Peggy's fifth birthday her company gave a sumptuous party-luncheon in her honor. Great adults were, in the main, her guests. So we began to sentimentalize over Peggy as she courtesied to all the people who came over to talk down to her . . . as she smiled a "company smile" and looked longingly towards her birthday dolls lying on the lounge. We thought it must be hard for a little girl to have to wear all the airs and graces of a movie star



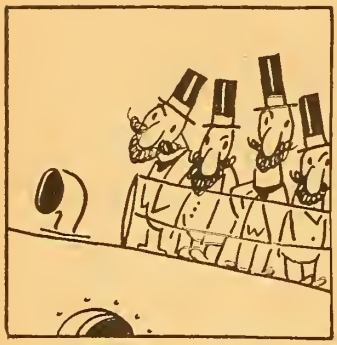
Preceding the feature-picture, we have . . .

Battle Creek, Mich.
The fighting dreadnought *Oklahoma*, caught by cameraman behind smoke screen

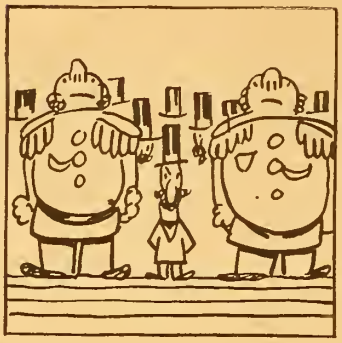


The fighting dreadnought *Oklahoma* from an aeroplane. Cameraman takes daring view while machine is in action

Mishawaka, Kan.
Hiram Herposide cultivates crop of whiskers 900 feet long

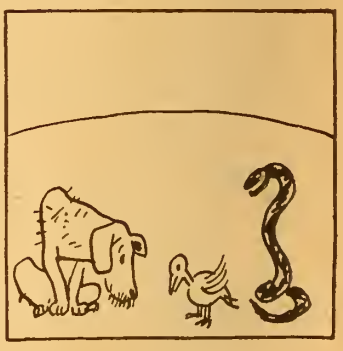


New York, on S.S. "Mengitis"
Count Malaria, of Bulgaria, arrives in this country



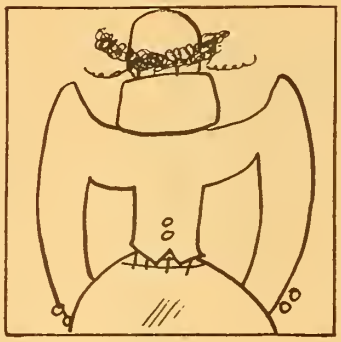
Mayor Hiram and the reception committee greet the count

Helmar, Egypt
Sun burns down desert

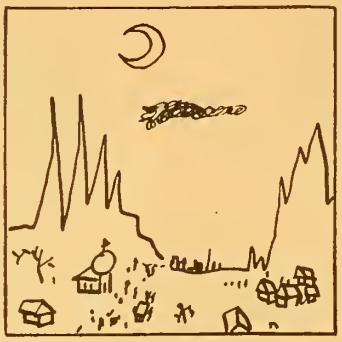


Tallalah, La.
Dog, canary, and snake are playmates

Budapest, Hungary
Fashions
Native wears an Arrow collar

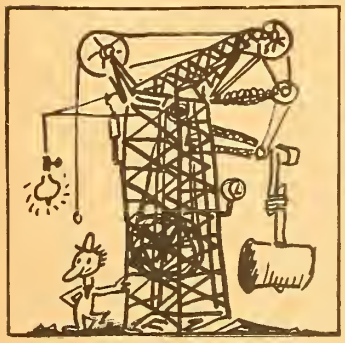


Back view



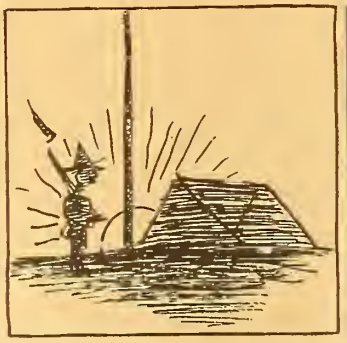
Aeroplane view

Pink-Punk, China
Baby parade carnival turns out prize baby of 250 lbs.



Shelbyville, Ind.
Old man invents a new fly-swatting machine. The U. S. Government is considering buying the patents

Heavy snow falls in Iceland



Sunset at Camp Yaphank, New York

To the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner"

"Under the Red Robe" is the longest motion-picture we have ever seen—or ever hope to see. And this gives faint praise to the latest spectacle to reach the satiated screen. At the left is Robert B. Mantell in his rôle of Richelieu and, at the right is Alma Rubens as Renée

Across the Silversheet

The New Screen Plays in Review

By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

"UNDER the Red Robe" is the longest motion-picture we ever saw or that we ever hope to see. And, at that, we did not see all of it, leaving exhausted before the threads were finally drawn together. (In the interest of veracity, we parenthesis the fact that we may have viewed productions which unreeled to a greater length but that certainly they did not seem so long.) And all of this gives faint praise to the latest spectacle to reach the satiated screen.

Everyone in the highly celebrated cast is either wittingly or unwittingly involved in the intrigues of Louis XIII; his brother, Duke of Orleans, who covets the throne; or Cardinal Richelieu who masks his ambition under his red robes. And, as you can easily imagine, the hero, Gil de Berault, is forced to play his hand against the fair hand of Renée whom he loves more than his life.

We are so tired of great spectacles where there are so many principals in the cast that the program looks like the page of a census and where you are fatigued trying to keep them all properly correlated in your mind . . . and where the mob scenes resemble the streets leading to the Polo Grounds when the World Series are being played.

We warn producers! It is a dangerous thing to give any director huge sets against which to move his people. When he knows a drawbridge cost several hundred dollars to build, he tries to get his company's money's worth out of it, with the result that his audience watches it perform in long shots and close-ups. And so it goes.

Actually, "Under the Red Robe" has many scenes of rare beauty. Its photography is exceptionally fine and we believe implicitly all the extravagant things the program said about its cost and the care with which the sets, costumes and customs were authenticated. But what does all of this count if it results in your feeling no sympathy with the characters and no suspense in the drama?

The cast finds Robert B. Mantell as Richelieu, and while his art is so well seasoned that it overcomes other obstacles and serves him well on the stage, it was obvious that, lacking the malleability of youth, he failed to grasp a screen technique. John Charles Thomas was an abstract hero and Alma Rubens looked charming as Renée, a rôle which permitted her no opportunity. Genevieve Hamper interested us most as the Duchesse de Chevreuse, but we saw little or nothing of

(*Continued on page* 88)

"Anna Christie" comes to the screen rich in that poetry and intermingling somber vitality which made it worthy of being translated to the screen. George Marion, Blanche Sweet and William Russell are seen below

Comment On Other Productions

The familiar *exposé* of hectic life in smart society circles is with us again in "His Children's Children." Bebe Daniels and James Rennie are the hero and heroine . . . but it is George Fawcett who carries off the honors. And "The Acquittal" is a fair-to-middlin' melodrama, based on a murder mystery. . . . Claire Windsor is its star

His Children's Children

THE familiar *exposé* of hectic life in smart society circles is with us again. Would that some director might come forward and show an accurate account of that life. Instead, the conventions are obeyed and we see an endless pursuit of pleasure, executed with lavish party scenes, and moralizing considerably about temptation. It is not uninteresting in its detail and in its chief characterization. But there are too many characters and by the time they are all introduced the story becomes a *pot-pourri.*

The best-drawn figure is the aged financier but his three granddaughters are sketched in haphazard fashion. They dash in and out of the scenes—cutting up didos, until the most important one finds an honorable youth to aid her in being reclaimed to society. Meanwhile her father has flirted with scandal and furthermore proves himself a poor business man in entertaining some "fly-by-night" proposition. The crash comes; the house is auctioned off of its properties, and the aged financier tumbles to his death as he tries to save a valuable tapestry from going under the hammer. There is too much incident, and simplicity is never once suggested. An ornamental picture in every department, but George Fawcett is immense in the rôle of the old captain of industry.

The Acquittal

A fair-to-middlin' melodrama this, one based upon a murder mystery and with the plot developed according to the conventional formula which is the taking of evidence in court and trying to fasten the crime upon the man under indictment. All of this measures out a good suspense because of the emphasis placed upon the mystery element. The picture does not become boresome, notwithstanding the revelation of incident pertaining to the crime. This is due to a variety of the testimony of the several witnesses; all of whom take the stand and try their best to mystify the atmosphere.

"Richard the Lion Hearted" finds Wallace Beery in the title-rôle. It is not an elaborate production, and it is utterly dependent upon Mr. Beery's characterization to carry it thru

Critical Paragraphs Which Will Guide You to Better Pictures

The premise of the prosecutor's case is illogical and makes him out incompetent in view of the indicted man's ultimate confession of guilt. He had killed to get his foster-father's insurance. The incident is built to reveal a trick climax which introduces a clock as exhibit A or B. The time of the murder is vitally important, but the heroine had discovered a butcher's weighing scales as hiding the clock, thus destroying the prosecutor's case. The treatment of the story is consistent. It sticks to its theme and shows competent direction and acting.

Richard the Lion-Hearted

Not so pretentious as some of its forerunners which were conceived with an eye for spectacular appeal, and utterly dependent upon its characterization to carry it thru, yet a picture certain to score because of its incident and the acting of Wallace Beery. This actor, appearing in "Robin Hood" was relegated to the background for the sake of romance and adventure, comes right out in the open here—a swaggering, blustering monarch—a monarch not given to ballroom or table manners, but to registering virility.

The picture does not suggest any great expense in its settings. Indeed, some of them indicate a scenic artist was on the job. Then to pay a compliment to the Fairbanks opus, there is an actual shot of a scene between the king and the outlaw of Sherwood Forest. This shows up the limitations of the picture, for one having seen "Robin Hood" will compare the two—to the detriment of the Beery canvas. Still it is interesting in its kingly comedy, and Beery will linger in the mind.

Woman Proof

The Ade-Meighan combination is working again, which means that one may look forward to seeing a satirical slant on life interpreted with a flourish of good manners. The Hoosier humorist has not been unduly imaginative—indeed, the idea has often been exploited, since it is a varia-

The George Ade-Thomas Meighan combination is working again, and this means that you may look forward to seeing a satirical slant on life interpreted with a flourish of good manners. "Woman Proof" is a story with many flashes of humor, and Lila Lee is Tommy's leading lady. At the right "A Million to Burn," a far-fetched tale good for a fifty-minute snooze. Herbert Rawlinson is the hero

"In Search of a Thrill" is a pointless story lacking any real motivation and permitting Viola Dana another opportunity to masquerade as a society fast-stepper who must needs pursue the stubborn male hero thru the labyrinths of a studio underworld

tion of the "Brewster's Millions" formula. The protagonist must be married by a specified time or lose his inheritance.

This pattern may be familiar—which is unimportant. What is important is the exceptionally deft treatment of it. It fairly scintillates with sparkle and humor—and releases a novel climax built around clever incident concerning the radio. Trust Meighan to fit this rôle. His shy manner—sideways smile—these likable characteristics make this woman-shy young man a fellow you'd like to cultivate. The picture carries some coincidence and a deal of convenience, but it moves with such well-executed scenes that the shortcomings are quickly forgotten in the rush of incident and the flashes of humor.

Tom Geraghty has woven a continuity which is as even and to the point as the one he wrote for "Hollywood." Alfred Green has directed the picture and makes it thoroly enjoyable.

A Million to Burn

This story is only valuable for its celluloid—which in this instance might better have gone toward the manufacture of collars. It scales the heights of submediocrity in telling a far-fetched tale of a hotel owner giving over the management of it to a waiter, whose idea of success is to allow everyone a chance at expression. So the servant question is solved for a time by having the employees frolic around a huge lawn as acrobats, musicians, dancers, sculptors and what not. In other words the idea back of it is founded upon the premise that no one is contented with one's work.

It's a weak morsel to digest, and pointless, plotless, and valueless. Only the Sub-Normals will get it, and even they will belong to the pre-adolescent age. Good for a fifty-minute snooze.

Mary Roberts Rinehart's story, "Long Live the King," is eloquent with fancy and caprice, mystery and adventure. And even with memories of "Oliver Twist," Jackie Coogan's newest essay must be cataloged as the crowning effort of his short and eventful life. It places the little luminary in a position where he can look with scorn upon many of the ambitious creations of his matured contemporaries. At the right is Douglas MacLean in "Going Up," a sparkling comedy which we recommend highly

In Search of a Thrill

A pointless story, one lacking any real motivation is on view in this product of the Metro lots. It unwinds its way monotonously with nothing vital exposed in plot or characterization. It must also give Viola Dana another opportunity to masquerade as a society fast-stepper who must needs pursue the stubborn male thru the labyrinths of a studio underworld—the underworld represented by the Latin Quarter of Paris.

Snubbed by the colorless, self-sacrificing author who is ever doing a good turn for some unfortunate, she plays into the hands of an apache so that she might be rescued by the hero—thus arousing his protective instinct and a romantic ardor at the same time. A tiresome story, mapped out thoroly and never deviating from its chart—and moreover carelessly played by Miss Dana who uses the make-up box to excess.

At the left is Mary Philbin in a scene from "The Temple of Venus." Everything possible has been crammed into this picture . . . it is a conglomeration of everything

Long Live the King

Even with memories of "Oliver Twist," Jackie Coogan's newest essay must be cataloged as the

crowning effort in his short and eventful life. It places the little luminary of the screen firmament in a position where he can look with scorn upon many of the ambitious creations of his matured contemporaries. Mary Roberts Rinehart's story is eloquent with fancy and caprice, mystery and adventure. It is a "Graustark" modeled along juvenile lines, which means that the romance is a thing apart—to be absorbed by those who have reached the age of discretion—and to be discarded by those who live in the kingdom of childhood.

The picture is magnificently staged and suggests an excursion into the Realm of Adventure by a royal Lilliputian. Jackie has heaps of fun here; indeed there are properties enough to make him feel as if he were on a kaleidoscopic playground. His naturalness is all the more impressive for that reason. So we follow him as the little crown prince who is kidnapped by the revolutionists, but whose rescue is effected in time to mount the throne. We pronounce this picture very good.

Going Up

Stepping close upon the heels of "23½ Hours Leave" is this sparkling comedy adapted from the musical comedy of the same name and the play which furnished the framework for the libretto, "The Aviator." It scintillates with nifty incident which, while repetitious, never takes itself too seriously. It furnishes Douglas MacLean with sixty minutes of light comedy which he plays with well-tempered abandon.

Forced to live up to the ideas of his book (the rôle is that of an author writing upon aviation), he jumps from the well-known frying-pan into the fire because an impressionable girl is a hero-worshipper. And she would have him demonstrate his courage by taking the air.

The finish brings some well-executed stunts in a plane, evidently done by some real aviator. It contains a volume of thrills and a continuous succession of laughs; a picture neatly constructed and played with commendable spirit. We recommend it highly.

"Cameo Kirby" is an old idea, but you watch it with unbated interest, even if you do anticipate every scene. And it is colorful, dealing, as it does, with the old days along the Mississippi. John Gilbert is spirited in the rôle of a proud young Southern gentleman. At the left are Holbrook Blinn and Enid Bennett in "The Bad Man." Everything possible has been done to make this picture carry on with the same entertainment values of the play, but it lacks the variety. Without Holbrook Blinn playing his semihumorous rôle of the bandit it would look mediocre. However, his pantomime is delightful

The Temple of Venus

Everything possible has been crammed into this picture—from bathing girls to sea-gulls—and the result is the wildest contraption that has graced the screen in many a day. We cannot tell whether the director has been eating too many Welsh rarebits while producing the puzzle, or whether he had a bad bootlegger. But one thing is certain, he has allowed his imagination to run riot in fashioning a story which never solved anything. Allegorical scenes are interwoven with a heavy and crude tale of misguided love, and the acting is bad aside from Mary Philbin's attempt to be convincing by appearing wistful.

Would you know the absurdities? Well, Cupid is sent forth from

(*Continued on page 95*)

At the right is a scene from "The Country Kid," which is just a series of episodic scenes with nothing of consequence revealed. Wesley Barry has reached that awkward age where it is difficult finding material suitable for him

Photograph by International Newsreel

No—Guess Again!

Recently there was a mammoth Actors' Fund Benefit held in Los Angeles in which all the movie stars appeared. And the Argentine tango in which Shirley Mason and Viola Dana impersonated Natacha and Rodolph Valentino is even now the talk of Hollywood

The greatest authority on the manicure perfects a liquid polish

It has been carefully planned to have all the features the fastidious woman has wished for in a liquid polish. It

spreads evenly and smoothly
won't peel off
gives a thin natural surface water will not dull
dries almost instantly
lasts a whole week
needs no separate polish remover

Spreads smoother—dries quicker

Needs no separate polish remover

SOMEONE once said that liquid nail polish was the lazy woman's polish. And no wonder lazy women were the first ones to take advantage of it. For it is so quickly and easily applied and keeps the nails brilliant so long.

But for a long time fastidious women who were particular about every single detail of smart grooming were afraid that liquid polishes were thick and lumpy, looked artificial or peeled off.

Now Cutex, the greatest authority on the manicure, has perfected a liquid polish. You can depend on it as you have always depended on all the other lovely Cutex preparations. One that is quicker and easier to use, that gives a higher, more lasting brilliance.

Cutex Liquid Polish doesn't crack or peel off, it doesn't dry in ridges, the brush never leaves streaks or marks. Water will not mar it.

Another advantage

Another advantage of Cutex Liquid Polish is that you do not have to bother with a separate polish remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure just put on fresh polish and wipe it off before it dries. The nails are left smooth and clean, ready for a new lustre.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish for 35c at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England. It also comes in two of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

THE COMPLETE MANICURE

Send 12c for Introductory Set

Cutex Liquid Polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First you must shape the nails; for this Cutex has fine emery boards. Then to soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin you need Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then for the brilliance that makes the nails wholly lovely Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures smooth a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort) on the nails to keep them smooth and healthy.

The special Introductory Set contains enough of each of these preparations for six manicures. Send the coupon with 12c for one today and try the complete Cutex manicure.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. M-2
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name_____

Street_____
(or P. O. box)

City_____ State_____

Everybody's Doing It!

Carmel Myers Presents Her Daily Dozen

If the various publishers who offer courses in reducing exercises included a fetching costume such as Carmel Myers is wearing here, we feel confident their lessons would be followed with more regularity. At any rate we offer them the suggestion gratis

Everywhere you go everybody is doing it. People count their calories . . . read diet books . . . and recommend some particular set of exercises for reducing. For the modern Venus is of sylph-like proportions. And here we present Carmel Myers going thru her own daily dozen. Keeping fit is the first responsibility of every motion-picture star . . . and Carmel doesn't want what are now slight curves to develop into more generous proportious

An Interview with Mrs. O.H.P. BELMONT *on the care of the skin*

"A woman who neglects her personal appearance loses half her influence. The wise care of one's body constructs the frame encircling our mentality, the ability of which insures the success of one's life. I advise a daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Alva E. Belmont

IT was in the beautiful great hall of Beacon Towers on Sand's Point, Port Washington, Long Island, that I first talked with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

I was excited and eager for the interview because I knew that Mrs. Belmont not only has given lavishly to women's causes from her colossal fortune, has been and is a tremendous worker, but also is particularly interested in woman's special problem of how to keep her force and her charm through middle life and later.

From all this I expected to meet a very commanding woman the day I visited Beacon Towers. But Mrs. Belmont, on the contrary, is quiet and gracious and sweet. She could not have been a more charming hostess.

She herself opened the grilled iron door and I stepped into the big hall with its impressive mural paintings of the life of Joan of Arc and its wide doors opening straight onto Long Island Sound. Here, I felt instantly, is the spirit of beauty strengthened by sincerity.

After we had admired the glorious view she showed me the pictures of her two sons, and of her grandson, who will some day be one of England's dukes, and—very proudly—the latest snapshot of her very young Ladyship, a small great granddaughter.

"How fine textured and fresh her skin is," I thought. "And she has just acknowledged herself a great grandmother!"

Begs Women not to Neglect Themselves

"NOW," she was saying smilingly, "I suppose you want me to tell you what I think is the relation between a woman's success and her personal appearance."

"Yes," I admitted, "Just how important do you think personal appearance is?"

"It is vital. That is just as true for the woman at home or in business as for those who are socially prominent.

"Don't you know," she said, "how often the woman with an unattractive face fails in the most reasonable undertaking? Nothing is so distressing. Neglect of one's personal attractions generally comes from ignorance and as I am greatly interested in the success of women in every possible way, I urge them not to neglect themselves."

The Library of MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT *at Beacon Towers on Long Island, where this interview was given.*

Mrs. Belmont, now President of the National Woman's Party is known all over America for her active services in securing the suffrage for women. Mrs. Belmont is also interested in better conditions for women, is strong for the abolition of child labor and for the improvement of Children's Homes. She is a trained architect; her three magnificent residences—Villa Isoletto in France, the famous Marble House at Newport, and the imposing country home, Beacon Towers on Long Island, being the products of time not devoted to politics and business.

Pond's Two Creams
used by the women who must keep their charm, their beauty, their influence.
EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

Frenchwomen say, Cleanse and Protect

"YOU spend a part of each year in France. Do Frenchwomen use creams much?" I asked Mrs. Belmont.

"In France," she said "they have always used cleansing creams and protecting creams, knowing that water is not enough and that the face cannot stand much strain and exposure."

"Then you think women should use two creams?"

"I know they should. That is why I advise the daily use of Pond's Two Creams, so that women can keep their charm and influence as long as they need them—and that is always," she smiled.

Use this Famous Method

GIVE your skin these two indispensables to lasting skin loveliness—the kind of cleaning that restores each night your skin's essential suppleness, and the freshening that, besides protecting, brings each time the beauty of fresh smooth skin under your powder.

For this, two distinctly different face creams were perfected—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Every night—with the finger tips or a piece of moistened cotton, apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Leave it on a minute. Then remove it with a soft cloth. Dirt and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day, are taken off your skin and out of the pores. How relaxed your face is. *Do this twice.* Now finish with ice rubbed over your face or a dash of cold water. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple again. If your skin is very dry, pat on more cream, especially where wrinkles come first—around the eyes, the nose, the corners of your mouth—and leave it on over night.

After every cleansing, before you powder, and always before you go out—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream *very evenly*—just enough for your skin to absorb. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels. Nothing can roughen it. When you get up in the morning, after a dash of cold water, this cream will keep your skin fresh and untired for hours. And it will stay evenly powdered.

Use this method regularly. Soon your face will be permanently fresher, smoother and you can count on the charm of a fresh, young skin for years longer than would otherwise be possible. Begin now. Buy both Pond's Creams tonight in jars or tubes at any drug store or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

GENEROUS TUBES
MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.
141 Hudson St., New York

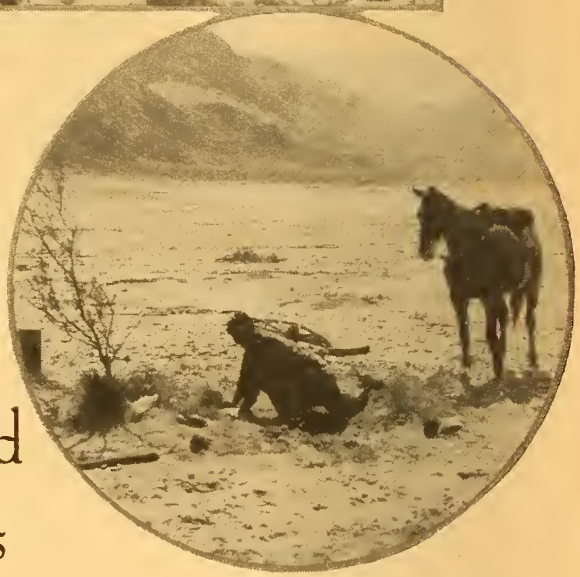
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

It's Over One Hundred Degrees In The Shade



Death Valley! Where it is over a hundred degrees in the shade . . . only there is no shade or growth of any kind in that vast stretch of desolation, hemmed in by arid mountains. It was here that Eric von Stroheim took his company in order to film a sequence of "Greed"

As might readily be imagined from these accompanying pictures, all manner of hardships were endured by the von Stroheim company. The heat was prostrating, and what meager foodstuffs they had were brought with them. At one time the valley nearly fulfilled its ominous name . . .

How More Than a Million Women Have Made Their Hair Beautiful

Why You, Too, Can Have Beautiful Hair, Soft, Silky, Wavy—Full of Life and Lustre

YOU see beautiful hair everywhere today. Hair that is softer, silkier, brighter, more charming and more attractive.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck. You, too, can have beautiful hair.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water

When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch, and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly, evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

* * *

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

On the Camera Coast

By
HARRY CARR

Adele Rowland, the charming vaudeville star, is in private life Mrs. Conway Tearle. And while Mr. Tearle was in California for the filming of "Black Oxen," she found it possible to be with him. At the right, James Kirkwood returns to the studios after his accident, which it was feared, for a time, might prove fatal. Frank Mayo and Lila Lee Kirkwood look on as he is welcomed back to the Kleig lights

WHAT with studios closing down, the Federal Trade Commission trekking to Hollywood in hot pursuit of alleged movie trusts, and stars threatening wicked magazines with libel suits, this has been a hectic month in our midst.

The Federal Trade Commission pried out some secrets that every one in the film colony has been trying for a year to find out about the ownership of some of the famous movie theaters out here—especially those run in the name and asserted ownership of Sid Graumann, which include three of the biggest down-town houses and the Egyptian Theater in Hollywood, possibly the most famous picture house in the world owing to the vast number of celebrities that attend it.

John Barrymore was a member of the film colony for some months while they filmed him as Beau Brummell. Upon its completion, however, he rushed back to New York and his limited engagement in the title-rôle of Hamlet

Called to the witness stand, Mr. Graumann denied the current rumor that the house was really owned by Zukor and Lasky. He said that he had offered to sell an interest in the house to Famous Players-Lasky but that organization had declined the honor. The interest was then purchased by the great West Coast Theaters Company which owns several hundred houses in the West. Mr. Graumann said, however, that Famous Players-Lasky owned fifty per cent. of his three down-town houses and that negotiations were on to sell them the rest of the stock.

The government commission evidently lacked the nerve to summon Mary Pickford into their august presence. They adjourned in a body and went on out to see her. They held a solemn session in her projecting-room where she testified in her movie make-up and her small self wrapped up in a Japanese kimono, just as she came from her dressing-room. Mary told them that it was an awful job for a poor girl like herself to struggle along in the movies. She said that the trust controlled the theaters to such an extent that she could hardly find a place to show her pictures. She told them she thought she would be obliged to abandon her motion-picture career altogether. Altho the Commission shuddered at this threat, Hollywood doesn't expect to see Mary's studio auctioned off for a while at least. In fact, we all think Mary was spoofing.

Jacqueline Logan designed several of the costumes she wears as Bessie Broke in the screen version of Kipling's "The Light that Failed." Here she is seen making one of the sketches while Percy Marmont and George Melford look on approvingly

Altho the United Artists do, in

The Last Word Concerning News and Personalities of Hollywood

truth, find great difficulty in getting houses to show their big feature pictures in, at times, it really isn't that which is worrying Mary. What is worrying Mary is her next picture.

Lubitsch, who is to direct it, still yearns to have her play Marguerite in "Faust," and Mary still shrinks at the memory of the day when Lubitsch explained to the assembled Pickford family that the climax of the picture would be where Mary as Marguèrite "strenkled de child."

Both Mary and Norma Talmadge want to play "Romeo and Juliet"; but they cant find any Romeos. Doug is willing to play Mercutio and stick swords into people if it will help any, but he'll be doggoned if he will play Romeo—and there you are.

Anyhow, I can whisper you a terrible and dark secret in connection with the projected "Romeo and Juliet" picture. They have discovered that it is a punk story. Shakespeare was a nice man and all, but as an author it appears he was all wrong. This is really a fact. They only tell each other in horrified whispers; but it is a fact that all the scenario writers who have wrestled with "Romeo and Juliet" find it fatally defective from a dramatic standpoint.

One of the shocked continuity writers confided to me that when you come to pick the story to pieces, it doesn't build to a climax; it keeps eddying around in circles and there is no logical reason why the young lovers should have met their untimely fate instead of calmly walking out of the predicament together.

Wherefore the ghost of Mr. Shakespeare can pack his doll rags and take the first exit to the left.

Having resolved to cease being a haughty lady, Pola Negri has made a thoro job of it. Pola set out to disarm her critics and they are all at her feet.

I saw her in a stage box the other night with Adolphe Menjou, Charley Eyton, Kathleen Williams and her director, Herbert Brenon.

On the stage Ed Wynn was doing his mind-reading act in the "Perfect Fool." Pola dug into her purse for bank-notes for him to read the numbers and when he guessed right, called out "Yeh; that's right," like any other flapper and the audience loved her to death.

The other day a well-known critic from one of the newspapers stopped to

Frances White of the musical comedy and vaudeville stage was recently a visitor in the Los Angeles studios. She is seen above with Director Harry Beaumont and Monte Blue. We wonder whether she entertained them with "I Wish I was a Monkey in the Zoo!" or "Mis-sis-sippi"

Corinne Griffith looks dismayed in sympathy with her director, Frank Lloyd, when one M. C. Levee points out to him that an extra on the floor below the box in which they are seated, is rapidly consuming the buffet luncheon. And, on the right, Elinor Glyn, herself, supervises the filming of her "Three Weeks." Aileen Pringle may be discovered beyond the camera lines

The only man in the world that gets paid for chewing gum . . . *i.e.*, Will Rogers, . . . entertains Louise Fazenda

watch her working in "The Shadows of Paris." She stopped acting and called out to him, "Hey, you're getting too fat."

"I know; but what can I do?" was the rueful answer.

"Fall in love; that's the way I do," retorted Pola; and went on emoting.

Pola and Charlie were well "kidded" by Will Rogers on the night of the Actors' Benefit. Rogers said he had gone to live in the heart of the Beverly Hills district. He said on one side of him lived Pola Negri and the other side of Pola lived Charlie Chaplin. "They are so near they could throw a brick; and I guess they do," said Will.

There has been a coldness between Pola and Lubitsch; they "had a mad" for fifteen months.

A few nights ago Lubitsch had a garden scene to take for his picture "The Marriage Circle." The only suitable location he could find was right across the street from Pola's house. As the big arc-lights were being put into position, some one came flying out of the house. It was Pola in very much négligée. "Ernst, Ernst," she called, "come here to me." And when he had obediently crossed to shake hands with her, she said, "Now do you know what we are mad by each other about?"

Lubitsch said he hadn't an idea and they shook hands again; but Pola added, "You know you didn't treat me right." And Ernst added, "No; it was you who didn't treat me right." So they very nearly started the war all over again.

Lubitsch showed me his picture the other day, the one he says he has made "to please Lubitsch." It is a very remarkable piece of work—a stinging and brilliant society satire—the kind of picture that George Bernard Shaw would make if he turned to pictures. Marie Prevost, as the vamp, fairly staggered me. Lubitsch says she is the most brilliant actress he has seen in America and predicts that she will be one of the great actresses of the world. Which also staggers Marie. Lubitsch's eye has fallen upon one other girl that he thinks has unmeasured possibilities as an actress. This is Gloria Swanson.

Charlie Chaplin meanwhile has found new obstacles to his art. To get away from the distractions of the public he rented a cabin in the mountains and went into seclusion to write his next comedy which, by the way, will be of the good old slap-stick variety—big shoes, little moustache and all. Charlie stayed in his cabin a few days and hastily rushed for home and a bath tub. He could only explain that he had had an unwelcome visitor. It was a pole cat. Finding the varmint strongly entrenched, Charlie sent for a valiant hunter who shot the critter as it stood at bay on his kitchen floor. Subsequent events were alarming to the sense of smell and Charlie fled.

Mary Miles Minter has had an offer from her mother, Mrs. Shelby, to settle the suit Mary brought for an accounting. Of the million dollars

(*Continued on page* 82)

Presenting, at the left, Pola Negri as she will be screened in her next production, "Shadows of Paris." In truth, a new Pola . . . who reminds us of Kiki

Lew Cody and Frank Mayo had a bet on the Dempsey-Firpo fight. Frank lost, and when Lew returned to California he served him as a chauffeur for one solid week. Here is the scene which transpired when Lew alighted from his train

Blanche Sweet acts as a coolie to George Marion and a little extra-girl between the scenes of "Anna Christie." George Marion, who played Anna's father in the stage version, was imported to Hollywood to create the same rôle upon the screen

Realism is the High God of Hollywood. And here is Conrad Nagel as he was filmed in a close-up of one of his forthcoming productions

for Economical Transportation

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Green Room Jottings

Of the Latest Activities in Filmland

Some scenes for "Big Brother" were filmed on a Brooklyn dock—— Tom Moore, who is starred in this Rex Beach story, will be recognized in the group—and the misty New York sky line is just discernible under the bridge's span

NOW it can be told: Betty Compson will marry neither Walter Morosco, son of the theatrical producer, nor an English lord. The charming Betty has decided to cast her lot with that of James Cruze, the brilliant director of "The Covered Wagon." It is said to be a case of love at first sight interrupted by Betty's sojourn in England for the filming of "Woman to Woman," and renewed again as soon as her dainty slippers touched the native soil of Hollywood. The pair cant be married for eleven months without running the risk of stirring up for themselves a matrimonial storm somewhat on the order of that of the Valentinos but they are happy at the prospect of the future anyway. Betty will star in the Famous Players-Lasky production of "The Stranger," the first Galsworthy novel to be picturized in this country, and Cruze will direct Emerson's Hough's "North of 36." The set for the latter story will require the building of Austin, Texas, and Abilene, Kansas, as they were fifty-six years ago; more than seven hundred miles will have to be traversed on horseback and in ox-drawn carts, and the actors will have to weather chuck-wagon food and a bed on the ground. In the cast are Jack Holt and Ernest Torrence, outstanding actor in "The Covered Wagon."

And since Betty is no longer among the possibilities of the marriage circle, we wonder if the rumor of Corinne Griffith's engagement to Walter Morosco is indeed a fact.

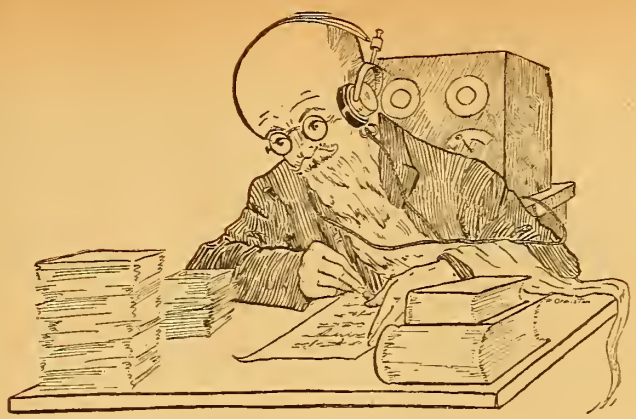
Wanda Hawley was granted, without much ado, a divorce because her husband, it is claimed, called her a "brainless fool" and a "dumb-bell" but demonstrated that the salary she earned was quite regular money, and worthy to be spent by him. And it took just exactly three and a half minutes of court procedure to free Marjorie Rambeau legally from Hugh Dillman McCaughey, her actor-husband, who, it seems, deserted her.

We have been holding our breath for fear Leatrice Joy and her husband, Jack Gilbert, might make the separation that they have practised for the last several months permanent. To the delight of the picture colony, and all admirers of the pair, they have been reunited, and that is just as it should be, for their marriage is a love-match to the core.

(*Continued on page 78*)

At the left is May McAvoy with the proof positive that a pretty girl may be useful as well as ornamental. And at the right, Lois Wilson beaming over that health-giving gift—a box of apples

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope



All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter

The Answer Man

K. O.—Here we are about to start another year with many resolutions. It seems like Father Time has a birthday very often, so on his birthday I want to wish you all a very Happy and Prosperous New Year. Lois Lee was Helen in "Prisoner of Zenda." Mary Philbin is nineteen.

Heffie.—So you think it takes courage to write to me. I dont see why. That is a question. I think I agree with Alexander Dumas, I prefer the wicked rather than the foolish. The wicked sometimes rest. Yes, Reginald Denny is married. He is with Universal. I believe Reliance produced "Three Weeks" with Madlaine Travers some years ago, but wait until you see the new one.

G. B. H.—Dont mention it. Friendship often ends in love, but love in friendship, never. Patsy Ruth Miller played in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" as Esmeralda. Sure thing, write me any time.

Jew A. M.—Richard Dix is twenty-nine. Lawrence Trimble is the owner of Strongheart. You know he also used to own Jean, the Vitagraph Dog.

A. Zipper.—Ah, there's the rub. Young men may die, old men must. So you would like to see Norma Talmadge in more pictures like "Smilin' Thru." So would I. I'm waiting for her Juliet.

Agnes M.—So you dont agree with me when I say it is a greater compliment to be trusted than loved. Of course I dont blame you. It isn't everybody who can have both. Harold Lloyd is thirty. Leatrice Joy, twenty-five. Douglas MacLean is married to Faith Cole. Eddie Polo's daughter, Malvena, played in "A Woman of Paris."

Mrs. R. A. F.—I'm sure you're not the scolding kind. You know scolding wives, like bad clocks, are seldom in order. You will see Eugene O'Brien in "Secrets." Ernest Truex is playing in "Six Cylinder Love" for Fox. Also in F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Vegetable." Write me again some time.

Jack Jackson.—No, I dont know who said "There is more pleasure in loving than in being loved," but it sounds like a woman. Justine Johnson was in Europe last time I heard from her. J. Warren Kerrigan in "A Man from Brodneys." Robert Ellis in "The Wild Life" and Gaston Glass in "Poisoned Paradise" with Clara Bow.

Lloyd B.—Thanks for the very nice things you say about me. I wish I could let you have a picture of me, but I have never had any taken. I admire your taste. The rich man travels as he pleases, but the poor man travels as he can. Malcolm McGregor and Viola Dana in "The Social Code."

A. W. Y., England.—No record of M. Leder. Sorry.

Hilma K.—Ah, but beautiful peaches are not always the best flavored; neither are handsome women the most amiable. Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field." Henry Walthall in "Misunderstood."

Frances S.—So you dont really think I am an old man. Well, I am. And I've just had another birthday too. Yes, to your first question, but it isn't noticeable. Nita Naldi is Italian. Naomi Childers is playing in "Restless Wives" with Doris Kenyon.

Betty B.—I can see you are all for Ramon Novarro. Well, he sure is good-looking. Earle Foxe opposite Mae Murray in "Fashion Row." Lois Wilson use to be a school-teacher, so she plays the part in "Pied Piper Malone" with Thomas Meighan with much ease.

Leo P.—My dear boy, judge nothing from appearance. The more beautiful the serpent, the more fatal its sting. Milton Sills is playing in "The Good Bad Girl." Ann Cornwall was Angela in "Dulcy." Come again. Do.

June.—Cheer up, and dont be sour. As Irving says: "A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use." Truart filmed "Broadway Gold." Dorothy Gish is five feet. My dear child, a Movie Magnate is one who has plenty of money for producers, manufacturers, stars, etc., etc., etc., to draw on. In other words, a human bank.

Trixie.—Yes, and it's good to rub and polish our brain against that of others. Gloria Swanson is twenty-six, and you can address her at Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, L. I. No she is not married now, but her former husbands were Wallace Beery and Herbert Sonborn.

Peeved.—I'm sorry, really, but I am glad to see you back. I dont know what has happened to J. Dumont, if anything. So you dont like Pola Negri. That's that! Colleen Moore and James Morrison in "The Nth Commandment." Kenneth Harlan will make a series of personal appearances in connection with his picture "The Virginian."

The Sheikess.—Behold, kind lady, I bow in reverence. Thanks for the gum. Jack Perrin is with Universal, and he is married to one Josephine Hill. Honest-to-goodness, I am over eighty. You wouldn't believe it to look at me. So long—yours, beside the babbling brook.

Black Eyes.—I hope they are naturally so. Yes, I think Rodolph Valentino will answer you if you write to him. Try it. Oh yes, we have a Capitol Theater in New York City. One Sunday 17,452 persons attended the theater. That's packing them in a few.

Dream Lassie.—All I know is that you are a little English girl attending a college in Hongkong, and you are a charming letter writer. Yes! I think "Robin Hood" was worth two dollars. You know that is what they charged in New York too. You surely are a Dream Lassie, for down deep in your nature is something—that draws you firmly and irresistibly towards the unseen. Heigh-ho!

Impudence.—Fire away! You cant make me mad. As Mark Twain said: "One of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives." George Walsh and Lew Cody in "Reno" with Helene Chadwick. Forrest Stanley is married to Marion Hutchins. Ralph Graves in "Prodigal Daughters." You bet I dont mind answering questions. I have been doing it so long, it's second childhood with me.

Scottie.—Yes, the article about Libra people was published in September, 1923, Magazine. Thanks for all you say about me. It listens well.

Marjorie.—But a good rule, in love matters, keep your pen from paper. Vernon Steele was with Universal last. But the latest report on "Romeo and Juliet" is that Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish would like to try it. Lillian is also going to play in "Joan of Arc."

Ginger.—Kinda spicie today. Yes, it is reported that James Cruze and Betty Compson are to be married when the law allows. Cecil De Mille has signed up with Famous Players-Lasky for three years more. Yes, "On the Back Porch."

Sally.—The Egyptian name "Tut" corresponds to the Hebrew "Doud" or English "David." Dont believe all you hear. Glenn Hunter is not married as yet. Richard Barthelmess in "The Enchanted Cottage." Harrison Ford in "Maytime." Hope Hampton's next picture will be "Irene."

Biddy.—Cheer up, you'll see the silver lining soon. Never bear more than one trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have. Yes, Gloria Swanson is twenty-six. Come in and see me when you arrive in America.

Junnie.—No, I have no desire to be rich. Riches have benefited tens, and ruined thousands. I have started to save this year, and by the end of the year I hope to buy me a home in the

country. That is Lon Chaney's real name. Mary Miles Minter's real name is Juliet Shelby. No, Florine De Hart is not playing in pictures.

DIL.—Jane Gray is twenty-four and not married.

CLAIRE.—Well, I haven't known many of them, but a woman is like your shadow; follow her, she flies; fly from her, she follows. Viola Dana's right name is Viola Flugrath. "Peaches" Jackson is Charlotte Jackson. As for the other players, those are their real names. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. So you see, you thought it was silly to write to me, but you have changed your mind. Come in again some time, the latchstring is always out.

I. PRINTZ.—Hail, hail! You say: "Please allow me to toss a few flowers—a boutonnière to you for your wonderful cleverness and scintillating department, and a bouquet to Miss Helene Chadwick as the original of the beautiful portrait in November Magazine." You know she was born in Chadwick, N. Y., so I am not sure that that is her right name. Agnes Ayres has been loaned to Halperin Film for the production of "Souvenir" with Percy Marmont opposite.

BETTY.—Well, there is a first time for everything, even to writing to me. Most of the players will send their photos. Yes, Francis Bushman may play the rôle of Messala in "Ben Hur." We hope to see him on the screen.

CLAYTON.—The great difficulty about advice is the preponderance of quantity over quality. Constance Binney is playing in C. C. Burr Studios, Glendale, L. I. "Three O'Clock in the Morning" was her last picture. No, she is not married. After filming "The Mirage," Constance Talmadge will play in "Alias Nora O'Brian." James Morrison and Anita Stewart are playing in vaudeville, but not together. Deserted the screen, eh!

W. H. B.—Yes, it was Mark Twain who said: "Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education." House Peters is playing in "Held to Answer." And last I heard of Louise Glaum, she was on a ranch somewhere in the West. I am surprised that you didn't like "Robin Hood." Most everyone liked it. But you did like "Trilby," and mostly because of a new face. I see, you like a change.

N. C.—Well, you cannot judge a man till you know his whole story. Marie Doro is not playing now.

A PARK AVENUE FAN.—As Franklin says: "If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone." Yes, pictures from "The White Sister" appeared in March, 1923 and October, 1923, Magazines. Laura LaPlante has been made a Universal star in place of Gladys Walton. "The Thrill Girl" is her first picture.

KATE S.—But women somehow, have the same fear of witty men as of fireworks. No, Ramon Novarro has straight black hair. Vivian Martin was on the stage last, and Marguerite Clarke is in New Orleans right now. Marjorie Daw in "The Call of the Canyon," a Zane Grey production.

NOSEY NED.—Your letter was very interesting. It is with narrow-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out. Dont believe all you hear. Little Ben Alexander was born in Goldfield, Nevada, eleven years ago. His last pictures were "Jealous Fools" and "Misunderstood."

BERTHA H.—I am glad you like to read. You want to pick something out of everything you read. Choice words, phrases, and beautiful thoughts. Why Norma is eldest, then Natalie and then Constance. Tom Moore is playing on the stage in "The Cup." Montague Love is playing in "Restless Wives" with Doris Kenyon.

NELLIE K.—No, I dont mind this cold weather. I use my beard as a muffler, but that means I cant hear anything that is going on. Wanda Hawley was with Vitagraph last. Kenneth Harlan with Schulberg Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California. Lottie Pickford has an important part in Mary's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Allan Forrest, her husband, has the male lead.

GRACE D.—Do I drink—only buttermilk. Strong drinks are like wars, making cripples of some men, and sending others to the grave. Marjorie Daw's right name is Margaret House. Her last picture was "The Call of the Canyon"; born in Colorado Springs in 1902, and educated in Colorado. She is a protégée of Geraldine Farrar, and played in "Joan the Woman" with her. Married to Eddie Sutherland. Selah!

BROWNIE.—Yes, and married life should be a sweet harmonious song, and like one of Mendelssohn's—without words. Cullen Landis has started his own company, his first picture being "The Kid from Powder Ridge." So you like the way I write. Ditto.

S. HAINES.—No, I have never been a professor, but Edmund Lowe was a professor of English literature in college in California. Milton Sills also taught English at the Chicago University. Louis Wolheim was a professor of English at Harvard. So you see what bright people you know. Blanche Sweet was born in Chicago, Illinois. Ramon Novarro in Mexico, and he is twenty-four. Tom Mix was born in Texas. Buck Jones is twenty-eight, born in Indiana, and Bebe Daniels is twenty-three, born in Texas. Didn't you know that Dorothy Davenport was Mrs. Wallace Reid. Shirley Mason in "The Eleventh Hour." She is twenty-two, born in Brooklyn. See you later.

JOAN.—In part you say: "Your beard worries me, too, I'm suspicious of gentlemen who lurk in ambush. But perhaps it is merely a publicity myth, adopted for the questionable purpose of creating a psychological effect upon your devoted correspondents." In other words, I dont exist so far as you are concerned. Is that it? Cheer up, you're all wrong. No, I dont know who wrote the subtitles for "Gold Madness," but you say they were atrocious. Companies are not buying scripts, they are over produced right now. Wallace Beery, Zazu Pitts and Marjorie Daw in "Patsy." All right, send me that collapsible fireless cooker. I shall make good use of it.

TILLIE, THE TAILOR.—Your letter was subtle. What a strange scene if the surge of conversation could suddenly ebb like the tide and show us the real state of people's minds! Apollonia Chalupez is Pola Negri's supposed-to-be right name.

NORMA'S FAN.—So you dont really think I am old, because I am not absent-minded. You dont know me. Yes, I have seen Norma Talmadge, also Constance. No, I dont know why Mae Murray keeps her eyes half-closed in pictures. Maybe she doesn't like to look at her director. Lew Cody in "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model." Emmett Flynn at the megaphone.

MIGIO OF TANQUE.—No, I am just a poor old man. Your letter reminds me of the verse, "A little stealing is a dangerous part, but stealing largely is a noble art; 'tis mean to rob a hen-roost, or a hen, but stealing thousands makes us gentlemen." Dont try it. You want an interview with Marion Davies. She is twenty-seven, you know. William Desmond is with Universal in "Riddle Rider," a serial. Alice Calhoun in "The Man from Brodney's." Yes, most of the players read our magazines. Thanks for your good wishes.

JUNE.—Get busy. Employment, which Galen calls "nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness, that indolence is justly considered as the mother of misery. Yes, "The Common Law" was released in 1917 with Clara K. Young, but not with Norma Talmadge. Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field," you know.

FAN, FAN.—You ought to be here where it is snowing and everybody is going ice-skating. "Where The Pavement Ends" was taken from "The Passion Vine," by John Russell. Ramon Novarro in "Thy Name is Woman." Thank you, none but a fool is always right.

ROBIN.—Thanks, and I appreciate your kind words. As George Eliot says: "What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to others." Betty Blythe in "The Darling of Paris" and "Chu Chin Chow." Married to Paul Scardon.

GERTRUDE.—You want to know whether Ralph Graves smokes or swears, or whether he drinks alone. Yes, he does. Theda Bara is back at work in "Beauty Hunger." It is another one of the Black Oxen stories where a woman regains her youth and beauty.

JACK.—How's this one? "Here lies my wife Sallie; let her lie. She's at peace, and so am I." Marie Mosquini opposite Will Rogers in his next. Robert Gordon and Jane Novak in "The Lullaby."

HELEN K.—Well, if you live according to the dictates of nature, you will never be poor; or if according to the notions of the world, you will never be rich. Nita Naldi doesn't wear stockings, so you see that might account for the error in her height. John Bowers and Sheldon Lewis in "Superstition." Richard Dix, Tully Marshall and Betty Compson in "The Stranger."

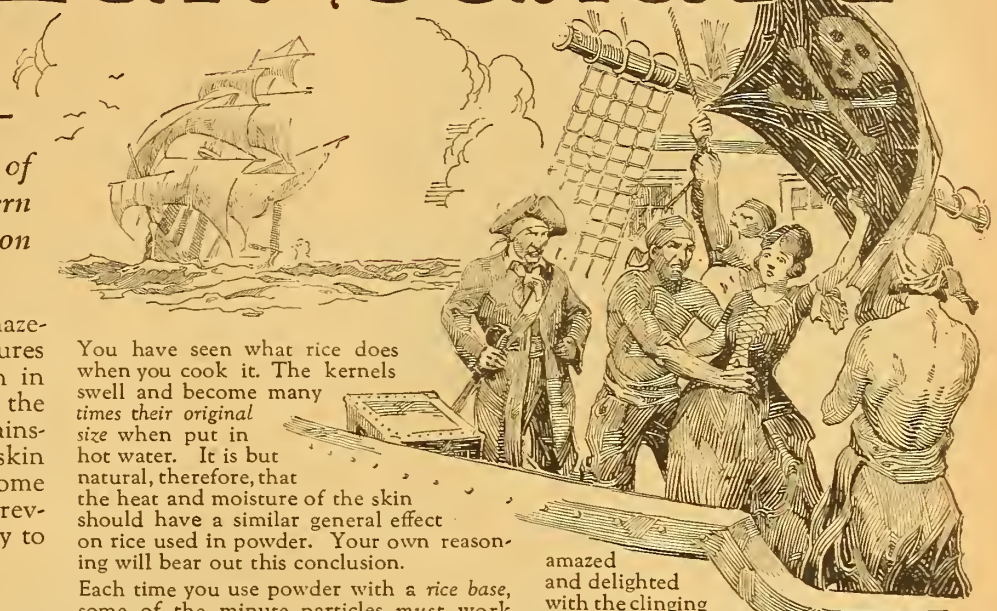
JILL.—There's Jack up above. So you think I would be very helpful to one in trouble. I'd do my best. And you wish that Mary Pickford would have a daughter. So do I. You know she has adopted her sister Lottie's child. Thanks for all you did, it was a very charming letter.

(*Continued on page* 117)

STOLEN BEAUTY

As the Pirates of Old Stole Beauty—

So May the Wrong Kind of Face Powder Rob Modern Woman of Her Complexion Loveliness . . .



WOMEN will learn with amazement the recent disclosures now being made known in regard to their use of the indispensable face powder. A painstaking, scientific study of the skin and its care has brought forth some facts which are nothing short of revolutionary as to the correct way to powder.

Here are the facts:

Most women nowadays give thoughtful attention to their complexions. Why, then, should the skin so painstakingly cared for, frequently tend to coarsen and roughen without *apparent cause?* Why should the tiny pores mysteriously choke up and enlarge? What has been the reason so much beauty effort has had no permanent result—brought no lasting benefit? Science has found out, sifted down the facts, and discovered the cause of most cases of clogged, enlarged pores to be—*powder*; not the innocent *habit of powdering*, but the *powder itself.*

Every woman knows there are countless brands of face powder—a bewildering array. Prettily packaged and daintily perfumed, they tempt one on every side. They are to be had in various forms, and many fragrances—but science made this important discovery: nearly every powder on the market was basically the same, *made of rice!* Therein lay the trouble.

How Rice Acts in Face Powder

Consider! Rice, as everyone knows, is a *starchy substance* and no matter how fine it may be pulverized, its particles remain "sharp." When magnified, rice powder resembles *sand!* In a tiny pinch of powder there can be seen thousands of jagged, sharp-edged particles. Not a happy choice for application to the delicate skin! But worse even than this irritating sharpness, is the fact that rice *swells with moisture.*

You have seen what rice does when you cook it. The kernels swell and become many *times their original size* when put in hot water. It is but natural, therefore, that the heat and moisture of the skin should have a similar general effect on rice used in powder. Your own reasoning will bear out this conclusion.

Each time you use powder with a *rice base*, some of the minute particles *must* work down into the pores. There they *must* react harmfully because they are both moistened and warmed—"cooked" by the skin. This action taking place day after day, every time you powder, is bound to undo your care to keep the pores free, clean and normal in size. So one more mystery is solved by science—and common sense.

There Is No Rice in Princess Pat Powder

"But I simply cannot forego the use of Powder!" says the woman who desires the velvety, smooth appearance only powder can give. Nor need she!

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Knowing these facts, one regards it as a pity that rice powders—for the face at least—still are used. This is particularly true when you realize Princess Pat is so *finely particled* that its gentle adherence makes its effect last much longer than the finest powder that can be made of rice. You will be altogether amazed and delighted with the clinging quality of Princess Pat—"The Powder With the *Almond Base.*"

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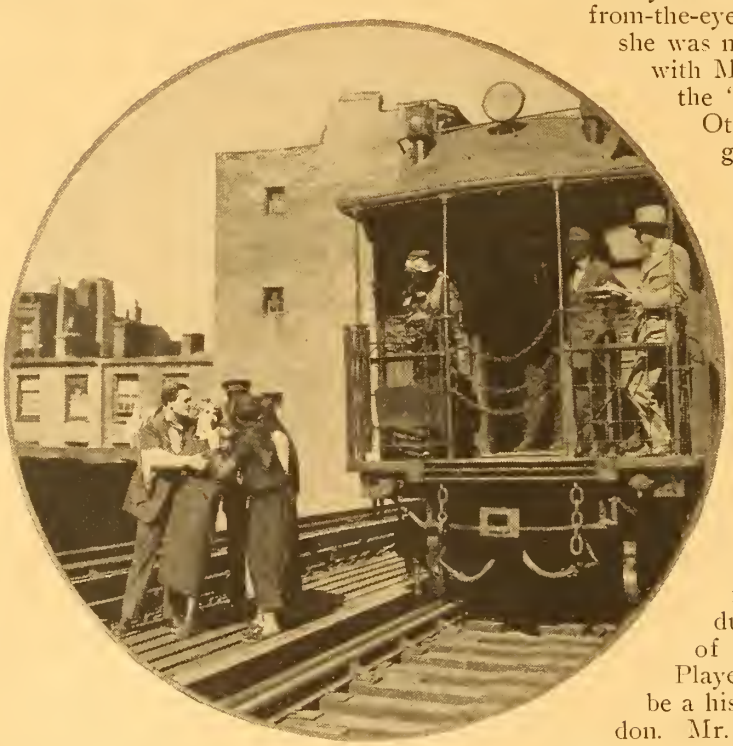
Princess Pat Creams—Ice Astringent—Princess Pat Tint—Lip Stick—Princess Pat Perfume

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 74)

At last the Ziegfeld idea of glorifying the American girl on the screen! When you see "The Temple of Venus" directed by Henry Otto, you'll fall to what he means when he says that beauty is the backbone . . . of course, a beautiful backbone . . . of every successful movie. "The Temple of Venus" won for Mr. Otto a contract with Fox and he is already busy on another production. While in New York Mr. Otto hied him to the Public Library on the Avenue to photograph Venus, the Goddess of Beauty, that stands guard outside, but she was so dirty he refused to honor her (from which fact can be drawn a pretty good beauty hint). When he next passed the Library, to his astonishment, Venus was getting a scrub. Incidentally, it was Mr. Otto who discovered lovely Mary Philbin, who flashed into fame because of her acting in "The Merry-Go-Round." At the time that the "Merry-Go-Round" opened and Mary was registering her straight-from-the-eyes hit on the silversheet, she was marooned on a little island with Mr. Otto's company filming the "Temple of Venus." Mr. Otto received word of her great success but was asked not to tell Miss Philbin for fear her success would turn her head; contrary to advice, he went straight to her and her mother and broke the good news. Never was there such a welcome breaking. Mr. Otto, we take it, believes in brains as well as in beauty.



Dorothy Gish sailed for Italy a week or so before Lillian—so Lillian and Dick Barthelmess were on hand to cry "*bon voyage. . . .*" At the right, a scene from "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model," which was filmed on an elevated line in New York. Edmund Lowe and Claire Windsor are recognized on the tracks. Below D. W. Griffith and Colonel Hawkins are photographed at Fort Myer, Va., where Colonel Hawkins' command, the Third Cavalry, U. S. Army, are appearing in "America." This historical spectacle is being produced by Mr. Griffith and is sponsored by the Daughters of the American Revolution

It has been decided that Valentino's first picture for the Ritz-Carlton Productions, at the expiration of his contract with Famous Players-Lasky in February, will be a historical production in London. Mr. Williams, Valentino's new chief, of the Ritz-Carlton, says that the Britishers are missing a good bet by not putting more care and money on their productions, and that there never has been a "top-notch" British film. Naturally, John Bull doesn't like the way he snubs their film work, and gets back at Mr. Williams by saying that the English have too much sense to make millionaires of youngsters, eccentric comedians, and beautiful actresses. But nothing loath, Mr. Williams declares that England has history, atmosphere and color that has never been scratched, and he will show 'em.

Photograph by International Newsreel

Lois Wilson was awfully sick while in New York playing opposite Tommy Meighan in "Pied Piper Malone," a Booth Tarkington story written especially for the screen. Lois didn't break her arm or anything, she was just homesick, which sometimes makes one even a little more miserable than *mal de mer*. If New Yorkers could see the Hollywood home she has purchased, they would well understand why their efforts at entertaining were more or less futile. Her pal, May McAvoy, and Mrs. McAvoy suffered from the same illness and now we are afraid that May will

(*Continued on page* 80)

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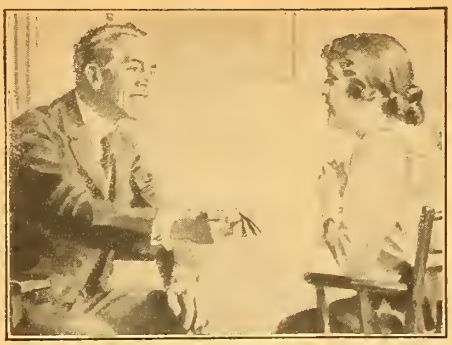

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Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 78)

suffer *mal de mer* as well, as her contract with Inspiration will take her across the Atlantic instead of across the continent. Tommy Meighan has eliminated any possibility of homesickness by purchasing a home in Great Neck, L. I. Tommy will move in in April. And this makes us wonder if the oft-repeated threat of the producers, to do most of their filming in the East, is about to be fulfilled. With the steady commuting of film companies to the Southern countries of Europe in search of atmosphere and sunshine, we shouldn't be at all surprised. Did Tommy have a hunch or a tip?

Charles Winninger and Hugh Cameron, two Broadway comedians, will be seen in "Pied Piper Malone." It is somewhat of a family affair as Winninger is Blanche Ring's husband, and Frances Ring is Tommy Meighan's wife; however, as Winninger is said to be one of the funniest German comedians on the stage, we'll forgive the family-made trust.

Booth Tarkington and Tommy Meighan must have gotten along just like "him and her" in the filming of the "Pied Piper Malone." Tarkington acted as chief supervisor of the film and in connection with Tom Geraghty who attended to the technicalities, edited it, and wrote the titles. It is the first time he has taken active part in the filming of one of his stories. Evidently he had a lot of fun doing it, as he has promised to write another original for the screen idol.

Our accident and convalescent list is overflowing as we go to press. Inanimate things and animal personalities have taken to emoting with temperament equal to that of the screen stars. Think of a trick hose being so vicious as to sideswipe Harold Lloyd off of the top of a swiftly moving truck, when he was doing some of his hair-raising comedy bits. Harold landed in the gutter and for more than a fortnight nursed a set of the most colorful bruises that ever decorated a film hero. Alberta Vaughan, ingénue of the Mack Sennett comedy unit, was laid up for quite a time recovering from injuries she received while flip-flopping opposite Lewis Sargent in "Flip-Flops." Reginald Denny was obliged to put on a plaster jacket to hold himself together after an automobile accident. And Madeline Hurlock, another Mack Sennett beauty, appearing with Ben Turpin, was forced to take a sojourn in the hospital, and turn over her rôle to Irene Lentz, because an impertinent cowpony thought she was too upstage about her horsemanship, and made her eat a volume of unadulterated dust.

And now along comes Flora Finch with a lawsuit against the Mastodon Films Company, because of permanent and painful injuries she received while crossing the defendant's ground to get to "a motion-picture set." Flora alleges that the defendant had "carelessly permitted frozen snow, ice and large stones to accumulate on its grounds," when he was in duty bound to provide a "good, safe and sure place in which to act." We cant see Flora pulling any sob stuff on the judge, but she may succeed in pulling a laugh which sometimes proves even more efficacious in gaining a suit than a tear.

Gloria Swanson overworked those glorious orbs of hers to such an extent in

(*Continued on page* 90)

Maurice Sigrist is to the French what Jackie Coogan is to all of us. The lady seen here lunching with him in the garden is his mother

Photograph by Abbé

Are You Ready for the Ash-Can?

Do you realize what it means to neglect your body? Do you know that you will clog up with waste matter and deaden your life just as ashes do in a furnace? Are you going to drag yourself through a life of misery and be ready for the undertaker when you should really be only starting to enjoy life? Come on and brace up. Take a good hold of yourself and shake those cobwebs out of your brain. Give me a chance at that weak backbone of yours and let me put a pair of man sized arms into those narrow shoulders.

Pills Never Made Muscles

I am not a medical doctor. I don't claim to cure disease. Neither do I put any self-assumed title of Professor before my name. *I am a builder of muscle*—internal as well as external. I claim and can prove that by proper exercise you can even build muscle in and around your heart and every vital organ. The kind that shoots a thrill through your veins and reaches every crevice of your body. I add years to your life, and oh boy! what a kick you get out of every day you live. And talk about big, brawny arms and legs, or broad backs and husky chests—just take a look through this winter's copies of Physical Culture Magazine and see for yourself. You will see a few pictures of my pupils there—living examples of the Earle Liederman system—doctors, lawyers, business men, but every last one of them good enough to pose as professional strong men. Some are in better shape than men who are now acting as instructors to others.

Pep Up

What are you going to do about it? Don't sit idle and wish for strength. That will never bring it. Come on and get busy. You must have it, and I'm going to give it to you. I don't promise it, I guarantee it. You don't take any chance with me, so come on and make me prove it.

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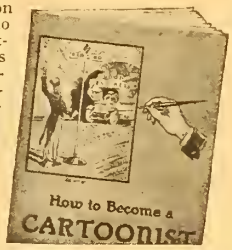

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On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page* 72)

Mary got on her last contract, Mrs. Shelby explains that $600,000 went to the government for income tax; $300,000 went to herself, Mrs. Shelby, by way of commissions and the remainder belongs to Mary. She offers to give Mary $200,000 in settlement. Mary, meanwhile, has hidden herself in a little bungalow near Los Angeles and passes most of her time knitting on her front porch.

Betty Compson has returned from London and has fallen in love. One of the newspapers, hearing a rumor that she was engaged to be married to James Cruze, the director, telephoned to the blushing swain. "You'll have to ask her," replied Mr. Cruze. Whereupon Miss Compson being telephoned to, replied "Wait until I phone him." Presently she answered the newspaper, "Yes, we are."

Mr. Cruze was lately divorced from Marguerite Snow. It has been supposed that Miss Compson was to be married to Walter Morosco, son of the New York producer; but Walter is now seen with Corinne Griffith who is heatedly denying engagements. Corinne says one matrimonial venture was a great plenty.

Virginia Valli got in the way of the crime wave that is sweeping over California. While she was taking a day off at the beach, a burglar broke into her house and stole the bath tub, taking the whole thing out by the roots.

Theda Bara has had some sort of business complication in connection with her starring venture, and the production has been held up.

Allen Holubar, the director and husband of Dorothy Phillips, died in a California hospital after a very severe operation. The sympathy of the entire colony has gone out to Mrs. Holubar in her bereavement.

Niles Welch and Dell Boone, of Universal, are old friends of Ringling, the circus magnate. While the show was recently in Los Angeles, Niles acted as drum major of the circus band in the grand "walk-around" and Dell rode one of the elephants, just for a lark.

Guy Bates Post has turned his back severely on the fillums and is returning to the stage.

Out at Warner Brothers Studio they have given John Barrymore a gorgeous business office with shiny desks and such; John sits on the desks and tells stories. He says that when he was a little boy, his uncle, John Drew, was visiting at the house. His irrepressible father, the late Maurice Barrymore, taught him a little prayer which he recited one night amid general consternation — "God bless Papa and Mama; make me a good little boy, and make Uncle John a good actor."

At the Actors' Benefit Viola Dana and her sister, Shirley Mason, scored the big hit of the show in a burlesque of Rodolph Valentino and Natacha Rambova.

On a bet with Helene Chadwick, Mae Busch spent a whole day on the streets of Los Angeles, dressed as a boy without being detected. She asked policemen for directions; borrowed matches of men she met and sat around a park with the loafers for an hour. Helene, anxious for her bet, followed her around town in an auto.

(*Continued on page* 84)

We have no quarrel with the title of Mae Murray's next picture, for "A French Doll" might readily be applicable to any production in which the vivacious Mae appeared. Below Miss Murray is pictured at the mirror of her dressing-table while she prepares for a scene

"Judgment of the Storm"

A Palmer Production

MYRTLE STEDMAN as *"Mrs. Trevor"*

LLOYD HUGHES as *"John Trevor"*

PHILO Mc CULLOUGH as *"Martin Freeland"*

CLAIRE McDOWELL as *"Mrs. Heath"*

BRUCE GORDON as *"Dave Heath"*

Directed by Del Andrews *Produced by* PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION *Distributed by* FILM BOOKING OFFICES OF AMERICA *Ask your theatre when it will be shown* *Coming Releases:* "UNGUARDED GATES" "LOST"

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"The Heath Twins"

CASSON FERGUSON as *"The Waster"*

ARTHUR MILLETTE as *"Keenan"*

The Story that brought $1,000 Cash and Royalties *to an Obscure Housewife*

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This picture is the advance guard of screen drama which is genuinely of the people, by the people, and for the people.

It was written by a housewife, the wife of a Pittsburgh factory foreman. It was based on an astounding dramatic episode in the lives of people of her acquaintance.

Mrs. Ethel Styles Middleton, the author, had never written for the screen. But through its remarkable Creative Test, the educational department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is now conducting a nation-wide search for new writing talent, discovered her.

SEE THE PICTURE—READ THE BOOK!

"Judgment of the Storm" was written directly for the screen. But its dramatic appeal is so powerful that the publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co., has novelized the screen story. Under the same title as the picture the novel will be on sale wherever the picture is shown.

Authors Share in Profits

This institution is proud of the result. It is proud to stand behind the production of "Judgment of the Storm" as embodying the ideals for which it strives. It is proud to stand behind the other forthcoming Palmer productions which likewise give to the screen the fresh imagination of new writers discovered through the same Creative Test that brought Mrs. Middleton national recognition. They are "Unguarded Gates," by a former salesman; "Lost," by a former mechanical engineer, and a third as yet unnamed, by a country doctor.

An advance of $1,000 cash on royalties has been paid each author and each will receive, besides, a percentage of the producer's profits for five years.

"Judgment of the Storm" tells a richly warm and human drama, yet it is not one bit more dramatic than the personal story of its author.

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Like hosts of theatre-goers, the Pittsburgh housewife for years had experienced increasing disappointment with motion pictures. Casts and settings were the best, but the stories told were often cheap, tawdry and insincere. Like thousands of others, she said to herself "I believe I could write a better story than that."

She Clipped the Coupon

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Famous Sayings

By

BLAINE C. BIGLER

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

"Shoot if you must this old grey head,
But give me the movie rights," she said.

NATHAN HALE

"I'm sorry I have but one life to give,
This serial 'll fail if I dont live."

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

When Nebuchadnezzar saw the writing on the wall,
"Jazz those titles up," he said, "these will not do at all."

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE

"Boys, dont give up the ship," he said;
"But show a lively fight, instead."

PATRICK HENRY

"Give me liberty or give me death;
But take a close-up." Then he left.

GENERAL WARREN

"Dont shoot till you see the whites of their eyes
Or you'll waste film with these cloudy skies."

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page* 82)

The French government wants Norma Talmadge to make a screen version of the life of Marie Antoinette, utilizing Petite Trianon and the palace at Versailles.

The twelfth anniversary of the planting of the first studio in Hollywood by the Christie Brothers was celebrated recently. They rented an old house for $30 a month on a property now worth more than $1,000 a front foot.

Billie Dove has been married to Irvin Willett, the director. So secret were the nuptials that none of the company knew of the event.

In making the kissing scene in "The Marriage Circle," where the dutiful wife smacks another man other than her husband by mistake, Herr Lubitsch made Florence Vidor and Creighton Hale repeat the event exactly thirty-nine times before the kiss was right. Florence is a very lovely lady, but . . . well, thirty-nine times!

Elinor Glyn has picked out Claire de Lores as the most voluptuous girl in Hollywood.

Victor Seastrom, the Swedish director, witnessed his first game of American football last week. After it was over, he said sadly, "On the whole I prefer Swedish massage."

Fatty Arbuckle is back in Hollywood making comedies.

Lilyan Tashman, possessor of the most famous legs in the world, injured one of the same in the making of "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model" at Goldwyns and may be scarred for life. This will be a desolation note for Broadway and Forty-second Street.

Wanda Hawley has secured a divorce. She said her hubby used up her money and called her a bonehead.

When the last scene of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" was filmed, Charlie Ray's work was scarcely over. For he went into the factory and gave his personal attention to the cutting of this film down to the length in which it is to be released

The Verdict of the Vanderbilts

(*Continued from page 28*)

who are discerning there are thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands who are not. So if "Broadway directors" choose to portray "Fifth Avenue banquets" as "Parisian orgies with Hollywood accompaniments," the hundreds of thousands can continue to thrill and gape. We have long heard of "out-Heroding Herod," but it remained for the picture studios to portray smart society as being entertained by half-nude dancing girls rising out of table centerpieces and of exclusive assemblies stepping out of drawing-rooms into swimming-pools!

However, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and that, too, is the verdict of the Vanderbilts! . . .

Patricia: Hollywood's Flapper

(*Continued from page 22*)

California, they were having a family picnic on the beach at Venice. A motion-picture director saw Patsy Ruth romping around in the sand and introduced himself to her family in order to ask if the pride and joy of the household would not like to be a movie actress. The pride and joy thought she would—and that was that.

Unt'l now, her biggest success has been with Charley Ray in "An Old Sweetheart of Mine."

Before she is much older, she is likely to do something really big. Patsy Ruth is one of the girls that Hollywood critics are eagerly watching.

She has tenderness and feeling and brains and a level common sense and a vital strong ambition. Patsy Ruth is due to get somewhere.

Out there on the hill, she told us that she is living in the hope that she will get a part some day which does not depend upon the sugary cake-frosting that directors and stars call "sympathy"—that sickly mush with which scenario writers have spoiled most of the best stories in the world with impossible heroines who are all snow maidens incapable of frailties.

Patsy Ruth has sense enough to know that life isn't really like that and she is looking for the day when she can do something real and true.

If she doesn't get married to some sap director and ruin her career before it has started, Patsy Ruth Miller is likely to leave her mark on the art that is called "making movies."

Teeth Like Pearls

Don't leave that film-coat on them

Wherever dainty people meet, you see prettier teeth today.

In old days most teeth were film-coated. Now millions use a new-type tooth paste which fights film.

Make this free test, if only for beauty's sake. Ten days will show you what it means to you.

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Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it. Much of it clings and stays under old-way methods.

Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That's how teeth lose luster.

Film also causes most tooth troubles, and very few escape them. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The new-day method

Dental science has found two effective ways to daily fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring.

After many careful tests these methods were embodied in a new-type tooth paste. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it every day. And to millions of homes it is bringing a new dental situation.

Other discoveries

A way was also found to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva as well as its starch digestant. Those are Nature's agents for neutralizing acid and digesting starch deposits. Pepsodent with every use gives them manifold effects.

Thus, without harmful grit, Pepsodent is doing what grit could never do. It has brought a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

A delightful test

We offer here a delightful test which will be a revelation.

Send coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will very soon convince you. You will learn the way to benefits you want. Cut out coupon now.

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"OPPORTUNITY knocks but once." So said the sage. But don't you believe it. It isn't so.

Opportunity knocks with every issue of this publication. Every advertisement is brimful of opportunity for some one. Many of them are written with you in mind. They offer you opportunities to save time, money and effort—opportunities to surround yourself with comforts and conveniences—opportunities to eat better, sleep better, dress better and live better.

You would live in ignorance of these opportunities were it not for advertising. Somebody might be selling a new, better and more economical food; or a utensil that would add immeasurably to your comfort and well-being; or some better material for making shoes or clothing—but you would never know it.

Modern advertising is a boon. It keeps information up to date on the many things we need in order to live profitable, happy and useful lives in this age of rapid-fire progress.

Every advertisement in this paper is a real opportunity. Perhaps it is meant for you.

Don't let it knock in vain

They're Not Afraid to Fight

(*Continued from page 37*)

and after that she played more parts, filling in with extra work when nothing better was forthcoming.

But Charlotte's back at her typewriter now, working as secretary to Perley Poore Sheehan, director and scenario writer at Universal City. And if she thinks back on the fairy-tale days, sometimes, she doesn't long for their return. Mr. Sheehan, it may be stated, thinks he has the very best secretary in California.

You see, it would be pretty hard to write a sob-sister story about these girls who have abandoned their screen careers. They're all so contented and prosperous! When anyone pulls a tragic face and mutters of the dark, dreadful things lying in wait for the poor extra girl out of a job, it always hands me a laugh. If the extra girl is clever enough to do anything besides *extra*, she can chase the wolf over the hills and come home with his scalp.

In the scenario and stenographic departments of the studios, in the research libraries and publicity offices, in the laboratories and cutting-rooms, you'll find dozens of energetic young women who have put their make-up boxes away and have won economic independence in the broad field open to them behind the motion-picture camera.

I was talking all this over with Jeanie McPherson the other day. Miss McPherson is undoubtedly the best known woman scenario writer in the film profession. For the eight or nine years of her association with Cecil B. De Mille, she has adapted to the screen all the stories and plays used by him besides writing many originals. She doesn't need to envy the salary of any movie star.

But she went thru a period of readjustment similar to that experienced by these other young women—for at one time she, too, was a screen actress.

This was in the good old days of the two-reel features. Miss McPherson wrote and directed motion pictures featuring herself. When Cecil De Mille came out here and established the Lasky company, she decided that, tho he wasn't well known as a film director, he showed a good deal of ability along those lines. She would give him the opportunity of directing her.

Mr. De Mille didn't jump at the offer. Instead, he advised her to give up acting altogether, and confine herself to scenario writing. He topped this suggestion with the handsome offer of a twenty-five-dollar weekly salary.

Miss McPherson was so delighted that she hurled herself out of his office.

She went back tho, later. And took the job.

Today she agrees that the field behind the camera was the best for her endeavors, and that a girl of ability and intelligence need not fear failure in Hollywood. Success may not come in the way she originally planned, but she will find it possible to have a career just the same.

By the way, Jeanie McPherson did go back to the screen. Just once. She was the young lady who staged the great hair-pulling scene with Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen," and if you saw the picture you haven't forgotten her.

Miss Farrar wanted an actress opposite her who wasn't afraid to fight. She got one, all right.

And all the modest, obscure little ex-actresses I've been telling you about, are following in the footsteps of the celebrated Jeanie McPherson.

They're not afraid to fight either. Not one of 'em.

The Mother Complex

(*Continued from page* 47)

in von Stroheim's "Greed," she finally and suddenly decided to abandon the screen and come to New York, she hadn't an idea of what she would do once she reached the metropolis. Only that she knew she wouldn't be beaten. "For," she said, "nothing has ever beaten me yet . . . *and nothing ever will.*"

When she reached New York, Gloria Swanson invited her to spend a week or more with her at her Bayside home. One night Gloria's cook inadvertently departed after the immemorial fashion of cooks, leaving Gloria with a small dinner party on her hands. Mother Ashton offered to cook dinner for the expected guests. Gloria demurred. Mother Ashton insisted. The dinner was cooked AND eaten and when it was over Gloria sighed, "If I could only get food like that. . . . Mother, why dont you open a tea-room?"

The remark came and went but it contained the germ of the idea that is now the Goldenrod Tea-room in the Gainsborough Studio Building, New York. As a matter of fact, it is not, strictly speaking, a tea-room, for only luncheons and dinners are served, but a rose by any other name, and all that. . . . Shortly after that remark Mother Ashton and Gloria went to a famous numerologist, "Just for fun."

The famous numerologist had never heard of Mother Ashton, none the less she told her that she wasn't doing, or hadn't been doing, the thing she was best fitted to do, that she should open an orphanage, a tea-room or go into business of some sort and that she should change her name from the well-known "Mother" Ashton to "Madah" which means "mother" in the Indian tongue.

"You see . . .!" said Gloria.

They had a long talk about it, Mother Ashton and Gloria; Gloria insisting that it was the thing to do, that no one in New York knew where to go when they wanted good, substantial, home-cooked food and that everyone did want that kind of food only they had weariedly given up the hope of ever getting it, short of going back to the farm, and that of all the people in the world to feed a good-food hungry world Mrs. Sylvia Ashton was pre-eminently that person.

Mother Ashton demurred, said she couldn't "run a business," wouldn't know where to look for a place, couldn't make a go of it if she did know, didn't have the money, never having saved a red Indian head in all of her hard-working, free-spending life, etc., etc., etc.

Gloria downed all arguments. Mother Ashton wanted to do something. And all the hungry world *wanted* Mother Ashton to "do something" . . . the Goldenrod.

The next day the enterprising Gloria and the eager if dubious Mother Ashton set out in quest of the caravansary and found the present home of the Goldenrod. The owners thereof begged Mother Ashton to take the place over, Gloria made the taking-over possible, even to clear candlesticks of blue glass fitted with yellow candles which small Madeline pointed out to me with an especial pride and pleasure.

And now at noon and again at night Mother Ashton may be seen in the precincts of the Goldenrod in white head-dress, broad, benevolent, happy and at peace, cooking, serving, generally supervising and "mothering" the hungry men, women and children who come to her doubtless expecting a stone when they enter, from much New York fare, but getting, instead, the veritable bread of human kindliness, which means, substan-

"—then my Dentist smiled and said, 'Use Colgate's'

"AFTER Dr. Stephens had cleaned my teeth, he held the mirror for me to see how white and pretty they were. They looked so nice and clean.

" 'My!', I exclaimed, 'I wish I could keep them that way'.

"Then my Dentist smiled and said, 'Use Colgate's'."

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*A Dentist recently wrote: "There are no 'cure-alls' in dentifrices. They are only cleansing agents performing the same function in the oral cavity that soap and water do for the hands. I heartily endorse Colgate's as one of the very best in the market."
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A review of the best play of the month.

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

A review of the best movie of the month.

By LAURENCE REID

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An illustrated article telling the part that music plays in the making of the movies.

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CLASSIC

That "Different" Screen Magazine

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I shall certainly be very glad to recommend your course whenever the chance is mine to do so. Mr. W. R. Johnson has not phoned me yet, and if he does not phone in a day or so, will write him. Am sending a letter to Miss Helen Slavik today which I think may help to secure her enrollment, and I shall be glad at any time to write a personal letter to anyone whom you may suggest.
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tially, food that is the kind that "mother used to cook."

When you ask Mother Ashton what sort of people she prefers to have come to the Goldenrod, she says: "Anyone who appreciates good food."

When you ask her if she will ever go back to the Screen, she says "*No!*" in a manner unequivocal to say the least, and goes on blissfully conning over her grocery and meat lists. . . .

Now at last is that old wound healed and the ministering hands hover over the right objects.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 53)

her. And others of prominence in the cast were Mary MacLaren, Rose Coghlan, Otto Kruger, Evelyn Gosnell and Gustav von Seyffertitz.

The other offering which we viewed this month more than made amends for our boredom over "Under the Red Robe." It was the screen version of that fine Eugene O'Neill stage play, "Anna Christie."

And here we wish to make an admission. We went with misgivings. The staged "Anna Christie" is one of our most cherished memories. And while we pledge and feel an allegiance to the cinema, it has sometimes failed us. . . . We remember several disillusioning occasions when some favorite stage play or novel was turned out of the celluloid oven a frosted mass of unmitigated blah. But, thanks to Thomas H. Ince, John Griffith Wray, Blanche Sweet and George Marion, this is not true of "Anna Christie." It comes to the screen rich in that poetry and intermingling somber vitality which made it worthy of being translated to the screen.

Anna Christie had a father who followed the sea. He blamed all the shortcomings of his poor life upon it and the tricks he insisted it played upon him. In his blundering way he thought his Anna would be safe if he could keep her away from the brine and fog of the waters. But the story proper really begins when she comes to live with him upon his barge. Her love comes to her out of the waters one foggy night and then Anna asks purification from the mists which hang over her little cabin . . . and the drama grows poignant and poetic.

Let this suffice for the story. But be sure that wherever you live and whatever your life and work, in "Anna Christie" you will find a symbol. You may grope towards it thru a mist but you will feel that it is there . . . and you will remember with fondness old Christopher Christensen and his "old davil, sea . . ."

George Marion, who played Christopher upon the stage, gives this rôle its life upon the screen and Mr. Ince did well to bring him to Hollywood for this purpose. We doubt if he could have recruited anyone from the ranks of the screen who would have done so well.

William Russell is excellently cast as the Irish stoker who comes into Anna's life and weds her to the sea which has for so long been a mistress from which her old father could not escape.

And Blanche Sweet gives a many-faceted and altogether artistic portrait of Anna. She has blended crudity, poetry, poignancy and an ironic bitterness in her characterization in a way which wins our unstinted praise. And beyond all of this, there are few faces on either the stage or screen which interest us more than Blanche Sweet's. For in her countenance you find an intelligent beauty . . . what is rarer?

Lucretia Lombard

(*Continued from page 45*)

her . . . that was something . . . that was something. . . .

"Do you understand, Lucretia?"

"I love you," she said.

. . . . . .

It was Fred who told Lucretia that Mimi had left town. And it was Stephen who told her what she really didn't need to know, which was that Mimi had discovered their love and had gone away, to Red Pine, the Winship mountain retreat.

Lucretia said at once, "She must be brought back. We must reassure her. Convince her. For two reasons; one is, that this breach may mean a scandal and hurt your career just at a moment when it can ill afford to be hurt, and the other and even more important reason is that I could not bear to think of Mimi suffering as I suffered. Ah, Stephen, if I have learned one thing it has been the desire to shield other women from the same thing. It is an abominable pain. The wonder in it is also the knife in it."

Lucretia went to Red Pine.

What the two women said, the one to the other, in that high retreat, is between the two of them. Perhaps they learned a tremendous thing, a sort of splendid sharing. Perhaps, love began to mean to them something other than mere possession. They bared their hearts, each the sanctuary of the same image.

. . . . . .

They had been up there together for a week when the forest fire broke out.

A week after that they brought Mimi home to lay her beside her own father and next to Stephen's.

And for weeks Lucretia lay in her darkened room, with bandaged eyes and bandaged arms and shoulders, muttering, "Mimi, Mimi . . ." in her restless fever.

It was Stephen who finally broke down the wall of delirium. "You tried to save her," he kept saying. He knew that in the back of Lucretia's mind was some sort of fear that she hadn't done *enough* . . . that one final effort of strength might have saved Mimi. . . .

"You tried to save her . . ."

And then, one day, Lucretia's heavy eyes opened clearly and looked at him, understanding. "Oh, I did," she said, with a sob, "I did. . . ."

"I know you did, my dear, my dear."

Lucretia was weeping now, but quietly, as tho some great pressure were being eased away, and, in her corner the nurse signaled Stephen to let her go on. . . .

"The pitiful thing is," she said, "that Mimi wanted to die, Stephen. We . . . we both wanted to be the one to die . . . but little Mimi . . . so young . . . to want to die. . . ."

"She is happy now," Stephen spoke thru his own tears, "she was smiling, Lucretia, in your arms, under that brutal tree that pinned her down. She had found a sort of peace. I know."

"Are you sure? *Sure?*"

"I know it. Just for that moment, after Fred and I got to you both, when I held you, one on either arm, she smiled up at me. Such a smile, Lucretia. It seemed to say 'I'm all right, Stevie, quite all right!' It was Mimi's bright gay gallant smile. Her very own. It was a young smile. Happy, Happy. That's how she died."

Lucretia closed her eyes, her hand still close in Stephen's, and slept.

When she awoke, he was still there, looking at her . . . looking at her. . . .

"It's like this, for always, Lucretia."

And he bent over and kissed her mouth.

How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Elinor Glyn

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world and translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, *and thousands of copies are still sold every year.* My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for *everyone* is familiar with *some* kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. They are eager and anxious for the work of new writers, with all their blithe, vivacious, youthful ideas. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a life-time. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for $500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he did not even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. *You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.*

I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers with new angles. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how!

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"*The Short-Cut to Successful Writing*" tells how many suddenly realize they can write after years of doubt and indecision. How story and play writers began. How many rose to fame and fortune. How simple plots and ordinary incidents become successful stories and plays when correctly handled. How new writers get their names into print. How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to WIN.

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HOHNER HARMONICAS

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 80)

filming "The Humming Bird" that Klieg eyes was the result, a malignant and painful experience, but that didn't faze Gloria. She let the doctors plant a whole cabbage patch across her eyes and lay the best part of a pig across that, then she asked them to provide carrot earrings, an onion necklace, and a corsage of the volunteer fireman type, you know, fancy vegetables and protruding cigars. Virginia Valli, who had been out of pictures for a year, due to a severe attack of double pneumonia, and is now at work on "The Signal Tower," and Director Edward Sedgwick, who is recovering from poisoning, the result of dental work, about complete the actors on our casualty list to date.

The poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox are to be filmed. The K.-G. Motion-Picture Corporation has been formed for the express purpose. And already Whittier's "Barefoot Boy" finds itself on the silver-sheet. No doubt the school youngsters will repeat the lines about the young man with the face of tan, with much more gusto, once they see him turn his toes down the dusty road as they would like to do themselves.

We have heard of insuring everything from fingers and toes to pots and pans, but Ince has set the style of insuring laughs, not only the laughs that register on the screen, but the "gag-men" who dig up the idea for the laugh. He has four of them at work on "The Galloping Fish," and claims that it is a gloom-proof layout. They are Tom McNamara, R. L. Wallace, Ray Enright and comedy-director Lloyd Ingram. In the cast are Louise Fazenda, Sidney Chaplin, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin and Lucille Ricksen.

The old Essanay Studios have opened their doors again, that's the way it goes, the Famous-Players pull in their blinds for some ten weeks or so, and Essanay, that has been dark for some time, rolls up its shades. Production will be in charge of George Spoor, and the first picture shot will be a Three Dimension Picture, under a process recently perfected by him. The picture will be directed by James Young, and the scenario prepared by Elizabeth Mahoney, of the old Essanay staff, and lately associated with June Mathis. We do not know the subject of the picture, but we do know that Mr. Spoor is sitting tight on some literary plums that he purchased for a song in the good old days. One of them is a Rupert Hughes story that he bought for $75.00 The current price would probably be $15,000. We extend sympathies to Rupert and take off our hat to George.

Charles H. Christie is going to hike four miles down the road from Hollywood and set up housekeeping in elaborate studios already designed. The tract is as near to Hollywood as could be purchased. With occupancy of the new studios the company will enter the field of feature production, while they still continue to make twenty comedies a year. This will mean additions to the producing and professional staff, and may offer a pleasant berth for some of those let out by other companies.

Lillian Gish has succumbed to the lure of Juliet and all because Jane Cowl gave such an original, youthful and inspired interpretation to the rôle on the stage. Richard Barthelmess is to be her Romeo. Can you conceive of a more ideal and artistic pair of lovers? The picture will be made in Italy on the completion of "Romola," and the wealth of beautiful locations there will offer opportunity for the last word in atmosphere and scenic beauty. We regret that Lillian has given over her determination of filming "The Maid of Orleans," but we believe she will be still better as the elusive Juliet.

Norma Talmadge's decision to do a screen version of Juliet, with either Joseph Schildkraut or Rodolph Valentino

(*Continued on page* 104)

Barbara La Marr looks doubtful about the explanation Bert Lytell offers in connection with a model set of "The Eternal City"

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: You cant do that. I cant anyway. I might sit here and tell you that I am going to do some particular thing and when I get back to my studio I'd find that I didn't want to do that thing at all. You know how it is. You have to do things as they come to you.

I feel encouraged, however. The picture has done that for me, if no more. I think that I've had growing pains the past year. Mental growing pains. I know now what I want to do and how I want to do it. I'm not groping any longer. . . .

G. H. (*with seeming irrelevance*): In your picture, "A Woman of Paris," was your heroine in love with both men?

CHARLIE CHAPLIN (*as impersonally as tho he were discussing the Einstein theory as applied to the planet of Mars*): No, I dont think so. I dont think a woman could love that boy from the country after she had known intimately a man of the other sort. A man of his sophistication, polish, charm. For the boy I thought she felt a sentimental interest. She felt that she should be in love with him; that it was the thing to do. But a woman loves first the man who makes her comfortable. After that she can afford to indulge in sentiment. . . .

A. W. F.: Dont you think that women are more sentimental than men?

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: No. You know they're not. Men are the great sentimentalists. Women are more direct, too. A woman sees something she wants and goes straight after it. She generally gets it, too.

G. H.: Then you think that *any* woman, provided she isn't bow-legged or cross-eyed, can get any man if she sets out to do so?

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: I know she can. She always has. (*He laughs . . .*)

A. W. F.: And what, to pursue the general topic, do you think of marriage?

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: I think it's about as interesting as a prune factory.

A. W. F. and G. H. (*in coy chorus*): Oh, come now, what do you really think, Mister Chaplin?

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: Well, then, I think it's sure death to individuality unless both people entering the state are extraordinary . . . and that is rare. After a while, unless both persons are very careful, very . . . er . . . artistic . . . marriage becomes just about as inspiring as the prune factory of which I spoke. You get everything organized. Look at the people you know who have been married for five years or more. Ah, the subtle boredom in their eyes! The way in which they say with the weary pride of those who have surmounted obstacles and somehow lived thru it, "Yes, we've been together for f-i-v-e years . . .!" (*His drollery is perfect.*)

G. H. (*evidently feeling that the whole discussion is getting beyond her depth, harks back to the one topic on which she feels she is informed*): Which girl was it in the picture who was a telephone operator at your studio before you selected her at a moment's notice for a rôle?

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: The masseuse. And wasn't she splendid?

A. W. F.: She was all of that. But I'm sure that her days as an efficient telephone operator are numbered.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: More than that—over. But that's all right. I dont mind. I loathe efficiency.

A. W. F.: You didn't have a bit of trouble with the censors, did you?

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: No you see, in the first place, the ending of the picture salved anything like that. And then, too, there is really nothing in the entire picture that could offend a child when you come to think of it. Only the sophisticated person,

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the person thoroly in the knowledge of a certain type of life and what it means, would be sure of what he or she was seeing. I feel, that is, I tried, to give the lives of those few people as I saw them, as they would be lived, and with offense to none.

(A. W. F. and G. H. now reluctantly arise to go. Especially in view of the fact that the valet has been answering the 'phone at intervals for hours and now, rather hoarse, informs Mr. Chaplin that someone is awaiting him in the anteroom.)

CHARLIE CHAPLIN *(gallantly)*: Dont hurry. I've lots more to say to you. And I'm really so sorry that there was any misunderstanding about our appointment. Really.

(The adieus are made with various promises of autographed pictures and that sort of thing and G. H. and A. W. F. make their flattered exeunts.)

SCENE V.—Fifth Avenue. It is now about five-thirty. The interviewers are discovered threading their aimless ways thru the crowds. Their feet stray hither and thither, but their lips are muttering incessantly and on their faces is the reflected glory of the Great Charlie.

G. H. *(dolorously)*: The day is gone. Ave!

A. W. F.: I dont begrudge it. Not for a moment. And what is more, with Charlie Chaplin in my mind, I can have hope for motion pictures.

G. H.: I have hopes, too, after my own fashion. Besides, such enthusiasm, my dear, is unbecoming in an editor. Now, it is altogether fitting and proper that *I* should sing his praises as I thread Fifth Avenue. That is one of my missions in life, one of the things for which I am intermittently paid. For I cannot remember ever having met anyone so attractive. . . .

A. W. F.: Or more intelligent . . . or more charming . . . or more . . .

G. H. *(thickly)*: More . . .

(They come to the more or less frequented intersection of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street and several large, white-gloved hands are raised in warning that the traffic is starting . . . that pedestrians must wait . . . but the interviewers do not see them . . . for them time and traffic have alike ceased to be. . . .)

G. H.: We were so formal and injured at the delay . . . at first . . .

A. W. F.: And we thawed so fast. I could see you melting. It was funny.

(Time and traffic still ebb and flow with various diversions. And the last that may be seen of the interviewers is their incoherent feet and their all too coherent tongues.)

Curtain.

Comment on Other Productions

(*Continued from page 57*)

Venus' court to find true love. And he is a mighty poor picker. His match-making talents lead him to hook up a young artist with a fisherman's daughter. And then in bold relief is revealed the wildest of wild melodramas. The villain wears a leering expression and the hero is a fool. Thru jealousy he ties the artist's hands and feet and carries him out to a rocky island. Then the girl sends him after the unfortunate youth. When he reaches him after a terrific battle with the tide, he calmly inquires: "Can you forgive me?"

We defy anyone to keep from laughing here. Meanwhile the scenes shift to bathing girls and coryphees frolicking about on the beach. They form a vision of the heroine's imagination. The jealous lover is too dense to see them until his dying gasp and then he shouts: "I see them now." More laughter.

Nothing of consequence in this picture. It shows scenes of pelicans at home and some crude tidbits of poachers trying to kill them. It's a stark mad picture, a conglomeration of everything that ever appealed to the primitive senses.

Cameo Kirby

Pictures of those colorful days aboard Mississippi steamboats when firearms were toted and gentlemen eked out a livelihood at cards manage to cater to the imagination. Those days are just far enough removed in history to lend a glamour. The pictures are invariably cut according to a well-established Mark Twain pattern. Messrs. Tarkington and Wilson haven't furnished any ingenuity of plot, nor have they established any new atmosphere. And the director has worked along the lines of least resistance.

Old as the idea is, it contains a satisfactory melodramatic flourish—what with its steamboat fire—a rescue or three—and considerable gun-play. It really moves, and moving causes the spectator to follow its action with unabated interest in spite of the fact he will anticipate every scene. Moreover it is played with theatrical heroics of the old school. And these heroics do not grate because of this olden day atmosphere. John Gilbert is spirited and more, in the rôle of a proud young Southern gentleman.

The Bad Man

Everything possible has been done to make this picture carry on with the same entertainment values of the play, but it lacks variety of scene and is executed too carefully as to script and detail. The director has followed the spoken version in every scene with the result that a corking comedy-drama becomes an ordinary picture. Without Holbrook Blinn playing his semihumorous rôle of the bandit, it would even look mediocre. However, we miss his grand vocal insolence, tho his pantomime is delightful to watch.

It's a picture relying almost entirely upon sets and revolves around a melodramatic premise, that of a triangle situation. In other words, a youth is caught by the husband with the latter's wife and it is the bandit's opportunity to help his friend. The interesting moments reveal his dispatch of the tenacious husband, having to kill him twice. The subtitles are mostly in dialect, which is much more effective when heard than in cold type. We will say that it is well done in a technical way, but it doesn't measure out

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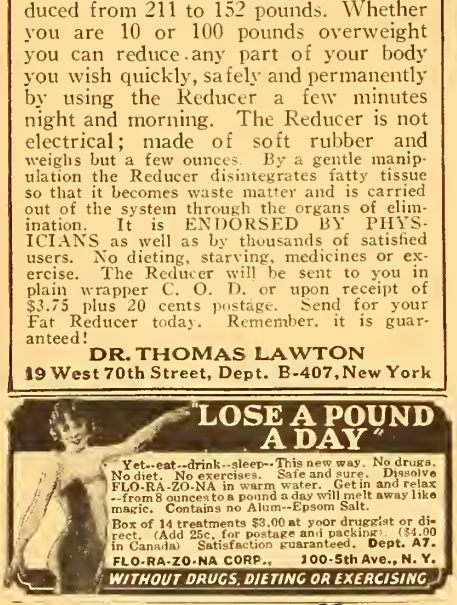

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the spontaneous mirth of the original. Two important comedy rôles in the play are almost negligible here.

The Country Kid

Just a series of episodic scenes executed after the conventional form with nothing of consequence revealed. Wesley Barry has reached that awkward age where it is difficult finding suitable material for him. He is not mature enough for romance and much too old for the Coogan recipes. So they give him a decrepit straw hat to wear, a pair of overalls and place him against a rustic setting where he works as a chore boy and as the father and mother to his younger orphan brothers. It must develop that a skinflint guardian must spread misery for the boys and lug off the little tots to the orphanage so that he might gain title to the property.

It is weak and brittle—this story—and "peters out" long before its conclusion. The incident? It concerns a bit of play with mud pies and the riding of a U-shaped horse. Barry — now that his freckles are fully exploited—is overshadowed by the youngsters. Little Bruce Guerin steals the picture.

April Showers

Time turns backward in its flight in this one, which is cut from the ancient pattern that made Chauncey Olcott a matinée idol. It even goes back farther than Chauncey's day, in its revelation of Irish sentiment, Irish quarreling, Irish manners and Irish blarney. With an East Side atmosphere and a cop's home exposed, to say nothing of the station house—and a broth of a boy—and a spirited colleen—one can see that all the familiar properties, ingredients and characters are on full display.

A slight little piece—this, one revolving around a tiff in an Irish romance—with the cop's son failing to get on the force and compelled to become a pugilist to save his erring sister from jail. The picture isn't well constructed and it's always obvious—and there isn't a sign of any novel treatment—aside from presenting the hero's being knocked out in the ring.

Kenneth Harlan dresses his hair like the barbers would have it, if they could have their way. And Colleen Moore shakes her head and holds her hands on her hips—Irish fashion. The title? There is a slight rainfall. But it doesn't mean anything.

Unseeing Eyes

A primitive, crude, elemental melodrama is exposed here, a melodrama which stakes everything upon its backgrounds, and these manage to create an ocular appeal for the better part of forty minutes. But toward the conclusion the vast expanse of snow begins to pall. There is too much of it. And exceedingly too much conflict between the meanest villain who has stalked across the screen this season—and his enemies. He begins to be ridiculous when he lugs the girl suffering from snow-blindness to a priest for the purposes of matrimony. Imagine any skulking brute such as depicted here obeying the conventions!

But leading up to this wholly arbitrary climax is an array of startlingly new and compelling vistas, vistas caught with an aeroplane.

Lionel Barrymore seems to appreciate the plot shortcomings. He appears to be smiling occasionally. He has accompanied Seena Owen in a plane to the far reaches of British Columbia to rescue her brother —fast in the clutches of the human chetah —excellently played by Louis Wolheim. The latter makes his rôle positively un-

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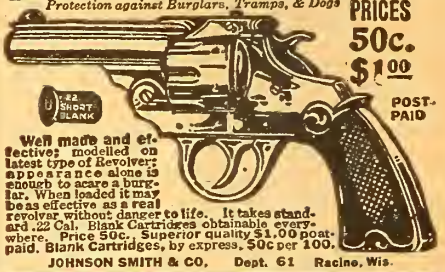

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canny and therefore fascinating. And there comes a time when he holds the attention entirely. But elemental as he is, he invites laughter by setting fire to two huts and lugging the girl over the snows. A very conventional finish does not destroy one of the finest scenic treats of the year.

The Dancer of the Nile

They've capitalized the expedition of the English Egyptologists to the tomb of Tutankh-Amen in this picture, and the short, but hectic life of the ancient monarch is exposed without a thought of the sacredness which marked the expeditionary forces to the land of the buried Pharaohs. Where the sponsors dug up their information will strike the intelligent spectator with full force. It's difficult for the Egyptologists to collect accurate data—without film producers attempting to turn back the pages of history. But ol' king Tut having been well publicized, doubtless they thought they could capitalize upon his life.

The result is a weird concoction—which could pass for buncombe drama in the reign of any ancient ruler. It carries no historical value, and nothing of dramatic value—it being a single-track yarn of an Egyptian court thru which struts a vengeful princess—who, when she is frustrated in her romantic designs, is content to wed Tut. A trivial, silly story, burdened with flowery captions and badly acted. You have probably guessed that this princess condemns her dancing rival to be offered as a sacrifice to the crocodiles. There is an ultimate rescue.

The Leavenworth Case

Anna Katherine Green's mystery yarn which reached a few editions in book form has now reached the screen—and since it is founded upon the premise of keeping the reader in suspense, one can see that its picture possibilities have been fully realized. It's the old query over again. Who killed Cock Robin? Or in this instance—Who killed Ira Leavenworth? And before the murderer is caught, one is in for an hour of more or less excitement—according to how easily one is mystified. It keeps a lively pace and except for some bad comedy, is competently played.

Having had a deluge of mystery dramas on stage and screen, it has become an easy matter to put one's finger on John or Jane Doe. The alert spectator who is a steady patron of the theater and screen will identify Mr. Murderer in quick order. But he will stay to see the fun.

Big Dan

An old-fashioned, banal story is "Big Dan," which represents a sugar-coated character study embroidered with sentimental and melodramatic hokum — thru which the threads are so snarled that the pattern cannot be called a design. The Hattons—Frederick and Fanny—conceived it, and they've evidently forgotten their dramatic technique, for there is no semblance of unity or coherence in this topsy-turvy tale.

It establishes itself at the start as a character study, but before the climax is reached it introduces nearly every creaking device that belonged to the ancient and discarded drama of gallery days—even to using the fatal rescue of the distressed heroine from death—or worse. Charles Jones is Big Dan. He has our heartfelt sympathy.

Second Hand Love

Stereotyped hokum of the small-town variety is on exhibition again. The background is cluttered up with the customary chin-whiskered idlers, the skinflint suitor,

Would You Think from this Photo that I Ever Weighed 200 Lbs?

By Jessica Bayliss
(of Bryn Mawr, Pa.)

"I HAD just about all the *avoirdupois* I could carry around when I first heard of getting thin to music. I am only 5 ft. and 5 in. in height and not of large frame, and 191 lbs. made me positively conspicuous as you can well believe. It was beginning to tell on my arches; I had difficulty in walking any distance. Dancing became out of the question, and I had become a regular stay-at-home when a friend prevailed on me to try the much-talked-of reducing records.

"The first session with this method was a complete surprise. I had expected it would be something of a bore—the things I had tried in the past had all proved so. But the movements that first reducing record contained, the novel commands and counts, and the sparkling musical accompaniment made it extremely interesting. I used it for over a week for the sheer fun of doing it. I felt splendid after each day's 'lesson.' Even then I scarcely took the idea seriously. Surely, this new form of play could not be affecting my huge superfluity of flesh; it must have been ten or twelve days later that I weighed myself.

"*I had lost eight pounds!*

"No one had to urge me after that! I secured all five of the records and settled down in earnest to reduce. A week later the same scale said 174 lbs. Another week only showed a six pound loss; but the week following I had taken off nine more pounds.

"As I progressed in the lessons I found them growing more and more interesting, and each new and unique movement began improving my proportions in new places. The over-fleshiness at my neck was a condition I never dreamed could be affected by these methods, but it was; even the roll of fat that had foreshadowed a double-chin disappeared in time.

"In six weeks I was dancing, golfing and 'going' as of yore. I got another saddle horse. I started wearing clothes which did not have to sacrifice all style in an effort to conceal. And it is quite needless to say I was delighted and elated. At the end of nine weeks I weighed exactly 138 lbs.—a reduction of fifty-three pounds. I submit my experience in gratitude for what Wallace's wonderful records have done for me. I am humbled by the recollection of how I once fairly scoffed at the enthusiasm of others in what I deemed at the time a mere fad. I shudder to think that I might have remained indifferent to this method. Only a woman who has been over-whelmingly fleshly can appreciate what my new appearance and feelings mean to me. As for those who need reduce but a few pounds to make their figures what they would like them to be, it is pitiful to think that they do not know this easy way—or perhaps do not believe it."

What more can be said of reducing? Mrs. Bayliss' start was made with the full first lesson record which Wallace sent her without cost or obligation. The same offer is open to *you*. If you, too, do not see remarkable results in only a few days, don't keep the record, and don't pay Wallace anything. Why not use the coupon now?

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the village gossips—and the cracker barrels, signs, posts, *et al.* In the foreground is a youth—an itinerant tinker (see caption) happy with his horse and dog. The gossips start their deadly work when the heroine becomes the charge of the young vagabond. He is severely beaten when he refuses to confess to the crime of setting fire to the library. Enough.

We conclude with the information that the skinflint perishes in a bed of quicksand. It is artificial and second hand in every particular—with not a single scene which is real or novel or up to date. Thru it all Charles Jones tries to appear genuine, but the odds are against him.

Men in the Raw

It's difficult enough listening to an imaginative Ananias in real life without being burdened with one on the screen. Just what induced the sponsors to project this single-track plot on the screen is a puzzle which only they can answer. But here it is—as uninteresting a picture as may be imagined. The cowboy rides into camp and weaves his wild yarns—and the scenes flash to the hokum of his dreams. Finally he tells a real story and is arrested by one of the listeners as a criminal wanted for murder. Then we have the dreary pursuit and capture of the villain. No variety of incident is revealed. Should be prescribed for the insomniacs. Jack Hoxie should get on his horse and ride in pursuit of a story.

The Ramblin' Kid

The taming of a harum-scarum cowboy by a fair shrew is the idea behind this picturesque western—which has nothing in common with rustlers or cows, but concerns itself with an interesting rodeo and a deal of lively incident. The cowhand in question has a boyish habit of "showing off." He would be manly by appearing drunk and disorderly. And so the girl is disgusted—maybe. She is under obligations to him since he has rescued her from death. But he ignores her and 'tends to his wild horses—one of which he tames for the rodeo.

The climax comes with a bit of a thrill, for the cowboy is drugged. He can hardly keep his mount, but finishes like Sande riding Zev. After punishing the villain who had drugged him for betting purposes, he persuades the fair Easterner to linger awhile in the West. A slight story, but enlivened with crisp incident and well-seasoned punch. Encores for Hoot Gibson.

A Thrill Every Minute!

That's just about the average in the March instalment of *Thistledown,* and if you never understood the psychology of Flapperdom, you will when you've read it—a psychology in striking contrast to that of Hi Daggett's impossible sister Julia.

It was his look, even more than his words, that gave the girl, just then, the deepest thrill that Hi Daggett had ever given her.

And her eyes were so bright and candid and sweet as to cover her secret shame, as she said: "You want so much to help me? Oh, you're good!"

It is the best story of the year.

It entertains.

It vibrates.

It compels.

It thrills.

It will set you thinking.

BUT good heavens. Dolly has gone—vanished—a note pinned to a cushion tells him so. In a flash he is out of the house, into his devil car and stepping on the gas. He is off in a cloud of dust, to the ends of the earth, if need be, to find her—will he?

You will be let in on this thrilling event, and several more in the

March Instalment of

"*Thistledown*"

By Dana Gatlin

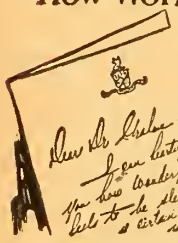
in the

March Motion Picture Magazine

On Any News-stand February First

"Slender at Last!"

How Wonderful it Feels"



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The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page* 51)

instructed in music and languages. He has his little group of friends and his weekly allowance does not exceed theirs. Fifty cents is his to do with what he will.

All of this sounds very sane and pleasant. Of course a child universally known and loved must acquire some slight sophistication from his constant recognition and adulation. But, more than counterbalancing that, is the wealth which it stores up for his maturity. He faces manhood with no sceptre of financial responsiblity staring him in the face . . . and his spirit is never to be worn or tried as he trudges the treadmill of the business world.

So . . .

Everyone had been recommending Sylvia Ashton's restaurant tea-room to us for weeks. So the other night we stopped at "Ye Goldenrod Inn" for dinner. Nor were we sorry. We have paid twice the dollar and a quarter which is asked and fared far worse. Familiar people kept coming in and everyone grew friendly beneath the warmth of the Ashton geniality and hospitality.

Alma Rubens came over to our table for a little while. She was dining quietly with her mother and her new husband, Doctor Daniel Carson Goodman, before going home to dress for her première . . . for she is featured in "Under the Red Robe." Mr. Wingart who reigns over the publicity department of the Long Island Famous Players-Lasky studios was there . . . and we saw the little alcove where they tell us Gloria Swanson frequently dines with Mother.

Remembering lean Yuletides, Mother Ashton invited all the actors and actresses she knew who were out of engagements to have their Christmas turkey and stuffing and plum pudding as her guests. And while we haven't heard since, we're sure the candle-lit Goldenrod was crowded with a garrulous and motley assemblage on Christmas day. And we're sure there was a community "God bless Mother Ashton."

Masculine Manhattan can once again settle down to its bachelor ease . . . florists can give their clerks a holiday . . . and the confectioners can restock their cases. For Constance Talmadge has gone back to California.

Seriously, we never knew anyone to evoke more devotion or more manifestations of devotion from the male than Constance. We're still talking about the tea-party she gave in her suite at the Ambassador. The best-looking and richest men in New York were there . . . dancing about the sleek gold of her bobbed head in a way that you would discredit if we should attempt to describe it to you. And Constance, busy passing tiny sandwiches and little French cakes and salted nuts and flipping a whiff of nonsense here and there, gave them all bright smiles or some tray to pass.

The room was filled with chrysanthemums of russet, gold, orchid and white . . . and of such enormous proportions that those beauties you see in the average florists' windows are mere bachelor-buttons in comparison. There were jars of roses too . . . white roses, red roses, pink roses and yellow roses. And then the suite bell rang . . . and someone opened the door . . . and in came a perfect procession of bell-hops, all carrying flower boxes. There were two long boxes

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It might be good and cold when you read this offer. Perhaps you will be hugging the fire and summer will be farthest from your thoughts. But don't you let a little bit of cold weather or snow either for that matter, make you forget what is going to be expected of you when you take your position on the nine next season. Now is none too soon to be thinking and talking about the games you are going to win and how your team will size up against the other teams in your League. Think of the cheer you'll get if you "blossom" out this Spring in a brand-new uniform, and glove, and bat 'n' everything.

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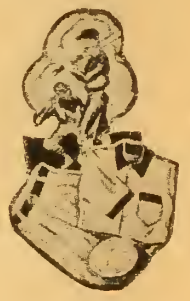

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Now don't wait for any further word from us. Hustle out and get your three subscriptions. When you have them all, then send us their names with this ad and the $7.50 collected, and the uniform is yours. By the way, don't forget to sign your own name too so we'll know to whom the uniform should be sent and also tell us what size to send. The suits range in size from 4 to 14.

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Motion Picture Magazine
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the bottoms of which were cut away to permit the stems of dozens of American beauties to extend some feet farther . . . and there were two great corsages. And Constance looked panic-stricken when someone asked her where she was going to get vases to hold them and then set two young men, whose names are familiar to all who read society columns, to open the boxes and arrange the flowers . . . somehow . . .

And that is how we remember Constance's tea. People . . . interesting people . . . talked to us and undoubtedly said witty things but we kept trying to compute the cost of the flowers in that one room and our head swam.

A.W.F.

IN THE MOVIES

By Lillian Davidson

Who jumps from off a railroad train,
And runs ten miles thru mud and rain,
With snowy dress, without a stain?
The Heroine.

Who, when a girl his help beseeches
With wild and high falsetto screeches
Is always there, within her reaches?
The Hero.

Who always smokes a cigaret,
And smiles with countenance cold and set,
But has an eye for girls—You bet!
The Villain!

Who has a plump and rounded form,
And honest poverty doth scorn,
And makes folks wish he'd not been born?
The Father.

Who wears high heels, and low cut gowns,
And scorns sweet maids from little towns,
And helps the villain up and down?
The Vamp.

Who pays for all this glittering gold?
Who packs the house, full as can hold?
And goes home feeling neatly sold?
The Public.

HUGH M. HUTTON

PRESENTING OUR SECOND ANNUAL STYLE NUMBER

Ten Dollars An Hour For Drawing

Compare the illustrations shown above. The crude sketch on the left was made by Mr. Hutton before taking the Federal Course. The other he drew after completing his training. Mr. Hutton says: "one of my very first drawings was the sketch shown above. I am not proud of it. The other I made recently for a college publication. I drew it in five hours and got $50 for it. You can judge for yourself whether I have progressed. Whatever success I may have achieved as an artist I attribute to the Federal Course. I believe it is fundamentally right and that anyone who earnestly tries can learn to draw by studying it."

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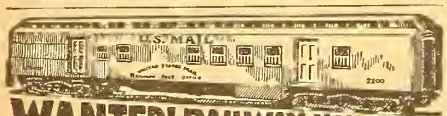

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 59)

Dix, Bert Lytell, Conway Tearle, Lewis Stone, Harold Lloyd, Harrison Ford, Norman Kerry and many others because they have always been sincere in their work, and have not shown an exaggerated ego or tried to pose in the limelight. I am glad to include Ramon Novarro in this list, but Rodolph does not qualify.

If, instead of extravagantly praising actors who have arrived, until they become conceited and unbearable, as in the case of Valentino, people would intelligently praise some of the sincere actors who really try to act, many unnecessary heartaches might be saved, and much useless discouragement avoided.

Yours very truly,
WANDA SZATKOWSKI,
1801 Franklin St.,
Racine, Wis.

Regarding "Day Dreams" by Rodolph Valentino.

DEAR EDITOR:

It seems, lately, that the contributors to your fan department have been writing about everything of interest concerning Rodolph Valentino except his recently published book of poems.

Each detail in "Day Dreams" from the orange cover lettered in gold, the black front pieces and the yellow ribbon bookmark, to the subject matter of its contents, is so typically Rudy. There is a splendid picture of the author on the fly-leaf and mysterious dedicatory initials under the title of practically every poem save two called "You," that make one wonder if they were not intended for the lovely Natacha Valentino.

The hardest thing about reading the volume is to realize the fact that Rodolph wrote it. To find a star with well-finished characterizations to his credit who can turn out such verses as these, is, indeed, a rare discovery—almost incredible, at first thought.

There is a simplicity and idealism about some of Rudy's stuff that shows up a strange side of his nature only visible in flashes on the screen. But, then, again, a familiar subtlety renders the meanings of others almost enigmas, and a world-old sophistication that invested the portrayal of Julio reminds the reader of the screen Valentino.

My favorites are, in the first classification, "The Love Child," "Glorification," "Italy," "Imperialism," and "Radio," and, in the second, "Suspicion," "Accusation," "Mirage," the very clever "Kaleidoscope of Love" and both "You's." There is food for thought as well as a thrill or two within the covers of "Day Dreams" and I hope the Valentino fans will read it, if for no other reason than to know the famous star a trifle better—perhaps, as he really is.

Very truly,
TRIX MACKENZIE,
Box 1907,
Atlanta, Ga.

At the movies . . .

DEAR EDITOR: Did you ever enter a crowded theater knowing darn well that you're too late to get a seat but just the same appreciating the fact that you were at least lucky enough to be admitted? Then have you experienced that feeling

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of being herded like cattle which comes when the usher brushes you under those velvet ropes? There you are destined to stay until the picture is over, but the question is, are you going to stay there? An idea—the ability to make friends! You try it on the usher and a conversation is started. A few jokes are cracked, she laughs, which makes you certain that she'll let you duck from under those ropes just as soon as someone gets up. Someone does get up but far down in front; nevertheless you dash out without the usher's permission to make a bee-line for that seat. It happens that some ungodly cuss, unsatisfied with his present seat, sees the same one you do and beats you to it. You are obliged to take his seat but find that the people in that row have each moved up one so that the vacant seat is now on the other aisle—and is about to be occupied by the fellow whom you shoved aside while under the ropes. You are stuck, bewildered and ashamed. You have a feeling that the whole audience is looking at you and sympathizing. This feeling is soon lost because the usher is now coming down the aisle to tell you in front of everybody, "Please dont be so smart after this!" Luckily, she does not get this far, for some conscience-stricken chap, who has probably seen the picture for the third time, has an idea that someone else is entitled to his seat and gets up in time for you to plop down in time to fool the usher! Here the audience laughs, but not at you—at the picture called "Hollywood" in which an old woman shakes hands with Chaplin while saying, "I want to shake your hand—I enjoyed your picture so much, Mr. Kerrigan!"

Everybody holds his breath while Ben Turpin makes eyes at the girl who seeks to enter the films. "Schnitz," better known as Ford Sterling, pushes Ben aside and proceeds to make love to her.

"Oh Madge, I do wish they'd show Jack Holt. He's so nice, so manly."

"For goodness sake, Alice, you'd think you were going to marry the man!"

"I may some day!"

"You cant; he's married already."

"He's not!"

"He is!"

"He's not!"

While this was going on, Bull Montana came into view garbed as an Oriental. An old man in the next row drew near his wife and whispered, "That there fellow is Valentino. I can tell 'em even if they are disguised." To which his wife appended: "You took the words out of my mouth, Elmer." Next comes the chap who received a diploma from some bunko school of scenario writing.

"Remember that?" says one fellow to another with a nudge of the elbow. "You bet your boots I do. We were some damn fools, eh Peter?" It seemed as tho everyone in the audience felt and expressed his weakness for some part in the movie business and now saw how utterly impossible certain ambitions were. But at this point Jack Holt was pictured carrying home a stack of his mail. He stopped long enough to let the camera man photograph one of his envelopes for the benefit of those who did not recognize this popular person.

"Madge, Madge, it's mine. . . ." came a joyful girl's voice.

"Shssh . . . for goodness' sake, dont be silly, what's the matter?"

"That letter, my handwriting—one I wrote him!"

Respectfully,
HOWARD R. NEWMAN,
101 State St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 90)

as Romeo, still holds good, we understand, and Mary Pickford's lifelong desire to put the youthful Juliet on the silversheet is also to be fulfilled. If Douglas Fairbanks could only bring himself to act the love-sick swain, we think the picture would have been started long ago.

"Romeo and Juliet" is not new to the screen. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne appeared in a Metro production of the play some years ago, and at the same time Theda Bara starred in it for Fox. "Romeo and Juliet" is a spring epidemic on and off the screen. The American productions will have for rival a foreign film of the story already completed but not yet landed on our shores.

Hollywood is a dull place now with John Barrymore returned to New York, but at least the colony's flappers have "heartsease for remembrance" they gave him a party before he left and found that he was not only the ideal beau, but a "regular fellow" under the skin. Mr. Barrymore enjoyed his stay in Hollywood as much as the flappers enjoyed having him there, and he particularly liked playing the rôle of Beau Brummell, that scintillating dandy who won and lost the favor of England's Prince with whimsical nonchalance. Mary Astor is playing opposite him; others in the cast are: Irene Rich, Carmel Myers, Willard Lewis, Templer Sax, Alec Francis and other well-knowns.

The cat's out the bag, the clerk in the marriage-license bureau in Baltimore let it out. Hope Hampton and Jules E. Brulatour, New York representative of the Eastman Kodak Company, director of Famous-Players Lasky, and multi-millionaire are married. Mr. Brulatour first became interested in Hope when she arrived in New York, and determined to become a movie star, won her way into his business office and naïvely asked: "Are you the Mr. Brulatour who is a millionaire?" Being satisfied that he was, she then begged that he help her to make good on the screen, with the result that she is not only a movie star, but the wife of the millionaire, and the inspiration of the Hope Hampton Productions, of which her husband is president. She played the lead in "The Gold Diggers," her latest picture, and is now considering the filming of "Irene."

The lights of the movie houses have a way of coming up just when a fellow's surreptitiously knocking a briny tear from off his manly cheek. That's what happened to David Warfield at the private showing of "Long Live the King," in which Jackie Coogan stars. Mr. Warfield was loud in praise of this small boy who can make a veteran of the stage, like himself, weep or laugh at will. And, incidentally, Jackie first came into notice by mimicking the distinguished actor. It was in a Los Angeles theater four years ago. Annette Kellerman had finished her act and the audience gave a curtain call for the whole company. Coogan, Sr., happened to be among those present in the act, and Jackie among those present backstage. Someone in the company took hold of Jackie and landed him in front of the footlights. There the smart youngster gave his version of one of Warfield's famous rôles. Charlie Chaplin happened to be in the audience—you know the rest of the story.

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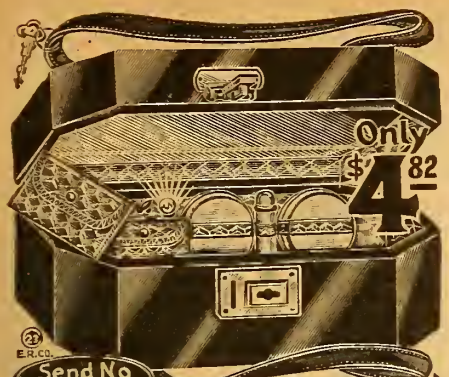

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And now Charlie says that Jackie is doing better than he is. With Chaplin handling the megaphone, as a director of unusual and telling drama, and still flourishing his cane and shoes in filming his inimitable comedy, that's a debatable question. With Edna Purviance salvaged for feature parts, such as she played in "A Woman of Paris," Charlie is left without a feminine lead for his comedies. Good news for the ladies!

And Jackie always brings to mind that other baby genius, Peggy, and *vice versa.* Baby Peggy was the wonder of Broadway during her visit to New York, and that's saying something. She's back on the Coast now deep in the filming of "Captain January." The story deals with an old sea captain who adopted a child he saved from shipwreck. A lucky old sea dog, we say, to play opposite Baby Peg.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has registered a triumph on the screen with his first story, "Stephen Steps Out." The lad is jealous of his individual success and wants to earn his spurs sans heredity, but we cant help rejoicing in the fact that he brings a new edition of the Fairbanks smile to the silversheet. He is but fourteen years, shy, slim, tall beyond his years, and of fair skin and hair and bright blue eyes, so his coloring is not a hand-me-down from the elder Doug. Doug, Jr., hasn't reached the love-lorn stage yet and vows he never will have a sweetheart other than his lady-mother, but—— Meanwhile he has formed a working partnership with William Elliot's sister, and they are writing a script. It is said that it is going to be difficult to get stories suitable for this distinctive, youthful star and, evidently, he is taking matters in his own hands.

As we go to press, the news of Allen Holubar's death comes to us and our deepest sympathy goes out to Dorothy Phillips, his wife. Mr. Holubar was numbered among the brilliant young directors, and was preparing to direct Blanche Sweet and Malcolm McGregor in "The Human Mill," when the sand ran low in his own hour-glass.

Famous-Players Lasky have signed a contract with Cecil B. De Mille covering all his future productions. Mr. De Mille will resume active duty as director-general of the company, duties from which he asked to be relieved three years ago. This contract, without time limit, indicates the confidence that the company has in Mr. De Mille's ability as a producer and will allow him much latitude, the planning of pictures ten years ahead, if necessary.

The Farnums are working a three-to-one party. Dustin has filmed "The Man Who Won," "The Grail," and "Kentucky Days," all virile, two-fisted dramas, while William has but a single picture for the current season—"The Gun Fighter," but the latter is said to be a hummer-dinger of the Golden West.

Alma Rubens and Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman are married. Cupid got in his work while Miss Rubens was rehearsing for "Thoughtless Women," which comes to the screen as "What's Wrong With Women?" Dr. Goodman is strong for the clinging-vine type, and we have been analyzing the characters that Miss Rubens has played to determine whether she fills the bill. We believe that time will prove that she does.

Miss Rubens now has been signed for the feminine lead in "Blood and Gold,"

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never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

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If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

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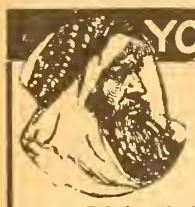

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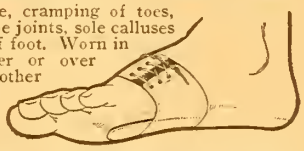

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BATHASWEET

a part that was originally mentioned in connection with Jetta Goudal. Alma Rubens is most suitable for the intense colorful rôle, and Miss Goudal is more than satisfied, as a new assignment takes her to Hollywood, and production there has long been her ambition.

Oh, Jackie came near having a little sister. It was rumored all about that the Coogan family was going to adopt Priscilla Moran, but instead Priscilla's dad kept her, and organized the Priscilla Moran Production Company. The company will produce in Hollywood. Priscilla made a decided hit in "Daddies."

Farina, the dusky little star of the "Our Gang" comedies, has developed marvelous conversational powers. No matter what the subject discussed is, at psychic intervals, she rolls her dark orbs around to the corners of her lids and chirps: "Lot o' bunk; lot o' bunk." (Maybe she's right more than half the time.) Another of her choice expressions used during the screening of the stories by Mr. McGowen, the director, is: "O. K., Mr. McGowen?" To which Mr. McGowen invariably replies: "O. K., Farina."

Little Mary Arthur, sweet and thirteen, will play Florence in Booth Tarkington's "Gentle Julia." Florence is the whimsical little busybody of the story who, with her boy cousins, keeps things at boiling point, because she imitates the grown-ups before she has the head for it. Mary Arthur's mother is said to have organized and directed the first motion-picture company accredited to any woman in this country.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

By Faith Baldwin

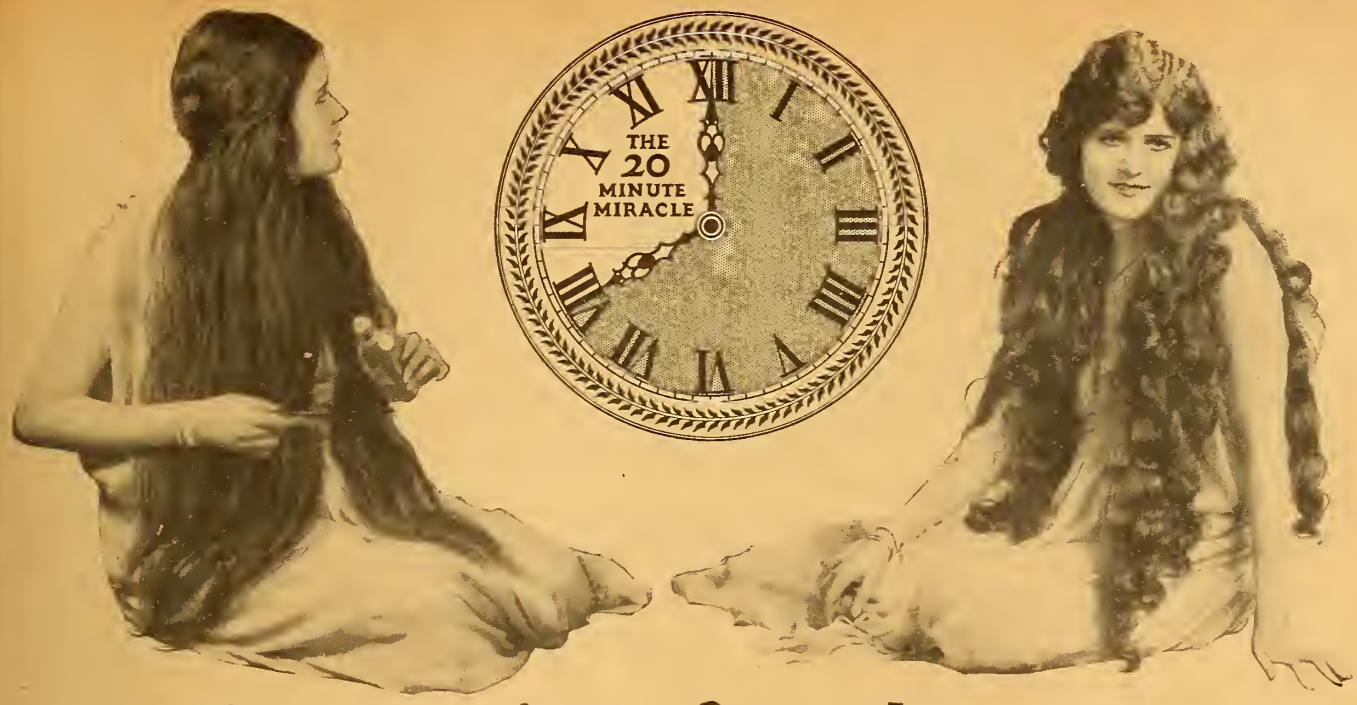
Here Tragedy and Comedy may wear
The parti-colored motley of Despair,
And joyous Hope; and Laughter's minion gapes
With wonder at his own amazing japes.

We watch him, skilful, stumble on the screen,
And somehow fancy Life has ever been
A Barrel-Organ, singing, day by day,
The ancient tunes, the tunes both grave and gay.

And he that turns the crank at such a pace
Now masks him with the monkey's wistful face,
Or now reveals the organ-grinder's soul
And antics, earnest, in the dual rôle.

The feet, unique; the smile that cloaks a tear,
The deprecating shrug at blow or jeer,
The eager hope beneath Misfortune's rule,
And all the tricks of this Beloved Fool—

That have, for us, around the weary earth
Created harbors of astounding mirth,
Tricks that display, for all their common touch,
The brooding genius that has suffered much.



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid Makes any hair naturally curly *in 20 minutes*

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

A Matchless Marcel

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"*Hija mia,*" he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *senorita,* what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly'."

"*Oigame, senorita,*" he said—"Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro the *droguero.* Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy. My hair was curly and beautiful.

Lovely Curls

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

No Profit Distribution of $3.50 Bottles

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We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular $3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is $1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

Wavy Bob

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman $1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.

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Town ..... *State* .....

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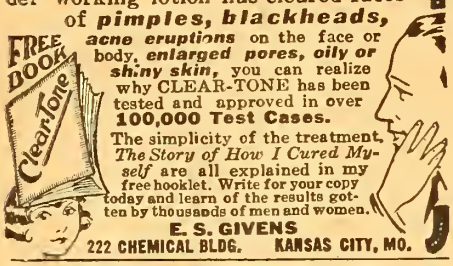

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Thistledown

(*Continued from page 34*)

would have emerged upon them blinking, which beamed from a little house adorning, like a jeweled crown, the crest of the hill.

The lights of the cottage, in this spot, threw out an unexpected and incongruous welcome, but Dolly walked on toward them trustfully; she walked straight on to the front door and, without a knock or a ring, opened the door and entered.

Nor did she appear surprised at the signs of habitation inside the cottage—the oil-lamps which made a mellow illumination for the quaintly low-ceilinged room, the simple, old-fashioned furniture which must have been original Colonial stuff, but surprisingly clean and in order, and the cheerful open fire which had been freshly replenished with logs.

The intrepid girl made herself quite at home; she flung her cape over a rush-bottomed chair and went and stretched out her hands to the grateful blaze; she glanced round her with a little sigh of content—her eyes held a musing look and now and then she frowned, but her lips half-smiled.

Young Daggett on many counts would have been amazed could he have watched her.

But Dolly evinced no agitation when a step sounded and a woman entered.

The woman, who was elderly, wore the garb and the aspect of an unexceptionably trained maid, her tone was a blend of respect and reproach, as she said:

"Anna's been telephoning, Miss Dolly—she said you left the inn long ago, and she was worried. She knew you didn't have the ear, and were walking."

"Dear old Anna," lightly, "she insists on her worry, tho Leon assures her it's bad for her digestion!"

"Anna's not the only one that worries," said the elderly maid, rather severely.

"Why, Briggs, what 've *you* got to worry about? You're sure of your salary each month—there was many a time you weren't, and you were a peach, but it's pretty nice to know the money's coming in, isn't it?"

"Yes, Miss Dolly, money is nice; but——"

"Oh, you and your 'buts,'" the girl broke in. "You and Anna are two of a kind and hopeless—now I must call *her* up and assure her I've not strayed or been stolen!"

Smiling at that, albeit a queer and complex little smile, Dolly moved toward the telephone which looked an odd intruder upon an old-time table.

Briggs spoke again, her tone taking on an added austerity.

"There was another call, Miss Dolly—from the city. Mr. King phoned."

Dolly's brow puckered with annoyance.

"Long distance again—well, I guess it serves us right, Briggs, for putting a telephone into our heavenly retreat."

"I must say I like the modern conveniences myself," responded Briggs. "I like electricity and gas, too, and plenty of hot water. And if those things were put in, this place wouldn't be so bad. Not that I'd want you to," she added hastily—"not at the price."

"Oh, it wouldn't cost so terribly much, Briggs; I could afford it."

"That isn't what I meant, Miss Dolly," sighing heavily.

Dolly didn't ask what she meant.

"You should cultivate a love for simple beauties and for atmosphere, Briggs—this place reeks with atmosphere! But maybe some day we'll fix it up thru and thru—

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have delighted thousands of customers for 18 years. They positively **match genuine diamonds.** Same **perfect cut,** same **dazzling** play of **rainbow fire.** Stand intense acid test of **side by side comparison with genuine.** **Noted experts** positively need their experience to detect **any difference whatsoever.** Perhaps the gems you admire on your closest friends are **MEXICAN DIAMONDS** and you never knew it. **Test a MEXICAN DIAMOND FREE; you risk nothing.** Wear it seven days **side by side with a genuine diamond.** If you see **any difference, send it back; it won't cost you a cent.**

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only we mustn't spoil it. You'd love it then, wouldn't you?"

"I'd love it just as it is, Miss Dolly, if only you'd— —"

Dolly interrupted her with a grimace.

"Well, what did Mr. King have to say?" she asked.

"He didn't leave a message, he said he would phone again." And Briggs' inflection was so rigorously disapproving that Dolly laughed.

"You dont care particularly for Mr. King, do you, Briggs?"

"No, I cant say I care for those flashy gentlemen."

"He's kind and sincere, Briggs—he's been awfully kind to me."

"He's flashy," repeated Briggs.

"Well," said Dolly, "when he calls up again, you may say I'm out. I didn't come up here in the woods to converse with New York every day."

Her pucker of annoyance had returned. A sheaf of typewritten sheets was lying on the table, and she fingered the papers irresolutely. The ring on her finger flashed, and her frown deepened. Then she put a magazine over the script, rather forcefully, as if to put an offending object out of mind as well as out of sight.

But the ring on her finger still gleamed. And her eyes were on the ring, broodingly, as in a debonair voice she called up old Anna to reassure her.

That night Dolly slept in one of the little upstairs bedchambers of the De Bossert cottage. Before she blew out her candle she sat a considerable time at a dormer-window, gazing out at the Sound and at the stars. Her musings must have been varied, for now she would frown and now she would smile and now she would sigh; at times she looked very agitated, angry, and once suddenly she laughed out loud, then looked round guiltily to see who had laughed. And finally her eyes took on the faraway dreamy look it is no rare thing to see in any girl's eyes . . . that look which is visualizing some face—or some dream-face never seen; which is conjuring the sound of some voice —or some dream-voice never heard. . . .

It is a look that comes, some time or another, in almost any girl's eyes.

But after she blew out her candle, Dolly went off almost at once into a sound deep sleep.

Toward morning she awoke suddenly out of a vivid dream—waking, she still felt the sensations of her dream: a sense as of wings thrumming in the air, and a dizzy sense of lightness within herself—a feeling as if something within her had suddenly found wings and was trying to fly away. . . .

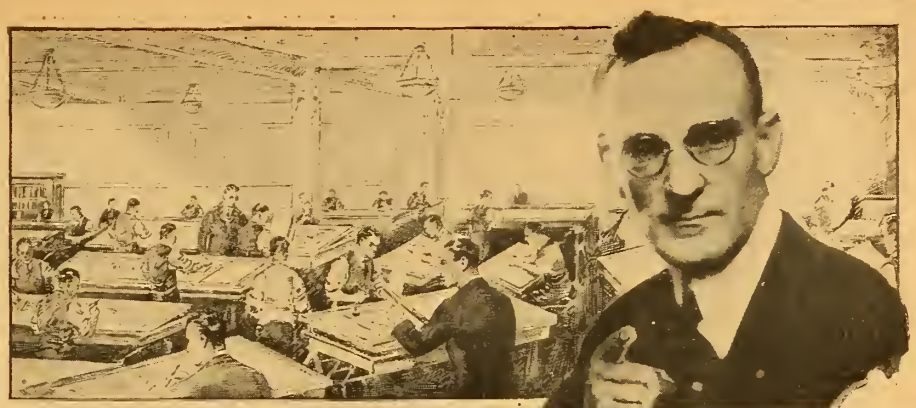
In her dream a young man had kissed her!—a young man with fair wind-tossed hair and audacious blue eyes—and strangely, in her dream, she had felt no shame or anger, only that sense of thrumming wings. . . .

Waking, realizing, she sat suddenly bolt upright. "For goodness sake!" she gasped, horror-stricken. Then she rubbed the back of her hand violently across her mouth, in a panic of wrath and shame.

And several hours later, eating breakfast, she once made the same violent gesture, *apropos* of nothing in particular. And tho no one was present to hear her, not even Briggs, she mumbled fiercely:

"I hope your own mouth stings worse! —I'm sorry I didn't slap you harder!"

If it was Hi Daggett she was so vindictively addressing, she might, nevertheless, have been interested to hear the talk going on, at about that same time, at his own breakfast-table. For the talk involved herself—tho young Hi, who was



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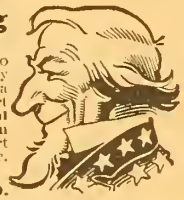

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reticent in his domestic setting, did not remotely suspect it.

He had descended to breakfast in a dispirited mood which the sombre Daggett dining-room did not help to enliven. The room was big to vastness, and the table so huge that it seemed two, seated at it, must lift their voices and shout across the spaces. Everything in the room was in keeping—heavy, ornate and depressing. Young Hi had often begged to have the red-plush window-hangings removed, but his sister voted down the sacrilege.

"Fairfield has too little atmosphere as it is," declared Miss Julia. "I shall not be one to destroy any part of it."

When Miss Julia's father had acquired the most imposing Colonial mansion on "the Avenue" for his family-seat, an earlier rich acquisitor had already had his sacrilegious way with it, but to the elder Daggett, unhampered by tradition, its gold-and-crimson magnificence had appealed; and to Miss Julia, tho she longed to embrace the most ancient traditions of Fairfield for her very own, this magnificence had become of itself a cherished tradition. She loved every fold of every sumptuous plush curtain, every inch of every sumptuous carved cornice and pier-glass, every curve and curvature of every sumptuously padded chair.

She had the courage, too, to maintain her abode along its own line of prestige. Miss Julia was a forceful woman. Some people said it was a pity she were not the son of the family, to control the business instead of irresponsible young Hi. She was many years the older—nearing forty: her spare time she devoted to the highbrow cults and sessions patronized by many not-so-young ladies of means and leisure.

Despite her personal force and independence, Miss Julia could not forget that the Daggetts did not quite "belong"; she had a respectful adoration of the "best people"—which meant of course the families more anciently rooted than her own—and Hi's indifference on this point was a perpetual grievance.

On most points, in fact, young Hi's attitude—or, rather, his lack of any definite attitude—was a grievance to his sister; and if affection and concern were at the bottom of her own attitude toward him, her purpose was frustrated—as so often happens!—by her methods.

"I see you have no appetite this morning," she commented at breakfast. "You haven't touched your eggs."

"No, I'm not hungry," pouring another glass of white rock.

"I suppose you were hitting it up again last night?"

Another time young Hi might have "spoofed" his highbrow sister for her lapse into slang, but now his only answer was a listless shrug. His whole appearance was listless. His face and good looks lost by the absence of his genial smile—his mouth looked discontented in this repose and the clouded eyes looked sulky. And at the corners of that mouth and those eyes the morning light revealed tiny lines, almost invisible, but which should not have been visible at all in the face of so young a man.

Miss Julia regarded him sharply. She bore an evasive "family resemblance" to her brother, yet in a curious way did not resemble him at all. It was probably a matter of expression, and that subtle thing, "personality." She, too, was strongly, heavily built, but in her there was no resilience, no inner spring—plenty of energy, but nothing fluid; her coloring and her features were similar but, in her, dominance held the place of careless self-confidence, and an air of set predetermi-

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nation held no place for impulse or spontaneous emotion.

Her look now said plainly that she already knew his answer would be something unfavorable, as she asked:

"Where were you all yesterday afternoon?"

"Why d'you want to know that?" returned young Hi.

"The superintendent 'phoned from the factory twice—once about two o'clock and again after I got home from the Friends of Music, well after five. Simpson wanted to know where you were."

"What 'd he want "

"Something very important—a long-distance call, an important order."

"Well, I'll see about it this morning," said young Hi.

"Those things shouldn't be put off till 'this morning.' A man at the head of a big business should be in his office—should be where he can be kept in touch with, at least." Then, again in that tone of expecting no good answer:

"Where were you?"

"I drove into the city with George Loft," he explained, with an air of patience.

"And were spreeing around with him till all hours, I suppose. *That's* why you were not home for dinner."

"No, I came——" Hi began, then suddenly checked himself; an arrested look held his eyes thoughtful for a second, then he gulped down his coffee without finishing his sentence.

"May I have some more coffee, please?" extending his cup-and-saucer.

"Your hand is not steady," Mis Julia observed. "You needn't tell me you had nothing to drink last night!"

She waited, then, as if half-expecting some explosion. An out-and-out quarrel was no rare thing between the two Daggetts. It was queerly pathetic: the sister in her heart dreading the youngster's fits of sulks and of temper, yet over and over, in her own fury of helpless concern, grimly bringing them on.

For a minute it looked as if Hi were keeping his temper with an effort. Then he half-grinned at her; evidently he had decided to tease her, instead.

"Who said I had nothing to drink last night?—I didn't tell you that, did I?"

"You dont have to tell me," snapped Miss Julia, "not if you were with that Loft boy!"

As she drew the coffee from the rococco silver machine, she went on: "If you must have wild companions, why dont you choose them from your own class, at least? Why must you run around with that ordinary Loft boy?"

"Because I like him, maybe," more good-humoredly. "And you should respect his wealth, Julia; his father could buy *us* out, I expect."

"His father—that plumber!" scornfully.

"That's why he could buy us out—there's money in plumbing these days," with his wicked grin. "But you're exaggerating, my dear Julia—Mr. Loft is a manufacturer of plumbing supplies, not a plumber."

"He started life as a plumber—everyone knows it." Then: "You've absolutely no regard for your position in life."

"Well, how did Grandpa Daggett start?" queried Hi. "He was a grocery-clerk, wasn't he?"

"Your grandfather saved his money, and he always had a vision before him," Miss Julia replied with dignity. "As times changed and methods of distribution became wholesale, he could visualize a new industry—millions on millions of paper-box containers. He had the vision—yes, and the enterprise!—to carry his vision thru. He was a great man."

"I'm not denying that," said Hi. "Only

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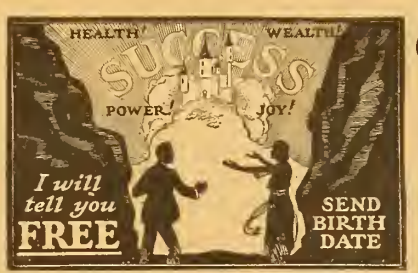

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it seems to me there are very few families in this country that can afford to be hoity-toity—not any of 'em if they look back far enough. Even the De Bosserts, who are your Bible—I guess because they're defunct—began as ordinary farmers."

"But they were not ordinary—they were of noble blood, true gentry; they could not help it because they started poor in this country. They——"

Suddenly she broke off, and exclaimed: "Oh, that reminds me!"

It was so unusual for Miss Julia to exclaim, to show excitement, that Hi asked, curiously:

"What reminds you of what?"

"Why, there's a tenant up at the De Bossert place—it was all the talk at the Friends of Music yesterday—everyone was most displeased!"

"Why on earth should they be displeased? And how could there be a tenant, anyway, unless it's a squirrel?—that old house has been a ruin for years."

"It's the cottage, I mean — the little house back up on the hill."

"Well, anyone who'd undertake to live in *that*, back in that wilderness, deserves a medal, it seems to me." He asked again: "What's the reason the local aristocrats are displeased — is it patent-medicine or castor-oil, maybe?"

"It pleases you to be vulgar, Hiram. But the tenant *is* the reason—she is a woman, and mysterious," darkly.

"A mysterious woman—that sounds interesting," commented Hi.

"Naturally it would interest you—I only hope to goodness you wont pick up an acquaintance with her and start hanging around there!"

"Mustn't put such ideas in my head, Julia, or I might follow 'em out." Then: "What's the mysterious woman like, and what makes her mysterious?"

"Well, no one has seen her close or met her—she seems to avoid making local acquaintances. Mrs. Blake thought it only her duty as a minister's wife to make one call, but a maid came to the door and very freezingly said her mistress was not at home. And someone was playing a piano and singing at that very minute!—that was enough for Mrs. Blake! But she said the place seemed to have been straightened amazingly for so short a time, the woman's been there only a week or so; there must be servants, and that's another thing— she must have brought them with her. She hasn't engaged a servant at any of the Fairfield agencies!"

"That was certainly unkind of her," commented Hi.

"It's her whole attitude of secrecy that looks bad," maintained Miss Julia. "And her going off alone to that isolated spot, that way."

"Maybe she's tired of people," suggested Hi. "That sometimes happens."

But Miss Julia shook her head.

"No, because she's had visitors—probably from the city. Menira Abbott says she was out driving the other day when a big, loud-looking car stopped her and a flashily dressed man asked the way to the De Bossert place. Probably there are many other such finding their way to the De Bossert place these days—carrying on up there! The De Bosserts would turn over in their graves!"

"Sacrilege!" murmured young Hi. Then he said: "But someone must have given the interloper her lease — dont imagine she's trying out squatter's rights. Guess somebody's ascertained she's responsible."

"No one seems to know. The place has been left just sitting there so long that everyone here has lost track of the De Bossert. No one even knows how the property's held or managed. No one

seems to know," she repeated, and looked so dismal that Young Hi laughed aloud.

"Well, dont cry about it, Julia. It's not your funeral—even if the strange woman has come to pull off a few killings!"

Her look was a stern rebuke to his lightness.

"It's an outrage," she declared. "No one knows who she is."

"Then why judge her?" queried Hi, not unreasonably.

"She's been seen driving a closed, expensive-looking car."

"Is that a crime?" asked Hi. "Or perhaps she was violating the speed laws?"

"She's probably fast," Miss Julia accused, not intending a pun; "or ordinary, at least."

"Well, that settles me, I guess," said Hi. "You say I have an unnatural affinity for ordinary people—I'm certainly fated to be seen driving in that expensive-looking car! Or maybe the fair unknown 'll go riding in mine——"

He broke off his banter abruptly. Recollecting the last woman he had taken riding in his car, he suddenly wondered what would be his sister's appellation for Leon Thiebaud's waitress.

Miss Julia noted that arrested expression and looked at him with quick suspicion; but you may be sure Hi did not inform her as to what was troubling his mind.

He was, in fact, more troubled about the Thistledown episode than he admitted to himself; he kept re-living that episode, and kept rehearsing the things he should say to the pretty waitress when next he saw her, then would catch himself up to remind himself the affair wasn't worth so much bother. He might never see her again—not that it mattered either way, but, if so, so much the better! Then indecision, and that perplexed uneasiness, would attack him again.

This was because he had not decided which of two women she was. Hardly had he settled on one line of thought when she crossed his vision in a new guise, looking at him with entirely different eyes, to leave him once more confused.

Her "There's a smudge on your own face, Mr. Daggett—it came off of my hand when I slapped you!" smarted in his ear like another slap. She was light and wayward—the kind of cheap frivolity you'd expect in a girl who'd allow herself to be picked up.

And then the girl he was resentfully visioning stared back at him with flashing eyes, too angry to hold any mockery. "Have you no sense of responsibility at all?—those little children, you might have killed them!"

And then swiftly it was another pair of eyes facing him, sweet and grave and wistful; and he heard the words, terribly sincere: "I hope *you* will find happiness—despite all the mad follies in which you vainly seek it."

Hi Daggett deserved his reputation for "wildness"; experience had taught him much, considering his youth, and not too kindly; and he often told himself that life was a mess. And it must be admitted that, the way he lived it, it promised truly to be a mess. But so long as any man can see a mess *is* a mess, it shows he still possesses standards of comparison, still possesses some dim secret instinct which gropes blindly upward for light.

Hi was too young to be a hopelessly hardened reprobate; but it is to the uncalloused young that life can seem the sorriest muddle.

It was the unextinguished chivalry in him that bothered him, that rode above his own discomfiture and gave him a shamed

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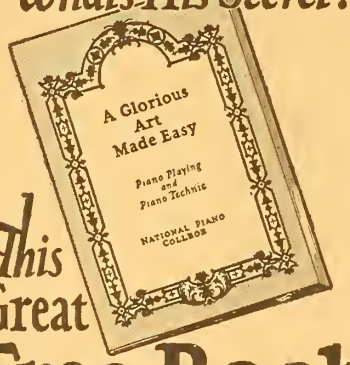

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uneasiness he would never have confessed. He would never have said, even to himself: "Now, you are a waitress, Thistledown, and I am above your class. And we had better not carry this acquaintance any farther. It's not that I'm a snob, or even angry—but I think you're a good girl altho you're impulsive — and that's why——"

It was not a change of heart that cut this argument short; it was a small and unexpected discovery when he climbed in his car, that morning, to drive to the factory.

On the floor of the car lay a huddled little heap of flimsy white—Dolly's apron.

He didn't want to carry such a telltale object to his room where his sister might find it, or to leave it in the garage to arouse comments—Hi jammed the trifle in his coat-pocket.

But a maid's apron, however small, is nothing for a young man to carry around lightly. While Hi was dictating his correspondence that morning, he noted an amused smile on his stenographer's face—abstractedly reaching into his pocket for his handkerchief, he had drawn out the apron instead! Hurriedly he crammed it back out of sight.

But it began to weigh heavily in his pocket so, when the stenographer's back was turned he tucked it quickly in a drawer of his desk. An hour later he returned to the room after a brief absence to see old Simpson fumbling round the desk.

Simpson, the old superintendent, had virtually controlled the factory's activities since the elder Daggett's death; even young Hi had a wholesome respect for old Simpson's solemn dignity—he had taken considerable pains to "smooth over" his truancy the previous afternoon.

"Simpson," he cried, in alarm, "what are you doing there?"

"I'm looking for a letter from those Detroit people—I thought I put it in your file, but maybe it slipped into the drawer."

Hi noted with relief that the old man was rummaging in the wrong drawer, but he shot a suspicious glance at his stenographer's back.

"Did Miss Foley tell you to look there?"

"Of course not—I told myself to look," old Simpson mumbled, and Hi thought the girl giggled, and he himself felt like a fool.

Because he felt like a fool he said, rather peevishly:

"Well, everyone's always rummaging thru my desk—I can call no place my own."

Old Simpson looked up, surprised.

"Somebody's got to tend to these matters; and you're away so much — I've always made free with your desk. I thought you wanted me to."

"Oh, that's all right—no offence," and Hi got very busy discussing the letter which old Simpson, at that fortuitous moment, pulled to light.

But his confidence in the desk as a hiding-place was gone. At the first opportune moment he transferred the apron to his pocket again. But it seemed to weigh there, guiltily. He resolved to toss it from his car later, to fling it to the four winds; but somehow this determination did not altogether please him, he told himself such destruction would scarcely be fair—the poor girl, probably had to buy her own aprons.

So finally, he decided to drive by Thiebaud's and restore it to its rightful owner; he told himself this was merely his duty. He did not tell himself that, at the same time, it would give him a legitimate excuse to see Dolly.

That afternoon Hi drove up the winding

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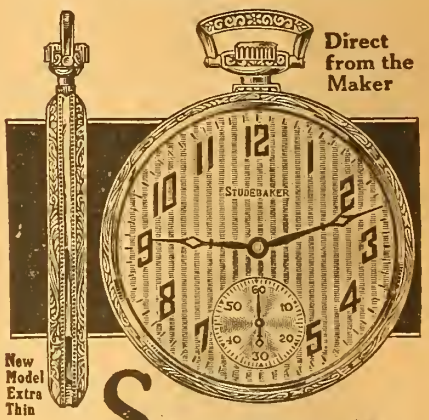

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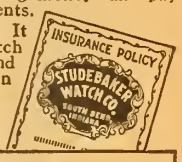

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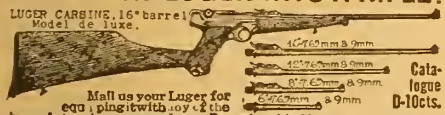

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ascent to Thiebaud's and entered the inn, unostentatiously carrying a brown paper parcel. If he hoped for a glimpse of Dolly herself, he was disappointed; and, as luck would have it, it was old Anna he found in the bar when he approached with a tentative inquiry:

"That new waitress of yours, Dolly—might I see her a minute, please?"

"For why should you see my waitress?" Anna asked back. "Is it that your sister desires to employ a new maid?"

Hi tried for a nonchalant and ingratiating grin. "I'll tell my errand to Dolly herself," he said, "that's always the best way, isn't it?"

"To me it seems the way of mischief, rather," Anna retorted. "When a young man's errand demands the private ear of a pretty girl whom he knows so briefly." Then, rapping the words out: "But this girl, you will tell her nothing."

"Oh, come now, Anna—dont misjudge me. I dont want to bother the girl. I only want to see her a second."

"You will see her not a second!"

"Well, what if I come in when she's serving," teasing a little, "you cant prevent my *looking* at her, can you?"

And it occurred to him what a simpleton he had been not to wait to encounter the girl in this more natural way; rushing in and asking for her—of course it looked queer. But old Anna's next words brought him up sharply.

"You will not look at her serving," she said, "for that girl will serve here no more."

"What, she's gone?"

"Yes, she is gone, that waitress." Old Anna looked oddly triumphant, and Hi found himself asking, rather blankly:

"You have dismissed her?"

"She is gone—that suffices."

"But where has she gone?"

"She is gone—that suffices." Old Anna seemed to enjoy her triumphant refrain.

There was nothing for Hi to do but turn and go, as debonairly as he might. No use to exhibit the apron, his excuse—that might be held further against the poor girl, if already she were in some disgrace.

But at the door he fortunately ran into old Leon, and he sang out:

"That Dolly of yours, Leon—where's she disappeared to?"

But Leon must have caught a look from Anna, for his eyes suddenly went expressionless and he shook his head.

Then, because he liked young Hi—and perhaps, too, because the girl Dolly was safely gone—Leon let his eyes twinkle again, and wagged a reproving finger.

"Tst," he said, "too much you are concerned with the young ladies, Mr. Hi. That new traffic cop, he came in and chatted with me last night, and he informs me that he caught a young lady driving your car at the speed of sixty-one miles an hour."

Young Hi blinked, for a moment uncertain. For a moment he thought of telling Leon the truth of that episode. But he decided that, after all, it might do the girl less good than harm. So he said nothing, only laughed carelessly and called a genial good-bye.

Where the inn's driveway runs into the highroad he encountered his friend, young Loft. Young Loft had a bit of news for him.

"Remember that pretty waitress at Leon's?—guess you do, for I see you've just been up there!" with a grin. "Well, I dropped into the movies for a while last night, and there was one pippin in the feature picture—a minor part, but she was a dead ringer for your waitress."

"Is that so?" said Hi, not taking much

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stock in the fancied resemblance and not liking the phrase "your waitress." "Those chance resemblances are funny."

"They certainly are," agreed young Loft. "This pippin was a ringer." Then: "How is your waitress, anyway."

Hi merely shook his head for answer; somehow he didn't wish to discuss Dolly with young Loft. Nor did he care to invite his friend to join him while he had that telltale parcel in the car.

But, as he drove on alone, he felt at loose ends. He began regretting he hadn't picked George up notwithstanding—George was a rollicking companion, they might have planned something.

He found himself traversing the road over which he had driven the night before. Here was the spot where she had demanded to be let out, Three Corners—up there stretched the woods on the old De Bossert place.

Recalling his sister's story of the new tenant, his dull mood began to quicken a little; he swung his car into the road leading past the entrance, driving more slowly. A sign-board nailed to a tree caught his eye. It was a new sign, freshly painted, and it said "No Trespassing."

"Aha!" said young Hi, brightening. "No trespassing—that's an invitation!"

And deliberately, with his grin grown cheerful again, he headed his car straight between the ancient posts that guarded the ancient De Bossert land, drove directly under the printed mandate, and daringly invaded the territory which was now in the tenure of a mysterious woman.

(To be continued next month)

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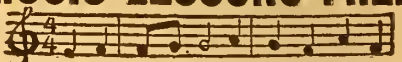

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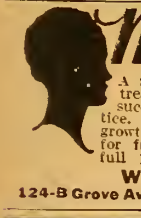

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 76)

BABE.—Yes, and there is one thing admirable in women, they never reason about their blameworthy actions; even in their dissimulation there is an element of sincerity. Betty Blythe is playing in "Recoiled." Never heard of the company you mention, they must have failed.

THE OFFICE CAT.—Hurrah, poets are born, but orators are made. I will have to know what magazines you want to write for. Yes, Balzac's "The Magic Skin" is to be released under the title of "Slave of Desire." Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, George Walsh and Eulalie Jensen in the lead. Write me again some time.

R. D. FAN.—You want to make every minute count. Man's time is his prosperity; it therefore, behooveth him to improve it; Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope. The other players you mention are not married. Constance Talmadge in "Primitive Lover." Lloyd Hughes is twenty-four.

BOBBY AND BETTY.—How are you today? Clara Horton is with F. B. O. Ruth Roland is thirty-one and Pearl White is thirty-four. Dont mention it.

HAZEL W.—Like all women, curious, I suppose. To awake a woman's curiosity is to make her pliable. No, Al Jolson is not playing in pictures. He was the one who said that the subways were made so that New York people could go to and from Brooklyn without being seen.

HELEN R.—Gloria Swanson is twenty-six, five feet three, and weighs 115 pounds. Yes, there was something the matter with her eyes, but I guess they are all right again.

FLORENCE MC.—Thanks a lot for your card.

L. B.—I'm glad to hear from you again. Sure I'd go "Swinging down the Lane" with you. Norman Kerry at Grand Asher Productions, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Yes, Houdini has made another picture "Haldane of the Secret Service," and right now he is playing in vaudeville.

JUST BILL.—Why Constance Talmadge is five feet five, weighs 120 pounds. Norma is five feet two, weighs 115. Gladys Smith is Mary Pickford's real name. Betty Compson is five feet two. Yes, they do say that Maude Adams is going to produce. It seems that Rudyard Kipling is willing to give her the picture rights to "Kim," providing that the leading rôle is played by a boy and not a girl, and that the film is made in India. Outside of that the coast is clear.

MARY B.—No vacancies. Sorry. Yes, I occasionally meet the players. Last night at the opening of "Failures," a stage play, I saw Joseph Schildkraut and also Harry Kemp, the tramp poet. William Duncan and Edith Johnson are playing in "The Fast Express."

JEANNIE O.—Hold on there, Jeannie! You think I am somewhere in the nineties. Not yet, but soon. No, I am not French. Jack Pickford and Lucille Ricksen in "The Hill-Billy."

W. D. C.—Thanks for yours, it was great. You know we live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. Shirley Mason is back in pictures after her temporary retirement, due to the death of her husband, Bernard Durning, and is playing in "South Sea Love."

VIOLA R.—I wish you luck.

(*Continued on page* 119)

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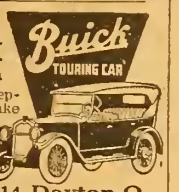

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 117)

QUEEN TUT.—How's the King today? Harold Lloyd is working on his next picture soon to be released. Address Baby Peggy at Sol Lesser Offices, Principal Pictures, Los Angeles, California. Owen Moore has been engaged for the feature rôle in the next Maurice Tourneur Production "Torment."

BERTHA G.—You're right. Scandal, what one half of the world takes a pleasure in inventing, the other half in believing. No, Agnes Ayres is not married, but she has been married to Captain Frank Schuker. That will be about all for this evening.

OLGA 17.—Glad you came over to see me. We had quite a tête-à-tête. I like to talk over olden times with you. Let me see, how long has it been since you have been writing to me. Well, I wont tell.

BOBBY.—No record of the player you mention. Write direct to F. B. O. Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood are to co-star in "The Painted Woman" for Thomas H. Ince. Matt Moore and Wallace Beery also in the cast.

INTERESTED.—Thanks, I'll remember to put on my rubbers and muffler when I go out. Oh yes, I always wear two suits. And you think my mind is like a desk all filled with cubbyholes. Yes, all labelled and indexed. Yes, Constance Binney is playing in "Three O'Clock in the Morning." Madge Bellamy in "Do It Now."

SIX FEET SIX—Well what makes life dreary is the want of a motive. Mary Alden played the mulatto housekeeper in "A Birth of a Nation." Betty Compson is twenty-six; Ann Forrest twenty-six and Norma Talmadge twenty-eight. Colleen Moore in "Swamp Angel" and Gladys Hullette in "Hoodman Blind." Write me again.

MICKEY.—So you want to come to New York. Well there is plenty to see here and plenty of places to spend your money. Peggy Rice was Sue in "The Rapids." Let me know when you leave.

HADYN.—So you like my wise krax. Wow! And a school-teacher at that. Watch out young lady, some day you might be the principal and then you wont be so funny. I most certainly enjoyed yours. You have a delicious sense of humor. Keep it up.

YOUR FAN.—Thanks, I'm glad to have an admirer. Mary Philbin is nineteen and that is her real name so far as I know. And you want us to have another beauty contest. Woopee!

BILLY.—I'm glad you're not conceited. Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up. Yes, Cullen Landis in "Love in the Dark," and Wallace McDonald in the other two you mention. Married to Doris May.

MARION H.—That's right, Marion, but sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues. You can reach Mary Pickford at the Pickford Studios, Los Angeles, Cal. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the Famous Players Studio. Gaston Glass at the Schulberg Studios. Dorothy Mackaill and Conway Tearle in "The Next Corner" also Lon Chaney.

MARIA.—Yes, I guess everyone feels the same way about the late Wallace Reid.

TING-ALING.—Titles of books—decoys to catch purchasers. Yes, of course, Charlie Chaplin is only thirty-four. I think he will go back to comedies again, altho he has gotten such a big hoot for his directing in "A Woman of Paris" that

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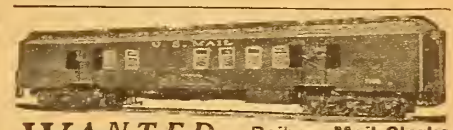

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GOLLASSES.—Dont forget that our happiness in this world depends on the affections we are able to inspire. Norma Talmadge weighs 110, Pearl White 120, Lila Lee 110, Ella Hall 122 and Bebe Daniels 120. No I dont mind answering questions.

MARJORIE.—How charming indeed. True politeness is a science not to be acquired in schools. Yes, William S. Hart was married to Winifred Westover and they have one son. Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City. Richard Dix in St. Paul, Minn. The poor producers, you want Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy to play in a picture together. The picture wouldn't pay enough money to pay their salaries. You win the prize.

ROSIE.—Thanks for yours. Yes, Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms. They do say that Richard Dix is engaged to Lois Wilson and that Edmund Lowe is soon to marry Lilyan Trashman, of stage fame. Yes, that all.

NELLIE B.—Thanks for the gum. With every chew—I almost forgot. I'll spare you this time. Glad to get the drawing of me too. Yes, Eric von Stroheim I understand spent too much money for Universal so he is directing for Goldwyn. His "Greed" will soon be released. Norman Kerry is six feet two. So you dont like Pola Negri, that's that. Yes, George Walsh has been selected for "Ben Hur." Your letter was a peach in December.

CAROLYN.—No, I'm not very fashionable. I always remembered Dickens when he said "Fashions are like human beings. They come in, nobody knows when, why, or how; and they go out, nobody knows when, why or how. Everything is like life, in my opinion, if you look at it in that point of view." No, I have no record of Vernon Hoagland. Bill Hart is fifty-two. Milton Sills and Viola Dana in "Angel Face Molly."

PEGGY.—No, Charles de Roche is not married as far as I know and you can reach him at Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, Cal.

COLORADO LASSIE.—Maidens should be mild and meek, swift to hear and slow to speak. Is that why you wrote? Yes, Robert Warwick is back in pictures playing in "Drums of Jeopardy" which stars Elaine Hammerstein and Jack Mulhall, also Wallace Beery. Write me again.

PEGGY.—No, I dont mind the cold. Of course I skate. Roller and ice. Mae Murray is five feet, weighs 100 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes, also bobbed hair. Run in again.

ANNIE P.—Yes, we must be content sometimes with rough roads. Ethel Clayton is not playing in anything at this writing. Gladys Walton is with Universal. Why, the title of "Master of Man" taken from Hall Caine's novel has been changed to "Name the Man," with Conrad Nagel, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mae Busch and Creighton Hale. Yours truly.

CAKE EATER.—*Je n'oublierai jamais.* So you are in love with this magazine and Mary Philbin. Good for you. Mary is nineteen, and that is her real name and she is not married. She is with Universal. You expected your answer too soon. Remember one issue is always in the making. Wesley Barry in "George Washington," Jr." Johnny Hines and Doris May in "Conductor 1492." So long!

LASHES.—The pen of the tongue shall be dipped in the ink of the heart. I use a typewriter. You want to know where Mary Pickford purchased the beautiful comb. Probably in Spain when she was abroad. Here are some of the D's. Richard Dix, William Duncan, Elliott Dexter and Reginald Denny.

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The February

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The idealizing touch of COTY Face Powder *intensifies the beauty of every woman. Each of the eight true shades accentuates that colouring so fascinating in blonde, brunette and red-haired types.*

A GIFT AND COMPLIMENT ALWAYS APPRECIATED REGARDLESS OF ITS MODERATE COST

"THE ART OF USING POWDER"
a guide to the accentuation of fascinating types—sent on request

COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA—55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

ADD STILL GREATER CHARM TO THE LOVELIEST FACES

Colored by its ingredients Palm and olive oils—these only—impart the rich, mossy green color to Palmolive Soap. The fine, firm, long-wearing cake is colored by its rare ingredients.

While the use of these rare oils as cleansers is as old as civilization, no more perfect soap ingredients have ever been found. Modern science has developed the blend to final perfection and established Palmolive the world over as the most popular and appreciated toilet soap. Look for the famous black-banded green wrapper.

Where Beauty Begins

With thorough daily cleansing, as every skin specialist will tell you. The net-work of tiny pores which compose the surface of the skin must be kept free from accumulations of dirt, oil, perspiration and powder if you value a smooth, fine-textured complexion.

Look critically into your mirror and note what it reveals, just as if you were another girl. Don't condone defects or minimize imperfections; instead, begin at once to remedy them.

Don't resort to medication, for this is dealing with the effect and overlooking the cause. Instead, learn the proper method of cleansing which will keep your complexion smooth, fresh and firm.

Solve the soap problem first

Beautifying cleansing depends on the use of mild, soothing soap, blended from the finest, mildest ingredients. These are palm and olive oils which make Palmolive the most perfect and the most popular of all soaps.

The mild, creamy lather is lotion-like in its action, soothing and beautifying as it cleanses.

Every night before you sleep you should give your face a beautifying treatment with Palmolive Soap. Massage the fragrant lather thoroughly into the skin, rinse thoroughly and dry with a soft towel. A dry skin will be benefited by the application of your favorite cold cream.

This nightly treatment gives your skin the opportunity to refresh and renew its smoothness over night, free from any irritating accumulations of foreign matter.

Cleopatra's secret

Washing for beauty is an age-old secret practised by Cleopatra. She used the same palm and olive oils which are scientifically blended in Palmolive, prizing them both as cleanser and cosmetic.

The modest price of Palmolive puts the greatest luxury of all the ages within the reach of all and allows enjoyment of its use for every toilet purpose. Let it do, too, for your body what it does for your face.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

10c

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

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A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

MOTION PICTURE

THE QUALITY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MARCH

MAGAZINE

25 CTS

Mae Murray

THE CONFESSIONS of an INTERVIEWER

Proud of his Wife

FROM across the room you see them. She, poised—confident; warm cheeks and slim shoulders; the woman clever enough to stay young with her husband. He, with pride of possession in every unconscious action; the husband who is proud of his wife.

Yet how few women realize this simple subtlety of life! Too many of us believe the need of beauty caution ceases at the altar.

Youth! Enchantment! The radiance of schoolgirl days. We need no longer lose them.

The means are simple, as millions will tell you—just soap and water; the balmy lather of palm and olive oils as embodied in Palmolive.

The correct method

Use powder and rouge if you wish. *But never leave them on* over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. *Then repeat both* washing and rinsing. Apply a touch of cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

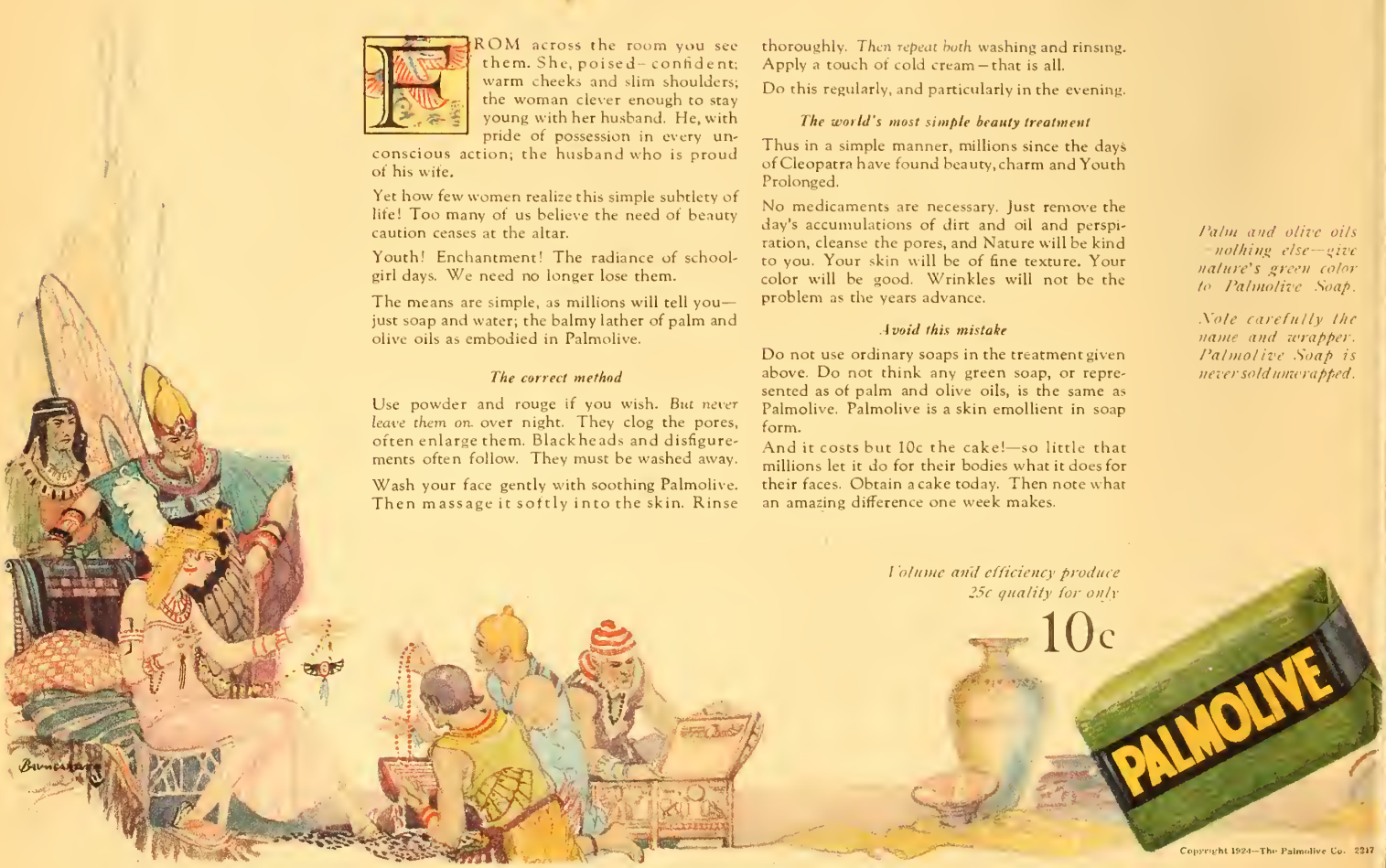
Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.



Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c

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When Your Guests Are Gone —

Are You Sorry You Ever Invited Them?

MOST of us are, you know. We spoil the very impression we try to create. We invite people to our homes, eager to prove ourselves good hosts and hostesses, anxious to impress, certain that we will be calm, at ease, well-poised.

But somehow little unexpected problems present themselves. Somehow things do not go exactly as we had planned. An introduction clumsily made. A course served incorrectly. Conversation slowly dying—and with obvious effort brought to life again. *Embarrassing!* You just know that your guests must be noticing, silently misjudging, underestimating. And you wish fervently that you never had invited them—that you never had exposed yourself to this humiliation.

No one can achieve any amount of pleasure out of entertaining unless one can be absolutely at ease. It is discomfort and uncertainty that cause embarrassing blunders. And such blunders instantly betray one's inexperience, one's lack of knowledge.

Only by knowing precisely what is expected of you on every occasion, under all circumstances, can you be thoroughly at ease. Only by being *sure of yourself* can you avoid the embarrassment of blunders. The secret of being a good host or hostess, an ever-welcome guest, an *agreeable and likeable person* is simply the secret of knowing what to do and say on every occasion—of being always calm, poised, self-possessed.

Be Free From All Embarrassment!

Let the Famous "Book of Etiquette" Tell You Exactly What to Do, Say, Write and Wear on Every Occasion.

Thousands of men and women who were only a short time ago self-conscious and timid—who were constantly exposing themselves to the embarrassment and humiliation of blunders, who betrayed themselves instantly among strangers—are today winning respect and admiration wherever they go because of their remarkable poise and ease of manner.

Instead of learning through painful errors, instead of blundering through social life in an agony of fear lest conspicuous blunders be made, they learned *at once* through the famous Book of Etiquette exactly what was expected of them. They found out exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion. And this new knowledge banished all doubt, timidity and self-consciousness; gave them a wonderful new poise and confidence.

Are you *sure* of yourself? Or will you admit that you are sometimes just the least bit in doubt—sometimes the least bit afraid that you have done or said the wrong thing?

Can you create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly. Or are you ever "tongue-tied" among strangers, unable to express the things you would like to, unable to make yourself pleasant and agreeable?

Are you a "good mixer"—or do you never feel "at home" among strangers; always alone and out of place?

How Manners Dress Your Personality

As clothes dress your body, manners dress your personality. Not manners as the world ordinarily understands them—stilted unnatural mannerisms—but poise, ease, dignity, *confidence*. The kind of *manner* that the Book of Etiquette will give you—a manner free from embarrassment, free from the little crudities which perhaps even you do not suspect.

The Book of Etiquette is today social secretary in hundreds of thousands of homes. It is consulted whenever a wedding is planned, or a party, or a dinner. It gives authoritative information. It gives helpful advice. It solves instantly the little problems that puzzle you. And, above all, it eliminates all doubt and uncertainty, prevents any blunders, protects against embarrassment. It is one of the most useful works you could possibly own—and half a million people have found this to be positively true.

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Just your name and address on the coupon is sufficient. As soon as we receive it we will send you your set of the Book of Etiquette. You are urged to act at once, however, as it is possible that this offer may soon be withdrawn. Why not do it today, NOW, while you are thinking of it.

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You want the Book of Etiquette. You cannot help wanting a work so helpful, so fascinating, so authoritative. Let us send you your set today. Examine it. See for yourself how important it is that you own it. Take advantage of the unusual offer made in the panel to the left.

Just clip and mail the coupon. The complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once. But don't put it off. It is quite possible that this generous special-price offer will never be made again. Take advantage of it NOW. The Book of Etiquette will be sent to you in a plain carton, with no identification marks. Address Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 783, Garden City, N. Y.

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Garden City, New York.

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To know how to get better entertainment just compare pictures, point by point.

Story-interest!—maybe that's the biggest thing. No story can become a Paramount Picture unless it is drenched with the spirit of entertainment.

In acting and in the subtle art of the director you have your own taste. Discover what a considerable amount of the best of this reaches the screen of your theatre marked Paramount.

Splendor of staging! Luxury of dressing! Brilliancy of setting! You experienced fans have actually come to take these for granted in every Paramount Picture that requires them.

Many Paramount Pictures have been the outstanding successes of '23. "The Covered Wagon" loomed up as the biggest planet ever seen in the sky of entertainment!

1924 will see an abundance of Paramount Pictures. The excitement created by Cecil de Mille's production "The Ten Commandments" will take seasons to die down. Many other great new Paramount Pictures are coming.

Take the trouble to note the brand names of pictures. Do it and you'll appreciate that the name Paramount is a sure guide to the best show in town.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

8 Current PARAMOUNT PICTURES

"To the Ladies"

A James Cruze production with Edward Horton, Theodore Roberts, Helen Jerome Eddy and Louise Dresser. From the play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Written for the screen by Walter Woods.

"Big Brother"

An Allan Dwan production with Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton and Edith Roberts. Written for the screen by Paul Sloane.

"Don't Call it Love"

A William de Mille production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Nita Naldi, Theodore Kosloff and Rod La Rocque. From the novel "Rita Coventry" by Julian Street. Written for the screen by Clara Beranger.

"West of the Water Tower"

Starring GLENN HUNTER, with Ernest Torrence and May McAvoy. Supported by George Fawcett and Zasu Pitts. Directed by Rollin Sturgeon. Adapted by Doris Schroeder from the novel by Homer Croy.

"Flaming Barriers"

A George Melford production, with Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno, Walter Hiers. By Byron Morgan. Adapted by Jack Cunningham.

"The Heritage of the Desert"

An Irvin Willatt production, with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes. Written for the screen by Albert Shelby Le Vino.

"The Humming Bird"

Starring GLORIA SWANSON. A Sidney Olcott production. From the play by Maude Fulton. Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

"Pied Piper Malone"

Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. Supported by Lois Wilson and George Fawcett. By Booth Tarkington. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Adapted by Tom Geraghty.

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!

FEB 8 1924
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A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Motion Picture Magazine

The Quality Magazine of the Screen

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For Next Month

Do You Resemble a Motion Picture Star?

Have your friends . . . and people you have met casually here and there . . . ever told you that you looked like So and So or like So and So? If they have, you'll be particularly interested in an article **Helen Carlisle** has written which is in the form of a symposium of what the different representative directors think about such resemblances aiding and lessening a beginner's chances on the screen.

Exit the Flapper Heroine

Whether you are in sympathy or out of sympathy with the flappers and their radical march towards independence. Whether their ego and their rebellion against old-established traditions amuses or infuriates you, you'll find **Harry Carr's** article under the above title well worth reading. It is not only enlightening, it is amusing. For this last year has found the matrons of the screen scoring the greatest successes . . . while curls and short skirts have gone begging.

Three Weeks

Elinor Glyn, so the story goes, came to America and invested thousands of her own dollars in order that her favorite novel be screened in the way she believed it should be screened. In the April number there will be a novelization of this production, profusely illustrated with scenes from the play.

The other features of the April *Motion Picture Magazine* are so numerous that lack of space alone forbids us going on indefinitely with our résumé of this issue. Order your copy now from your newsdealer.

The April Motion Picture Magazine

For sale on all news-stands
March first
But it might be well to reserve your copy now

FREE

1 Damask Table Cloth 6 Napkins *and* 2 Doilies

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High Grade 110 PIECE Dinner Set

Your Own Initial on Every Piece

$1 Martha Washington Initial Dinner Set

With Order

No picture can do justice to this dinner set. I want you to see it on your own table. I want you to know the Attractiveness of its Aristocratic Colonial Shape, the Beauty of its refined Gold Border and Orange band. I want you to see how the big, wide, brilliant gold handles enrich and beautify the set. Then I want you to know the Pride of Possessing a high-class dinner set that has your initial on every piece. I will send you the entire set, **110 PIECES on 30 Days' Free Trial.** The picture shows, in reduced size, the attractive initial design. This design is in 7 harmoniously blended colors and gold. SUPREME QUALITY. Everything that high class materials, manufacturing skill, art and design can do, has been done to make this beautiful Dinnerware a Remarkable Bargain. All the decorations; the initial, the wreath, the scroll of roses in natural colors, the gold edge, and the inner line of orange, are absolutely put on to stay. We guarantee against breakage in shipment. **Replacements or additional pieces of this pattern may be procured from us for a period of three years. Each piece wrapped separately in tissue paper.**

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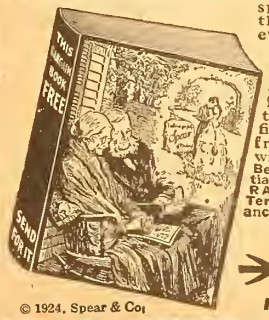
Special Sale Price $29.95

30 Days' Free Trial — Easy Monthly Payments

This dinner set formerly sold for $44.75 and without the Free Table Cloth, Napkins and Doilies. You would have been satisfied to pay this price for the High Quality and Exquisite Design of this set alone. To these points of excellence I have added these additional features: The exclusiveness of your own initial on every piece; the lavish beauty of seven colors and Gold in the decorations; the distinctively handsome, big, wide, bright, gold handles. I have also added a daintily colored floral spray which is opposite the initial design on every piece.

I want to send you the 110 pieces on 30 Days' Free Trial to use as your own. If your satisfaction is not complete, return the set. I will refund your first payment and all freight charges. The trial will not cost you a penny. **Be careful to state the initial you desire. Order No. RA 2920. Price $29.95. Terms: $1.00 with order, balance $2.50 Monthly.**

NATHANIEL SPEAR
President



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If you will send your order QUICKLY, I will send you Absolutely Free a Table Cloth, 6 Napkins, 2 Doilies, all nicely scalloped. These articles are made of Full Bleached Satin Finish Cotton Damask. The design is attractive; the wearing quality thoroughly satisfactory. The table cloth is round, beautifully scalloped, and finished with a mercerized corded edge of dainty beauty; it measures 56 inches in diameter—a very practical size. The napkins are scalloped and corded to match the table cloth; they measure 17½ x 17½ inches. The 2 round doilies match the table cloth and napkins and are 13 inches in diameter.

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By Alois Merke, Founder of Merke Institute

WHAT USERS SAY

Scores of Other Letters Tell the Same Story

Can't Praise Too Much

"I have been bothered with dandruff for twenty years and had lost nearly all of my hair. I have used your treatment 30 days now and have a good growth of hair coming in. I cannot say too much in praise of the Merke Treatment."
C. H. B., *Parsons, Kansas.*

Quick Results

"Kindly allow me to praise and recommend the wonderful Merke Treatment to any one who may be looking for a hair treatment which positively shows quick results. After five weeks' treatment a new growth of hair has shown on each side of the temple, where I have been bald for years."
C. B., *New York City.*

Does Everything Claimed

"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Treatment. I can't say enough for it. It will do everything you claim it to do."
Mrs. G. G., *Houston, Tex.*

Improvement Daily

"After using the Merke Treatment as per your instructions, my scalp is now showing improvement daily, and I think in time I will have more hair than I had two years ago. I was practically bare on the top, but now it is gradually filling in from the back."
J. S. W., *Attleboro, Mass.*

Was Skeptical Once

"I must frankly state I was decidedly skeptical as to your claims for the Merke Treatment, but a faithful use of it for a month has removed all doubt, and three of us are obtaining unbelievable results both in looks and steady growth. It has also worked wonders with the scalp, stopping all dandruff and falling hair."
L. W. F., *Chelsea, Mass.*

Head Covered With Hair

"I am dropping you a few lines to let you know about your wonderful Merke Treatment. The top of my head is almost covered with new hair. I have been trying for the last five years but never could find anything that could make hair grow until I used your treatment."
T. C., *Cleveland, Ohio.*

FOLKS wonder how I can make such an iron clad offer. No one, to my knowledge, ever dared to do it before—to guarantee absolutely to grow hair or the treatment costs nothing at all! Here's the answer. Read the letters printed on this page—letters from those who have tried this startling new method. These are just a few of the many that pour into my office every day—letters which show without a shadow of doubt that my home treatment—in the majority of cases—positively **does grow hair!**

I don't say my treatment will grow hair in every case. There are some cases that nothing in the world can help. But I've secured such splendid results in so many other cases that I am perfectly willing to have you try my treatment at my risk! And if after 30 days you are not more than delighted with the results—if you cannot actually see a new growth of hair—then all you need to do is tell me—and without the slightest question I'll mail you a check refunding every bit of your money! **I don't want a cent of your money unless I can actually grow hair on your head—and you are the sole judge of whether or not it grows!**

Entirely New Method

My treatment is the result of 17 years of experience gained in treating thousands of cases of loss of hair. This included many long years which I spent in such famous scientific research centers as Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, Cairo and Geneva. At the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, some have paid as high as $500 for the results brought. Yet now—through the Merke Home Treatment—these same results may be secured at home—for just a few cents a day!

My method is entirely different from anything known or used before. There is no massaging—no singeing—no "mange cures"—no unnecessary fuss nor bother of any kind. Yet results are often noticeable after the very first few treatments.

My treatment proves that a big percentage of hair troubles, even of years' standing, is caused—not by dead hair roots—but by dormant hair roots which now can be awakened and made to grow again. Already scores of men and women who suffered for years from thin falling hair have acquired a thick, healthy growth of hair through this new method, which provides a way of penetrating to the hair roots and furnishing nourishment direct to them. This treatment can be taken in any home in which there is electricity.

Free Booklet Explains Treatment

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet describing my treatment in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of the hair—and in addition shows by actual photographs what my treatment is doing for thousands of others.

If you are "thin on top"—or if you are troubled with falling hair and dandruff—this free book will prove to be of the greatest value to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent you by return mail without cost or obligation.

ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, INC.
Dept. 563, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City

WHAT USERS SAY

"Concerning the Merke Treatment will advise that it has undoubtedly benefited my hair and scalp. The 'bald spot' seems slowly but surely growing smaller, and Merke Treatment seems to be doing the work."
H. C. G.
Baltimore, Md.

Hair Growing Again

"I wouldn't take $50 for your treatment. It was far beyond my expectations. My hair was dead and had no lustre. Now it is restored to its brilliancy and has begun to grow again. Thanks."
J. B. C.
Hillsboro, Tex.

New Hair in 20 Days

"Have been using Merke Treatment 20 days and have received great results. My hair has been falling out for four years and your Treatment has checked it. I had two spots on my head where there was not even any fuzz, and there is new hair growing on them now. I wouldn't take $50 for the Merke Treatment. I think it's the best in the world."
J. M.
Smackoner, Ark.

Satisfied With Results

"I am satisfied with results. Lots of hair is growing where I was bald. I mean in front where one mostly loses hair first. It was just as bare as the palms of my hands. Now hair is coming again."
C. F.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Dept. 563, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Institute Home Treatment.

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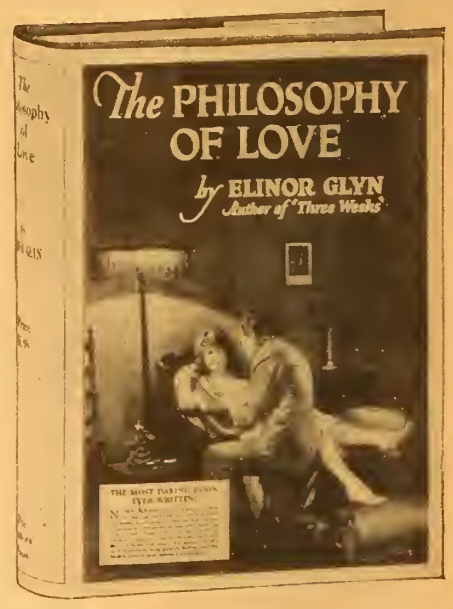
Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman —married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel —it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk — without advancing a penny.



WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame —the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- —how to win the man you love.
- —how to win the girl you want.
- —how to hold your husband's love
- —how to make people admire you.
- —why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love.
- —why many marriages end in despair.
- —how to hold a woman's affection.
- —how to keep a husband home nights.
- —things that turn men against you.
- —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- —the "danger year" of married life.
- —how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming —how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- —how to attract people you like.
- —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- —are there any real grounds for divorce?
- —how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- —how to tell if someone really loves you.
- —things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *MUST NOT DO* unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

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Certain shallow-minded persons may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

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Motion Picture Magazine
(Trade-mark Registered)
Founded by J. Stuart Blackton
MARCH, 1924
Vol. XXVII No. 2

Where, Oh Where, is the Happy Medium

It is just a few years ago that the critics and the public objected to the shabby sets which motion-picture producers used as backgrounds for homes of wealth . . . and to the country-dressmaker, bargain-counter creations both débutantes and dowagers wore upon the screen. We remember vividly dining-rooms in the homes of the cinematic Four Hundred which were replicas of the plate-racked, beam-ceilinged, colored glass-domed rooms in which The People dwell.

But how far the pendulum has swung in the other direction! No director would attempt to suggest luxury today without a dinner-dance as extensive and extravagant as the New Orleans Mardi Gras . . . with a swimming-pool embedded with jeweled lights and chaise-lounge gondolas as a climax. And few actresses would attempt to portray the daughter or mistress of a brown-stone front without a wardrobe which would, actually, cause our Best Families to gasp and marvel that there was so much fur, chiffon, velvet and ribbon on this mortal coil.

There are poor people on the screen, too, of course. They dine from cracked crockery upon wedges of rye bread and the meager remains of a quart of milk. And their tubercular children pine upon beds heavy with torn and soiled linen. But it is a rare thing to find the average American family shadowed . . . the family living in the suburbs, with a commuter father, or the family living comfortably in the city, with a stenographic daughter supplementing the family income. Yet such lives, as you witness them day after day, are rich in drama. Surely they form the bulk of life.

But where, oh where, is the happy medium? The exaggeration we see today is as far removed from the truth as the erstwhile conditions which were so harshly criticized. Can it be that the truth is so difficult to arrive at? Or is it that the pendulum, seeking it, swung too far and will gradually arrive at its central point?

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are directly caused by infection from dust · · Guard against them by the right cleansing treatment!

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Our Portrait Gallery

Photograph by John Ellis

MARY ASTOR

For a time we feared that the exploitation of Mary Astor's young beauty and slender years would lose her to the screen as a real actress. But this portrait study from "Beau Brummel" reassures us. Here she is possessed of an intriguing drama and a subtle color

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

DOUGLAS MacLEAN

Much of Douglas MacLean's popularity may be attributed to the fact that he typifies all the clean, breezy and care-free things which the American man is supposed to be . . . and too seldom is, these days, under the yoke of responsibility. His "Going Up" proved immensely popular, and now he is concentrating his attention upon "The Yankee Consul"

MAY McAVOY

The career of May has been unfortunate. Her screen presence is too whimsical and delicate to be set in the average blatant and commercial production. Yet with time and thought given to the selection of her rôles, she might easily add other portraits as rare as her Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy" to the shadow gallery. Now she is playing with Richard Barthelmess in "The Enchanted Cottage"

SHIRLEY MASON

Photograph by Nickolas Muray

Shirley Mason carries on. Her productions follow on the heels of one another in a steady and somewhat unvarying march. She has not known the inspiration of an opportunity to do a really fine thing now and then as so many of the stars have done. Nor does this blunt the edge of the enthusiasm which she seems to bring to her work . . . or to dull the edge of her popularity

BEBE DANIELS

The photographer caught the fiery Bebe in a pensive mood. But there is no gainsaying the fact that, pensive or fiery, Bebe is endowed with "that indescribable something" about which writers constantly talk. At present, Bebe is giving her professional attention to her rôle in "The Taming of the Shrew"

Photograph by Richee

Photograph by James Hargis Connelly

GLENN HUNTER

His new contract with the Famous Players to the contrary, Glenn Hunter is not worried about the recent depression in motion-picture production. For Glenn is playing "Merton of the Movies" on a Chicago stage . . . and the screen rights to this play have been purchased so that he may breathe sympathetic life into a shadow Merton when the studios open again

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

GEORGE WALSH

As we go to the presses, it is definitely announced that George Walsh will play "Ben Hur" and he is scheduled to sail for Europe shortly. In the meantime, however, he may be seen in "Reno" the Rupert Hughes production which deals with the divorce laws

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

RICHARD DIX

Richard Dix enjoys the distinction of being about the only honest-to-goodness bachelor in the California film colony. All this is strange, too, when you consider his romantic screen presence. "Strangers" finds him cast with Betty Compson and Lewis Stone

After Him There Isn't Any More

Thus Spake the Barrymore Valet of Nine Years' Standing . . . An Association Which Would Rub the Gold Dust Off Many a Star

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

"TEMPERAMENTAL? John Barrymore?" His valet of nine years' association despaired over our suggestion. "Not him. He seldom says no. Temperamental folks dont work like him. When we was finishing up 'Beau Brummel' in California, he worked all day Saturday and most of Saturday night, then all day Sunday and most of Sunday night. He kept going with black coffee. We took the train on Monday and arrived in New York the following Saturday morning at nine-thirty. At ten-thirty he was on this stage rehearsing and he rehearsed all day and into Sunday morning. Then all Sunday and well into Monday morning so they could open on Monday night. There ain't nobody else could do that or would do that. In 'Hamlet,' too.

"See that telegram—it's from the gang at the studios wishing him luck. See those pictures," indicating two group photographs flanking the telegram which hung over the make-up-shelf, "Mr. Barrymore with the stage hands. Temperamental! No, sir. There's only one John Barrymore and after him there isn't any more."

Allow us, kind readers . . . Paul, valet, secretary, buffer and Chief High Functionary to John Barrymore, a living contradiction that no man is a hero to his valet. And it must be admitted that to remain a hero after nine years of close association is an unmistakable mark of greatness. Such an association would rub the gold dust off many a star.

. . . .

Out in front they were standing five deep. The thunder of applause had time and time again demanded curtain calls. It was quarter to six and the matinée was not yet over. Yet the evening curtain would rise promptly at eight-fifteen. And there are few more strenuous rôles than "Hamlet." And fewer artists who give it the vitality and fire which Mr. Barrymore breathes into this Shakespearian villain-hero, never, it would seem, to be lost to the ages but to stand forth in literature effulgent in the light of appreciation . . . surely to be remembered henceforth in link with the illustrious name of John Barrymore, as Camille is remembered with the reverenced name of Sarah Bernhardt.

His valet had come to the stage door and ushered us to his dressing-room to await the tardy final curtain. We invaded the sepulchral, uncertain shadows of the wings and passed toward a distant light. Our eyes, now accustomed to the dimness, discerned three crouched and hooded Danish figures waiting cues to go on as atmosphere. And, farther on, six musicians played a dirgeful measure without the benefit of music sheets which would have served them ill in the deep shadows. Above this came the Barrymore voice from the stage . . . rich in timbre, vibrant with fervor, and husky with passion in his denunciatory address.

So we went on . . . to the lighted space of his dressing-room . . . the same dressing-room where Pavlowa veils her swan-like beauty when she transforms the creaking old stage of the Manhattan Opera House into the Palace of the Ice Queen. A few weeks before Pavlowa had gone and the stage was now impressively somber with a Robert Edmund Jones background, but studded here and there with the brilliant scarlet, gold and royal purple of the players' velvets and satins.

There was a blare of trumpets. There (*Contd. on page* 88)

"The movies," he said, "remind me of Pandora's box. I'm fascinated and enthralled waiting to see what wonder they will next produce. There are a number of real artists on the screen and they work for it untiringly. And the very fact that these great minds are dedicated to its advancement, marks the screen as potentially great"

Photograph by Arnold Genthe

Crinoline Days

Everyone who saw the grace with which Norma Talmadge wore her crinolines and laces in "Smilin' Thru" will rejoice that "Secrets" brings her once more to the lovely basques and hoop-skirts of remembered years. She invests this page with the romantic charm of a lacy valentine

Mae and the Early Days

D. W. Griffith glanced over at Mae Marsh and remarked: "Why, yes, she'll do. I'm using quite a crowd." In this highly complimentary manner was the young lady introduced into the Griffith fold

By
HELEN CARLISLE

Mae's ambition to become a screen actress dated from the day she saw Blanche Sweet come out of a saloon with tears in her eyes. Of course, you'll understand that Blanche was in a movie and Mae in the audience. (Mae is now playing in "Daddies")

There were far prettier girls on the old Biograph lot. Perhaps they, too, admired Bobby Harron. But he passed them all by for the little freckle-faced, red-haired girl who threw pebbles at him. And Mae says today: "I did my best work with Bobby .. sometimes I think it is the best work I shall ever do"

EVERY now and then Mae would pick up a rock and heave it at Bobby.

And Bobby, just to show his deep respect and admiration for Mae, would return the rock, not infrequently with interest.

"You know how kids are when they like each other," reflected Miss Marsh musingly, going back in retrospect to those happy early days on the Griffith lot.

"I thought Bobby Harron was the most wonderful being in the world. He had such beautiful eyes. I didn't know how to get acquainted with him, but I did so want to attract his attention.

"So, when I'd see him hurrying around rustling props between scenes—he was property boy as well as actor in those days—I'd gather together a pile of pebbles, stones, rocks of all sizes, and shyly throw them at him. The better I liked him, the bigger the rocks."

Presently Bobby got to the point where

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

he divided his time between acting, rustling props, and throwing rocks at Mae Marsh. The young lady had won him over.

There were far prettier girls on the lot: Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Blanche Sweet. Perhaps they, too, admired Bobby. But he passed them all by for the little freckle-faced, red-headed girl who knew that there is more than one way to a man's heart—and had chosen the method of direct attack.

After all, a man cant ignore a girl who shies rocks at him. He may be indifferent to her for a time, but sooner or later she is bound to make some impression upon him. Especially if her aim is straight.

Mae's ambition to become a screen actress dated from the day she saw Blanche Sweet come out of a saloon with tears in her eyes.

Of course, you'll understand that Blanche was in a movie and Mae in the audience. Never, says Mae, will she forget the pathos of that scene. The swinging door swung, Blanche emerged slowly thru it and drooped sadly and dejectedly out of the scene, tears streaming down her fair face. Mae has forgotten what the rest of the picture was about—whether Blanche had just seen the face on the barroom floor, or what was the matter. But she determined to weep the way Blanche Sweet wept, and on the screen, too. A few days later she went over to the Griffith studio with sister Marguerite. The older girl had been called for extra work, but a previous call from the Sennett studio prevented her accepting it. She asked Mr. Griffith if Mae might work in her stead.

Mr. Griffith glanced over at Mae and remarked, "Why yes, she will do. I'm using quite a crowd." In this highly complimentary manner was the young lady introduced into the Griffith fold.

Mae soon learned the ways of the studio. Tho everybody liked Mr. Griffith immensely, they were inclined to stand in awe of him, especially the eager extra people. When he passed a group and gave them a friendly smile, no matter what their number, they all smiled promptly back at him. (Historian's Note: This quaint custom is still widely observed in the motion-picture studios.)

One day Mr. Griffith passed Mae and another girl on the studio lot. He smiled at them. Mae's companion turned to her in a shocked manner when he had passed. "Why, you didn't smile at him!" she gasped.

"Why should I smile at him?" demanded Mae. "I dont *feel* like smiling, today."

"But you've got to smile when he does," her friend instructed her. "He's the *director!*"

Mae just couldn't help being different from the other girls, so it was inevitable that sooner or later she should attract Mr. Griffith's attention. He took her aside one day and asked her if she had ever seen Mary Pickford on the screen.

No, she hadn't seen Miss Pickford, but she had seen Blanche Sweet come out of a saloon weeping, and she wanted to act like Blanche Sweet.

Mr. Griffith shook his head. "You are more the Pickford type," he told her, and he gave her extra work to do in Mary's company. Presently, in a pretentious and heart-

(*Continued on page* 83)

In a manner the eager, wistful little Mae Marsh of ten years ago is gone. She is older; life has broadened, tempered her. But while that throat-catching smile-thru-tears trembles on her lips we'll not quite lose the little Mae Marsh of the early days

But underneath everything that was said, or wasn't said, seemed a thrumming of wings. The air was so thick and a-flutter it seemed hard to breathe. "Am I falling in love?" she wondered, and was terrified

Dana Gatlin's Serial Story

Thistledown

THE THIRD INSTALMENT

Illustrated by Harold Lund

HI HAD almost completed the rough climb of the dilapidated old driveway, and the chimneys of the ruined mansion were discernible beyond the clearing, when suddenly his spirit of adventure was rewarded by the sound of someone singing—it was a forgotten bit of nonsense, sung in a high-pitched, sweet and mocking voice:

"There was I, waiting at the church,
Waiting at the church—waiting at the church—"

Hi halted his car and peered around.

"You're looking in the wrong direction," called a familiarly mischievous voice and then, to his astonishment, he saw Dolly advancing thru the dry rustling leaves that carpeted the woods.

"How on earth did you get up here?" he asked.

"The wind blew me—I'm thistledown, you remember." And she went on with her song:

"When I found he'd left me in the lurch,
Lor', how it did upset me!"

"What are you doing here?" Hi demanded.

"This is my home," demurely. "I told you I lived in the woods."

Hi had been wanting to see this girl, and had gone to some trouble on that account, as we know; but now he frowned, and Dolly cried:

"You're cross with me—is it because I said I lived in the woods? Oh, Mr. Daggett, please dont be angry, for it's really not a lie."

Her voice was meek and beseeching, but Mr. Daggett frowned the more.

"I had intended apologizing to you," he said stiffly. "I realize I acted like a cad and took a certain advantage of you. And I'd told myself that when I saw you again, I'd tell you——"

"Do you prepare your speeches in advance?" interrupted Dolly, interestedly. "That must make you a very brilliant conversationalist."

"I had another reason for wishing to see you," yet more stiffly. "Your apron," extending the package—"you left it in my car."

"Oh, yes," taking it. "It belongs to Anna—I must return it."

Then the recollection that the girl had lost her position stirred Hi's sympathies, despite himself; he said, more kindly:

"I stopped at the road-house to give it to you, and they told me you'd gone. How did you lose the job so quickly?"

"It makes no great difference—I'm pleasantly situated here," with a casual backward nod.

"You're employed at the cottage?" surprised. "You found a new situation in short order."

Stooping to tie a lace of her stout boots, the girl did not at once answer. She was not dressed as he had seen her previously, she wore a short tweed skirt, and a serviceable sweater buttoned against the October wind.

"I'm allowed to dress comfortably when I walk in the woods," she explained, noting his keen glance of appraisal. "She shows me unusual consideration—my present mistress."

"I've heard something about the new tenant up here—she's created quite a mystery for Fairfield. What's she like?"

"Well," said Dolly, "I dont think I approve of her altogether—no, in many ways, I dont approve," shaking her head solemnly. "But I dont think I should discuss my mistress, should I?"

"Perhaps not," agreed Hi. That phrase "my mistress," on Dolly's lips, had an oddly distasteful sound. Moreover

"Gee whiz!" he said, "but this makes a nice picture—the fire going, and you sitting here, with the firelight playing—this old room never gave me such a kick!"

he had already lost, somehow, the impulse which had carried him past that "No Trespassing" sign.

"Anyway, she's pretty good to me," Dolly went on. "She says I may spend my spare time in these woods." She gazed around her. "These woods—in autumn!"

"They're pretty at this time of year," agreed Hi.

"Pretty!" and her eyes flew back to deride his adjective. "I wish you could see a spot I've just found—a bit of heaven!"

"Show it to me," invited Hi, forgetting his recent exasperation.

"Didn't you read the sign at the gate? And that's not the only reason——"

"If I hadn't trespassed I shouldn't have found *you,* and I'd been looking for you for a long time."

"Well, you've delivered the apron, and that's why you were looking for me—good-bye."

But as she spoke the dismissal, her eyes were so reproachful as to remind him of his real and unfulfilled motive; and he found himself blurting out:

"No the apron wasn't the reason! I wanted to tell you how ashamed I am of myself. I was drunk, Dolly, and I wish you'd slapped my mouth off. And from the bottom of my heart I'm sorry, Dolly—will you believe that?"

It was an unaccustomed and difficult speech for young Hi Daggett, but his reward was the quick light in those wistful eyes.

"Yes, I believe you," she said simply; and with her look gave him another picture to add to his mental gallery.

In his early twenties a man is as a harp, upon which feminine fingers may play. And the girl often understands no better than he the variations of the tune. She plucks the strings to her moods; but it depends upon her playing, as well as upon her instrument, how harmonious the result will be.

Dolly looked at him trustfully, and said: "*Now* I can show you my treasure-spot," and led the way thru a short cut in the woods.

It was only a decrepit relic of a "summer-house" set at the lower edge of the mansion's grounds, but it was guarded at the rear by a procession of firs which marched up the slope like sentinels; and in front of it the woods fell away as if in homage, a huge resplendent footstool of crimson-and-gilt. The air was lazy and golden, the leaves fell and made a bright pattern, near things seemed far away—a mellow, shining peace hung over everything.

"Isn't it nice?" breathed Dolly. "It's a place to remember when you're far away—peace . . . peace. . . ."

The young man stared at her curiously. He made as if to say something, and evidently changed his mind. But he asked:

"Aren't you as happy as you look, I wonder? Sort of funny thing to think about—'peace.'"

"Of course I'm happy," she answered lightly; then she flashed him a direct glance. "Are *you* happy?"

And young Hi, strangely enough, did not jest or banter. He looked out across the crimson hills. "Happiness?—what is it? It's a pretty elusive proposition, I guess."

"People who hunt it too hard, as the main proposition, are apt to lose it, maybe," said the girl, with a wisdom beyond her station and years. Then, with apparent irrelevance, she remarked:

"What a pity it is you're rich."

"A pity to be rich!" surprised, and slightly confused. Then he laughed. "I thought everyone wanted to be rich—how have you been brought up, Dolly, to get such a crisscross notion?"

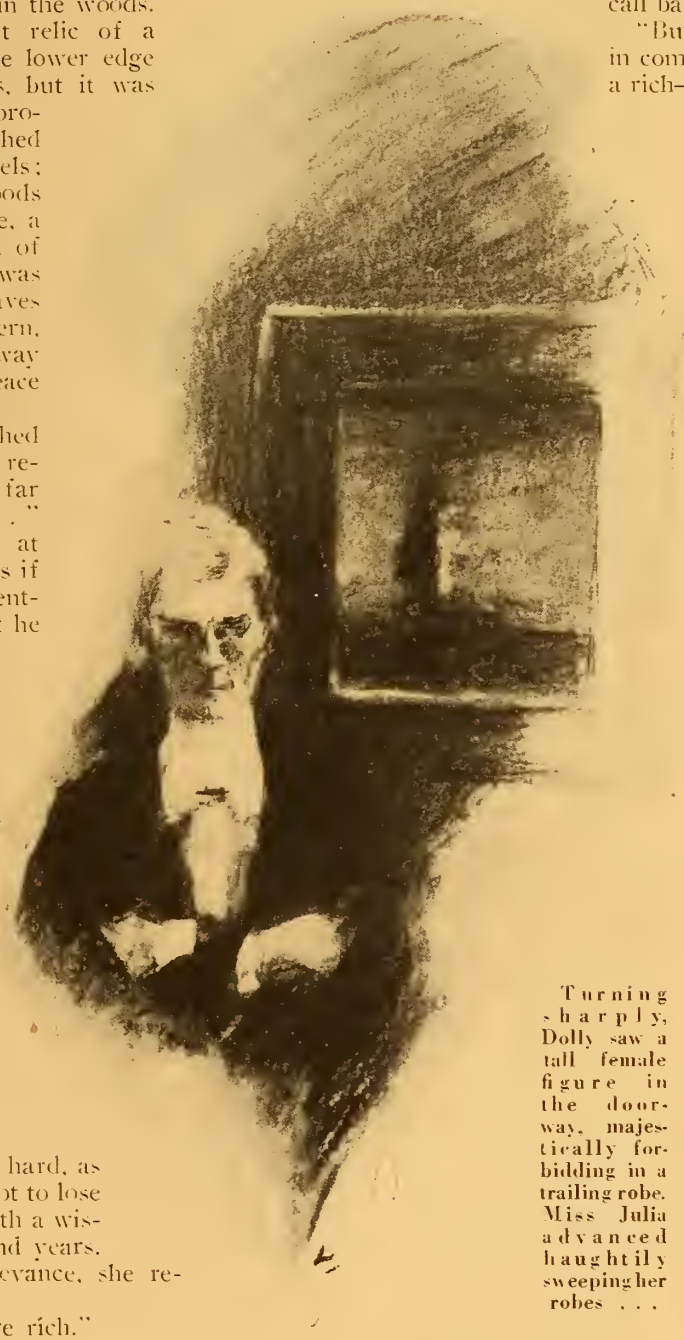
"In a crisscross way, maybe. You know I'm a servant—but you yourself said I was an extraordinary girl."

"I haven't changed my mind," said Hi.

"I'm glad you dont think me ordinary, at least," she said gratefully.

Hi winced—he wished she hadn't chosen that adjective.

In the pause that fell between them, Dolly could remember she had duties elsewhere.



Turning sharply, Dolly saw a tall female figure in the doorway, majestically forbidding in a trailing robe. Miss Julia advanced haughtily sweeping her robes . . .

"I must get back to the cottage," she said firmly.

"Oh, dont go yet! Let's sit on these nice leaves awhile——"

"No," firmly, "I've been gone too long already."

"When will you come out here again? This time tomorrow?"

"Please come. If I get here first I'll whistle—this'll be my signal——" and he whistled a couple of bars.

"I'm not so sure it would be right," she said, retreating. But beyond the hedge, she paused to call back:

"But we do seem to have something in common, dont we? Tho' you're only a rich—I mean tho I'm only a servant!"

Then she turned and sped swiftly thru the open grounds in the direction of the cottage.

As Hi was getting his car started back down the tricky old driveway, a man with a sack of nuts appeared out of the woods. He peered after the retreating car, and grinned.

The nut-gatherer, whose name was Schofield—not that his name matters—performed odd jobs around Fairfield as his profession, and spent his leisure hours in the public loafing places; he peregrinated a great deal, and talked where he moved.

That evening, in one of the garages, he narrated with considerable relish:

"Saw young Daggett's bus up on the De Bossert property today—guess he's making up to this dame who's moved in."

And the next morning, as he raked leaves on one of the residential premises, he confided to a maid dusting rugs:

"Young Daggett's started calling on that dame up at the De Bossert's already. Might know 'twouldn't take him long to get up there!"

"Maybe she's one of his friends from the city," conjectured the maid, interestedly. "Maybe he got her to come out here—he runs to pretty wild ones in the city, I guess."

This suggestion Schofield took as his own and let his fancy embroider upon it.

One of the classic poets centuries ago eloquently sang the fleetness and prodigious growing powers of Gossip: not only can it fly swiftly as the wind but it feeds upon itself as it travels and becomes something so big, and with such peculiar quick-born adornments, that it should amaze even itself. Within a week it was known in scores of Fairfield purlieus that young Hi Daggett was an intimate guest at the De Bossert tenancy, that he was paying the rent, that the woman had her own good reasons for not thrusting herself upon Fairfield's notice—these reasons, and all the interesting details of young Hi's connection with her, were so numerous and diversified

that space does not here permit their recounting.

Meanwhile, Hi, unaware that his enterprise was a matter of such common knowledge, was almost daily finding his way to the old summer-house. Is it so strange? It was an ideal *rendezvous*, sequestered, and englamored with the time of year. And there awaited him a pretty girl, bothersomely delightful, and who certainly was not averse to his coming.

Of course young Hi told himself—several times—not to go near the spot; but he went. And Dolly told herself that if he came she would not heed his whistle; but on the notes of the call she would come strolling demurely across the leaves. And they sat in a world of gold, and listened to the bright leaves falling, and looked at each other thru the languorous air, and talked of—but what does it matter what two talk about, when the magical hour is upon them?

At first it was a sort of game; and each knew it for a game. And the girl knew the boy was more than half-ashamed of his part in it, and she thought she knew why. She was amused at his embarrassed predicament, but she was oddly troubled, too—even in a game a girl doesn't enjoy knowing a man is ashamed. And because she was troubled, she teased him the more, teased him until he said once, complainingly:

"That name suits you better than I knew, Thistledown you can be sweet, and soft like feathers — but, Lord, you can prick!"

The more he complained, the more she teased him—she knew he was caught. What girl doesn't! That first night at Thiebaud's inn, when she served him menially, she had known he was caught. And she knew he did not like being caught, that he was fighting against it. For two successive afternoons, once, he did not invade the De Bossert territory with his devil-car. And she knew he would not have come the third day, if he could have helped himself.

To punish him she herself did not appear, when he finally whistled his presence at the *rendezvous*.

And it was then she suddenly realized that, for her, the game had somehow ceased being a game.

At first her liking had gone out to him, and sympathy as well—a significant and dangerous combination, had she but known.

And then he had become a dream to steal under her eyelids! A presence to crowd in on her waking thoughts!

She would not go out there—but if only he would not whistle! Those soft, cajoling whistlings that begged "wont you come—wont you come?" And her hand suddenly pressed against her breast felt a quivering answer she could not still. She would not go out there . . . but if only he would not whistle!

"Am I falling in love?" she wondered. She was terrified.

And because she was terrified, when she finally kept the tryst, not that day but the next, her manner was enormously casual.

And Hi, too, was casual and careless; surprisingly little was said of their mutual defections.

But underneath everything that was said, or wasn't said, seemed a thrumming of wings. The air was so thick and a-flutter it seemed hard to breathe.

And once when he shifted his position as he sat so that his sleeve, not actually touching her, brushed her arm, her heart made a strange movement as if it suddenly tried to turn over.

And Dolly thought: "Good heavens! I guess I *am* falling in love—and it's terrible."

Often had she, like any girl, dreamed of the phantom lover—conjured the face not yet seen, and the voice not yet heard; but now, timid and fearful, she glanced at the young man beside her.

"To think when it finally happened to me," she thought resentfully, "it has to be a sort of bum. A rich bum, whose name's a byword. And whose behavior with me, sneaking up here to meet me secretly, is enough to show him up for what he is!"

And she told herself, additionally:

"I ought to despise him. Why am I so happy with him?—when I'm not miserable. Why has it been like that from the very first? And why do I like everything about him—why does his very badness make me feel just awfully, awfully sorry for him?"

Then, being a just girl, she added the thought: "I guess I've acted as no-account in this thing as he has; serves me right to get stung; a light cheap flirtation—

Thistledown

What Has Happened Before

In the rôle of waitress in the notorious road-house of old Leon, the Alsatian, Dorothy Claiborne of royal lineage meets young Hi Daggett, the millionaire rounder of the village of Fairfield, Conn., and the old story of the chase begins. Hi tags Dorothy "Thistledown," tho she modestly protests that her name is Dolly Watt. Dolly has her own reason for the disguise—a wealthy fiancé from whom she is seeking surcease. Young Hi, tho overfree with hearts and drink, attracts her enormously, but Leon, apparently the keeper of her honor from long ago, discourages an affair. However, fortune and recklessness soon favor Hi. He is racing thru Fairfield at a dangerous speed in his roadster, a figure dashes from the sidewalk and stands immediately in the path of the car. He throws on the brakes. It is Dolly. She berates him for his criminal recklessness, he her for her foolhardiness. Then a motor-cycle cop looms in pursuit. Young Hi is in danger of losing his license. He tells Dolly so, and she jumps into the car and takes the blame. The cop allows them to go free. They drive off into the dusk. The passion of their young hearts, and the inevitable bottle of whiskey for Hi, cause him to kiss Dolly furiously. She leaves his car at Three Corners, a lonely cross-roads in the woods. They part enemies, Dolly to go to her cottage on the deserted De Bossert estate, where her unwelcome fiancé has been trying to phone to her; Hi to spend the night drinking. But neither can efface the memory of the kiss. Hi later seeks Dolly at the road-house. She has left. His chum, Loft, tells him that he has seen Dolly on the silversheet, but he disbelieves him. He recalls that his sister has said that a supposedly fast woman is an interloper on the De Bossert place. He goes to the estate, Dolly uppermost in his thoughts, and ignoring the "No Trespassing" sign, drives boldly up the path to the house.

that's what I deserve, in place of the real thing."

Her face had grown so moody that Hi roused himself from a prolonged abstraction to ask:

"What's on your mind, Thistledown? Anything go wrong on the job today?"

She shook her head and contrived a negligent smile. He frowned and gazed off over the painted woods, before he said:

"See here—do you like this job?"

"Why—yes; it's a pretty good job. Why?"

"Oh, I was just thinking—I've done a good bit of thinking about this, Thistledown." He was fumbling, as if uncertain of his words and how to say them. "You dont like to talk about yourself—but it seems a pity, a girl like you—couldn't you stay with your people at home, maybe?"

"No, I have to work away from home," Dolly answered.

"Well, if you have to work, couldn't you find some kind that's—better? I dont know how much education you've had, but you seem to have had a surprising lot; and you're unusually intelligent—and with your personality——" He hesitated, frowned thoughtfully. "Now there's office work—there's a big demand there, and big opportunity for a girl of your ability."

"I've never had any business training," Dolly murmured.

Then he faced her earnestly.

"See here, Dolly—I wouldn't want you to misunderstand this. But if I could stake you to some course in a business college or wherever they learn those things—well, I'd be tickled to death to do it—and with no motive but the pleasure it'd give me to help you a little."

It was his look, even more than his words, that gave the girl just then, the deepest and dearest thrill Hi Daggett had ever given her.

And her eyes were so bright and candid and sweet as to cover her secret shame, as she said:

"You want so much to help me?—oh, you're *good!*"

"Piffle," responded young Hi. "But it's straight stuff about wanting to help you—I'd cut off my right hand if that'd help you, Dolly."

That made her impulsively put out her own hand, and Hi caught not only it but its mate also; and then swiftly the moment became so dangerous that Dolly smiled her teasing smile, and said:

"I'll remember this sweet little moment—after we have quarrelled."

"We'll never quarrel," stated young Hi.

"Yes, we shall." She wriggled her left hand free. "My ring's cutting my finger," and she twisted her hand so that the bauble caught fire. "Maybe if I pawned this ring," she said speculatively, "I wouldn't have to bother so much about work."

Then she flashed him a sly glance. "You thought it was an imitation?" she asked.

"I'd rather think so," said young Hi, who had turned grim.

"Well, it's not."

"Where'd you get it?" he demanded.

"Now I'm sorry I told you it's genuine," she said regretfully.

"Where did you get it?" he repeated.

"That I cannot tell you—anyway, what concern is it of yours?"

He started to answer hotly but bit off the words before they were spoken; and Dolly gave a little smile, then a sigh and said:

"You see we're quarrelling already. Well—I must be getting back to my duties."

"What are your duties?—why are you so blamed reticent about everything? Sometimes I think you've something to conceal you're ashamed of!"

He spied into the room and saw Dolly herself seated on a sofa, sitting there as easily as if she had a perfect right to entertain callers in the chief room, while, close beside her sat—her caller

"Maybe so," was her only answer to that. "Good-bye." And with an airy gesture of farewell she ran up the slope behind the hedge.

But in youth's halcyon song, discord is but a necessary part in the sublime octave, and making the notes of renewed harmony but the sweeter. A day or so later young Hi brought to the tryst a breath-taking notion.

"You've never seen where I live. Wonder if maybe you couldn't come down a little while this evening?—I could run up and get you after dinner."

Dolly's eyes opened wide.

"But your sister—do you think she'd welcome me as a caller?"

Hi colored, and didn't quite meet Dolly's eyes. "She's not going to be home, I believe; but I thought——"

"Yes, I can imagine what you thought! You thought that while she——"

"Please," said Hi, but it was his look that stopped her; he looked so hurt and embarrassed and so eager and wistful, all at once. "What I was thinking," he went on, "was how much I'd like you to see the place I live—I'd sort of like you to see where I live."

"Would you?" asked Dolly.

"Yes." Then: "I've got some things I'd like to show you."

"Would you?"

"Yes."

Another pause. Then Dolly made herself laugh—but not teasing too much. "Well, no great harm in the mice

(*Continued on page* 110)

The Confessions of an Interviewer

If you would like to know the stars as the magazine and newspaper people come to know them, read these observations

By HARRY CARR

THE most difficult movie star I ever tried to interview was Dorothy Phillips; the easiest was Douglas Fairbanks.

In fact, Douglas interviews himself. He is like Major Rupert Hughes. He knows better than the average magazine writer what ought to be in an interview and he pours it out like milk from a pitcher. Douglas would have been a star writer—a master journalist.

The only trouble about interviewing Douglas is the strain on wind and limb. You start out by casually meeting him in the middle of the Bagdad set. He suddenly thinks of something to illustrate a point over in his art studio ten acres away and you try to canter after him at breakneck speed. Then he thinks of a photograph he wants to tell you about in his dressing-room ten acres in the other direction. You come to the end of the interview gasping for breath and verging on a collapse—but you always get a "story."

Mary Pickford is easy to interview too. She always receives you in a charming little English bungalow over in the middle of the studio. It has an odd little air of toy formality—like a party in a doll's house. Mary is absolutely, always late. Every interview begins with Mary's alibi for thinking that half-past two was half-past one. But she is so charming when she begins to talk that you forget all about it.

This will surprise you: Mary is very indiscreet. She talks so frankly and with so few reservations that you always have to protect Mary from Mary.

That is nearly always true of big brains.

The secretary of the village school board is shy and suspicious and wants to see what you are going to print before you print it. The Secretary of State says what's on his mind and trusts you not to print the wrong thing.

I once interviewed a great admiral who became so frank and reckless in what he told me that I was appalled and asked him if he thought he ought to be telling all these things to a newspaper interviewer.

It made the old sea-dog really angry.

"Well, you've got sense enough to know what you ought to print and what you oughten. My job is knowing how to run war-ships. Your job is knowing what ought to be printed."

And that's how it is with Mary. She says what is on

I dont believe that D. W. Griffith really likes being interviewed, but once caught, he always takes the utmost pains to see that the interviewer gets a thrill. He always stages a good show and makes a point of saying something that will work up into a spectacular story

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

When he is interviewed Eric von Stroheim is frankly bored to death. But when you get to know him—that is different. For beneath the sparkling veneer of his cynical indifference, von Stroheim is a tender, sentimental and devoted friend

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Lillian Gish is the delight of every scared little girl interviewer. She knows so well what they ought to ask her that she does the story up in a package and hands it to them. And Dorothy is quite the same

Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

Constance Talmadge doesn't think very much about it. But if she thought it was going to help you very much, she would walk the soles off her shoes to get herself interviewed. But I doubt if she ever reads what is written about her

When you sit down and face Blanche Sweet, you face a young lady with the light of mockery in her eyes. And if you ply her with bromide questions, she is apt to reply "Oh, for Heaven's sake—not that old bunk!"

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Gloria Swanson usually misses the appointment at which you were to have interviewed her but she is friendly and frank. And she feels she has had ruthless treatment at the hands of the American papers—and this is true

her alert, keen, incisive mind and relies upon you to do the rest. Once or twice she has trusted in the wrong people—to her subsequent rage and dismay.

And I dont mean this as a dig to Dorothy Phillips. She is an able, brainy woman; but she is so bashful that it is absolute agony for her to be lined up by an interviewer seeking the secret of her soul.

Eric von Stroheim—interviewing him is an odd experience. He is frankly bored to death. He sits on the back of his spine and looks at his gold bracelet and then at you with an unsmiling cynicism. He suggests the old vaudeville song, "It hurts me but I do it." He never makes any secret of the fact that he considers the whole thing an absurd and tiresome waste of time. He answers questions with very little enthusiasm indeed.

But when you really get to know von Stroheim. Well now that's different. He is one of the most charming companions I ever met. Of all the directors, he is the most popular with newspaper men. He has humor, sparkling wit; a naïve unguarded frankness. Also he is the most detached and impersonal soul I ever met. He sits there and watches the procession of life go by and one of those in the procession is Eric von Stroheim. Underneath the sparkling veneer of his cynical indifference, von Stroheim is a tender, sentimental, devoted friend.

Blanche Sweet is a little like that, too. When you sit down to interview her, you always face a young lady with the light of mockery in her eyes. And often it is not

Photograph by Woodbury

Corinne Griffith is charming to talk to but hard to get a story from. She always seems depressed and *distrait*. There is a distinct note of sadness about everything she does. Petulance with the world rather than real tragedy, however. An interview with Louise Fazenda, on the other hand, is a hilarious experience. She is the most brilliant talker I have ever listened to. She sizzles epigrams and aphorisms

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

confined to the eyes. If you start asking her all those old bromide questions about her favorite part and her life's ambitions, she will begin to kid you without mercy.

"Oh for Heaven's sake—not that old bunk," says Blanche.

But, like von Stroheim, Blanche can be very charming if she thinks you are worth talking to. For some reason I cant imagine having a real talk with Blanche Sweet in any place like a drawing-room, sitting on chairs. My most interesting conversations with her have been sitting on the steps of the cutting-room or perched on the running-board of somebody's automobile. Blanche has read very widely and talks well if you really get her interested in talking. Her favorite topic is her husband, Marshall Neilan; and as that happens to be mine, also——

Corinne Griffith is charming to talk to but hard to get a real story from. She always seems depressed and *distrait*. If you hit some subject in which she is interested, she suddenly becomes animated and shoots a few flashing sentences at you.

She always impresses me as being ill at ease—not thru embarrassment, but as tho she were worried about this and that—— There is a distinct note of sadness about everything she does. Petulance with the world rather than real tragedy however.

Norma Talmadge is the least impressed by publicity of anyone I ever met—man, woman or child. If Norma likes you, she will rattle off anything that happens to be on her mind—discreet or otherwise. If she doesn't like you, she will turn you a cold shoulder no matter who you are. The biggest journalist in the world and the cub reporter on the Bingtown *Evening Bugle* look just alike to her. She is one of the most fearless characters I have ever known. As nearly without vanity as it is possible for any actress to be.

Constance doesn't think much about it—either one way or another. She is a merry light-hearted, unselfish, gay little flapper. If she thought it was going to help you very much she would walk the soles off her shoes to get herself interviewed; but to tell the truth, I dont believe she ever reads what they write about her. She is too busy with her giddy little passage down the River of Jazz to bother either one way or another.

An interview with Louise Fazenda is a hilarious experience. She is so unexpected that she takes your breath away. One time I had an appointment to interview Louise and at the last moment she switched the meeting-place to a café to a dinner at which she insisted she should be the hostess.

"I think we ought to try to give the impression of great refinement," she said, "so we will eat here a while; then we will go to the café next door and eat a while, thus

(*Continued on page* 81)

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Mary Pickford is easy to interview. She is indiscreet. She talks so frankly, you have to protect Mary from Mary. That is nearly always true of big brains. Doug interviews himself. He would have been a star writer, a master journalist. He is the easiest person I ever interviewed

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Mabel Normand is a woman of unusual intellect and of vivid originality, but you might as well try to interview the March wind. If you ask her about uplifting the drama, it will make her think of a story she once heard about a darky who found a rattlesnake in his bed

Pola Negri has an inward contempt of interviewers. But she receives them with the finished ease and polish of a trained society woman and talks well. But she thinks what she thinks

An interview with Ernst Lubitsch is a heavy and portentous affair—until you come to know each other. He fortifies himself behind a big desk with an interpreter to whom he turns in agony when his English fails him. He is, however, very guarded in what he says

Vignettes of the Studios

V. The Goldwyn Studios

By

SALLY STEELE

THE EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Below is the fifth article of a series which depict the California studios. They are word pictures written by a writer who knows the studios from daily contact—who is a habitué of the great glass buildings. And we find that these studios are as widely different in atmosphere and appearance as they are in the films which are photographed behind their "No Admittance" signs.*

COME out to Goldwyn's on a crystal-clear day when the boulevard is crowded with motor-cars hurrying beach-ward, and the little town of Culver City, in which this studio stands, seems freshly washed and sparkling in a blaze of California sunlight.

For some reason, this much publicized sunlight seems always more vivid at Goldwyn's than elsewhere.

It beats down with the intensity of a spotlight on the administration buildings and star dressing-rooms that flank the grilled iron gateway. Never were lawns so green nor studio stages so white as these.

Goldwyn's is one of the finest motion-picture studios on the Coast. It has an air of solidity, of permanence quite different from that of many studios. No sun-bleached shacks for dressing-rooms, no crude unpainted stages here.

Thru the gateway one glimpses beautifully kept grounds—ten of the fifty acres comprising the lot are given over to lawn and flowers—with branching gravelled walks leading to the stages. Goldwyn's boasts, among its ten stages, the largest one in the world, covering an acre and a half of ground and accommodating fifty "sets" at one time!

The ocean boulevard flashes and scintillates with stars as a Goldwyn day begins.

Helene Chadwick, dark-eyed Patsy Ruth Miller, debonair Lew Cody with his uniformed negro chauffeur at the wheel, James Kirkwood, the golden Claire Windsor smiling a friendly morning greeting, Conrad Nagel, Edmund Lowe, daily while their pictures are in the making, whirl thru this gateway.

Directors and authors, too.

Scarlet-lipped Elinor Glyn, the picturesque von Stroheim, Rupert Hughes and the irrepressible Mickey Neilan.

I would say that Goldwyn's is the motion-picture studio dramatized.

It is the famed professional in the hour that he holds the stage. It is the theater when the houselights are down and the footlights blazing.

Mantling it always is the glamour of the theatrical world.

Even at night, Goldwyn's holds the pose. From a far distance one sees it standing whitely aloof, bathed in effulgent rays from a score of concealed spotlights.

The blackness of the night-sky serving it as backdrop. . . .

Goldwyn's is one of the finest motion picture studios on the Coast . . . Mantling it always is the glamour of the theatrical world. It is the theater when the houselights are down and the footlights blazing. It is the famed professional in the hour that he holds the stage

The Latin Invasion

When the little child looked up and smiled,
Bill's eyes would fill with tears
And he'd save her from the coyotes wild;
His first good deed in years.

Home she went, without one cent,
Walking miles thru drifting snow
To fall exhausted on the floor
Of her father's bungalow.

Drawings and Verses by Eldon Kelley

The Bygone Bad-Man

Gone are the days with their wild, rough ways
When the films were in their youth
And cowboys yelled like fiends from Hell
With manners most uncouth.
When Roughneck Bill, who ran a still,
Escaped from the county jail
To kill a man named Terrible Dan
And rob the U. S. Mail.

When a little child with manners mild
Was lost in the desert sand
And Bill saw her there, by the bob-cat's lair,
As he passed with his outlaw band,
When the little child looked up and smiled
Bill's eyes would fill with tears
And he'd save her from the coyotes wild;
His first good deed in years.

When he'd flee from the life he'd led
And his years of indiscretion
To purge his soul and make it whole
With an unreserved confession
He would make amends. He'd quit his friends
Even leave them in the lurch,
Quit drinking rum and then become
The pillar of the church.

The Erstwhile Bucolic Maid

There was also a girl with numerous curls
And an utterly vacuous look
Who would live on a farm, protected from harm,
And would dangle her toes in a brook
Until out from the city—oh, what a pity—
Came a villain with pomadic hair
Who'd see the sweet miss, and humor his wish
To make her own, then and there.

So he'd lure her away from the cows and the hay
To some city quite gorgeous and bad
And there would betray the innocent babe
Thus proving himself quite a cad.
Then? Home she went, without a cent,
Walking miles thru drifting snow
To fall exhausted on the floor
Of her father's bungalow.

Her father would always turn his back,
Saying: "You're no gal of mine,"
But up would speak the deserted Jack
And deliver himself of this line,
"Nell goes with me; I'm her fiancé."
For he was the hero, no less,
And she, growing bolder, her head on his shoulder,
Would sigh with tenderness.

Such plots are now passé . . .

Dedicated to the Old Plots Which Are Now Passé in the Vogue for Latin Lotharios So Prevalent on the Screen

The Plot of Today

Now it's the vogue to feature the rogue
With wicked Spanish eyes
Who never forgets his cigarets
And wins the bull-fight prize.
The bull spins round and paws the ground
While his horns wave in the air,
But this young hero stabs him dead
Without even mussing his hair.

To the ladies fair, he is debonair
And he twangs a wicked guitar,
He dances a tango or else a fandango
And does his love making on par.
His Spanish hat is wide and flat;
He wears a claylava complexion.
You write a book on his languorous look;
In fact, he comes close to perfection.

Now is this young fellow the swarthy Novello
Who shakes such a mean castanet?
It might be Moreno or else Valentino;
I'm sure that I always forget——
Novarro perhaps (forgive me this lapse)
He captures the young ladies' hearts:
Novello, Moreno, Novarro, Valentino,
I never can tell them apart.

Now it's the vogue to feature the rogue
With wicked Spanish eyes
Who never forgets his cigarets
And wins the bull-fight prize.

. . . . . .

Novello, Moreno, Novarro, Valentino,
I never can tell them apart!

Photograph by W. F. Seely

Jane and Eva

It is curious, the number of sisters prominent on the roster of the screen. And Jane and Eva Novak are now to be seen in the same production for the first time . . . namely, "The Man Life Passed By"

Pencil Jottings by J. W. Golinkin

A few steps farther on and you are far away from the apache Paris. Here Thomas Meighan is being photographed in "Pied Piper Malone." And we think the tiny sketch of Tommy's head just above one of the best studies we have ever seen of him

Several juvenile players are with Tommy in this picture. And if it is fair to judge by the sketch to the left, the Pied Piper of story-book lore never possessed more magnetism for the children than the kindly Meighan

Always along the side-lines . . . puffing on well seasoned pipes . . . talking of mildewed Shakespearian laurels and dusty glories . . . or, if they are young, of unattainable dreams and ambitions . . . you'll find the extras. Those sketched above were engaged for "atmosphere"

Who else as the Cap'n but the inimitable George Fawcett . . . and who else, at the left, as Tommy's heroine but Lois Wilson! A kaleidoscopic world, the motion picture studio. Where many dramas enacted are never registered by the cameras . . . Where Romance is turned out by the reel to feed a hungrily expectant world

When Villains Meet

By

HELEN CARLISLE

An Interview With Lew Cody and Adolphe Menjou

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Adolphe Menjou prefers his rôle in "A Woman of Paris" up to date. He hates costume pictures . . . considers Charlie Chaplin one of the greatest directors and doesn't particularly enjoy working opposite women stars. He lives in a neat stucco residence . . . and is married

"ONCE," observed Adolphe from the armchair, "I was asked to play a cowboy part. Now, do I look like a cowboy?"

"Not particularly," I admitted, from one end of the lounge.

"Did you play it?" asked Lew, from the other.

"No," said Mr. Menjou, for it was indeed he. "I did not play it. I put on the outfit they gave me, but I tell you, when I got into rough, shabby clothes I completely lost my own identity. I was thoroly wretched, so I told them to get someone else for the part."

Mr. Cody sighed, raised one eyebrow in the peculiar, sinister manner so well known to luckless screen heroines, and regarded the end of his cigaret.

"I always have wished," he remarked elegantly, "to play a red-nose comedy part. I dont suppose I ever shall have the chance to, tho."

Life indeed is hard for the screen's suave villains.

"I hope," continued Mr. Menjou, "that they stop producing costume pictures, for a while. I'm tired of wearing costumes." This certainly was hardly the remark one would expect from a man who wears gilt braid and velvet capes so effectively. "When we made 'The Three Musketeers,' it was so hot I nearly died."

"Speaking of costume pictures——" began Mr. Cody.

"I have under consideration," continued his companion-in-crime, not heeding the interruption, "an offer to go abroad for a picture. The only drawback is that it would be so long in the making I'd be off the screen for six or eight months."

"Dont accept it," advised Mr. Cody earnestly. "I never accept an offer to make a picture abroad. They say," he added sadly, "that the moustache wax is awful, over there."

"But," I protested at this point, mindful of the fact that if one of them left Hollywood the other would have the field of polite villainy practically to himsef, "isn't there such a thing as professional jealousy, between you two?"

"I should say not," declared the gentleman known as Lew. "Why, one day not long ago Adolphe drove clear out to the Goldwyn studios to show me some press clippings that were flattering to myself, and every now and then we go and call on the casting directors together, just for a laugh."

"Did I ever tell you, tho, Lew," asked his tried-and-true friend, "how worried I was for fear you were going to get the part of Rupert's cousin, in 'Rupert of Hentzau'?

"You see, I had an idea that Tony Moreno was to be cast as Rupert, and you as the cousin, and I did want to play that part myself. Well, a few days before the cast was definitely settled upon, I ran into a friend just out from New York. He said that the last he had heard of you, you were up in the Maine woods, doing a picture. I felt certain you were out of the way then, and thought 'Here is where I get that rôle. Lew never will get back out here in time to play it.'

"And the very next day," he added disgustedly, "I met you on Hollywood Boulevard!"

But as things turned out, Lew Cody played the title-

rôle, and Menjou played the part he wanted, after all.

The above carefully recorded conversation took place in the living-room of the Menjou residence, on a quiet side-street in Hollywood. Now, it may or may not disappoint you to know that the fascinating *Pierre Revel* of "A Woman of Paris" leaves the gold-tapestried walls, the period furniture and the bowing butler behind, when he leaves the studio. Regardless of one's private emotions, facts is facts, and must be presented as such. The Menjou home is a neat stucco residence, similar to many others in the neighborhood. The room in which we sat was just a comfortable, homelike living-room.

To complete the picture of every-day American domesticity, Mr. Menjou observed that his wife was upstairs with her dressmaker.

Mr. Cody, on the other hand, does live quite as one might expect him to, in a picturesque Italian villa on a terraced hillside overlooking Hollywood. He reveals a passion for French-Canadian poetry, and composes music—really good music too. His "Lady of the Orchids" should be published.

I was rather taken by surprise when these two gentlemen offered to share an interview with one another. One seldom comes across such generosity in Hollywood. They are so different in personality and temperament, that one cannot but wonder at their close friendship.

But friends they are, regardless of the fact that on the screen they'd have you believe them the enemies of all mankind, as a rule. Occasionally, of course, they play kindly, well-meaning young men, but in the main they rush from one cinema crime to another.

Will you ever forget Lew Cody, in "Souls for Sale," murdering his poor, trusting wives for their insurance money, or Adolphe Menjou in "The Three Musketeers," coldly driving his queen to distraction with his refined cruelty?

Do not speak of Mr. Menjou as a "heavy" tho, or you'll have him down on you forever.

"The reason I liked my rôle in 'A Woman of Paris' so well is because *Revel* was a real human being. He did the things that a man might naturally do under the circumstances. He wasn't a saint, but he certainly wasn't a villain, either."

The rôle is Mr. Menjou's favorite to date. Mr. Cody reveals partiality for no particular rôle. It is difficult to pin him down to a definite statement on any one subject. He's far too diplomatic.

Mr. Menjou is much more frank in stating his likes and dislikes. One is apt to get the impression, at a first meeting, of a high-strung, nervous, even irritable temperament. He assured me that he hated costume pictures, had just returned from a perfectly wretched location trip where he'd been up to his neck in water, considered Charlie Chaplin one of the greatest of directors, and didn't particularly enjoy working opposite women stars. And that was that.

Mr. Cody, one gleans, likes practically everything and everybody. His *savoir faire* never for a moment deserts him. Had he been present when Rome burned, he unquestionably would have seen to it that all the ladies had seats of vantage, from which to watch the conflagration, and then would have ordered tea served.

Mr. Menjou, altho he revealed at times during our conversation a whimsical, dry humor, seems for the most part to take life quite seriously. One gains the impression that Mr. Cody, on the other hand, finds it a colorful and fascinat-

(*Continued on page* 85)

Lew Cody likes practically everything and everybody. He reveals a passion for French-Canadian poetry . . . composes music, really good music too. And he lives in a picturesque Italian villa on a terraced hillside overlooking Hollywood. Just now he is not married

Photographs by George Clayton Bell

The Rival of Strongheart

Rintintin is now competing with Strongheart for the canine celluloid honors. He belongs to Mr. Lee Duncan, who is pictured at the right . . . and it was "Where the North Begins" which placed him in the stellar ranks. We have no doubt that he now has a press-agent and a specially constructed motor-car

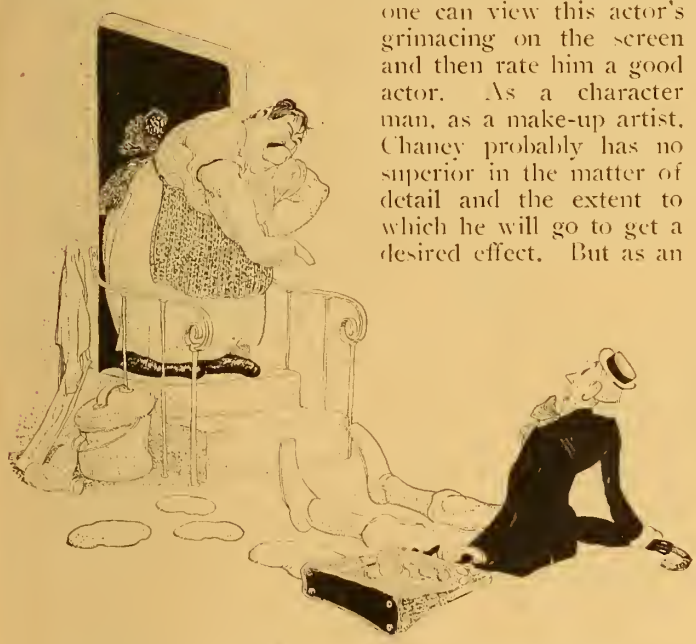
That's Out

According to

TAMAR LANE

Is Lon Chaney a Good Actor?

IN recent issues we have seen fit to pin laurel wreaths upon the brows of players generally conceded to be interesting personalities but inferior actors and actresses. In this class are such favorites as Kenneth Harlan, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, etc., who we contend, notwithstanding all opinions to the contrary, have more than the average share of histrionic ability. This month it becomes our duty to remove certain honors from the brow of a player, and the subject of our operation is none other than the popular but overpraised Lon Chaney. It is beyond our powers of conception how anyone can view this actor's grimacing on the screen and then rate him a good actor. As a character man, as a make-up artist, Chaney probably has no superior in the matter of detail and the extent to which he will go to get a desired effect. But as an actor, as an expresser of subtle emotions, Chaney must take a seat at the foot of the class. Even his portrayal in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," while convincing so far as characterization is concerned, is largely overdone facial expression.



A Dogma of the Movies: Every young man who comes from the country to make his fame in the Big City is eventually ejected by the cruel landlady for non-payment of rent

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If Advertising Slogans Were Adopted to the Films

"What's Wrong With the Women?"—Ask Dad—He Knows.

"Skin Deep"—That Schoolgirl Complexion.

"Dont Ever Marry"—Eventually, Why Not Now?

"I'd Walk a Mile For a Valentino film."

"Down to the Sea in Ships"—A Whale of a Picture.

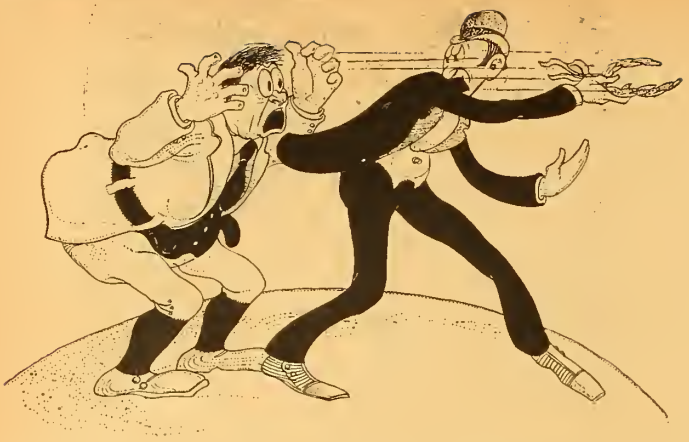
Some Things We Have Yet to See . . . A movie hero or heroine who could not reform desperate crooks simply by fiddling a sentimental tune on a violin

"The Virginian" and "Going Up"—They Satisfy.

A Moral for Film Producers

Once again it is forcibly brought home that lavishing money on films is not a guarantee that they will be better, or even more profitable. A few months ago—in between "big" pictures—Charles Ray dashed off a little film, sort of a filler he no doubt thought, under the title "The Girl I Loved." It was comparatively inexpensive, boasted no big sets or mob scenes, and was calculated to be just a fair program release. And lo! It turned out to be one of the finest achievements of the silent drama. And the praises of "The Girl I Loved" were sung far and wide. Ray straightway decided to make a real "big" film, something that would go down in history as his masterpiece. He resolved upon a screen version of "The Courtship of Myles Standish." Months and months he worked upon this production; hundreds of thousands of dollars he poured into it. Finally it was completed and presented on the silver sheet. The spectators and the critics merely looked at it and walked quietly out of the theater. It was just another million-dollar picture. And in future years to come, when "The Courtship of Myles Standish" has long been forgotten, the little inexpensive

"The Girl I Loved" was a comparatively inexpensive picture . . . but it turned out to be one of the finest achievements of the silent drama. Then Charlie Ray resolved upon "The Courtship of Myles Standish." Months and months he worked upon it and poured hundreds of thousands of dollars into it. And he has learned that it isn't *how much* you put into a film but *what* you put into it . . .



It is beyond our powers of conception how anyone can view Lon Chaney grimacing on the screen and rate him a good actor. Chaney probably has no superior in the matter of detail and the extent to which he will go to get a desired effect, but, as an actor, we must take the laurel wreath from him

filler, "The Girl I Loved," will be standing just as brightly as ever in its niche in the photoplay Hall of Fame. The moral being that it isn't *how much* you put into a film as *what* you put into it.

The Lay-Off Fizzle

If the big movie moguls are under the impression that by closing the studios and throwing the actors out of work they will bring about a reduction in the high salaries that were being paid to screen players, the magnates will soon have another guess coming. The high-salaried free-lance players—the Conway Tearles, the Milton Sills, the Beerys, the Barbara La Marrs, the Lon Chaneys and the Anna Q. Nilssons who were drawing such fat weekly pay envelopes are not a bit worried over the curtailment of production. These players are all independently wealthy and are making enough in real estate and other businesses to keep them in luxury for the rest of their natural lives. When film production is resumed, their services will be just as much in demand as ever and their salaries will be consequently just as large. It is the poor small fry who are being affected by the slump. And the joke of it all is that the low-salaried studio workers were not favored by increased wages during the recent boom.

Judging America by Its Movies: All successful business men make poor husbands . . .

Another Prediction

As an example of an actor who is being greatly underestimated by the producer who has him under contract, we wish to put forward Riccardo Cortez. This young Latin player has been given two or three small parts by the Lasky outfit but he has apparently failed to come up to their expectations. As Lasky continues to give important rôles to such second-rate actors as De Roche, it is not quite clear what their expectations of an actor are. Cortez has also received rather unfavorable comment from certain reviewers. Nevertheless, we quite confidently predict that Cortez will one day spring a surprise on everybody by proving himself a strong personality and a splendid actor.

The Return of a Great Actor

It begins to look as tho Henry Walthall is not only doing a strong come-back but that he may soon take his old place among the great favorites of the silversheet. Starting with "One Clear Call," Walthall, by dint of remarkably fine acting, has been climbing steadily upward on the movie ladder and with each successive picture he is regaining his lost prestige and popularity. All he needs now is opportunity.

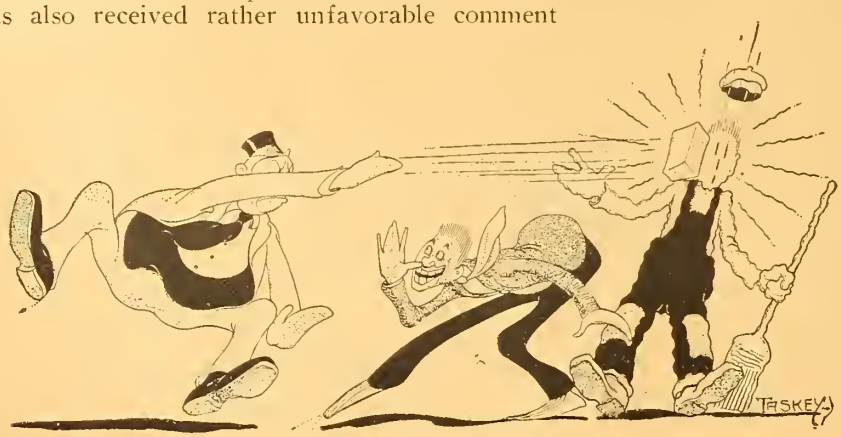
Some Things We Have Yet to See

A picture wherein the U. S. Cavalry arrives too late.

A movie hero or heroine who could not reform desperate crooks simply by fiddling a sentimental tune on a violin.

A film wherein the great open spaces of the West failed to rehabilitate a man.

(*Continued on page* 84)

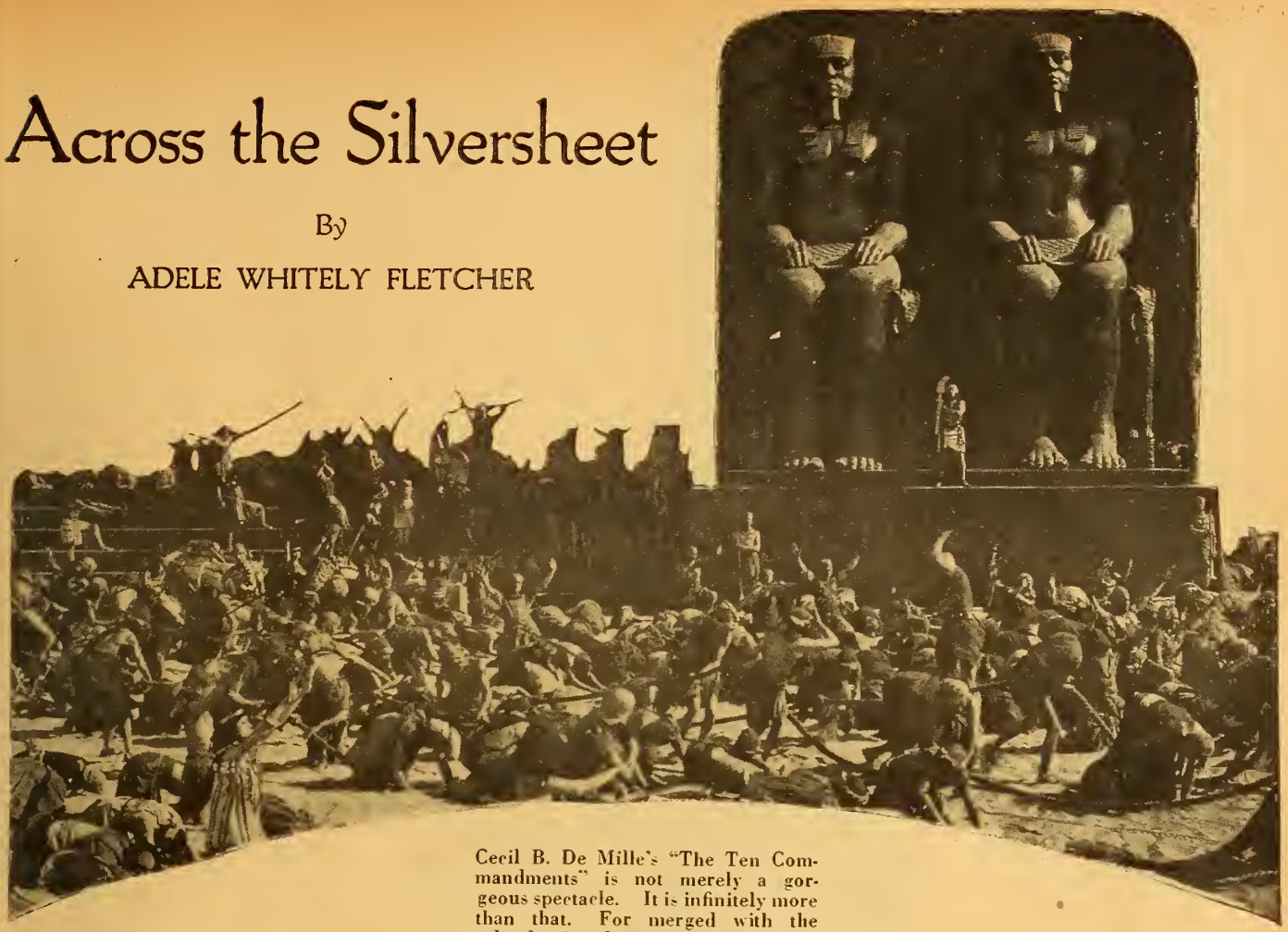


The movie moguls are under the impression that the closing of the studios will bring down high salaries of the players, but these people are now making enough in real estate to keep them in luxury for the rest of their lives. It is the poor-salaried studio workers who were not favored by increased wages during the boom who are being affected by the slump

Across the Silversheet

By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



Cecil B. De Mille's "The Ten Commandments" is not merely a gorgeous spectacle. It is infinitely more than that. For merged with the splendor is a beautiful story, related with sympathy and understanding. It is one of the most amazing and overpowering sights we have ever witnessed or ever hope to witness. The ten commandments, we are told, are not something we obey as a personal favor to the Almighty, but the laws by which people must govern their lives if they are to live together in harmony. That this is true, Mr. De Mille goes far in proving both in his Biblical story and the second half of his production, which is a drama of modern life

WHEN an audience as sophisticated and hypercritical as that which crowded the George M. Cohan theater in New York for the première of "The Ten Commandments" bursts into thunderous applause and hoarse cheers, it leaves little for the critics to say. And this is exactly what happened, for this story of the Children of Israel and the lash of Pharaoh which Cecil B. De Mille has given the screen is one of the most amazing and overpowering sights that we have ever witnessed or ever hope to witness. It is not merely a gorgeous spectacle. It is infinitely more than that. For merged with its splendor is a beautiful story, related with sympathy and understanding.

A preface title tells us that the ten commandments are not something we must obey as a personal favor to the Almighty, but laws by which people must govern their lives if they hope to live together in harmony. That this is true, Mr. De Mille goes far in proving both in his Biblical story and the second half of his production which is a drama of modern life.

Now there can be no quibbling over the huge sets. They are not there simply to impress audiences or to sell the picture to the exhibitor. They belong to the age which they represent and against their backgrounds the Old Testament characters move in dramatic array.

The story which is interpolated with verses from the Bible, beautiful in themselves and shaming the way in which words are literally thrown together today, is of the Israelites when they labored under the scarlet and unrelenting lash of Rameses. There is the plague which sweeps down upon the first-born . . . there is the exodus of

(*Cont'd on page* 100)

Comment on Other Productions

By The Editorial Staff

Once again Rupert Hughes has found occasion to plunge into the matrimonial market, and it is in a scene from "Reno" that Carmel Myers and Lew Cody are shown above. This picture offers almost too much legal argument to sustain itself as a drama

The entire Keaton family appears in "Our Hospitality," in which Buster is seen to the right. It has lots of fun in it, but may not be so good as his previous "Three Ages"

Bill Hart is the same Bill in "Wild Bill Hickok." It is a raw and rough melodrama, tempered with one of Hart's typical romances and we will have to catalog it as old-fashioned

Reno

ONCE again Rupert Hughes has found occasion to plunge into the matrimonial market—so that he can work out its problems and show us the errors of man-made laws. If we were to believe the facts which he establishes, they would constitute a real menace to the moral fabric of the nation. But Mr. Hughes must needs tell his story thru the subtitles—so that it takes on the form of a sermon with illustrations. These captions—many of which are reproductions of newspaper clippings, retard the action and often muddle it. Again we are shown digressions presenting the evils of a few of our divorce laws which detract from the central plot.

It features a young benedict who, divorced in the morning, weds again in the afternoon of the same day. His rich aunt will give him money only on condition that he secure possession of his children from his divorced wife. He hurries to New York, kidnaps the kiddies, and flees South because the laws of Nevada do not hold in the Empire State. On the other hand, the divorced spouse remarries—and she also runs afoul of the law.

The picture is mostly a study in Blackstone—and offers too much legal argument to sustain itself as drama. The title will doubtless attract long lines at the box-office. But the spectators will be more interested in the colorful backgrounds.

Our Hospitality

Buster Keaton employs the feud formula as his newest burlesque. As is customary with this comedian, he stops at nothing to fashion a picture of invention. He will never resort to repetition in achieving his ambitions to present always a novel "take-off" of some colorful incident of history or character. The comedy does not appear to us half so funny as a previous conceit, "Three Ages." The feud in the introductory scenes is straight melodrama, but the tomfoolery soon appears when Buster takes one of our earliest "choo-choo" trains to some point south of New York. The period is 1840—which gives him a chance to affect the proper costume.

But most of the fun is contained in the byplay of the train journey. The most conspicuous laugh is centered upon the dog who occasionally gets ahead of the train. Once Trenton is reached—the idea is taken up again—which shows a family of hot-headed

Paragraphs Which Are Guide-Posts to the Better Movies

Southerners unwilling to kill anyone who had been extended their well-known brand of hospitality. So long as he remains in the house he is safe. And when he leaves by various exits—the pursuit begins. It finishes when he weds the girl of the opposing faction—thus ending the feud. The entire Keaton family appears—and Buster, Junior, registers with screen personality.

Wild Bill Hickok

Bill Hart has come home to his open country—and he has brought his two guns with him. He is the same Bill. He wears the same Stetson—and also the same expressions. His eyes narrow when he shoots to kill—and a tear or two causes them to glisten when he fails to kindle the love spark in the object of his devotion. So we have him in the typical tale—which doesn't vary in a single detail from the westerns which carried him to stardom several years ago. He has written his story around a real character who cut forty-six notches in his gun before he threw it away. Wild Bill Hickok lived in a day when lawlessness reigned in the frontier towns.

There is much gun-toting—much smoke—much killing. And the hokum is registered thruout. It releases several flaws. We would like to know how Bill can stand there in the square and pop off his enemies as if he had a machine-gun. He doesn't stop to reload—yet his artillery shoots fire at least twenty times. Again he has a habit of raising his guns to the sky just prior to pulling the trigger. Which would make him a healthy target indeed. It is raw and rough melodrama—tempered with one of Hart's typical romances. We will have to catalog it as old-fashioned.

"Pleasure Mad," with Mary Alden and Huntley Gordon prominent in its cast, is a poor attempt to preach a sermon and an uneven story, poorly directed and indifferently played.

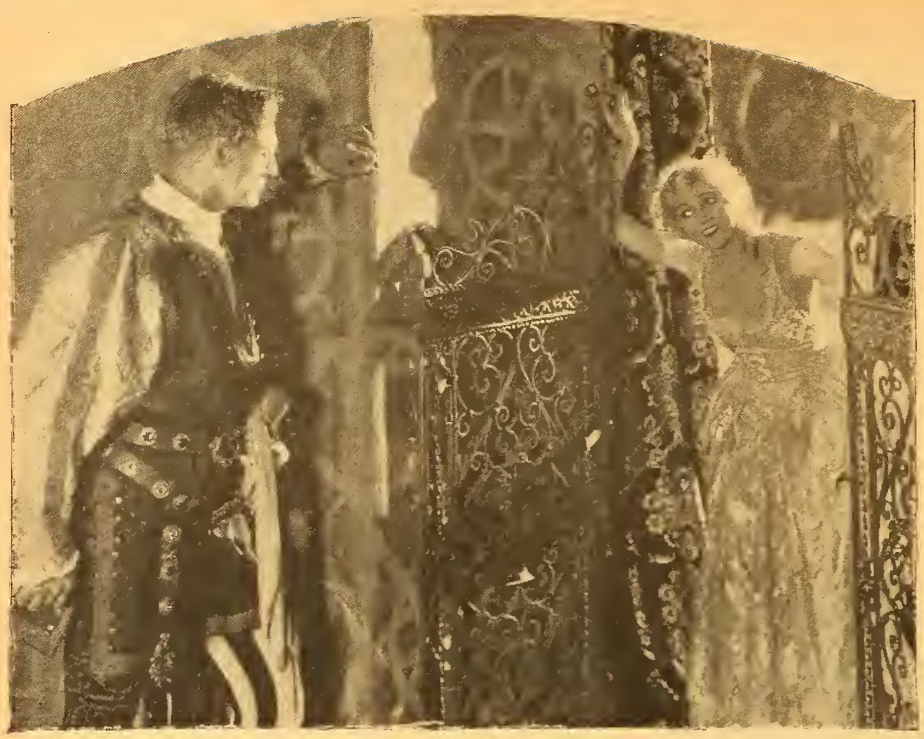
The story of "The Shepherd King" with Violet Mersereau is too remote and lacks sufficient color and movement for the screen, altho the stage carried it successfully for several years

Nor is "The Day of Faith" a good production. It is patterned after "The Miracle Man," but it never approaches life as did its predecessor. Eleanor Boardman and Raymond Griffith are prominent in its cast

Pleasure Mad

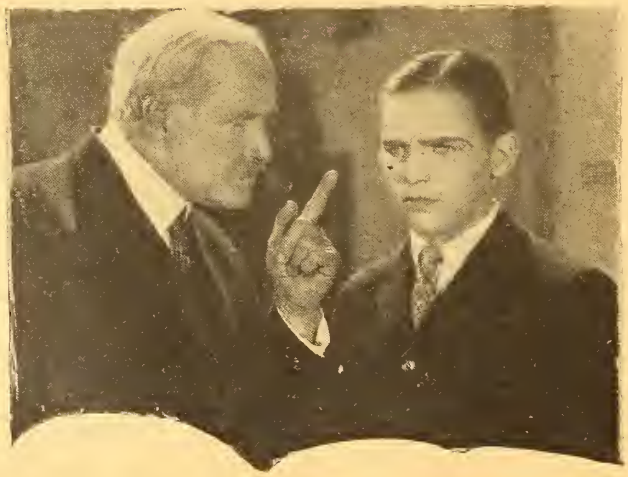
It is seldom that the ancient theme employed here is ever worked out with any suggestion of humanity and reality. The husband who prospers and kicks over the traces leaving his wife to shift for herself and not caring much what becomes of the children in his gay philanderings with a gold-digger has developed into a perfect sap according to most directors. Here he prospers via the subtitle route—and his modest *ménage* is replaced by a domicile suggestive of the Grand Central Station.

The contrasts are sharply divided. His wife is as meek and uncomplaining and self-sacrificing as he is obstinate, weak, indulgent and selfish. It is far removed from truth. No one



They've taken considerable liberty with Hall Caine's story, but we feel that the ancient theme demanded some sort of fresh treatment. Lionel Barrymore and Barbara La Marr are shown in the scene above . . . and the redeeming features of the production are the backgrounds, which show ancient and modern Rome in all its glory and atmosphere

Of course you miss the color and harmony of the musical score in the screen's "Maytime." And Ethel Shannon is not the wistful, romantic little creature that Peggy Wood made her stage heroine. Clara Bow and Ethel Shannon, to the left



In "Stephen Steps Out," Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, possesses a pleasing screen personality and he has definite appeal. The story is a clean little comedy and capitally supplemented by Theodore Roberts

need look beyond the arguments for divorce to discover its falsities. We dismiss it as a poor attempt to preach a sermon. An uneven story, poorly directed, and indifferently played.

The Shepherd King

Here is a picture which records some memorable chapters of the Old Testament—which upon the stage carried on successfully for several years. Adapted for the screen, it fails to prove entertaining—principally because the story is too remote—and it lacks sufficient color and movement. The action drags—and releases very little incident—and, moreover, it is weakened with a profuse supply of subtitles. In fact, it soon develops into a reading of the Bible—with illustrations served on the side.

We have David slaying Goliath with his slingshot—and the routing of the Philistines by the young shepherd. At other times there is a deal of mental conflict registered by the accursed Saul who fears the rise of David. The battle scenes are poorly executed—and there is no suggestion of making the characters real. It drags interminably because there is no variety suggested. And it is badly interpreted by Italian players who use excessive make-up and who also resort to exaggerated expressions. Some individual scenes are good—but so far as the atmosphere is concerned the picture could have been made in America.

The Day of Faith

This story, patterned after "The Miracle Man," never approaches life as did its predecessor. It is a weak and theatric imitation—one endeavoring to make capital of the faith formula—and is developed so melodramatically — that there is never a moment when it suggests naturalness nor any humanity. Its central figure has adopted a creed based upon the Biblical expression: "Love thy neighbor as thyself," twisting it around to fit: "My neighbor is perfect." She has seen violent death inspired thru her failure to act the good Samaritan—and so she tries to make amends by opening a mission, adopting the creed and restoring faith in the hearts of cynics and unbelievers. But it is stark melodrama in most of its action—tho here and there is woven a thread of interesting incident or byplay. There are some clever performances. Raymond Griffith makes a capital sketch of a young cynic—and Tyrone Power as

The Editor Gossips

SEVERAL men and women of the screen have turned authors lately. Any number of biographies and memoirs have come from the presses. Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, is the latest to take up his pen . . . and we admit, with cause. The lives with which he has had contact are fraught with drama and with color. He has known celebrities as we know the young matron down the street with whom we play Mah Jong or as we know the stenographer in the next office. Charlie Chaplin, Mae Murray, Douglas Fairbanks, Pola Negri, Rodolph Valentino . . . in the pages of Mr. Goldwyn's book we meet them not as glamorous or shadowy beings but as men and women with worries and some unattainable dreams. He writes of them without affectation.

And now that we have turned the last page of "Behind the Screen" we cannot help wondering why some other pioneer producer hasn't told before of those early days of which Mr. Goldwyn has written with a glowing pen. It is fascinating to hear how the very plutocratic motion picture of today was once a poor, weak thing, turned out in flickering reels . . . filmed in a livery stable, actually . . . with Cecil B. De Mille now a power in the studio world, recruited from the Belasco ranks at the then enormous salary of one hundred dollars a week.

He also writes of Mary Pickford when she was a little girl, struggling to take care of her family because she was the oldest. Doing, in another way, the thing she does today . . . accepting her job and doing it to the very best of her amazing ability. He tells of her later when Adolph Zukor, knowing her long-cherished dream of seeing her name in electric lights, took her and her mother to dinner. From the restaurant window when the dusk came, they saw the theater just across the street where her name loomed golden in the dark when the lights were turned on.

Our literary fare for the last year now has been biographies, letters and memoirs. We have been reading tales of kings and their pampered ladies . . . of laureled poets whose names are now inscribed upon immortal scrolls. But all of this didn't find "Behind the Screen" wanting in interest as we read. For Mr. Goldwyn has remembered those bits of life which zealous press-agents ignored in their zest for extravagantly concocted stories. And, after all, if an author, given people with nothing like the interest Mr. Goldwyn's people possess, writes sincerely, the interest of the reader is quite likely to follow.

Never in our life have we been more totally unprepared for anyone than we were for Nita Naldi. We had never met her until the other day when she gave a tea-party at one of the select Park Avenue restaurants and invited us to be her guest. Not that she didn't fascinate us. No, indeed . . . not that! We doubt if the exotic graces and seductive wiles of her screen being ever pleased us half so much.

In the first place, she wears a wedding-ring like your mother wears . . . a broad, gold band. No diamond circles or platinum wires for Nita.

And no one ever crossed our frequented path with one iota of her honesty. She is more than honest verbally. She is honest mentally, if you understand. Most of us get to thinking in prescribed channels. Not Nita.

It has come to be quite the correct thing for stars to praise California and to look longingly Westward at the very mention of a rose-covered bungalow. But once more, not Nita. Someone mentioned the modest little rose-covered bungalows which, incidentally, have resulted in a gold rush of real-estate speculators. But Nita erased them and any pregnant comment on home-life forever from the table-talk by her reference to night-life.

She hailed Brooklyn as her birthplace, completely overlooking the atmosphere and color she might gain from a Russian background or an obscure parentage and a childhood spent soulfully under the minarets of India.

We mentioned her honesty. She smiled a broad, frank smile . . . a smile far removed from her enigmatic screen smile . . . and assured us that long ago she had decided to be comfortable and that anything removed from a complete and absolute honesty required thought and skill. That's all very well. But there should be a luxury tax on an honesty as excessive as Nita's.

(*Cont. on page 97*)

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

The young McCormacks are treading Elysian fields. They hold hands under the table . . . and Colleen looks adoringly at John . . . and John looks adoringly at Colleen . . . and Colleen starts to talk about the frocks being worn shorter this Spring, and lapses into a eulogy about John . . . and John starts talking about international relations and forsakes a conversational Hague for a conversational Colleen . . . and life goes on—blissfully for the young McCormacks

Photograph by Raymer

Martha Mansfield: In Memoriam

May it be that she has passed on to fields Elysian
Where she is happier even than she seemed to be
Here in the playhouse . . .

On the Camera Coast

The Latest News Related

By HARRY CARR

WHILE Hollywood sits gnawing its anguished finger-nails in paroxysms of jealous rage, the Hollywood picture belles are going to be up in San Francisco dancing with rival swains. That's the frightful prospect at this writing.

The Hollywood girls are going to leave Hollywood flat, crushed, set upon and squelched; that's what.

It is a revolt that has shaken Hollywood to its foundation—both social and political.

Not to dwell on these tragic details any longer than necessary, a new "reform" Police Commission recently came into power in Los Angeles. The first thing it did was to dig up old forgotten city ordinances which forbade public dances to continue after midnight.

Wherefore, when the Motion Picture Directors' Association gave its annual ball Thanksgiving night, a rude and ruthless policeman stopped the show just as it was getting a good start.

The next holiday ball on the program was to be the Wampas—the official organization of the press agents.

With cold and cutting severity, the P. A.'s announced that they would go to San Francisco—some five hundred miles away—to give their ball. At this writing, all Hollywood is getting ready to trek to the party. Two special steamers and a whole flock of special trains have been chartered. Virtually, the whole motion picture colony will make the long trip to the party.

Incidentally, it will mark the formal entrance of the motion picture people into politics. As a matter of self-protection, the producers and actors are forming a political party which may grow into something more than a mere local affair.

The biggest affair that Hollywood has seen this year was the opening of Cecil de Mille's "Ten Commandments" at the Egyptian Theater in Hollywood.

Ed Wynn visited the California studios while Dorothy Mackaill was playing in "The Next Corner." And he admits he felt The Perfect Fool when Dorothy began to vamp him . . . Director Sam Wood and Ricardo Cortez looking on. That would make a difference. Oh, yes . . . yes indeed

The children's hour at Beverly Hills finds Dorothy Davenport Reid with Billy and Betty, reading the next story in their favorite picture-book

John Barrymore registers unmistakable disgust when Director Harry Beaumont suggests a particular love passage with Mary Astor. And, on the left, is the Grand Canal of Venice, built in the Goldwyn studios. See if it looks anything like the picture when you see it in "Three Weeks"

"Once again, please, Miss Talmadge," requests Director Frank Borzage during the filming of "Secrets" while Tony Gaudio looks on

The entrance of the theater is set back about a hundred feet from the street, making the longest lobby in the world. Immense crowds lined this lobby so the celebrities, as their limousines disgorged them, had to run a long gauntlet of fans.

I happened to walk down just behind Ruth Roland. As she swept along in a gorgeous fur coat, the crowd punctured her passage with remarks.

"Hello, Ruth," they said. "Where you been all the time?"

"Hey, Ruth! Cut out the real estate and give us some more pictures."

And Ruth only smiled and nodded like a good sport.

The big Famous Players-Lasky studio looks like the yard of a haunted house these days. Following Mr. Lasky's announcement, all production has stopped, save for Sam Wood's Company, which is finishing "The Next Corner."

Conway Tearle is about the only visible sign of life out there and Conway is an indignant young man. Some rash motion-picture "answer man" chronicled his age as forty-five sometime ago and now it has become an accepted fact. He says that some of his friends, like H. B. Warner, started out big five years older than he when they went to college together; but every time Warner has a birthday, they add the year onto his (Tearle's) age instead of Warner's.

The young gentleman occupying the illustrious attention of Valerie von Stroheim and Eric von Stroheim is Eric St. Ritus von Stroheim. It is the first photograph he has had taken and he conducted himself like a camera veteran. It is said that upon his birth, motion picture producers sighed and wondered where in the world blocks enough for him to build a toy city with could be found, provided he took after his father. At the left, Cissie Fitzgerald tells Pola Negri and Herbert Brenon about the first motion picture camera before which she danced for Thomas Edison in 1896

Pola Negri's old director—the one she had in Poland, has arrived and will direct her in a story he wrote himself. The gentleman's name is beyond pronunciation, but it is spelled Mimitri Buchowetzki. Pola is delighted at the prospect of having a director who will put her in a story where she does not have to be a goody-good little girl.

In fact, it looks to the alarmed scenario writers of Hollywood, a great many of whom are out of work, as tho there was too much relaxation of the immigration laws. Lubitsch has brought over his own scenario writer from Germany; Seastrom has sent for his from Stockholm, and now Pola has imported one.

Eric von Stroheim hasn't imported any as yet; but von Stroheim always "rolls his own" when it comes to stories anyhow, so he doesn't count.

Blanche Sweet is at work on a mysterious picture at Ince's—it's being made behind closed

(*Continued on page* 80)

Mae Murray spurns the bottle of milk a fellow-player offers her for nourishment during a tedious wait between the scenes of her new production. "Sir," she says, "How dare you. Nectar only for the Queen!"

The traveler today comes through journeys and discomforts charmingly fresh

SHE KEEPS THE SAME PERFECTION OF CLEAR SMOOTH SKIN

In spite of icy winds, desert sands, or burning tropic sun . . .

THEY'RE everywhere—these women who travel—riding light-heartedly across burning deserts, frolicking in the shadow of eternal snows, enfolded in the beauty of vanished civilizations.

But the amazing thing about them is their easy way of coming fresh and lovely through journeys and discomforts. You'd think no complexion could stand the attacks of furious icy wind, the flying storms of sand and dust, the terrible tropic sun. Moreover, water is often a luxury and is likely to be brackish as well as scarce.

And yet these women have the most charming complexions. For the very hardships of travel have taught them the necessity of a perfect method of skin cleansing and protection.

To fulfill these two essentials of skin loveliness, cleansing and protection—the Pond's Method and the two famous Pond's Creams were developed.

Pond's Cold Cream spreads easily and sinks deep into the pores. It not only cleanses perfectly but gives the skin a youthful suppleness. Pond's Vanishing Cream protects the skin from the coarsening of exposure and holds one's face powder for hours.

Every night, and after severe exposure, cleanse your face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream. Apply it freely to the skin with fingers or a bit of moistened cotton. Then wipe off with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Do this twice. If your skin is very dry put on a little more cream for the night.

In the morning, freshen your face with water—use Pond's Cold Cream again if your skin is very dry. Then smooth on evenly Pond's Vanishing Cream. Your skin responds instantly with a fineness of texture, a clear fresh tone. This cream should be used during the day every time you cleanse your face, before you powder.

One traveler says "I rode through the Valley of the Kings five hours in the white-hot glare of flinty rock. My skin, protected by Pond's Vanishing Cream did not even feel drawn."

Another writes from Pekin, "The water here is so hard and the climate so trying, I wouldn't have any complexion if it weren't for Pond's Cleansing Cream."

Use this exquisite method yourself. Buy both these delicious creams at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

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Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, it is requested that this be specified

To print all the epistles which come in denial of the Reis letter would be impossible. Representative among them was the one we print below.

DEAR EDITOR: Can I use your column to answer I. H. Reis, who so harshly criticized Ramon Novarro in the December magazine?

What's the matter with you, Mr. or Miss Reis? When you say Novarro "Imitates" Valentino by having his picture taken with a silver chain around his wrist?

These young gentlemen are both of the Latin race, and, unless I am very much mistaken, the chain is not an affectation, but an emblem of some sort connected with their religious belief.

Then you say Novarro had his shirt open at the neck because Valentino did. Why dont you accuse Dick Barthelmess? His picture appeared not long ago, in this very magazine, with his soft shirt open at the neck.

Warren Kerrigan was an idol before Valentino was ever heard of, and frequently had his picture taken with his shirt open at the throat, but do you accuse your adored Rodolph of imitating him?

Antonio Moreno is a Spaniard, and a very popular player besides. I should think, then, you might bitingly inquire why, his name being Moreno, Mr. Guglielmo saw fit to change his to Valentino. They all assume stage names for the same reason—because their own do not seem to take well, or are hard to pronounce.

What name, pray, do you think Ramon should have adopted? Murphy, perhaps, or Oleson?

Mr. Valentino is a fine actor, and need fear no rival. Why then such scathing criticism of a young man who—you say this yourself—cannot possibly menace his popularity.

Ramon Novarro is as different from Valentino as day is from night. His appeal is not the same. He made his own popularity with the public by portraying in his own way rôles and characters bearing not the slightest resemblance to anything Valentino has ever done.

If you dont like him, stay away from the pictures he appears in, but dont, for the Lord's sake, pan the poor kid because he happens to be dark, and unbuttons his collar when he gets warm.

You say the fans saw good pictures in the past without him, and could do so in the future. Maybe we could, but we dont need anyone to tell us what to enjoy and whom to admire. Maybe we're broadminded enough to go see both, and admire each for his own individual qualifications.

Anyway, I dont think, when it comes right down to brass tacks, that you know very much about Ramon, since you cant even spell his name right. It is Samaniegos.

Sincerely,
NELLIE SHERMAN,
507 N. Delaware St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

A suggestion that eulogies be evenly divided . . . and several suggestions of books which the producers would do well to film.

DEAR EDITOR: It is to be hoped the time will come when eulogies and praise will be evenly distributed. When things will be said about the other members of the "cast." Their conscientious efforts help to make the "leads" a success, but we seldom hear much about them.

In "Penrod and Sam," Ben Alexander gets *all* the encomiums. He certainly was wonderful, but the young boy enacting the part of Sam was wonderful too. I think I enjoyed his able support of Penrod as much as I did Ben himself, besides the other kiddies made a satisfying background. It was quite a treat to see Gladys Brockwell again; her playing is always so natural and lifework. I used to admire her in the olden days and am glad she has come back to us. Rockcliffe Fellows was a very convincing father. He was quite as fascinating as Penrod in their numerous tête-à-têtes. Shall keep on the lookout for him as I want to see more of his work.

The former favorites, Edythe Chapman, Mabel van Buren, Mame Kelso, and Carrie Clark Ward are flashed on the screen, doing their parts perfectly. It always thrills me when they appear, unannounced. It is like meeting an old-time friend we love. I always feel like reaching out my hands to them and saying, "Howdy, I'm so glad to see you again!" I wish we could see them oftener.

Pugilism has always been repulsive to me but Reginald Denny has presented the sport to us in a way that has removed the stigma and helps one to view the game from a different angle. Besides, these contests do not horrify one like the terrible fights in "Tol'able David," and "The Flame of the Yukon," where the opponents were not evenly matched. Believe me, it would be a calamity to miss a round of "The Leather Pushers!" They contain action, mirth and nothing to offend. Hayden Stevenson has meant nearly as much as the hero. His explanatory chats, full of vim and meaning, delivered while looking at *you* from the screen, have promoted a sort of friendliness; besides, he can give a decisive punch when occasion requires. Hayden Stevenson, I salute you!

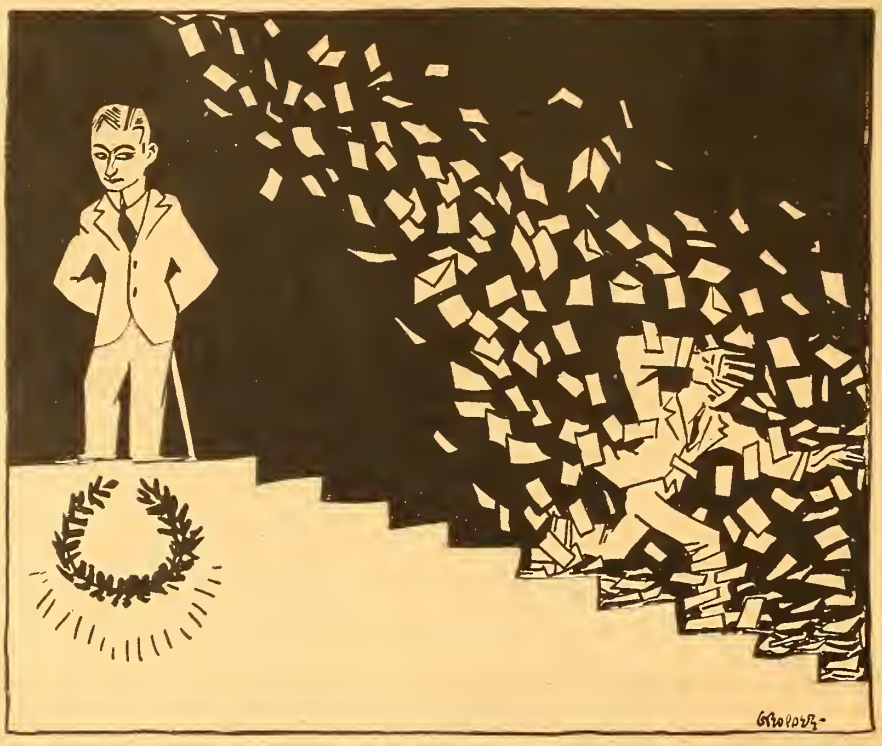
In the December number Anderson's letter expressed my views exactly in regard to the presentation of worth-while books on the screen.

Several of Dicken's books have been presented on the screen and it puzzles me why "Dombey and Son" has been overlooked with its good plot and splendid, vital characters. I can picture Ralph Lewis as the proud and unyielding Dombey, Gloria Swanson as the beautiful and imperious Edith; Russell Simpson as the trusted but villainous Carker; Theodore Roberts as the brave but timorous Cap'n Cuttle; Carrie Clark Ward as the intimidating Mrs. McStinger; Bessie Love as faithful Florence Dombey; Glen Hunter as Walter Gay; Robert Agnes as timid Mr. Toots, and some precocious child as the frail little Paul. They could intensify the pathos, humor and dramatic incidents contained in this classic.

There was no appeal in Mary Johnson's books, "Prisoners of Hope" and "To Have and To Hold," but her "Sir Mortimer"

(*Continued on page* 118)

To print all the letters which came in denial of the Reis epistle which we published a few months ago would be impossible. And in the briefs which are so emphatically held for Novarro, Mr. Valentino frequently comes in for praise, too



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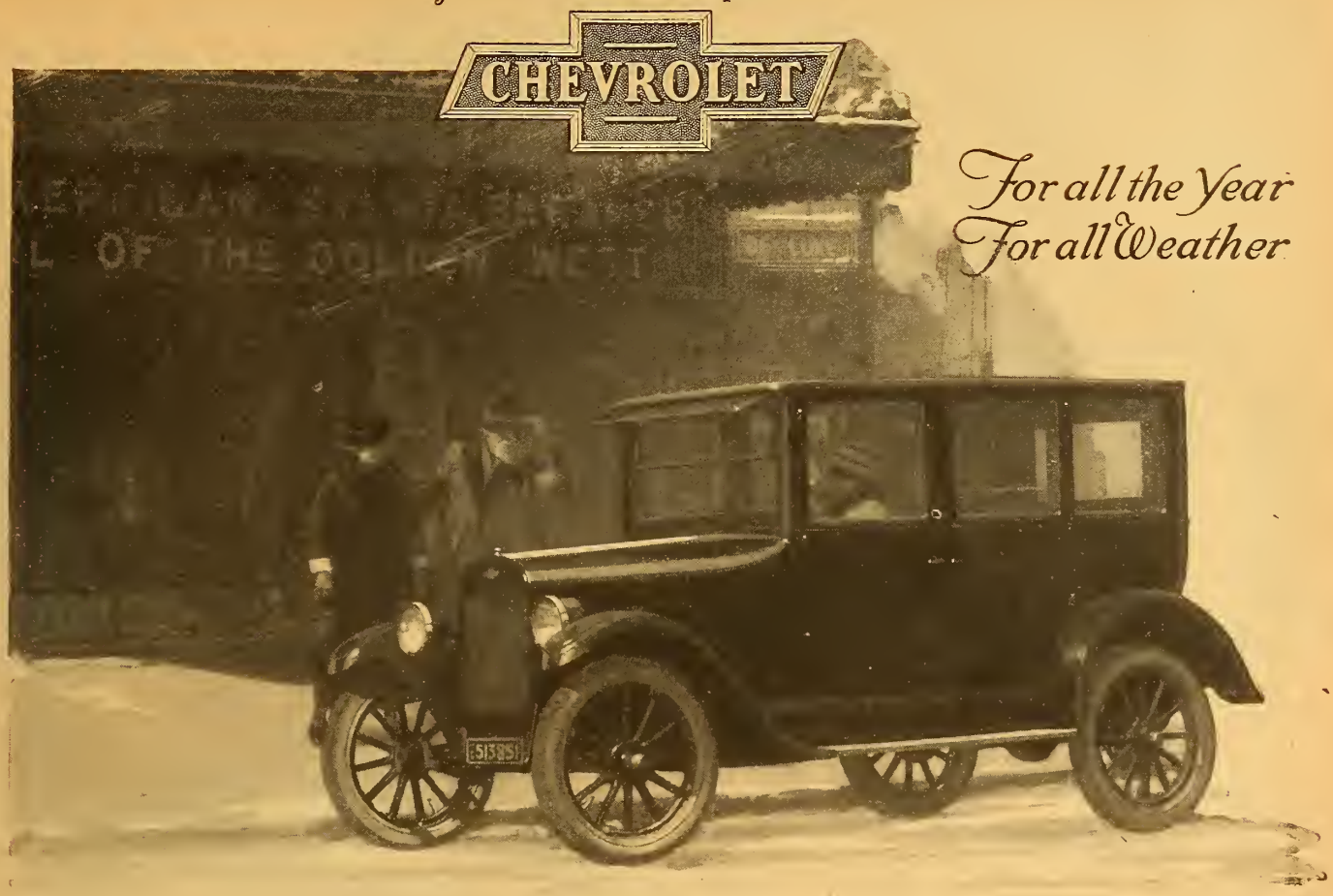

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According to Will Rogers

Making "Uncensored Movies," Will Rogers' recent burlesque of the different cinematic conceptions, must have been loads of fun. Above Will portrays The Valentino as the scion of England's grandest family . . . the scion who appears a sheik until almost the fade-out and who races over scorching California sands, with the haughty heroine protestingly held in his arms

The inscrutable Bill Hart of a thousand crimes . . . a thousand reformations . . . and almost as many unrequited loves, comes to our mind, suggested by the always-touching episode pictured above. And to the left—Tom Mix, the son of our great open spaces— who rescues the heroine tho he and his mighty steed face a death-defying leap over a cliff in their gallant efforts

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On a subject known as woman's oldest problem

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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

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Kotex has become a health habit among all womanhood. And I believe every woman should at least be allowed to try it. So I have appealed to the Kotex laboratory. And they have consented—for a short time at least—that I offer women a trial of Kotex, without charge.

So do this now: Mail the coupon to me personally. A packet will be sent you postpaid, by return mail—in an absolutely plain, undistinguishable, unmarked wrapper. Tear the coupon off now before you forget.

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Greenroom Jottings

Three photographs by International Newsreel

Lady Diana Duff Cooper, formerly Lady Diana Manners, has come to the United States to appear upon the New York stage in "The Miracle." She is familiar to the American public for her screen work in the J. Stuart Blackton production

Baby Peggy found New York oceans of fun . . . but that may be because she had her favorite playmate, her sister Louise, with her all the time

Norma Niblock won the Beauty Contest which was conducted at the Madison Square Garden in which eighty-seven girls from every part of America were entered. And it was Rodolph Valentino, the Sheik himself, who awarded her the large silver cup and crowned her Queen

NEXT fall Merton of the Movies will in reality reach the great open spaces where a man's a man. There has been more angling and gambling and more money put up in securing the play than decorates the roulette table in Monte Carlo on a s. r. o. evening. Famous Players-Lasky is the lucky one that bet to win. Buster Keaton was among the numerous others who put their money on the wrong horse, or rather, put up money of the wrong color. Had Buster got the play rights, we would have had in him a "different" Merton, but with Famous Players-Lasky in possession Glenn Hunter will register his delightful version of the pathetic movie hero on the screen. Mr. Hunter is playing Merton to full houses in Chicago now, so it will not be until the end of the theatrical season that the story will be filmed, but they do say that the screen version will be better than that of the stage, since the screen possibilities are limitless.

Well, anyhow, Buster Keaton has secured a story on similar lines: "The Misfit." It tells of a projection machine operator, again a small-town hero, who goes to Hollywood to make his fortune and finally becomes a

Peggy Hyland, popular on our screen a few years ago, is now making pictures for an English concern. Her husband, Fred Granville, who is acting as a camel-boy in the photograph beneath, directed her in "Shifting Sands," which is soon to be exhibited in this country. And now comes word that Peggy is to realize her ambition of years . . . and direct pictures herself

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Wonderful 32-Piece Aluminum Set consists of 2 Bread Pans; Doughnut Cutter; 2 Loose Bottom Jelly Cake Pans; Combination Teakettle and Rice Boiler with lid; Saucepan Set with lid; Dipper; Colander; Measuring Cup; Percolator; 2 Pie Pans; Castor Set; Tea or Coffee Strainer; Fry Pan; also Cooker Set of 5 pieces, making 11 separate utensil combinations, as follows: Preserving Kettle; Convex Kettle; Combination Cooker; Casserole; Pudding Pan; Tubed Cake Pan; Colander; Roaster; Corn Popper; Steamer Set; Double Boiler.

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Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and **Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World,** will send you this splendid complete 32-Piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and with it absolutely **FREE** the **10-Piece Combination Kitchen Set and handy 9-Piece Canister Set** described at right. When goods arrive make first payment of only $2 on the Aluminum Set. *Pay nothing for the Kitchen Set or Canister Set—they are Free.*

Use **all three sets** *30 days on Free Trial,* and if not more than satisfied, send them back and we will refund your money and pay transportation both ways. If you keep them, pay only for Aluminum Set, a little each month. Keep both the Kitchen Set and Canister Set as gifts from Hartman.

FREE 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Pc. Canister Set

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Complete 32-Piece Heavy Gauge Aluminum Cooking Set

This is Hartman's famous, special, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminum Ware—a complete cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Will never chip, crack or rust. So durable that **we guarantee it for life.** 32 utensils—everything you need for baking, boiling, roasting, frying. And, think of it—

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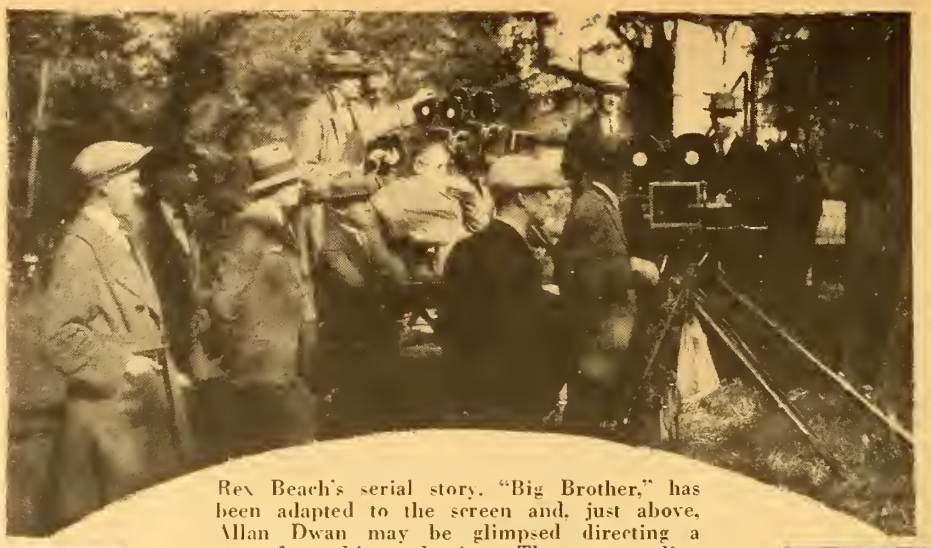
Thomas Meighan is seen below with Marshall Green, the four-year-old son of his director, Alfred Green. Marshall is playing in "Pied Piper Malone," the story which Booth Tarkington wrote especially for Tommy



Rex Beach's serial story, "Big Brother," has been adapted to the screen and, just above, Allan Dwan may be glimpsed directing a scene from this production. The men standing about behind the cameras are assistant directors . . . assistant camera-man and other production functionaries

Below is an attractive new portrait of Allene Ray, a winner of one of the Brewster Publications Fame and Fortune contests. Miss Ray has just signed a contract with Pathé and is playing in "The Way of a Man," the Emerson Hough story, which was directed by George Seitz

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

millionaire - producer. Between the first and the last exposures appear many scenes of Mertonish poignancy. In the cast are Buster himself and Kathlyn McGuire, an ex-beauty of the Mack Sennett tribe.

Note the name of the leading lady in "The Misfit." There are two sad reasons for her being there, and one very good reason, too. To get the bad news off our chest—Natalie Talmadge, wife of Buster Keaton, and sister of Norma and Constance, has retired from the screen. Marion Harlan, Mack Sennett beauty and young daughter of the veteran comedian, was to have stepped into the lead, but that jinx, illness, overtook her, and she had to side-step and give way to Kathlyn McGuire. Lately Miss McGuire has given up being a bathing beauty to play serious leads, as for instance, in "The Silent Call." Many of her admirers will remember her, too, in "The Shriek of Araby."

And while we are on the Talmadge family, do you know that Connie is going to film "The Goldfish," the play made famous on the stage by Marjorie Rambeau? Jack Mulhall, who acted opposite Constance in "Dulcy," and opposite Norma in "Within the Law," will again take the male lead. We hope none of our fans will receive a bowl of goldfish from Connie—in the play that being the symbol that says in language stronger than words: "You bore me; I'm thru with you."

Jack Pickford had good reason for commuting over to New York from Hollywood to see wife-Marilyn. Marilyn was having a small misunderstanding with Papa Ziegfeld, and a husband is a mighty comfy person to have around when you're down on your luck. Papa Ziegfeld wanted Miss Miller to go on playing "Sally"—and Sally's three years old an' everything—on one Main Street after another, but the lovely star said Ziegfeld had promised her a rôle in a new play and so she gave notice, packed up her little kit and walked out. Papa Ziegfeld said Marilyn was jealous because he gave the lead in his new play, "Kid Boots," to Mary Eaton, and that was all there was to it. We dont dare give an opinion; it's one of those family quarrels and we dont know who's right, him or her, but the outcome is that Marilyn will probably play in the Charles Dillingham production of "Pompadour."

"You both look ugly enough," decides John Robertson, and he shows Dick Barthelmess and May McAvoy their reflections in a mirror. They were made up in this unattractive manner for an episode in "The Enchanted Cottage," which is an adaptation of one of the most charming plays which Broadway saw last season

Our heart goes out in sympathy to the mother and sisters of Martha Mansfield. In her tragic death, met while she was filming "The Warrens of Virginia," she will be

If a Jelly Fish Could Slap a Rat in the Face

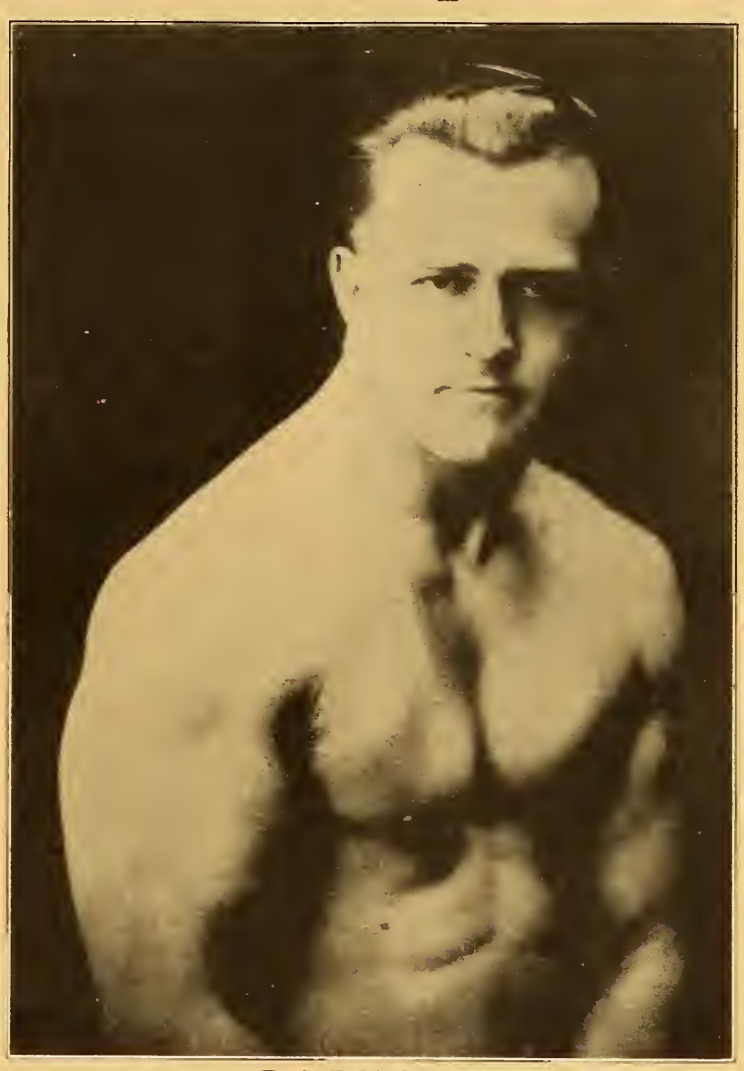
he would do it. But he can't. He has no arms. Neither does he have a backbone. How much worse off is a man who was given a good backbone and a pair of arms—and won't use them.

No Excuse

We excuse the jelly fish. He never had anything to walk on. But there is no excuse for a flabby, round shouldered and flat chested specimen of a man. You were given a perfect framework for a body. You were meant to rule the world, but there is hardly an animal alive which does not show better sense than you do.

Cut It Out, Fellows

Brace up and be the man you were meant to be. Don't try to imitate a jelly fish. Get some pep into you and make a real *He* man out of yourself. Come on and let me help you. I'll shoot a thrill into you that will make your old spine quiver with excitement. I'll build up that chest, broaden those shoulders and give you the huge, muscular arms of an athlete. And that's not all. Your lungs will start pumping real oxygen into your blood, purifying your entire system. Those old cobwebs in your brain will disappear. Your eyes will radiate the life within you. You will have a spring to your step, and every move you make will show new life and energy.



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It is Free

It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Many of these are leaders in their business professions today. I have not only given them a body to be proud of, but made them better doctors, lawyers, merchants, etc. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 303

305 Broadway, New York City

Earle E. Liederman,
Dept. 303, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscu ar Development."

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Photograph by Apeda

John Emerson and Anita Loos were among the celebrated guests of the Equity Ball which was held at the Hotel Astor. Here they are seen going over their "Spring Cleaning"

Edwin Carewe took several prominent screen players to the Sahara desert where he is filming "A Son of Sahara." To the left, Montague Love and Rosemary Theby may be glimpsed on shipboard before the whistle sounded and they cast off . . .

Photograph by International Newsreel

remembered as a star who shone unselfishly, even unto extinction. Another name on the roll of honor.

We announced this hunch last month: that the moving picture production center was going to pick up its bed and board and walk eastward, and tho that exactly has not happened we are already somewhat vindicated, for the world's biggest production plant is to be erected on Long Island, twenty minutes from Broadway. The initial number of studio units is nine, each equipped with its own stage, carpenter units, offices, etc., and with a central heating and lighting plant and an exhibition theater. Supporting the enterprise are Arthur S. Friend, president of the Distinctive Pictures Corporation; R. A. Rowland, president of the First National, and Samuel Goldwyn, as an individual producer. But out Hollywood way things are not quiet either. Harold Lloyd has bought a big tract in Westwood, midway between those recently acquired by William Fox and the Christie Brothers, who are planning to transfer their studios from Hollywood to this location. Mr. Lloyd's land fronts on Santa Monica Boulevard and takes in an old ranch house and hacienda. Lasky studio has opened up again, too, and Norma Talmadge has thrown her luck in with the Westerners. She has just bought eight acres in a garden spot in the Beverly Hills and will erect a palatial home there this summer. Helene Chadwick has also bought a new Holywood home. In Chicago, the half-way station, the Popular Pictures Corporation is following the lead of Essanay and opening up to put the Windy City on the map again as a producing center.

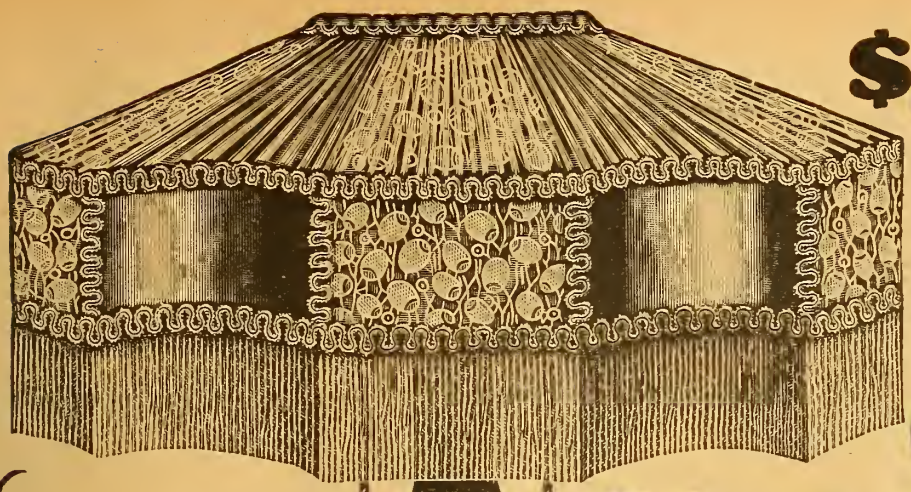
Marion Davies has brought "Janice Meredith" to the screen. It is the Paul Leicester Ford story and was acted on the stage by Mary Mannering some time ago. Laid in the Revolutionary period, the story introduces Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Hancock and Paul Revere. It will be a production more spectacular than "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Alma Rubens has finished "Blood and Gold," but she is acting the runaway wife in Hergesheimer's "Cytherea," and so will continue to stir our blood, that's what her director, George Fitzmaurice, promises anyhow. He says she is full of latent fire and that she will just about burn up the silversheet for us. The deserted wife is played by Mary Alden; the male lead by Lewis Stone. The picture was filmed in the old Biograph Studio in New York, and in Cuba and Paris.

Gloria Swanson entertains Edward Burns and Mario Majerone on the lawn of her improvised dressing-room at the Long Island studios of the Famous Players-Lasky studios

Writers have jumped into the

(*Continued on page* 108)



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Made in Fifth Avenue design, 24 in. in diameter, of delft blue silk, shirred top, alternating plain and fancy art silk panels. Twelve panels in all, tinsel braid border, with four inch Chenille fringe. American beauty shirred lining. The harmonious color scheme gives effect of red light shining through a blue haze—a rich warm light. Shipping weight, 27 pounds.

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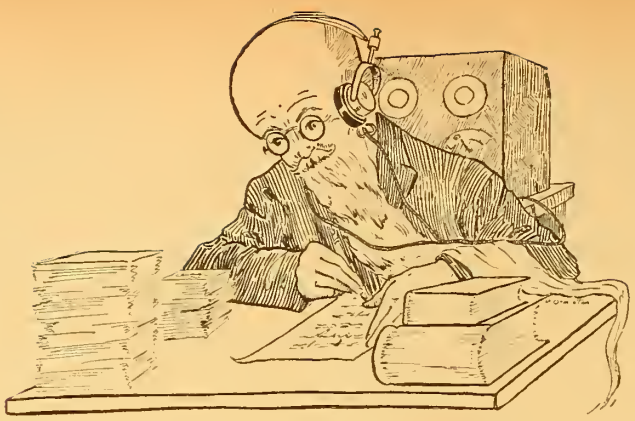
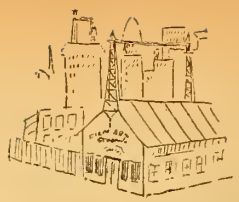
This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope





All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter

The Answer Man

John F. T.—Welcome—the more the merrier. Yes, and I am going to walk on the sunny side of the road as long as I can. It's pretty blowy out right now. I have met Richard Barthelmess, and he surely is all you think he is. Most of the players will send their pictures, but be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps to cover mailing expenses.

Croon.—Of course I was interested in you. As Elbert Hubbard said, "It is a good thing to cultivate an interest in all people with whom we come in contact, not because they are interesting or attractive, but because they are people. Marion Douras is Marion Davies' real name. Address her at the Cosmopolitan Studios, 2478 Second Avenue, New York City. She is five feet four and a half, blonde hair and blue eyes. You're excused for not using ink.

Serguis.—So you have an idea that I am a giant. No, I am not so many. Great buildings are not always the best furnished; neither are large men the most intelligent. On with the dance! Ruth Dwyer opposite Herbert Rawlinson in "Jack O'Clubs." Write me again.

Eileen's Admirer.—So this is your début. Charmed indeed. Eileen Percy was with Universal last, and William Hart in "Singer Jim McGee." No I dont mind walking these cold mornings if I dont skid.

Wally Mova.—My *cher ami,* and how is gay Paree? So you dont like me in my radio scene. How would you like me in an aeroplane? So you want Ralph Graves on the cover. Warner Fabian wrote "Flaming Youth." And you say you liked May McAvoy better than Betty Compson in "Kick In." Yes, thank you, and as someone said, "if fame is only to come after death, I am in no hurry for it."

Ben W. Leesburg.—Thanks for yours. It is letters like yours that make life sweeter for an Answer Man.

Ora Van D.—All I can say on the subject is that during the last ten years the railways of the whole United States comprising 253,000 miles of line, have had accidents in which an average of 322 passengers per year were killed. Automobiles now kill about 850 people per year on the streets of New York City. Yes, Edith Roberts is married to Earle Snokes, a Hollywood automobile dealer. The marriage is the culmination of a romance which began in the schoolroom. Your letter was great, write me another like it.

Dorothy B.—Robert Bridges, poet laureate of England, is at the University of Michigan now. Ramon Novarro is twenty-four. Right now he is in Egypt. Walter McGrail is not playing right now. Yes, Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" in 1573.

California Poppy.—So you think I am a lonely-looking old man. Cheer up, I'm not so lonely as you think. Lewis Stone, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro and Barbara La Marr in "Prisoner of Zenda." Bert Lytell, Elaine Hammerstein, Lew Cody and Claire Windsor in "Rupert of Hentzau." Why Virginia Dare is supposed to be the first white child born in America. It is also the name of an interesting beverage.

My Irish Rose.—But the most perfect pleasures in this world are always mingled with some bitterness. So you liked Douglas, Jr. He was born in California, and you can write to him at the Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Beth Sully was his mother's maiden name, and he is fifteen. You will see him often because he has just signed up with First National.

Elizabeth.—No, fear not, you cant bore me to death. Your friend is right, Rodolph Valentino did play in "Blood and Sand" with Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills in "Burning Sands." Theda Bara is going to play in "Restless Wives." She is thirty-four years old, five feet six and weighs 135. You knew didn't you that "Cytherea" was being filmed with Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Mary Alden? Some of the scenes were taken in Cuba.

J. De V.—Yes, there is a machine in England which has just been invented that makes it possible for one man to lay from 500 to 600 bricks an hour. Pretty soon, we will be able to turn a crank and a house will be built. Yes, Theodore Roberts is American. Aileen Pringle, Huntley Gordon, Eleanor Boardman and William Haines are making "True as Steel," the new Rupert Hughes picture.

Rudy's Admirer.—Why the greatest summer resort in the world is Coney Island, right here in New York City. Yes, that was Lloyd Hughes in "Tess of the Storm Country." Raymond McKee in "A Blind Bargain." Yes, Wanda Hawley is with Vitagraph.

Ima Daisy.—Then, I'm a Rose! Why they are so clean down South they wash their milk in water. Niles Welch and Julia Faye in "Stepping Out." Lloyd Hughes and Betty Ross Clark in "Mother O' Mine." Lloyd Hughes and Gladys George in "Homespun Folks." James Kirkwood in "The River's End." I should say your letter was interesting.

Caroline Morning.—Cheer up and dry those tears. As Dickens says, tears never yet wound up a clock or worked a steam injin. Herbert Standing, father of Wyndham Standing, died recently in California. He has four other sons and two daughters, all of whom are on the stage. Joseph Schildkraut is Austrian. George Walsh is not married now. And Margaret Landis is a sister to Cullen.

V. B. R.—No, I am not here to give advice, but to answer questions. Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. Robert Agnew was born in Dayton, Ky., in 1899. He has brown hair and weighs 145 pounds. Colleen Moore in "Through the Dark," with Forrest Stanley.

Joanna D. W.—Yes, it's pretty cold in my hall-room right now and I have my red socks, muffler and cap on. If it gets much colder I'm going South. Charles E. Mack was John in "The Daring Years"; address him at the Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Sure I like to get letters.

Ein B. in N.—Yes, Viola Dana is playing in "Revelation." Why dont you join one of the correspondence clubs?

Evelyn C.—And dont forget that a bachelor and his buttons are soon parted. Gloria Swanson is five feet three and weighs 112. Betty Blythe is 140 pounds and Lillian Gish was sixteen when she made her first picture. How did you like Leatrice Joy on the cover last month? She is playing in "Against the Rules" with Percy Marmont and Adolphe Menjou.

Curls.—They're out of style now. Jerry Gendron in "The Near Lady." So I am the most popular person in your school. Probably not with the teacher tho. Zona Gale's "Faint Perfume" is being done in pictures, also for the stage. You say "rabbits multiply but it takes a snake to be an adder." Wow! This way out.

Sierg.—No I have never been to Tulsa. How is it? I should say you were about twenty. Right?

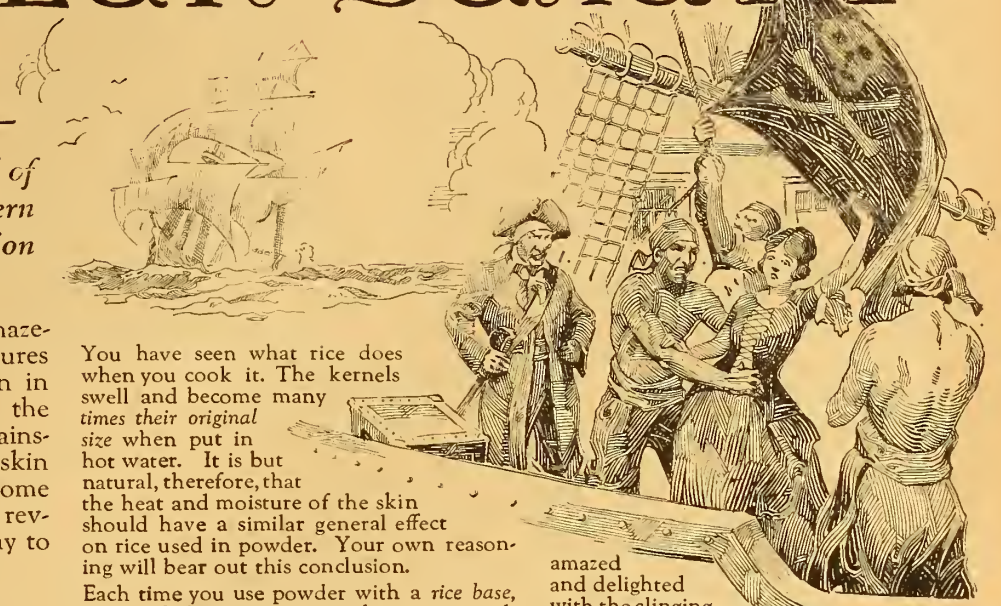
Martha de L. O.—Within a drop of ink may lurk that force that moves the world to better deeds. That's so you used a typewriter. Anyway, your letter was a peach in February. You say everything is divided equally—the rich man has his twin six and the poor man has his six twins. Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle are playing in "Lilies of the Field." Sylvia Breamer and Cissy Fitzgerald are also in the cast. Shoo fly, but come again.

Richard C. L.—So you think I am funny Dick. I wish I were. He cannot be complete in aught, who is not humorously prone. A man without a merry thought, can hardly have a funny bone. Which would you rather have a funny bone or a wishbone? Will Rogers' next will be "Uncensored Movies," burlesquing Rodolph Valentino in "The Sheik." Never heard of the player you mention.

STOLEN BEAUTY

As the Pirates of Old Stole Beauty—

So May the Wrong Kind of Face Powder Rob Modern Woman of Her Complexion Loveliness . . .



WOMEN will learn with amazement the recent disclosures now being made known in regard to their use of the indispensable face powder. A painstaking, scientific study of the skin and its care has brought forth some facts which are nothing short of revolutionary as to the correct way to powder.

Here are the facts:

Most women nowadays give thoughtful attention to their complexions. Why, then, should the skin so painstakingly cared for, frequently tend to coarsen and roughen without *apparent cause?* Why should the tiny pores mysteriously choke up and enlarge? What has been the reason so much beauty effort has had no permanent result—brought no lasting benefit? Science has found out, sifted down the facts, and discovered the cause of most cases of clogged, enlarged pores to be—*powder*; not the innocent *habit of powdering*, but the *powder itself.*

Every woman knows there are countless brands of face powder—a bewildering array. Prettily packaged and daintily perfumed, they tempt one on every side. They are to be had in various forms, and many fragrances—but science made this important discovery: nearly every powder on the market was basically the same, *made of rice!* Therein lay the trouble.

How Rice Acts in Face Powder

Consider! Rice, as everyone knows, is a *starchy substance* and no matter how fine it may be pulverized, its particles remain "sharp." When magnified, rice powder resembles *sand!* In a tiny pinch of powder there can be seen thousands of jagged, sharp-edged particles. Not a happy choice for application to the delicate skin! But worse even than this irritating sharpness, is the fact that rice *swells with moisture.*

You have seen what rice does when you cook it. The kernels swell and become many *times their original size* when put in hot water. It is but natural, therefore, that the heat and moisture of the skin should have a similar general effect on rice used in powder. Your own reasoning will bear out this conclusion.

Each time you use powder with a *rice base,* some of the minute particles *must* work down into the pores. There they *must* react harmfully because they are both moistened and warmed—"cooked" by the skin. This action taking place day after day, every time you powder, is bound to undo your care to keep the pores free, clean and normal in size. So one more mystery is solved by science—and common sense.

There Is No Rice in Princess Pat Powder

"But I simply cannot forego the use of Powder!" says the woman who desires the velvety, smooth appearance only powder can give. Nor need she!

Use the *"Powder With the Almond Base"*—Princess Pat—and the thousands of delicate pores in your skin will never be enlarged in the least—however plentiful or frequent the powdering. For, *unlike rice,* the Almond Base has *no sharpness* in a dry state, and does not penetrate and *swell* when moist. Instead, it has a soothing, healing quality, making its application *a beauty treatment in itself.* It is as kind to the super-sensitive skin structure as Almond *always is* — and Almond, as you know, is used on the tender skin of babies.

Princess Pat Gives a More Lovely Effect, Too

Knowing these facts, one regards it as a pity that rice powders—for the face at least—still are used. This is particularly true when you realize Princess Pat is so *finely particled* that its gentle adherence makes its effect last much longer than the finest powder that can be made of rice. You will be altogether amazed and delighted with the clinging quality of Princess Pat—"The Powder With the *Almond Base.*"

If you actually knew the benefits of Princess Pat to all skins—in all winds and weather—you would hasten its great comfort to you by obtaining a box at once at the nearest store that has it! But a liberal quantity—gratis—awaits you as explained below.

IMPORTANT

Ask for Princess Pat Powder by name and insist upon receiving it. There is no other powder made with the "Almond Base." The name and process are absolutely exclusive. Don't let anyone persuade you otherwise.

FREE!

Send for this big, generous free sample. Sent in a pretty red, gold and black enameled box—just the thing for your purse. Plenty for a thorough test. The only "different" face powder in the world.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.
2701 S. Park Ave., Dept. 23, Chicago
Entirely FREE, send sample of Princess Pat, "The Only Powder with an Almond Base."

Name (Print) .....

Street .....

City and State .....

Princess Pat

The Only Powder With an Almond Base — Always Ask for "Princess Pat"

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Creams—Ice Astringent—Princess Pat Tint—Lip Stick—Princess Pat Perfume

Miss Understood.—Any relation to Miss Interpret? Yes, you refer to "Rupert of Hentzau." I cant help but agree with you. Really! Never despise small things, for we were all infants before we became men, and pupils ere we became teachers. Ta, ta!

M. Foster.—Good morning to you. So you have been reading my department for eight years. You ought to know me by now. You know Mae Murray's husband, Robert Leonard, usually passes upon all stories that Miss Murray plays in. Right now Ibañez is writing a play for her. Ivor Novello and Nina Vanna are starring in "The Man Without Desire," which is being produced by the Novello-Atlas Co., in London.

M. F. W. Malden.—How's everything in Mass.? Thanks for your good wishes, but you better know me as you think you do. I'm really not all you think. You flatter me. Women are not aware of the extent of their coquetry. Do write again.

Paul Panzer Fan.—So you dislike to think of the players getting older. You speak mainly of Maurice Costello and Paul Panzer. You know we are not standing still. Lew Cody is now writing songs—he has written "My Lady of the Orchids" and "Wait For Me."

Curious.—Your conversation is the index of your intellect, and your actions show the bottom of your heart. I am watching you. Yes, Colleen Moore is married to John McCormack and Marion Davies is not married. Miss Davies played on the stage for a short while and then made "Cecelia of the Pink Roses" for the screen about five years ago. Her first real picture was "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and her next will be "Yolanda."

Homer W. K.—All right, let's go. Cullen Landis was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1895, and started his screen career with Universal. He is married and has two children. He did play with Marjorie Rambeau on the stage for a short while. Helen Holmes is playing opposite William Desmond for Universal. Thanks, and come again.

All for Pedro de C.—But you should hear his voice. I saw him in "Elaine" on the stage and he was superb. And you think Valentino would make the only Romeo. Well! Mary Queen of Scots was born on December 7, 1542, and United States declared war upon Austria-Hungary on December 7, 1917.

Eleanor.—William Gardner—I have no record of him. What has he played in?

Nevada.—By Free Silver is meant unlimited coinage of silver. It's quite limited around these diggings. Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn, is five feet ten and a half, weighs 155 and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Lila Lee is eighteen, married to James Kirkwood, five feet three, weighs 110 and has black hair and eyes. Betty Compson born in Salt Lake City, Utah, not married, five feet two, weighs 115 and has blue eyes and brown hair. You're welcome, I'm sure.

The Duchess.—Some letter! You say after hunting thru books of knowledge, etiquette books, etc., for two days, you couldn't find how to address a man unknown to you. My dear child, was it so difficult? You did very well, however. So you would like to see John Bowers in "Ivanhoe." Maybe you will get your wish. Well the more originality you have in yourselves, the more you see in other people.

Ernie.—My, what orange stationery. So you want Valentino to return to the screen soon. Yes, Ben Alexander is splendid. I should say I did like Mary Pickford in "Rosita." She did some very fine acting. No I dont know of a reliable clairvoyant or psychic I could refer you to. I didn't know there were any.

Dorothy D.—I have long since ceased trying to be punctual. Consider the man who is always punctual, how much time he wastes waiting for other people. Yes, address Norma Talmadge at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Tom Mix and Gertrude Olmstead in "Ladies to Board."

Pell.—My dear friend, dont be discouraged. There are plenty of well-known writers who have received in their time plenty of rejection slips. You appear to be reading the right sort of material to lay a good foundation for an ambitious young writer. I always enjoy your comments on the plays and players, and am always glad to hear from you.

Bob.—The two greatest railways of the world—the New York Central, with 13,024 miles of line and the Pennsylvania with 10,375 miles—have their greatest stations in New York City. Buck Jones and Tom Mix at the Fox Studios, 1401 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Whatever with the past has gone, the best is yet to come. Selah.

Pete, Carson City.—Yes, and every man who has a clever son believes in heredity. Dorothy Mackaill was a former member of Ziegfeld's Follies. Yes, Pauline Garon is reported married to Gene Sarazen, the tennis champion; Edith Roberts married to Earle Snokes, and Irene Castle married to Major Fred McLaughlin, the millionaire. Everybody's doing it, and now our own Adele Whitely Fletcher has just taken the fatal step.

G. M. G., From Florida.—How is the weather down there? You know those who apply themselves too much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones. Surely, dont be afraid to write to me, I like to hear from our readers. Mary Alden has an unusual rôle in "The Fire Patrol." She usually portrays mother parts, in this she plays a young woman of her own age.

Beatrice P.—Yes, write to Jackie Coogan at the Metro Studios, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal. He will be glad to hear from you.

Francis C.—Well, persons who cannot write their names are required to use as a substitute the sign of the cross. Anciently kings and nobles used the same sign, but not ignorantly, as it was used by those who could, as well as by those who could not write, as a symbol to the truth of the matter to which he affixed it. Reginald Denny is playing in features now, you know.

Patty.—What beautiful stationery. A woman without a laugh in her is the greatest bore in existence. A good laugh is sunshine in a house. Life without laughing is a dreary blank. Yes that is Betty Compson's real name. Yes, he is with Famous Players. Why, Dorothy Gish was born in Dayton, O., and Lillian in Springfield, O.

Paige.—I was very glad to hear from a reader away off in Brussels. So Betty Compson is your favorite player, and you liked her in "The Little Minister." Yes, that was a favorite picture in America. She is also playing in "The Stranger," "To Have and to Hold" and "Kick In." Right now she is at the Famous Players Studio, Los Angeles, Cal. Thanks, I was indeed pleased with your letter.

Billy B.—Go to it, but the men who succeed are the men who make history, but it is the men who do not succeed that furnish most of the romance. John Gilbert is twenty-eight, and he is with Fox. No, Katherine MacDonald is not playing now. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring. Yes, do write again.

Nance U. R.—I should say, *toujours prêt*. No, there are no pictures of me to be had anywhere: Helene Chadwick playing the lead in "Reno." Now it's not the kind of a picture you think it is.

Someboy.—Mary Pickford is thirty. As Franklin says, "none preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing." Not some aunts I know. Theda Bara is thirty-four. Charles Chaplin also thirty-four. James Kirkwood is forty. Yes, Anna Q. Nilsson is married to John Gunnerson.

Rose Brasil.—All the way from South America. How's the weather down there. All I can say is to get in touch with some of the correspondence clubs. Pauline Starke is playing in "The Arizona Express."

Agnes.—Watch your diet. We dig our graves with our teeth you know. Yes, write to Shirley Reed at 1214 Laurel Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Lionel Barrymore has signed with D. W. Griffith to play the rôle of Walter Butler in "America."

P. R. B.—Hands up! You say "If Cleo made Mark Antony the Mark he was, and Cæsar made Brutus the Brute he was, then who in the dickens made Lydia Pinkham the pill she was." I refer you to the medical almanac. Yes, that was May McAvoy in "Kick In." Estelle Taylor in "A Fool There Was."

Jazimova.—They who never make mistakes seldom make anything. John Barrymore is forty-one, and married to Michel Strange, her *nom de plume*. Irene Rich, having finished her part in "Beau Brummel," was loaned by Warner Brothers for a leading rôle in "A Woman Who Sinned."

Paterick.—Never argue. In society nothing must be given, only results. If any person differs from you, bow, and turn the conversation. You've got me, I cant tell you what the sign is. It looks Greek to me, and I know very little of that.

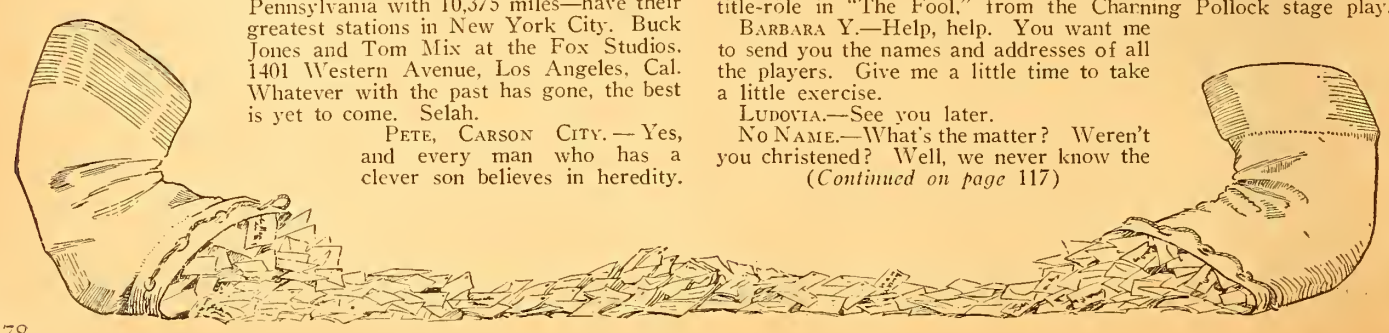
Betty.—Yes, Edmund Lowe appeared on the stage in "The Son Daughter" and his first screen part was in Clara K. Young's "Eyes of Youth." He has just been chosen by Fox to play the title-rôle in "The Fool," from the Charning Pollock stage play.

Barbara Y.—Help, help. You want me to send you the names and addresses of all the players. Give me a little time to take a little exercise.

Ludovia.—See you later.

No Name.—What's the matter? Weren't you christened? Well, we never know the

(*Continued on page* 117)



SHE watched the beautiful leading lady on the other side of the footlights.
HE watched the beautiful lady on this side—and he pictured her smiling at him, some day, across their breakfast table—his leading lady for life!

The Beauty Aid of powder and rouge

By MME. JEANNETTE

Why are there so many more beautiful women than there used to be? They have learned how to make more of such looks as the gods have bestowed upon them.

The trail of beauty is lightly traced in the careful use of vanishing cream and the deft handling of rouge and powder puffs.

Pompeian Day Cream, a vanishing cream, is made especially as a protective foundation for powder and rouge. Distribute it carefully over the face and neck; it will disappear as you apply it, leaving a delicate little film that is cool and firm to the touch.

Wait a few minutes so every particle of the cream vanishes—and you will find a most agreeable foundation for the smooth going-on of powder and rouge.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is an absolutely pure powder, and of the consistency agreeable to the average woman's skin. It adheres with unusual tenacity—especially when used over Pompeian Day Cream. It comes in shades for all types of women—Rachel, Naturelle, Flesh, and White.

Pompeian Bloom is the rouge made to be used with Pompeian Beauty Powder. It is a rouge compact, and while it does not crack or crumble, it rubs off easily on your puff for use.

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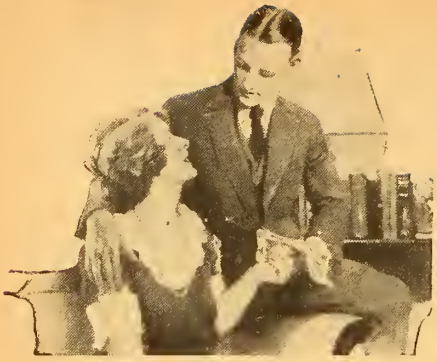

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On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page* 64)

doors, so to speak; all the sets are boxed in and not even the studio employees are allowed to so much as feel.

Will Rogers has built a log cabin on his beautiful place at Beverly Hills just to give parties in. The first one was a Christmas Party for his three children, Mary, Bill, Jr., and Jimmy. A local newspaper writer quotes Will Rogers as discussing an infant prodigy they saw together at the Orpheum the other day. "I've got a definition for an infant prodigy," he drawled. "It is: he knows as much as he ever will."

The most sophisticated and cynical cast of actors I ever saw assembled on one stage—also the wittiest and most charming, is that which has been assembled to film "The Lilies of the Field," which is, itself, not a Little Red Riding Hood type of story; among the cast are Corinne Griffith, a cynical young lady if one ever grew; the blasé Conway Tearle; Charles Gerrard of the mocking tongue; Phyllis Haver, Anna May Wong, and several other sophisticates. It is directed by Jack Dillon.

Major Rupert Hughes has been decorated with the order of "Polonia Restituta" by the Government of Poland for his services as an intelligence officer during the war. He specialized on Polish affairs and wrote many articles making clear the national aims of that country.

Bert Woodruff, the veteran actor, was recently married to Mrs. Addie M. Sprague of Quincy, Ill., it being the culmination of a romance that began fifty-five years ago when they were children.

The mayor of Los Angeles recently set aside a day to be observed as "Mary Pickford Day." From a platform in Pershing Square, Mary made a speech to an immense crowd. She warned girls yearning for fame to stay from Hollywood unless they were equipped with an attending mother; enough money to live on for a year and infinite courage. And Doug made a speech in which he said gallantly, that for him every day was "Mary Pickford Day," and the mayor made a speech in which he said a lot of things but nearly broke the heart of the press agents by forgetting to mention the fact that Mary's picture "Rosita" was running at a local theater. Pshaw! and that's what the meeting was given for!

Renee Adoree is a lucky girl. After a week or two in a hospital following a terrible automobile accident, they took the bandages off and discovered that the accident will leave no scars on her face. As soon as she is able to work, she will take her place in the cast of Reginald Barker's "Cape Cod Folks."

Priscilla Dean's first independent starring picture will be a costume story called "The Pirate." After that she will return to another crook play. Priscilla admits that her soul hankers after crook stories.

Charley Chaplin who is locked up in his Beverly Hills home writing a comedy for himself, was disturbed the other day by a real estate feller who offered him $400,000 for the lot upon which his studio rests. Charley paid $50,000 for it seven years ago. If he can find another studio site, he will accept the offer.

Baby Peggy is starting out on a new starring career, under the management of Sol Lesser who first starred Jackie Coogan. Her first picture will be "Captain January," in which Hobart Bosworth will play the part of the old Captain. A light-house has been built for Peggy at Laguna Beach where she will live while

(*Continued on page* 86)

No nobleman for Betty Compson after all. For Betty has announced her engagement to James Cruze in whose future productions it is rumored she will appear. Mr. Cruze, you know, directed that epic film, "The Covered Wagon." We compliment Betty . . . and we compliment Mr. Cruze, and wish them every happiness

Photograph by International Newsreel

The Confessions of an Interviewer

(*Continued from page* 34)

giving the impression of extremely polite appetites in both places." And she insisted upon doing this. Louise is the most brilliant talker I ever listened to. She sizzles epigrams and aphorisms. Not all word jugglery either. She has a remarkable imagination; sane penetrating analysis and a vivid way of speaking. Nobody ever really wrote a Louise Fazenda interview. Nobody could ever remember all she said. Oddly enough, she is really of an unhappy disposition. Her soul is in a torment of wishing she were on the other side of the hill most of the time.

EMMETT FLYNN

The most "up-stage" director I ever tried to interview is Emmett Flynn who affects a great weariness of spirit with the idea that the cruel world bothers him with fame and such. Underneath this blasé attitude, I imagine that Mr. Flynn has much charm of character and disposition that will come out when he is older and wiser.

THE GISH GIRLS

Lillian Gish is the hope and delight of all the scared little girl interviewers in the world. Lillian is so calm and poised and sweet and she knows so well what they ought to ask her that she just does the story up in a package and hands it to them—as it were. Lillian has the broadest outlook on life of any person I ever met—the sanest and gentlest judgment. She is the only person I have ever talked to for five or six hours at a stretch and then gone away feeling that we had hardly started talking. Many times in the old Griffith studio, I have talked all day long with Lillian without a lag in the interest of the conversation.

Dorothy is the same. Underneath her witty, sparkling, airy little chatter, Dorothy is a smart, shrewd, interesting, well-read girl. She has the most withering power of assessing the elements of a given situation of any girl I know.

There is a wealth of good sound character and courage and loyalty in Dorothy that not many people know. An interview with her is a delightful experience. I have always felt that both Lillian and Dorothy could write and write well.

ERNST LUBITSCH

An interview with Ernst Lubitsch is a heavy and portentous affair — until you come to know each other. Herr Ernst Lubitsch fortifies himself behind a big desk with an interpreter to whom he turns with agony when his English fails him. He is, however, an interesting and vivid talker, altho he feels that he is facing a difficult position and is very guarded in what he says. Sometimes when you ask him a question that is a little indiscreet, he says shyly, "Confidential ches?" and when you answer, "Yes, confidential," he will give some fascinating opinions as to the merits and demerits of American artists and directors—none of which he will ever allow you to print.

POLA NEGRI

Pola Negri has an inward contempt of interviewers, for which I do not blame her. She came from a country where artists speak to the public—if at all—about art. Here they ask which are the hottest lips she has ever kissed and why she loved Charlie Chaplin. Pola receives inter-

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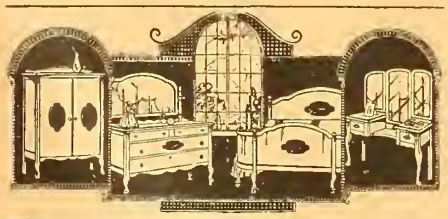

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viewers with the finished ease and polish of a trained society woman and talks well. But she thinks what she thinks.

GLORIA SWANSON

Gloria Swanson usually misses the appointment at which you were to have interviewed her, but she is friendly and frank. She feels that she has had ruthless treatment at the hands of the American papers—and this is true. Nevertheless, she is cordial and entertaining and has a shrewd half-humorous outlook on life that is captivating.

BETTY COMPSON

Betty Compson is sweet and gracious but I always feel the professional cordiality of a politician in her hand shake.

THOMAS H. INCE

With the exception of Bobbie Harron who died two or three years ago, I never saw anyone who hated to be interviewed so much as Thomas H. Ince, the big producer. This is the more singular in that Ince is an excellent talker and a man of brilliant ideas.

D. W. GRIFFITH

I dont believe that D. W. Griffith really likes being interviewed, but once caught, he always takes the utmost pains to see that the interviewer gets a thrill. You might not expect it of him but he gives the same attention to the kid reporter from the Farmers Almanac that he would to W. R. Hearst. Having been a newspaper man himself, he is keen enough to know that the newspaper business is a rapidly changing profession and that a green awkward reporter today may tomorrow be a big critic with your professional life in the hollow of his hand. So Griffith will always stop everything to be interviewed at any time—by anybody. He always stages a good show and makes a point of saying something that will work up into a spectacular story.

He is so charming to them personally that every writer always goes away from the studio D. W.'s devoted friend for life. The more so, because they always approach the throne scared down to the bottom of their souls.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

The actor whom new interviewers usually dread is, as a matter of fact, among the easiest. This is Charlie Chaplin. Charlie always continues to give you the impression that it is a special concession that he wouldn't make for anyone else; but he is really very accessible and always gives up interesting and striking ideas without any coaxing. In fact, Charlie is one of the most interesting and extraordinary conversationalists I ever talked to. He has a certain shy charm that makes an alluring setting for his words and ideas.

Most actors spill a dreary lot of bromides about art and the uplift and so on but everything Charlie says is absolutely his own and absolutely original.

MACK SENNETT

One of the oddest birds that anybody ever tried to interview is Mack Sennett. He always has to be led by the nose to the ordeal. His press department has to plead on bended knees and when you finally get in to see him he always has an air of saying, "What! You here again!" Then he sighs as tho he were saying "Well, we all have our crosses to bear and I suppose this is mine." But finally he begins to be interested in spite of himself—if you know how to ask questions. At that point, you are due for an intellectual treat. Sennett has a most unusual mind with a quaint sound, sane philosophy and an original way of talking. He has a withering power of analysis and a depth of feeling and vision that you might not suspect from the inventor of the Keystone Kops.

MABEL NORMAND

And lastly, Mabel Normand. She is a woman of unusual intellect and of vivid originality—but you might as well try to interview the March wind. If you ask Mabel about uplifting the drama, it will make her think of a story she heard once about a darky who found a rattlesnake in his bed. And before you can ask her anything she has seen someone going by in an automobile who has a wolfhound that she wants to buy and she rushes away, leaving you flat in your ruffled dignity.

Mae and the Early Days

(*Continued from page 26*)

stirring drama entitled "The New York Hat," Mae Marsh was given an important rôle, that of a haughty society girl who tried on hats galore while Mary Pickford as the shabby heroine gazed wistfully in thru the shop window.

From this difficult portrayal, Mae went to other equally trying rôles. Her days of extra work were forever behind her.

Her first leading rôle was given her because Mary Pickford refused to play a part in which she must show her knees. It was a South Sea Island story, or something of the sort. The heroine was all to the grass skirt and beads, anyway.

"Let Mae Marsh play it," Miss Pickford requested Griffith. So Mae stopped throwing rocks at Bobby, and quite indifferent to her knees, donned the grass skirt and acted right out as a leading woman.

As a reward, Mr. Griffith gave her the lead in "The Sands of Dee" in which she proved herself worthy to be ranked with Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet and other leading members of the company.

Change came presently. Mary Pickford went back to the stage to play in "A Good Little Devil" for David Belasco. The Griffith company moved from Los Angeles to Fort Lee, New Jersey, for the summer months.

Mary Visits the Studios

Mae was thrilled and delighted, one day, to find that Mary Pickford was coming over from New York to visit them. She wanted to show Mary just what a talented actress she had become since the grass-skirt days.

The opportunity presented itself, she felt certain, in some scenes to be taken that afternoon—scenes requiring some rather daring horsemanship. Mae was not so good as an equestrienne, but she felt that her ability as an actress would see her thru.

With Mary Pickford standing interestedly on the side-lines, the big scene got under way. Mae was being rescued from something or other by a Northwest Mounted Policeman. Onto the scene galloped the M. P. resplendent in his red coat, swung Mae up behind him and dashed gallantly away. They passed the camera lines in nothing flat.

Soon a dark suspicion, and one not ungrounded, entered the mind of the leading lady. The M. P. didn't know much more about riding a horse than she did, and the horse was running away. She shut her eyes and waited for the end. It came presently, and painfully.

When she regained consciousness, Mary Pickford and the others were bending anxiously over her. The M. P. completely *hors de combat*, lay not far away. The horse, at last reports, was still going.

Jack Pickford had to put on a red wig and double for Mae in scenes of prowess.

Sunny days, stormy days, happy days, those of that early Griffith company. The history of the motion picture parallels the history of its players. Like it, they have grown from awkward, angular immaturity to the poise and dignity of sophistication.

They meet occasionally and—"Do you remember this?" one will ask, and "Do you remember that?" Presently someone will speak of Bobby Harron, and the quick April tears spring to Mae Marsh's eyes.

The New Mae

In a manner she is gone too, the wistful, eager little girl of ten years ago. She is

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Do You Like to Draw? Copy the picture of the girl on skiis and send us your drawing—perhaps you will win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you have not had much practice.

1st Prize - - - $100.00
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3rd Prize - - $25.00 **5th Prize - - $10.00**
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Rules for Contestants:

This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible. Note these rules carefully:

1. Draw only the girl on skiis, and background. Do not draw border or lettering.
2. Send one drawing only, making it exactly 5 inches wide, on paper 6 inches wide by 5 inches high.
3. Use only pencil or pen.
4. No drawings will be returned.
5. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
6. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by March 1st, 1924. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to

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older; life has broadened, tempered her. One cannot imagine the Mae Marsh of today throwing rocks at a young man because she admired him, or for any other reason.

"I did my best work with Bobby," she says. "Sometimes I think it the best work I ever shall do. We understood each other so perfectly."

As she speaks of him, that throat-catching smile-thru-tears of hers, flashes across her face, trembles on her lips.

While that smile remains, we'll not quite lose the little Mae Marsh of the early days.

And I doubt that we'll forget her. Ever.

That's Out

(*Continued from page* 50)

Another Rare Film

As another fine photoplay of power and simplicity, mark up "Boy of Mine," directed by William Beaudine, who also directed that little gem, "Penrod and Sam." Ben Alexander is again superb in the title-rôle, and Henry Walthall and Irene Rich do some of the best work of their careers. In spite of its unpretentiousness, "Boy of Mine" is a far superior piece of celluloid craftsmanship to such costly offerings as "In the Palace of the King" or "Ashes of Vengeance," and a great deal more enjoyable. The screen needs more like it.

Judging America by Its Movies

All successful business men make poor husbands.

All bankers are distinguished-looking personages.

All clergymen are solemn and grave.

A Bull's Eye for Mae

While "Fashion Row," Mae Murray's latest film, is by no means one of her best, it is unique in that it gives her the opportunity to prove conclusively to all doubting Thomases that she is an actress as well as a dancer. Mae's distinctly different characterizations of the two rôles in "Fashion Row" will linger a long time in the memories of those who have contended that she is nothing but a manikin.

How to Judge the Films

If it is over your head and bores you, then you may rest assured it is a picture with a moral.

If you enjoy it immensely, then it is certain to be a lot of hokum and sure-fire bunk thrown together to make a box-office winner.

Dogmas of the Movies

All desert islands are beautiful and abundant with fruit and animals.

Every young man who comes from the country to make his fame in the big city is eventually ejected by the cruel landlady for non-payment of rent.

All thrilling events take place on dark and stormy nights.

I Am an Optimist

I expect an Eric von Stroheim production to get by the censors without being cut to pieces.

When Villains Meet

(*Continued from page 47*)

ing experience. The most commonplace experience becomes vivid and dramatic in his recital of it.

Tho so similar in type on the screen that they are frequently up for the same rôle, off screen they furnish a most interesting contrast.

Lew Cody is so well known to film fans that a recital of the facts of his career would be quite superfluous here. He is of French descent, his real name is Cote, just like the perfume manufacturer's, and as you unquestionably know, he was at one time married to the lovely Dorothy Dalton.

Adolphe Menjou is French, and you pronounce it Mon-joo. He was born in Pau, in the southern part of France, coming to this country with his parents when he was three years of age. He was educated at Culver Military Academy and Cornell University, where he was active in college theatricals.

His entry into motion pictures, after some experience on the legitimate stage and in vaudeville, came about in a rather interesting manner. A director friend of his suggested that he try for a certain part in a picture about to be made.

Menjou, practically penniless at the time, he says, hurried to the film company's offices in a down-town building in New York. The cast was filled before he got there.

But going down in the elevator he was attracted by a crowd of extra people on another floor. He stepped off the elevator, got into line and was accepted for the night's work.

The director noticed him and gave him a bit that kept him working for several days. Other parts followed.

The war interrupted his career for a while. He became a captain and served for two years. After the armistice he returned to New York, to find things rather quiet around the eastern studios.

One night Lew Cody and some of his other friends over the dinner table, suggested that he come West.

The first picture in which he was cast out here, "The Faith Healer," established him on the Coast. Since then he has played in pictures too many to enumerate, tho one might mention in passing, "The Sheik," "The Three Musketeers," "The Eternal Flame," "Bella Donna," "Rupert of Hentzau," "The Spanish Dancer," "A Woman of Paris" and his latest with Pola Negri, "Shadows of Paris."

"The thing that counts is to get good parts. That, and luck," observed Mr. Menjou frankly. "Isn't that right, Lew?"

"You're far too modest," I protested.

"It's true, tho," they both assured earnestly. "Good parts and good luck. That's all there is to it."

"Before you go," added Mr. Menjou, as I indicated that the interview might just as well end with that last statement, "I want to show you my dogs."

His young stepson brought them into the room, a pair of raggedy-haired, bright-eyed little animals.

"They're Sealyham terriers and quite rare," explained Mr. Menjou. "The pups are worth five hundred dollars apiece."

"Here's a good idea, Adolphe," said the resourceful Mr. Cody. "Why not make presents of the pups to directors you'd like to work for."

"That's exactly what I do, Lew," Mr. Menjou assured him gravely. "They've paved the way for me many a time."

Which may or may not, of course, be the strict truth.

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Bourjois JAVA *Face Powder and*
ASHES OF ROSES* ROUGE
or
ROUGE MANDARINE*

(Ashes of Roses Rouge is rosy and warm. Rouge Mandarine is lighter and a vivid orange)

Most American women use Java. If you do not, there is pleasure in store for you—that of finding perfect adherence, exquisite consistency, and all in a shade *exactly* suited to your complexion and type.

Java is made in White, Naturelle, Rose and Rachel, and includes the two new and already famous powders, *Peaches and *Peaches-and-Cream.****

Ashes of Roses Rouge is, literally, incomparable. It blends with every undertone of the complexion, and its texture adapts itself to subtle effects. Rouge Mandarine* is chosen by women who prefer the orange. Each rouge is pure—beneficial to the skin.

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(Postal orders are safest)

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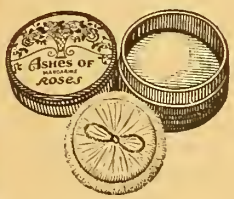

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Dept. 25, Chicago

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HOHNER HARMONICAS

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page* 80)

the picture is being made. Eddie Cline will direct.

The shore line at Laguna is very abrupt and rocky. The other day John Griffith Wray was working on "Against the Rules," in which Leatrice Joy, Percy Marmont and Adolphe Menjou are being starred. A huge freak wave swept both Wray and his cameraman off the rocks into the sea. The cameraman, Henry Sharp, cannot swim and only escaped drowning by reason of the fact that fifty Kanaka boys were working as extras in the picture and one of them rescued him.

Louise Fazenda is taking classic dancing lessons from Theodore Kosloff. She says the first thing they made her do was to put on a pair of rompers and try to touch the back of her head with her foot. "But," says Louise, "I can see right now that my foot is never going to be on terms of intimacy with the rear of my cranium."

Betty Compson, who has come home from Europe rawther English, is to be the star of a new producing company backed by capitalists of Oakland, California.

Pauline Garon, the little French Canadian girl who has been a member of the Hollywood colony for about a year, is engaged to be married to Gene Sarazen, the golf professional. The romance started when Miss Garon was taking golf lessons.

Anna Q. Nilsson got so interested in oil while working in Rex Beach's "Flowing Gold" that she and her husband, John M. Gunnerson, a shoe manufacturer, have plunged up to their necks in an investment in the oil fields near Los Angeles.

"If we hit, Oh, boy," exclaimed Anna. "And—if we dont—I'm bust."

Anna says that she has pawned everything but the family cat.

Norma Talmadge and Constance have postponed their intended trip to Europe on account of an event that sister Natalie (Mrs. Buster Keaton) is expecting. Norma is in the mountains of Bear Valley taking the snow episodes of "Secrets," and Constance is in the midst of "The Goldfish."

May Allison who says she is going to sue her husband, Robert du Rell Ellis, for divorce—says that first impressions are the hunches that should be followed in love affairs.

Says Miss Allison:

"I'm a great believer in first impressions—love at first sight if you prefer that frayed bromide. Well, our first impression was not favorable. Neither of us was attracted by the other. We both should have abided by that hunch. But we didn't.

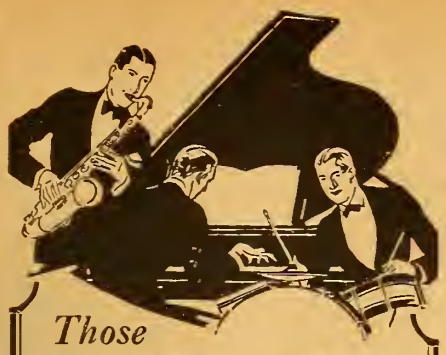
"'Bob' played leads in two of my pictures after this meeting. First it was merely a casual friendship. Then we thought we cared for each other. He left for New York to direct pictures there. Three times a week we told each other how great—how desperate—our love was. A Chicago telephone operator relayed the messages.

"A year ago we thought a deferred honeymoon—a trip around the globe—might smooth out the difficulties. We were away nearly six months and visited nearly every habitable country. But if the sunshine of California cant blossom love, one cant find it around the pyramids of Egypt."

The announcement of Miss Allison's marriage, after it had been kept a secret for some months, disclosed other hidden heart affairs in the screen favorite's career.

It then became known that she previously had been married to Col. J. L. Stephenson, a wealthy mining man, whom she met aboard the *New Mexico*, a ship of the Pacific fleet, at a dinner party given by Admiral Rodman.

Being a movie star is no simple matter. It necessitates innumerable things besides acting before the camera . . . for instance, many sittings for portraits. Colleen Moore who has recently been elevated to a star's estate has learned all about it.



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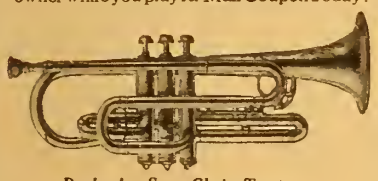

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That's how come the teeth you envy

YOU see pearly teeth now—teeth that glisten—as you never did before. And you wonder, perhaps, how folks get them.

Those whiter teeth mean safer, cleaner teeth—a new era in tooth protection. Let us show you the way, and send you a ten-day test.

That dingy coat

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their great enemy. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. Under old-way brushing, much of it clings and stays.

Soon it becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. Thus teeth become clouded more or less. Beauty is sadly marred.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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Many careful tests proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created and you may apply these methods daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Today leading dentists the world over advise it, and careful people of some 50 nations now employ it daily.

You see the results

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ASTA STUDIO, 309 Fifth Ave., Dept. 132, New York

After Him There Isn't Anymore

(*Continued from page 23*)

came a rumble of applause like the sea when it is heard far off. Quiet. The rumble again. Quiet.

The valet stepped to the door. "Here is Mr. Barrymore," he said, and into the room came a tired figure, in the black doublet and hose of the melancholy Dane . . . with wrought silver chains and medallions heavy about his neck. And while he greeted us, we searched his eyes and found there the dull weariness of exhaustion. Let it be said to our credit that we felt a Philistine. Here we were intruding upon this short respite with babbling questions. It would seem enough that he gives of himself every day . . . usually behind the footlights, and all too rarely under the Kleig lights. Was intrusion such as ours, and all the others waiting our exit, to be his reward.

However, . . . we asked him if he was coming more often to the screen.

"I want to," he said. "I hope it can be arranged so that I can do both stage and screen work at the same time, as I did a few years ago. I'm anxious for that. . . ."

In his fervor he seemed to have forgotten that this intense concentration of effort had occasioned a severe breakdown.

". . . I might do Shakespeare on the screen. His stories are full of every conceivable dramatic event. That guy was a good scenario writer. He stole good plots wholesale.

"Oh yes, everyone talks about the beauty of his lines' being lost upon the screen." He grinned. "I grant them a beauty even after I have 'to be'd or not to be'd' eight times a week for Heaven knows how long. But minus the music of his lines, his plots are strong things."

There was an atmosphere of friendliness in his joking, punctuated with slang. After all, it is only the Demi-Great who sit in aloof glory upon unapproachable thrones of tinsel artistry and mock dignity. Sarah Bernhardt, her biographers write, was the most human member of her company. And today we find Barrymore, granted the laurels of artistry by all his contemporaries, being photographed with the studio crew . . . and, so they tell us, preferring to talk to the old doormen and extras during his sojourn in the studios, because they knew funny tales of road shows and impecunious actors.

We asked him if he would ever do Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray," on the screen. It seemed a dual rôle offering him almost a parallel to Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

"Mush," he announced. "I dont like the author and I like the character less. I'll never do that. And I dont plan to do 'Debureau,' as was announced, either. There are too many great things I'd like to do."

He thinks Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish and Jackie Coogan, offhand, are the greatest artists on the screen.

"You know how it is tho," he said, "when you give a list. It's like someone asking you what you like to do best and you say play golf. Yet when you are doing other things there are a number you enjoy doing infinitely more.

"Oh . . . and I think that fellow von Stroheim is great. I use that word advisedly. His approach is different from anyone else's on the screen. His productions scintillate with brilliancies. I'd like to meet that man. His mind fascinates me.

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Mrs. Carpenter states that she made this wonderful reduction solely through Wallace reducing records; that she got thin to music and did nothing else—no Turkish baths, no patent foods or drugs, no punishing diet.

Compare your present weight with the weight for your height and age in the table below, and you'll *know* how much you can reduce. There's no theory about it—for results are *guaranteed.*

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61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	145	153	159
70	145	147	156	163

Free Proof to Any Woman Who Really Wants to Get Thin

Thousands of women (men, too) have reduced by use of Wallace records, all by themselves, with their own phonograph, at home. The reducing movements are scientific and certain. They can't harm; and they can't fail. It's a perfectly natural, normal and healthful way of correcting the cause of *any amount* of overweight. And proof is *free.*

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91

LOOK FOR THE RED RING ON THE LUDEN-YELLOW BOX

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS GIVE QUICK RELIEF

94

Flaming Youth

(*Continued from page* 43)

And Pat had difficulty explaining. With all the wisdom of her nineteen years she had decided that marriage was a failure. It destroyed romance. It made a mock of happiness. It took away your liberty, your very entity, and gave you nothing in return. There were her two sisters, both wretched because they were married. There was her own father and mother. For that matter, there was Cary himself, who had been separated from his wife for years, having lived together only three of their total of fifteen. Modern marriage meant nothing anyway. Nearly everyone Pat knew had gotten a divorce, were contemplating a divorce, or hopelessly longed for a divorce. The remaining few who hadn't weren't, and didn't, took lovers or mistresses as the case might be. She didn't see why they bothered to marry at all. She never meant to. She wouldn't face the inevitable disillusion and ghastly humdrum.

Cary was shocked but a little amused. "Nevertheless, my dear child," he said, looking Pat square in the eyes, "I shall spend the allotted time in Paris and when I am free I shall come back and marry you—whether you will or not."

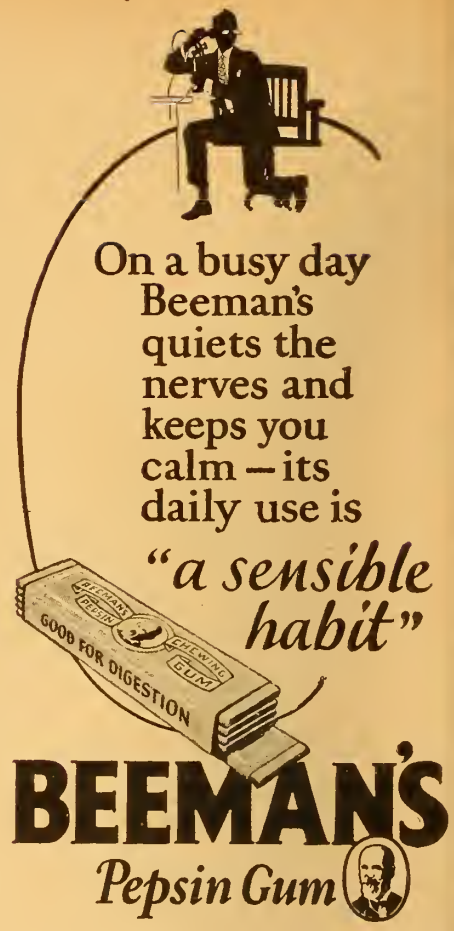
"Oh, Cary," sighed Pat, not knowing whether to be thrilled or angered and feeling a little of both.

. . . . . .

The girl closed her eyes and leaned back on the *chaise-longue* perched like a throne in the middle of a big studio-room. Tapestries covered the walls; deep toned thick rugs carpeted the floor. There were flowers in great profusion and their heavy sweet scent permeated to the far corners. There was an air of voluptuous languor about the room, an inexpressible sexual taint. There was very little light. Standing at the feet of the girl a pale young man stood caressing the strings of a violin which responded with utterly ravishing sounds. It was Leo Stenak, and the first time Pat had heard him was across the lawn that memorable night when she had given her first "white kiss" to Cary Scott.

Now Pat had been a little surprised when Cary had actually gone. And a little hurt. She had practically offered to become his mistress and he had refused. Well, she would never marry him. But she loved him. Hateful old conventions! They stifled everything that was real and true and—and—fundamental, Pat decided having just discovered the word. She wanted to be free, all in capital letters. Naturally she had been lonely after Cary had gone, and he had been gone a long time. Everyone else bored her to death. Her own crowd she had left flat. They seemed utterly vapid to her, which indeed they were. There never had existed any particular friendship between either her sisters or with her father, and Pat was too much an individual to have many real friends. She would watch her sisters impersonally, with a slight antagonism, as tho they were strangers. So she was lonely and bored and you know about Satan's finding mischief for idle hands to do. . . .

She remembered one day, the young musician whose playing had so moved her. The despised conventions did not hinder her here. She wrote to him and naturally he was flattered. He didn't believe in conventions either and, what was the more remarkable, really practised what he preached. She went to his rooms often and he played for her. Leo Stenak began to stand for something fine and free in Pat's life, a symbol of liberty greatly to be



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CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE is just good old Musterole in milder form. Unexcelled for the relief of croupy coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Keep a little white jar of Children's Musterole handy. It comes ready to apply instantly, without fuss or bother. The price is so small—35c a jar—no mother can afford to be without it.

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desired. She was coming under his spell, which truth to tell, had been exerted for many women and always successfully. Poor little Pat! Poor foolish little Pat! There was no one to help her now. She had cravenly locked the doors of her mother's room and refused to read any more of Dr. Bobs' letters. There had been a scene and she had told him the truth. He was shocked and disappointed into inactivity and left off coming over to the big house, so that even his slight influence was denied her.

Leo, was weary of playing for Pat, just playing, that is. He had been pretty patient with this wild bird but her capture was imminent. Leo did not believe in waiting too long, lest the tired heart could not enjoy what it had spent itself to gain. He had introduced her to his friends, who were likewise free—and easy. Pat had discarded flapperism for young intellectualism and moved in a haze of new ideas. In other words, she had simply discarded one vicious circle for another. Everyone in this new set did something, or dabbled in something at any rate. The pose was the thing, with the gesture running it a close second. Pat longed to express herself in something. Merely to be different was the cult here and so weirdly complete was the success of most of them that Pat found any sort of individuality hard to maintain. Their only similarity to the young things she had left behind her, lay in the fact that they both despised marriage, only these new associates despised it openly. *They* didn't bother to marry and this moral lapse, by a twisted and inverse reasoning, filled Pat with admiration. Well, given the opportunity, she, too, would be free.

Opportunity knocks but once, we are told, but the sort of opportunity Pat was looking for fairly beat a tattoo on her door. All right. She would be free. The obvious person then, to compass freedom with was Leo Stenak, who was growing restive anyway. Pat closed her eyes, stifled her instinctive protests and took the plunge. It was on a yachting party with Leo and an assorted group of his friends. They suddenly decided to take a cruise to the tropics and Pat was persuaded to go along.

"You will be my little love, on this trip?" Leo asked. "I can feel that you care, and as for me I adore, I worship, I—I—desire you."

Pat was thrilled in spite of herself. Her demurring was only half-hearted.

"Marriage," went on Leo, encouraged beyond measure," is not for us. We are more advanced. We have evolved. Our ideas have crystallized into the clear waters of right thinking, that is, correct thinking, no morals being involved. We have passion and romance in our souls, dreams and visions in our heart and—common sense in our minds. Is not that so?"

"Yes, of course," agreed Pat, altho it really didn't sound very sensible to her.

And several weeks later Pat was on board a magnificent pleasure yacht bound for the tropics, shut up in a stateroom with Leo Stenak. There were three other couples along, none of them married, at least not to each other. The realization made Pat a little sick. Even being free had its price. It seemed to be self-respect. The yacht was still at anchor and Pat resisted a wild impulse to order the power launch and get back to shore. No. She would see it thru now. Only stupid, ignorant, middle-class people were afraid of this sort of thing. Men like Cary Scott—but as quickly as the thought, there rushed into her consciousness the denial. She stopped thinking about Cary Scott. It was too disturbing. She looked at Leo

Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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She Came Back to Town On a Magazine Cover!

Gertrude Follis Left Home an Ugly Duckling. Now New York Artists Pay to Paint Her Likeness and Her New Beauty Was Won in Three Months

Departing an 'Ugly Duckling'

"EVEN MY dear old Dad used to say my looks would never take a prize. My brothers frankly called me homely. No girl in Kingston had wished harder for beauty—or had tried any harder to win it. But that was back in Kingston, N. Y., when my features, face, and skin, and even my hair looked hopeless. Today, illustrators who are supposed to be authorities on beauty tell me—well, they ask me for sittings and pay well for them.

"For the encouragement it ought to be to others I will relate the whole story of how plain Me—an 'Ugly duckling' — became a model for magazine covers.

"When I first came to New York City to take a position I was too busy to give much time or thought to 'beautifying.' Besides all my efforts in the past had gained me nothing. Complexion treatments? I had tried a score; and my pores had grown steadily coarser. I used to do everything anyone would advise for wrinkles — and the wrinkles stayed. I knew loads of people who had had success with things for the hair—but none seemed to give my sparse locks any health or sparkle.

"But I soon saw that beauty counted in a large publishing office quite as much as at parties or dances. Within a year my employers filled three secretarial positions with women I *knew* were scarcely as well equipped as I — except in looks! Then I concluded I would make myself attractive in appearance if it took every dollar I earned. My first thought was beauty parlors, but a fortunate circumstance put a vastly better beauty plan in my own hands. I met a girl who told me of a woman who had devoted years to working out a regular beauty science. She worked on skin *structure* instead of on the surface; she did nothing to wrinkles themselves but changed the *facial contours* and the wrinkled condition disappeared. Her method with hair was to *revitalize* it—and so on.

"I was elated even with the first week of my newly found beauty plan. I never have seen its originator to this day. She does not see anyone; just advises and directs hundreds who seek her direct methods of cultivating natural beauty. I wrote her, got her instructions, did as directed, and in a few weeks the altered glances of friends and associates confirmed what my mirror told me. I no longer needed to feel sensitive about my appearance! Then came the day Greiner, the artist, asked how I would like to sit for a "head" *on a magazine cover.*

"I could scarcely wait for the Saturday when the picture of me would be published. When the magazine did appear, can you blame me for mailing several copies to my home town and marking the covers 'This is me.' I knew they would doubt that the portrait was mine — or else accuse the artist of using a vivid imagination. So I made my old home a visit. Wouldn't you have done the same? And I gloated some, too, as folks were forced to admit that the face on the cover was Gertrude Follis. My 'new' face has since been used for many illustrations. But I'll never feel prouder or be more thrilled than that day at the station when my father hesitated as I emerged from the train — came forward and stammered, 'As I live, it's true!'"

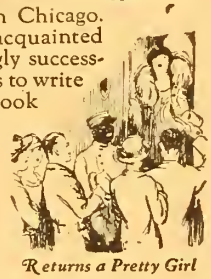
The methods with which Miss Follis obtained such remarkable results in cultivating personal attractiveness are available to anybody, anywhere.

A Chicago woman has learned how to bring any type of skin to normal color and fineness, how to rejuvenate sagging tissues, and enhance one's looks in many ways. She tells how to do it— what to use. Her name is Lucille Young, and her offices are in Chicago. The way to become acquainted with her astonishingly successful beauty methods is to write for her remarkable book "Making Beauty Yours." It reveals every general principle she uses and the book is at present distributed FREE. Use coupon.

Photo of Miss Follis Taken 6 Months Ago

Artists Acknowledge Her Beauty of Face

Miss Follis as She Appears Now



Returns a Pretty Girl

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rather closely, for the first time. He was standing before the mirror examining the part in his hair. He had taken his coat off and the intimacy of that flared into an acute resentment on Pat's part. He turned around and looked at her and smiled. Now, she felt quite sick—and frightened. He came toward her and terror rose in her like a flood. She had had other men approach her with that look in their eyes but this was different, somehow. She knew the end would *not* be more or less harmless kisses.

"Dont touch me," she cried shrilly, backing away.

Leo was honestly surprised and undeniably annoyed. "My dear lady," he murmured.

"I—I cant stay," said Pat. "If you touch me, I'll die."

"Dont be absurd," objected Leo. "Dont tell me you're going to pull a fit of temperament at this stage of the game."

"Call it anything you like, but I must be put ashore," answered an almost hysterical girl.

"Ashore nothing! We are under way. It cant be done now. Come, come. I cant be the first——"

He literally grabbed the girl and she struggled like a wild thing. "You—you——" she faltered, and then Pat fainted, which was the most appropriately feminine thing she had ever done.

Stenak laid her none too gently on the berth and went for some water. Pat opened a wary eye, coast all clear. Then she unscrewed the heavy glass cover of the porthole, breathed a fervent, "Oh, Mother, Mother," and climbed thru. Down, down, down . . . fathoms deep in the cold clear water . . . roaring and rushing . . . breathless . . . choked . . . strangled.

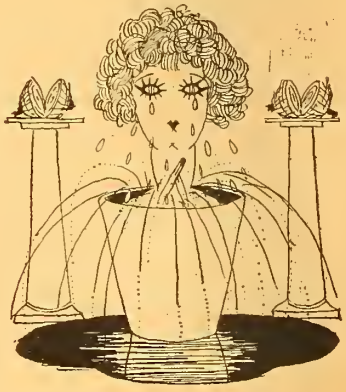
. . . . . .

"Oh, Cary, darling," said Patricia Scott as they leaned over the rail of a big ocean liner. "I thought I'd never want to see the water again after—after—oh what if they hadn't pulled me out and sent me home to you!" She moved within the circle of his arm. "But they did and you were back and oh, I love it now. I feel safe with you. I'm happy to be married. I'm proud of the plain gold ring. I'm glad we got married on shipboard. I love the ship's chaplain. I love everybody. I love everything. I love—love—love——"

"Dear little heart," said Cary Scott and held her tighter. "This is worth waiting for, and striving for, and sacrificing for."

"Yes," whispered Pat, her lips against his cheek, "but now that you've got me, as a husband, you'll have to be most awfully on the job as a lover—there are so many men in the world——"

But Cary Scott was not afraid.



Black Oxen

(*Continued from page 90*)

I have had love and passion and adulation. I know them all. I know all that they can mean, how little and how much. *You are an old story to me, dear,* and only my senses, my artificial senses, have deluded me as they deluded me so often, thirty years ago.

"Yesterday an old dear friend of mine, Prince Hohenauer of Austria, came across the world to see me. He urged me to return to Austria, to listen to the call of power and duty rather than to the falsetto pipes of Pan."

Mary Ogden leaned over and laid her slender fingers across the lines of pain etching themselves on Clavering's brow and about his tightened lips: "You are going to think this over and know that I am right, dear boy," she said, "if I loved you a little less . . . but because I love you very much . . . and because I am very wise . . . I am going to kiss you . . . like this . . . tenderly . . . for good-bye."

. . . . . .

In the morning she was gone.

Two days later Lee Clavering arrived in New York just in time to follow her to the dock and wave good-bye as she sailed for Austria.

The Oglethorpes were also on the dock. They had planned at the last moment to send the uncurbable Janet abroad but had missed the steamer.

Clavering rode home with Janet and let her cry on his shoulder. He couldn't understand why she was so upset over missing the steamer since she said that she hadn't *wanted* to go, or at the departure of Mary Ogden either.

But he thought that she was rather sweet in this chastened mood. Perhaps he *would* see her and try to do her some good . . . for the family's sake. . . .

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Gray Hair?
—Don't Have It
—Not at any age

Whether you are young or old, gray hair is unbecoming and absolutely unnecessary. My scientific preparation will bring back the original color easily and surely and keep it for the rest of your life.

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My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, pure and dainty as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky, nothing to wash off or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural and even in all lights—no streaks or discoloration. Easily applied by simply combing through the hair. You do it yourself—no one need ever know your secret.

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Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

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Mail the coupon for my special patented free trial outfit, which contains a trial bottle of the Restorer with full directions and explanations for making my famous convincing test on a single lock of hair. A trial package of my wonderful new Preparatory Powder is included with this outfit. This powder is the most recent discovery made in my laboratories, and I consider it invaluable. It puts your hair in perfect condition for restoration and acts as a tonic and antiseptic. Mail coupon today.

Fill out the coupon carefully, using X to indicate color of hair. If possible enclose a lock in your letter. When you have made the test which proves how easily and surely your gray hair can be restored get a full-sized bottle from your druggist. If he cannot supply you, or offers you a substitute preparation, write me direct and I will supply your needs.

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MARY T. GOLDMAN,
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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit, as offered in your ad. X shows color of hair. (Print name plainly.)

Blac .... dark brown..... medium brown.....
auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light
auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....
Street.....
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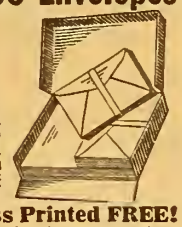
200 Sheets—100 Envelopes

$1.00 Postage Prepaid



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on every sheet and envelope, in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. (Note—our low price does not allow any variation in printing. Top center of sheet and flap of envelope only). Type is Plate Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste. Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift printed with your friend's name.

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They have found that it *perfects* this method of dressing the hair. It supplies the lustrous sheen so vital to a smart appearance and keeps the hair close to the head as the fashion dictates. Controls all loose and stubborn strands. A valuable help for controlling "flying" hair after the shampoo, no matter how the hair is dressed.

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Should Beauty Pass You By—
Tag Her—you can capture her!

The following articles tell you how it can be done

The Follies' Beauties

Beauties all, the four foremost Follies' girls—the most beautiful—the most graceful—the most intelligent—the most popular—give their beauty schedules, rules and secrets. The article is illustrated with lovely and exclusive pictures of the girls themselves.

The Princess Speaks

In a charming article the Princess Machabelli, of Italy, tells the secret of the Italian woman's beauty. The story is illustrated by a Genthe study of the Princess and by an informal picture of her taken in her castle garden.

March *Beauty* March

A College Girl's Diary

An amusing yet instructive discussion of college routine by a University of California junior—the first of a series on college topics.

The Color Complex

An article on the effect of color combination on the complexion, hair, eyes, figure and personality. It will help you choose your spring costume intelligently.

The Soul of the House

An unusually fine short story that will touch the heart of every home-maker and of every lover, young and old. A mosaic of life.

In the Twenties

A portfolio of young women in the thoughtful twenties, looking at life with eyes half humorous with youth—half serious with maturity—and withal lovely.

Special Introductory Offer—5 Months for $1.00

Because we want you to know that BEAUTY is in reality the aristocrat of women's magazines, we will send you the next *five big numbers* upon receipt of the introductory price of $1.00. Put a dollar bill into an envelope and mail it right now before you have time to forget it.

Pin a Dollar Bill to this coupon and receive the next five big numbers of "Beauty" Magazine. Mail at once to BEAUTY, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Name.....

St. and No......

City..... *State*.....

The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page 61*)

If Colleen Moore's name was as neutral as Mary Smith; and if there was no mischief in her hazel eyes; and if she didn't always have a shamrock on her Christmas cards, we'd know she was Irish. There's something about the Irish . . . Colleen has that something in abundance. If you dont know what we mean exactly, listen to this story:

One John McCormack was the publicity purveyor at the studios where Colleen most frequently faced the lens. And while the other girls who were competing with Colleen for prominence smiled coquettishly at the directors and laid awake nights manufacturing subtle compliments for the stars, Colleen centered her attentions upon John. Now it may be that she liked him from the first. Anyway, John began to suffer from cardiac disturbances. And Colleen's name began to appear in the press notices that rolled out of the McCormack Underwood. And the next thing everybody knew, Colleen had a star painted upon her dressing-room door and a platinum band put upon the proper finger while Mrs. John McCormack was engraved upon her visiting cards.

John thinks Colleen is the smartest girl in the world. He told us the other day, at a very lavish luncheon given to Mrs. McCormack at the Ritz-Carlton by the First National, how she had acquired the chic black velvet costume she was wearing. It seems she went to Richard Rowland, Chief High Executive of the First National, and explained to him that she really needed a great many expensive gowns and wraps now that she was to be starred in big productions. He gave her permission to go to one of the excessively costly modistes and order a screen wardrobe.

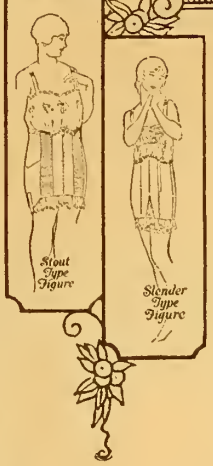
So the day of the luncheon when she appeared in the black velvet, white fur and silver lace, her honest husband scrutinized her and asked in a guarded tone if it wasn't one of the modiste creations. Colleen admitted innocently that it was. He explained to her that, in that event, the clothes belonged to First National. Whereupon Colleen asked: "Well, isn't this a First National luncheon."

So . . .

The young McCormacks are treading Elysian fields. They hold hands under the table . . . and Colleen looks adoringly at John . . . and John looks adoringly at Colleen . . . and Colleen starts to talk about frocks being worn shorter this Spring and lapses into a eulogy about John . . . and John starts talking about international relations and forsakes a conversational Hague for a conversational Colleen . . . and life goes on—blissfully for the young McCormacks.

A.W.J.

1874 Golden Anniversary 1924

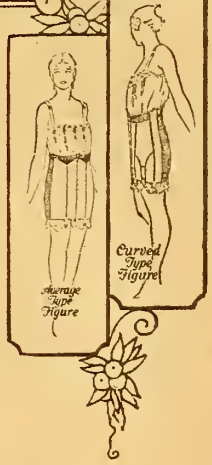


Warner's
WRAP-AROUND
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

The Corset Invisible

This entirely new type of Warner Wrap-around has a low, full top with an exclusive feature of diaphragm control for the woman whose waistline flesh makes most corsets uncomfortable; and an equally new and exclusive design at the back and thigh.

Style illustrated, 185 . . . $3.50
Similar style, 0421, $5.00



Send for folder of Warner's Wrap-arounds for stout-type, slender-type, average-type, and curved-type figures. Prices $1.50 up.

Wrap-arounds are made only by the Warner Brothers Co., 347 Madison Ave., New York; 367 W. Adams St., Chicago; 28 Geary St., San Francisco. Made also in Canada by the Warner Brothers Co., Montreal.

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is a fashionable, long design of silk-striped batiste, which effectually does away with diaphragm flesh and is especially adapted for wear with low-topped or topless corsets.

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"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

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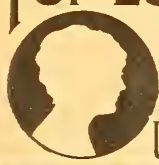
For Lovely Skin



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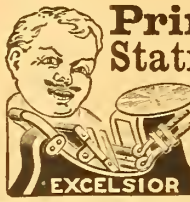

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HOLLYWOOD

By Faith Baldwin

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Wherein the Every Day is not,
A modern Wonderland, a new
Land of The Looking-Glass, for thru
Its glittering and shining face
Creep Alices from every place
Upon the globe and unafraid
Proclaim their little fortunes made.

The very name must bring to mind
The Southern bloom, the Western wind,
The "cottages" and bungalows
Whereon there blooms the heady rose,
Of fictionary gold-paved streets
On which the stranger, breathless, meets
A nun, a pirate and a king
A Broadway Butterfly on wing——

This is youth's kingdom, gaily sung
By minstrels in the modern tongue,
A land of plot and counterplot
Of set and camera and lot,
A little world itself within
Of pictured romance, love and sin,
Of much, like any world, that's good
The Wonderland of Hollywood.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL

By Clarence E. Flynn

Coming, going, thru the play,
Flashing on the screen,
Do the actors take their way.
Briefly each is seen.
What are they—these shapes that move,
Forms that rise and fall,
Urged by hope, or fear, or love?
Shadows on the wall.

In the daily strain and strife
Shift and change appear.
On the larger stage of life
Mingle smile and tear.
Here our little race we run,
Then are vanished all.
What are we when all is done?
Shadows on the wall.

Are You in the Grip of an Ill-Fated Jinx?

DOLLY AND HI—THE YOUTHFUL LOVERS are the prey—circumstances the monster of ill luck that balks and breaks them. Dolly had a strange terrifying feeling that something evil overhung them, lurked in the murky air, might rush upon them any second. The fact that the feeling of premonition was unusual to her made it no less frightening. She tried to summon all reserves of courage and confidence and caution—but the jinx outwitted her. Bound by obligation to an unwelcome lover—trailed by an intriguing uncle—and—the story tells itself better than we can tell it.

SHE LONGED TO FACE HIM, *but could not; she averted her head, and tingled with exultation—and fear and shame. Her hands were pressed twitchingly together. Ecstasy and terror commingled in her as he came closer—and more close: "I'm promised," she said, "to another man!"*

THEN HI LET GO HER HANDS *wearily. "So this is the end of my pretty high-falutin little romance," said Hi with a harshly sardonic laugh. Dolly cringed at the sound; she would have given everything she possessed to shut out this sound, following so closely upon his ringing declaration.*

Be Sure Not To Miss

"Thistledown"

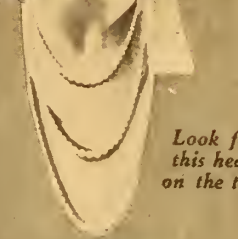
By Dana Gatlin

in the

April Motion Picture Magazine

On the News-stands March First

Scene from the film "Omar The Tentmaker" Produced by Richard Walton Tully.



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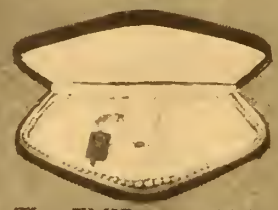

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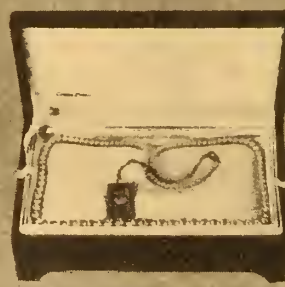

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 51)

the Children of Israel from their land of bondage. And the chariot race when Pharaoh regrets his dismissal of his slaves and orders his hordes to follow, is something which leaves you breathless. These scenes, reproduced in beautiful colors, and charged with swift action, we will remember as one of the most thrilling sights we have ever seen.

Next comes the pillar of fire in a graphic exhibition. And then, before your incredulous eyes, the tossing surface of the Red Sea rolls back into two huge walls of water so that Moses and his train of persecuted believers may pass thru. The chariots of the Pharaoh following are destroyed when the waters roll back in what appears an angry resentment. And your reaction to this is what your reaction would be when a miracle transpired before your unsuspecting eyes.

There will be all sorts of guesses and explanations as to how this photographic feat was engineered. Magazines will print different articles, purporting to be the actual manner in which this was executed. But we, for one, are content not to know but to accept this as a promise of the many awe-inspiring sights which the camera holds within its mysterious recesses . . . and which the cameraman will, from time to time, unearth.

Moses on the mount when the Lord delivers unto him the ten commandments is another sight which is inspiring and amazing. And Theodore Roberts is a noble and picturesque Moses.

If the performance of this actor can be criticized, it is for a lack of the fire which this character must have possessed in great quantity in order to swerve his people from their pleasure-loving life and bring them to his God.

Charles de Roche impressed us enormously as Rameses. He was the cold and inhuman man which the Pharaoh must have been. And we also have the highest praise for Estelle Taylor as the dark and human Miriam.

For the modern part of the story . . . which might have been directed by another man it is so different in every way, we have, in comparison, small praise. It is the melodramatic story of two brothers . . . one a God-fearing man and the other that type who gains the whole world and loses his soul.

Richard Dix was human as the God-fearing brother, and for this he deserves praise, inasmuch as such a rôle is difficult to handle in any masculine way. Leatrice Joy as the wife of the worldly brother, but beloved by both, gives a portrayal which she has colored more interestingly than anything else we have seen her do.

Edythe Chapman was the inhibited and religious mother, and well chosen for her repressed rôle. But to Rod La Rocque as the second brother, goes much of the praise we have to offer this second part of the story.

He gives a vital and unaffected characterization of the man he is supposed to be. And if stars were being made in the way they were a few years ago, Mr. La Rocque today would be deciding which contract to accept from the scores which would be tendered him. Nita Naldi is, of course, the disrupting feminine influence . . . in whose veins the blood of the French and Chinese mingle . . . and

whose voluptuous flesh is marked with the stain of a leper.

We admit frankly that we cannot weigh the second episode of "The Ten Commandments" without prejudice. For, coming after the epical first episode, it found us completely forgetting our presence as a critic and enjoying Mr. De Mille's production with all the zest and enthusiasm of a layman.

Once again human nature does the unexpected. For just when the humorists were finding in the De Mille tales of distorted society life ample material for their somewhat mordant jesting, he comes forth and blazes his name on the roster of the great.

Tiger Rose

For a long time, Lenore Ulric played the title-rôle in the Broadway production of "Tiger Rose," under the David Belasco management. Speculators found "Tiger Rose" tickets excellent investments. It was always one of the plays visitors from out of town put upon their lists. And New York its blasé self sought admission. So month after month "Tiger Rose" played to capacity houses. It didn't seem to matter that it had nothing new or startling to offer. It held its own . . . and more than that . . . with the *risqué* plays, the profound plays, and the new-art plays in neighboring houses.

So much in preface. . . .

Now "Tiger Rose" has come to the screen with its suspense . . . its picturesque Mounted Police . . . its Canadian snows . . . and its original impetuous and naïve heroine. And the screen, a glorious teller of tales, takes the story for its own.

Because the suspense of this production is almost entirely dependent upon the story action, it would be unfair to you to give any résumé, however slight, of the dramatic events.

Of all the cast, including the star, it was Claude Gillingwater who impressed us most. If we hadn't consulted our program we wouldn't have recognized the crotchety old Grandfather of Mary Pickford's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" . . . or the kind and pathetic sea-captain of Jackie's "My Boy." For he is not Mr. Gillingwater as the Scotch factor; he *is* the Scotch factor. And Mr. Gillingwater is completely eradicated.

Lenore Ulric is richer on the stage than on the screen. Now that we have seen her here, we realize just how much additional emotion her warm, rushing voice stimulates in her audience. However, you will perhaps fall captive to her shadowy Rose if you haven't known the spell of her stage-presence.

The hero looks exactly like a screen hero . . . but hardly like any men you know. We couldn't imagine loving him that ardently. He wasn't either perfect or imperfect enough to warrant it. However, that may have been our personal lack.

Forrest Stanley does not at all agree with our idea of a captain of the Northwest Mounted Police. However, he is a handsome Irishman and infinitely preferable, to our notion, to the real hero. Another thing that jars our sense of the eternal fitness of things is the fact that he does *not* get his man.

If you're on a plane where you are interested only in the subtly satirical, the artistically profound or the psychological . . . and have forgotten the pleasure you once knew in your story-books, "Tiger Rose" wont interest you. But we're confident that ninety-nine and three-fourths per cent. of the population will be interested in the heroic girl saving her lover from the relentless and mercilessly unromantic Law.

For a long time the stage production of "Tiger Rose" more than held its own with the *risqué* plays, the profound plays and the new-art plays in the New York theaters. It had nothing new or startling to offer, but that didn't seem to matter. And now it has come to the screen with Lenore Ulric again in the title-rôle. It makes an interesting film

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Comment on Other Productions

(*Continued from page* 55)

The picture is weak in its humor; it shows little variety of scene—and it is told in a slow, methodical manner. The modern scenes are out of character—what with their gay philanderings. The players have not been wisely chosen. Ethel Shannon is not the wistful, romantic little creature that Peggy Wood made her on the stage—tho she strives to appear duly sentimental. None of them have much opportunity to express any emotions. So we have pretty and heroic postures.

Stephen Steps Out

It is fortunate that in bringing the younger Fairbanks to the screen to make his début, his sponsors had the foresight to entrust him with a likely story of an American youth who frolics about in typical boyish fashion—trying to find expression—and developing his character at the same time. Douglas, Junior, possesses a pleasing screen personality. And he has a definite appeal. We rather like his modesty—in that he seems to realize that he is only a beginner. By not trying too hard to please—he scores easily and surely. Yet with this auspicious beginning, he will appear no longer under the Paramount banner. Which is rather difficult to understand—because he plays his rôle with creditable abandon—and is certainly the only disciple of youth we have, now that Jack Pickford has matured.

The story is mostly a conflict the hero has with his professor. He is flunked by a teacher who isn't afraid of the power of wealth. So he goes to Turkey, gets into some escapades—and succeeds in showing his history professor that he is made of the right stuff. It is a clean little comedy—drama, natural and unpretentious—and capitally sketched by Theodore Roberts.

The Virginian

This story still wears well. Having been adapted for the screen—we pause to see if it still is able to sustain our interest. That it does is due to an excellent treatment of the plot and characterization. Westerns may come and go, but Owen Wister's tale of love and cattle-rustling in the cow country will endure because it is rich in adventure, incident, romance and atmosphere—and is not sketched with hokum. This new screen version follows the original in all its salient points. It doesn't indicate much humor, altho the outstanding bit of mirth in the book—the exchange of the babies at the husking bee—is flashed and it carries a spark. The characterization is real.

The lackadaisical cowboy, who looks indifferently upon love—who is deaf to the plea of the girl to give up killing men, is portrayed as Wister wrote him. There is a vital note of pathos when he is forced to hang his best friend. The incident may appear old and the dénouement may be anticipated, but it keeps the interest alert—because it is treated so naturally—without any suggestion of melodramatics. The backgrounds are impressive. It has one fault, however. It is told with too much emphasis—with the result that the action and incident often become tiresome.

The Mail Man

It was to be expected that the mail man would have his innings, in view of the fact the policeman, the fireman and the street cleaner have preceded him. If the idea is kept alive—of showing the men who give us service and protection, we will

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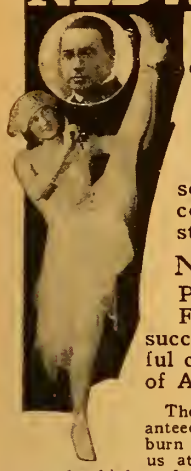

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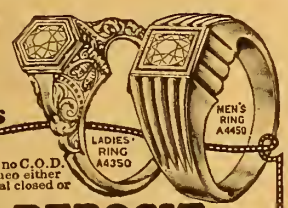

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soon have the treat of saying "Hello!"—to the milkman, the janitor, the baker and the candlestick maker.

The story which involves these characters is always the same. The protagonist here might as well be called a fireman or an engineer in so far as the theme is concerned. We are shown how the postman lives and of his devotion to his duty. It is served up as hectic melodrama—dealing in several of its scenes with fights and rescues at sea—when a derelict craft would hold up a mail ship. It is as lively as it is obvious—and offers some propaganda for Uncle Sam's carriers.

Flaming Youth

This picture has been made with all the pretentions which record success at the box-office. Being an adaptation of a sensational best-seller, patrons will flock to it—to see if possible what emotional "kicks" it might furnish. But it has been treated with discretion. It tries hard to be naughty—but only succeeds in being artificial—tho it has been excellently staged with an eye upon its opulent appeal. There must needs be a disrobing scene at the pool. No picture of flapperdom is complete without it. Here the little butterfly emerges from her chrysalis, eager to live and learn. But lack of her wild impulses is a good deal of common sense. The picture will interest because of its settings and the extremely colorful acting by Colleen Moore. It is not so explosive as the book. The fireworks merely sputter. They have been dipped in the bathing pool.

The Love Bandit

Shades of the hectic gallery days when we hissed the villain and cheered the hero! Look you toward a reproduction of an old Charles E. Blaney thriller—and look you toward Cecil Spooner who used to be associated with these old timers. She is in the cast. It is a melodrama of the lumber camps and New York. But before the hero wins the beautiful heroine and makes the bad man bite the dust, take note of the dash from the bridge into the rapids to save the girl, the kidnapping of the hero's wife, the thrilling escape of a burlesque queen in boy's clothes thru a hole in the roof to a neighboring tree, to the ground, to horseback, to a floating log, to the old mill (the old mill?—yes we repeat, the old mill) and so on until the wrongs are righted and love stalks back in the picture. We will state that the girl is saved from the revolving saw in the old mill—saved barely in the nick of time.

It's old-fashioned—and we hear that several others will be picturized. We welcome them as old friends. If we must have raw and ripe melodrama—let us have it served up as it was in the old days. It offers a lot of fun to see just what entertained the old folks in a day when Dad saved us the pictures of Della Fox, *et al*, that came in the boxes of "sweet caps."

Boy of Mine

This is another "Penrod and Sam," written by Booth Tarkington—who, above all other writers, is able to catch accurately and surely the psychology of the childish mind. He has drawn a captivating sketch of a real boy, who is understood by his mother, but who is a problem to his father. That's life-like, isn't it? It is simple in plot and treatment—a sketch peopled by figures perfectly comprehensible to all. One may miss the effervescent, spontaneous humor of "Penrod and Sam," but on the other hand, one may stay to enjoy the fancies and impressions—the childish tragedies—so unimportant to the matured—of this youngster.

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Name the Man

A director noted for his direct treatment of stories—a director skilled in the technique of drama—who always points his ideas with vital and vivid touches, has been chosen to present Hall Caine's vigorous drama of human passions, "The Master of Man," on the screen. We, who have been watching Victor Seastrom ever since he flashed his art in Swedish importations, commend him for fashioning a picture which surges forward with sharp dramatic strokes—which exposes a real psychology of human emotions. A bold story to tell, Seastrom has told it without once deviating to throw a sop to the conventions.

We are shown how passions change the lives of four persons from low and high positions in the social strata. The idea—the theme is an indictment of the law—an indictment of one law for the rich and another law for the poor. A son of the deemster wrongs a girl of lowly birth—and is about to marry her when his father dies. He is elevated to the bench—and thru a dramatic skein of circumstances he is forced to condemn the girl—on trial for infanticide. She is unable to establish her innocence. But he stands accused in his own conscience. He is the real murderer of his own babe. The courtroom scene is the most intense that has ever been flashed on the screen.

Seastrom makes you feel the passions of the characters. He indicates by true expressions the exact natures of these figures. Not a detail is wasted—and if much of the early action carries too much plot—this courtroom scene is ample compensation. The story is worth producing on that account alone. Unfortunately, the director has not been able to show the spiritual quality because the principal players appear incapable of living the characters deeply.

David Copperfield

It isn't easy to record the majority of Dickens' stories upon the screen. The author embellishes his simple little character studies with so much detail—that picking out the vital parts of his tales calls for considerable skill. A vast array of characters appear—which also is something of a task for the adapter to assemble the most vital of them. Fortunately this best story of Dickens has been excellently adapted and directed. A Danish importation, it indicates that the Scandinavians may be trusted with any novel.

The picture often becomes tedious—which is due to the even sing-song development of the simple plot. But in its favor is a rich background of atmosphere—and some clever character sketches. A cast has been selected which fits each figure with the single exception of the player who interpreted Uriah Heep. We are mainly interested in these characters as there is nothing of surging drama in the story. The spirit and atmosphere of the original have been captured by the sponsors. Lovers of the classic need feel no alarm over this presentation.

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esting "take-off" on how wage slaves exist—which exposes with an ironic touch the poorest of all indoor sports—banqueting—comes to the screen an exceptionally bright and humorous and truthful picture. James Cruze scores again. He demonstrates that he is able to record life-like impressions and make them live in the memory. Whereas the authors depended upon their wit and satire—the director employs more of a story and draws it much more accurately. The wage-slave is genuine—a meek, humble individual, ever complaining to his wife of his lack of opportunity.

We have a cross-section of their modest home—the atmosphere of which truly suggests a humdrum existence of its occupants. The central theme—showing as it does, the influence of wives in molding their husbands' characters—and taking them up in the world is deftly treated. It gives the wage-slave's wife her chance in the banquet scene—when her husband's speech—which is of the stereotyped variety, culled from a book, is used by the previous speaker. He is lost. He cannot make an address, but the little spouse makes an impromptu speech which wins him recognition and reward.

The finish is hurried—as it was in the play—and it misses fire as it did in the original—but in view of what has preceded it the picture can stand one or two weaknesses. The director has not used any exaggeration. It is a gem of comedy satire—expertly played and faithful to its theme and characters. We highly recommend it.

The Near Lady

A bad, bad comedy of bad, bad manners is exposed here—one which goes back to the nickelodion days in idea and execution. It isn't difficult to ascertain that hokum will reveal a boorish family marrying off their daughter, once poverty has been replaced by a snug bank account. The father invents a sausage machine—and the wife attends to the scheme of breaking into society. Here is where the stress is laid upon the hopelessly, old-fashioned conventions. The house must be a mansion—and golf must be played. And scenes are given up to bad manners at a dinner party. There is an aged aunt who must ever cry out to embarrass her boorish relatives: "I'm only a poor, lonely widda."

And so it goes—a picture which offers the crudest comedy of the season. To cap the climax—the youngsters elope and are married by a rural justice of the peace—who rinses his mouth with gin—who wears chin-whiskers—and who has a rooster keeping him company on the bench. An evening at parchesi—or listening to a bedtime story, is vastly more entertaining than "The Near Lady." There is nothing so futile as trying to mix cheap slapstick with crude sentiment.

Six Cylinder Love

This effervescent little play, which captivated stage audiences, carries on with fine pretentions in the screen version; the director, wisely, sticking to the plot and details and dialog of the original. If we must have stage adaptations let us have them after the manner of this one—which never digresses from its story and incident, that some favorite melodramatic device may be introduced. Clifton, the directer, has faithfully followed the text. From the moment when the husband attempts to hoodwink his lovey-dovey spouse that he is eating her biscuits, to the time when they are eking out an existence in a cheap tenement, there is revealed the bright and clever touches which endeared the play to its audiences.

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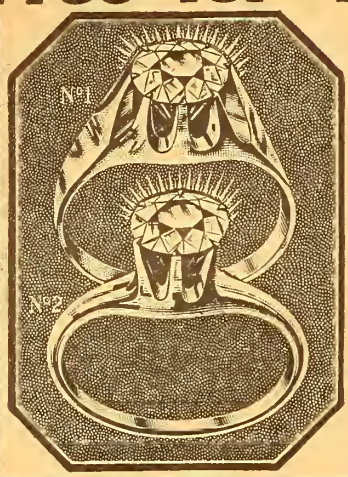

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The titles are illuminating in their pointed humor—and the interpretation is perfectly intelligible. Indeed Ernest Truex capitalizes the same mannerisms which he employed on the stage. You may miss his voice—particularly when he says: "Everything is going to be all right," but his delightful pranks are easily registered. There is a snug little background—of bungalow life—and the plot unfolds, showing this young couple living beyond their means—all because the wife is determined to have a car. Stepping on the gas—and driving and entertaining parasites, brings temporary disaster. But everything comes out all right. It is expertly acted by the star and three players from the original company. There is not a scene wasted, nor a subtitle. It is compact, spontaneous and highly diverting.

THE MAN FROM BRODNEY'S

Patterned after his favorite formula is George Barr McCutcheon's story which Vitagraph saw fit to adapt to the screen. It belongs to the well-known "Graustark" school—and nothing happens in its plot development to carry it away from the obvious. It features the customary heroic American whose love for adventure places him in several tight situations—before the marines arrive and wave the good, old flag.

The usual intrigue in the court of a mythical kingdom is involved in the early scenes. Our fearless hero resents the advances of a strutting puppet toward the fair princess—and he has to flee for diplomatic reasons—but only after he has a bit of duel with the native son. He wields a wicked cane—which is more deadly than his opponent's sword. Then the picture switches to some island retreat—and tries to register a deal of mystery. Lots of hokum here. There is a merry fight in the climax when the natives, in their uprising, attempt to kill the brave American and English visitors.

This picture is old stuff—the kind of stuff which was popular five and twenty years ago. But it is well told and boils over with action. J. Warren Kerrigan as the gentleman of the title is too much the actor. Every gesture—every move is a picture. He never once appears natural. Alice Calhoun makes a charming princess, but has little opportunity to act.

THE RED WARNING

There is a sagebrush background to this—a background carrying lofty mountain ranges in the rear and considerable atmosphere of the plains down front. It is stock melodrama and very much to the dime novel in flavor—and it presents the usual pursuit of the rustlers. The vigilantes organize into a white sheet brigade—*a la* ku-klux and they burn the danger signal on a towering hill. But it isn't a fiery cross. The riders assemble according to the Griffith plan in "The Birth of a Nation," and the kleagle is Jack Hoxie who dashes into town a stranger and stays to rout the bandits and to win the girl whose father has been killed by the gang. All the players are dressed correctly except the heroine. Her riding habit is more suggestive of a city's bridle-path.

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Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page 74*)

movies wholeheartedly now, and not satisfied with occupying the editorial chair, are even snatching at the rôle of the actor. It now develops that H. C. Witwer, who is writing a series of pictures, the first of which was "Fighting Blood," the second "The Telephone Girl," has acted a part in "Cain and Mabel," which he wrote also. Irwin Cobb is a co-débutant on the screen. Anita Stewart is the featured player.

And two more sports writers have succumbed to the screen—Weed Dickinson and Grantland Rice. Mr. Dickinson first won fame as the creator of the "John Handshaker" newspaper stories. He is to be literary counsel to Ralph Lewis, veteran character star. Mr. Rice is a producer and his pictures will show sports in plenty. He has written a scenario around the flapper of 1870. Mr. Rice will have no trouble finding her sporting blood, but as for genuine sporty sports we think he is up against it.

"The Queen's Necklace" still hangs loosely on its beg-a-begging for a wearer. Mr. Rumbold of the French Government came all the way to America to offer the part of Marie Antoinette to Norma Talmadge in the filming of "The Queen's Necklace," a story by Pere Dumas written around an incident concerning the Dauphine's jewels. But there was a speck in the amber of the offer—a number of specks we should say. The first was, that the producer was to put up the money and in return be allowed the use of the palace of Versailles and the robes and jewels and relics of history, but was to share profits with the French Government; the second, that the French movie syndicate objected volubly to American actors and producers, altho they would have numbered in the whole production only two or three. Norma Talmadge turned down the offer after doing some heavy thinking on the subject; Marion Davies did the same without so much as the blink of an eye.

Rumors are as thick as the sands of the desert—we could fill our book with them and they'd be good reading, too; if facts are stranger than fiction, we'll take a bet that rumor is stranger than fact. Now rumor has it that there is a rift in the marital relations of Theda Bara and her director-husband, Charles Brabin, and that in the face of their most loverlike farewell as they said good-bye when Mr. Brabin sailed for Italy to prepare for the filming of "Ben Hur." At least rumor has been muzzled so far as the cast of "Ben Hur" is concerned: George Walsh has been positively named to play the title rôle, while Gertrude Olmstead, a relatively new screen actress, will take the rôle of Esther, and Kathryn Key that of Tizrah. Camera tests for the actors continue for special parts and June Mathis is on her way to Italy to join Mr. Brabin and others abroad in the interest of the production.

But a mammoth rumor, that all but developed into a formal announcement of marriage and was denied only at the earnest behest of the lady herself, was the engagement of Pauline Garon to Gene Sarazen, the golf champion. Pauline is busy filming "The Average Woman," the "Even as You and I" story of the *Saturday Evening Post* in which Harrison Ford is also starred, and she didn't have time to answer all the telegrams of congratu-

lations that came to her, so perhaps denial was the easiest way out. Ruth Roland and R. C. Cliff Durant, the motor magnate, are engaged, it is also rumored, and Ruth hasn't yet arisen to shout the rumor down.

It's a fact Irene Castle has taken on a third husband, Frederick M. McLaughlin, a millionaire coffee merchant—a step up from her last husband, a hardware merchant, so far as atmosphere and aroma is concerned. It was a cub reporter who spilled the coffee beans, just as it was a cub who squeeled on Hope Hampton and Jules Brulatour — these cubs are the dickens snooping around the County Buildings and uncovering the marriage licenses of these newlyweds, who want to hide their wedding rings under a bushel just to rob the fans of a thrill. Well, we should get a grouch. There's nothing quite so intriguing as a secret—particularly when it's a secret marriage. In the spring Irene Castle, it is understood, will return to the screen. And when she reaches the picture colony in Hollywood she will find two rivals of the dance in the Kleig lights about as renowned Terpsichoreans as herself—Florence Walton, whose career as a ballroom dancer has followed her own very closely, tho they met for the first time only in Paris, where Irene's divorce was executed, and Florence O'Denishawn of the Music Box Revue, who has at last been won over to the screen, and will play in Elliott Dexter's unit for several productions.

And speaking of "Those Who Dance," Blanche Sweet scored such a success in "Anna Christie" that Thomas Ince whirled her right into the filming of "Those Who Dance," the George Kibby Turner story. A surprise ending has been worked into it and the "sets" have been barred in order that the unusual twist of the story may be protected until the film is released.

William S. Hart will be off for a vacation on his California ranch as soon as he finishes the filming of "Singer Jim McKee," and it is said that he may step over to New York, too. A-n-d it is also said—that Poor Bill is the latest victim to the Negri's charms—oh, what a fall there was, my countrymen.

The press has it that Famous-Players Lasky is letting young Doug slip thru their fingers, but when, we ask you, did Famous-Players let anything get by them? We have another hunch that the Younger Smile will yet show the slant of his boyish fist on Famous-Players' expensive coupon of dotted lines and dashes.

Famous-Players' shut-down may have started the migration of film stars to the "three-a-day" program. Film stars may have the same reputation as the idle rich, but believe us, there are no idlewilde-hours for them. They jumped right into vaudeville, or into real live four-act plays, and carried off their set-back with an easy grace. Nita Naldi was one of the last to succumb, and Nita's film followers crowded right up to the footlights and gave her a noisy glad hand. Anita Stewart also swapped the Kleig for Keith, to appear in "Fine Feather." Miriam Battista gave a one-act play in connection with her latest film, "The Steadfast Heart," and it is even said that Lila Lee and James Kirkwood are about to enter the vaudeville ranks, and that May Allison and Edith Storey are contemplating the same thing. Edity Markey, who acted as leading lady for William Hart, Charles

(Continued on page 120)

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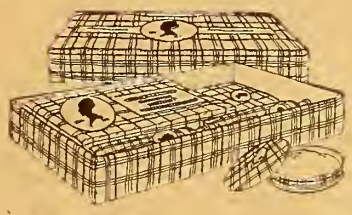

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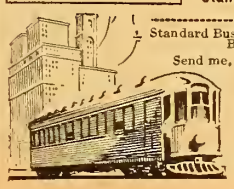

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Thistledown

(*Continued from page* 31)

playing while the cat's away—what time will you be up?"

So that evening about eight the young heir of the Daggetts might have been seen escorting a young woman up the front steps of the imposing Daggett mansion.

On the portico she stopped, and said:

"What would your grand friends think if they could see you now?—what would your sister think?"

If she thought to frighten him she did not succeed.

"It does not matter much what they think," he answered. "Come on, Dolly."

But she drew back.

"No—I think I'd better not after all. I'm not welcome here, I'm sneaking in—I'm not coming!"

He took her by the arm then, rather violently.

"You are coming! It's my home—you dont have to sneak in my home!"

And he marched her to the door, opened it, and half-thrust her inside, ahead of him.

"My, what a grand place," murmured Dolly, whose breath had quickened; she got very busy gazing round the crimson vastness of the hall, and at the farther vistas of magnificence glimpsing thru the crimson-curtained doorways.

"It's a bit too grand to suit me," said Hi. "But I've fixed up a cosy fire in the library—that's the homiest room in the house, not so bad——"

"I really dont think——" she began again, glancing round her and affecting timidity.

But Hi once more took hold of her arm, with a gesture at once masterful and protectively gentle; and conducted her thru two somberly resplendent caverns of drawing-rooms, thru a turning inner hall, and into a big book-lined room, huge and dignified and shadowy, but where the cumbrous leather chairs invited because they were shabby, and where the books and the open fire seemed to offer tacit companionship.

"This *is* nice!" exclaimed Dolly.

"Thought you might like it—built that fire myself," said Hi, looking vastly pleased.

A portrait above the fireplace caught Dolly's eye. "Is that your father?" she asked.

"Yes, that is my father."

"You look like him, dont you?"

"So they say; I'm like him—in looks."

A slight significance in the inflection of that last caused the girl to ask: "You dont resemble him in other ways?"

"I hope not," shortly. Then he quickly ameliorated: "Oh, dad was a great old boy—but sons sometimes get a cross-eyed slant on their old men, I guess."

He laughed, and Dolly looked interestedly at the portrait; yes, it was young Hi grown old—the same strongly formed features—but could the fluid impetuosity of this youth ever crystallize into that other expression, dogmatic to hardness? She hoped not—but what expression would Hi's face be taking on with the years? Strong traits, the seeds of strength, may be a menace instead of a boon; and self-will and stubbornness and wrong-headed, reckless daring—

"Come, let's forget the portrait," young Hi was saying. "You and I are the only ones invited to *this* party."

He drew up one of the shabby leather chairs for her and then, when she was seated, gazed down with immense satisfaction.

"Gee whiz, but that makes a nice picture—the fire going, and you sitting here with

the firelight playing—this old room never gave me such a kick!"

Dolly smiled happily, as any girl would have done, but deemed it wise to shift the topic slightly.

"You said you had something to show me," she reminded.

"Oh, it doesn't amount to much—guess maybe you wouldn't be interested after all."

But his reluctance struck her as being the sheepish kind a small boy exhibits when he longs to display something and is hindered by self-consciousness.

"Please show me," she urged.

"Doesn't amount to anything, really." But he let himself be persuaded, and went to a table-drawer—Dolly had to smile a secret tender smile to see his little exhibit all ready. They were trophies of the war, an iron cross removed from the vanquished pilot of an enemy plane, some rather absurd trifles which had been hammered from brass shells, a greasy deck of cards he had carried thruout his service—once, half-punctured by a bullet, they had probably saved his life.

She found herself as touched by his boyish bashful pride, as he showed and talked of these souvenirs, as by the grim relics which caused her heart to stir so painfully.

One little item of exhibit for some reason stirred her most of all—his pilot's license. And it was the item of which he seemed most bashfully proud. It had a crude photograph of him in his uniform. And had a long questionnaire, the answers all inked in, personal data: his height and weight and complexion and age; she looked at the date of his birth—how young he had been when he went to war!

He fingered the document proudly, but the girl, looking at that pictured young face, felt a queer contraction of her heart.

"I dont see how your family ever let you go," she said.

"Oh, I guess they thought it was good riddance of bad rubbish." There was a tiny pause, then he added: "I was in bad with the old man when I went, you know—we never said good-bye. But he told somebody he hoped the war would knock some sense into my block, else knock it off. Well—he never knew the war failed of this big mission; when I got home alive, he was gone."

The girl darted a glance up at the despotic portrait, then a glance at its living young replica, so like and unlike. Young Hi's jaw had gone set, and his mouth was compressed; and what was the shadow that clouded his eyes—rebellion, contrition? Or was it, mainly, a fugitive wistfulness?

Then his expression cleared partly, and he laughed. "I was a bad boy, you know—I've always been a bad boy, it seems."

And the girl, unable to forget that look she had caught in his eyes, thought to herself:

"You're not a bady boy, not really; you're just a big spoiled boy—and you're terribly unhappy."

And just at that second, as she was hunting for words to utter aloud, a resolute-sounding feminine voice came calling from somewhere:

"Hiram! Hiram! Is that you in the library?"

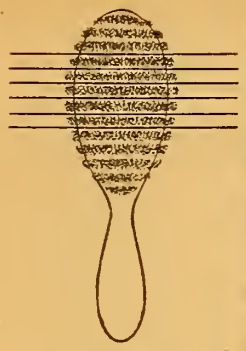
"Good heavens, it's Julia!" gasped Hi. Then, lifting his voice: "Yes, Julia. When did you get home?"

"I decided not to go out—one of my neuralgia spells seemed coming on." Then: "Who is there with you?"

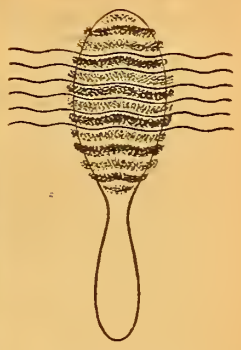
"A—friend of mine," answered Hi.

Dolly started to rise, saying in an undertone. "I guess I'd better be beating it——"

But Hi shook his head at her fiercely and, thrusting his hands in his pockets,



STRAIGHT
Bristled hair brush straightens the hair



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walked toward the inner hall whence the voice was calling down a rear stairway.

"I thought I heard a woman," said Miss Julia's voice.

"It is a woman friend," said Hi.

"Then I'll be right down."

"You needn't bother, Julia."

"I'll be right down," forcefully. "As soon as I change into another négligée."

Then Dolly, tho she was quaking—and for Hi's sake more than for her own—could not resist the imp of mischief that so often danced up within her. She herself moved toward the hall, in the face of Hi's alarmed expression; and tho he gestured at her imploringly she herself called out, in her sweetest tone:

"Dont bother to change for me, Miss Daggett—please dont bother!"

There came from above a muttered monosyllable which sounded unflatteringly like "Humph," followed by a rigidly authoritative: "I shall be right down."

Hi pulled Dolly back into the library. "Now, you've done it!"

"Did you want me to run away, then?" with a dangerous spark in her eyes.

"No, but—oh, good Lord! It's you I'm thinking of. I'm used enough to her unpleasantness, but I don't want her to be unpleasant to *you.*"

"I can stand it," said Dolly.

"You dont know Julia," bitterly. "I was sure she'd gone out. It was idiotic to take the risk. I'd give my right hand if I hadn't let you in for this fix."

Dolly felt honestly sorry for him, but couldn't forbear tormenting him a little further—and, perhaps, testing him a little further. She moved toward a window and pushed aside the heavy hangings.

"Perhaps I could jump out yet," she said. "Is it much of a drop?"

And then, to her chagrin, she heard not Hi's but Miss Julia's voice answering her:

"Yes, it's a matter of some five feet—I shouldn't advise jumping."

Turning sharply, Dolly saw a tall female figure in the doorway, majestically forbidding in a trailing robe; Miss Julia advanced, haughtily sweeping her robes, and added with a freezing significance:

"It's just as well, perhaps, I did not wait to change," and her look was one a judge casts upon two guilty culprits.

Hi's air of trapped uncertainty would have been grotesque had it not been so pathetic; he tried to rally himself, and said, uncomfortably:

"This is my sister—Julia, let me present Miss Watt."

Dolly bowed, and Miss Julia frigidly inquired:

"Miss what?"

It was Dolly who quickly answered.

"Not 'What,' Miss Daggett, but Watt—the 'h' is silent." Then she laughed, merrily. "Not Miss What, but Miss Watt—it sounds like something in the Winter Garden, doesn't it?"

"I'm sure I do not know," responded Miss Julia. "I never attend the Winter Garden."

"Julia is a terrific high-brow, you know," interpolated Hi, striving for an easy, facetious smile which was a desperate grimace. Then he shot a mutely imploring glance at Dolly, but the girl must have been blind, or mad, because she answered with that joyous recklessness:

"A high-brow?—that must be wonderful! But I'm such a brainless nobody," sighing, "I always get terrified when I meet intellectual people, and dont know how to talk up to them."

"You seem to be doing very well," Miss Julia complimented acidulously.

Dolly turned upon her a brightly interested smile.

"I've heard a great deal of you and your

activities, Miss Daggett, I see your name so often in the Fairfield *Bulletin*." She had moved toward the huge library table and, tho the other two had remained standing, seated herself easily in the big chair at the head. Hi moved toward her hastily, but she sent up a smile that so challenged his perturbations as to bring him, also albeit tentatively, into a chair; and to cause him to say:

"Wont you sit down, Julia?"

"Thanks—I prefer to stand."

Dolly proceeded, with her air of amiable interest:

"However do you manage to do it all?—the City Beautiful Association, the Pen-and-Brush, the Friends of Music, the League for Civic Betterment, the Big Sisters of the Poor—oh, how splendid and noble of you, Miss Daggett!" she broke off to comment, admiringly. "To be so charitable, so generous!"

Young Hi's face assumed a feeble grin, and he said: "There you are, Julia—your noble, generous nature's being held up to view!"

"I half believe you're scoffing, Mr. Daggett," said Dolly, viewing him reproachfully. "I dont think that any man has a right to belittle women and their impulses—when he is so ignorant of his subject. I *will* say it, Mr. Daggett, and you needn't kick me under the table."

Miss Julia spoke:

"You seem to know more about my enterprises, Miss—er Watt, than I know about yours."

"Mine are not so well worth knowing about, perhaps," answered Dolly.

"Do you live in Fairfield?" the words rapping out like the sound of a hammer.

"I am at present occupied here—I haven't lived here long," meekly.

"And what is the nature of your occupation, may I ask?"

It was his sister's tone, as well as her question, that brought Hi to his feet.

"Julia! I dont know whether you realize you are insulting. I brought Miss Watt as a guest to my house. Will you please——"

"I will ask whatever questions I please—in my house. I asked Miss Watt the nature of her occupation, a simple question—unless she is ashamed to answer it. Presently I shall ask you where and how you met her—likewise a simple and natural question."

"We are not criminals on the witness-stand," he began hotly; but Dolly interrupted, rising from her chair.

"No, I am not a criminal, I have done nothing wrong. And I'm willing and glad to answer both your questions, Miss Daggett—perhaps I can answer both in one: your brother met me at Leon Thiebaud's inn, where I was waiting on table. But I've left there now and am situated at the cottage on the De Bossert place."

The girl's meekness had vanished, and her last hint of mischief; her eyes were flashing, and her head was held high like a queen's. Young Hi gazed at her, spellbound. There was a heavy hush; then Miss Julia nodded her head cynically.

"I thought as much," she said.

"I am making no apologies," said the girl, still holding her head like a queen. "There is nothing shameful in having to work for a living."

"No—nothing shameful in *that*," said the other woman. Then she added, brutally: "Many working girls are quite respectable, I believe."

Hi took a quick step forward, but the girl waved him imperiously back and addressed the other woman, in a tone ominously quiet:

"You presume to misjudge me?"

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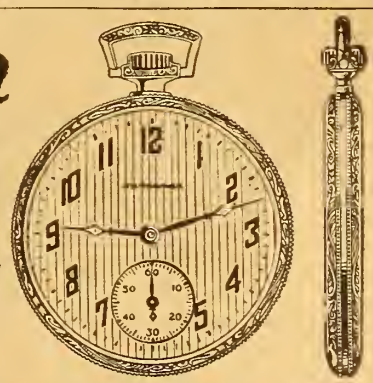

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Dolly turned to young Hi, calmly.

"I think I feel a draught, the room's chilly," she said. "Didn't I leave my cape in the hall?—I'll go out and get it. Good-night, Miss Daggett."

Miss Julia scarcely troubled to nod.

Young Hi, grateful for Dolly's tardy display of tact, did not seek to detain her. He only gave her hand a fleeting, reassuring touch and said gently, "I'll join you in a second," and then faced his sister.

But she got her speech of denunciation in first.

"Well, this is a pretty business—are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Of myself, perhaps—but not of her."

He spoke without heat, but his jaw was set, and there was a flame in his eyes that even his sister, so used to Hi's anger, had never seen there before. But she retorted sharply:

"Then why were you so anxious to get her away before I caught her?"

"I wasn't anxious to get her away."

"I caught her myself!—she was trying to jump out of the window."

"Nothing of the kind—that was only one of her mischievous pranks, but no use trying to explain—you couldn't possibly understand Dolly."

"I dont really know that I should care to," witheringly. "A servant girl who comes sneaking with a young man who's low enough to carry his vulgar flirtations into his own home! That proves what she is—a glib, bold-faced——"

"See here," Hi rasped out, clenching his hands, "you can insult me all you wish—but you'll please lay off of Dolly. I'll not stand here, even a second, and hear her called names."

"For goodness sake, Hiram, dont start acting *that* kind of foolishness. Taking the high-and-mighty stand in defence of a light servant girl—indeed!" and Miss Julia indulged in a shrill and unpleasant laugh. Then she calmed herself. "I'm glad of this circumstance—it gives me an opportunity to speak my mind to you. I warn you that your recent carryings-on have been observed. It was hinted at the Pen-and-Brush this afternoon—that was what gave me my headache—if you had come home to dinner I'd have told you. It seems it's common vulgar gossip that you've been going daily up to the De Bossert place to see this girl, who comes sneaking out to meet you. The whole town knows!"

"Let them know," young Hi returned, then. "I, for my part, wish to make no special secret of the meetings."

"What business could you have meeting a servant girl? Now, dont start trumping up some excuse——"

"I wont. I met her because I love her."

He faced her square, his eyes flaming that light she had never seen in them before. Miss Julia was aghast.

"Have you lost your senses?" she cried.

"No. I have just found them, I think."

"But you speak as if you'd—marry her," gasped Miss Julia, horrified.

"I will—if she'll have me," he replied.

Miss Julia flung out her hands in a spasm of impotent rage.

"This is too much—I give up. Think of your position, your family—think of the Daggett pride!"

"I have been thinking of them, and I've come to the conclusion that Dolly Watt will be an adornment to the Daggett name."

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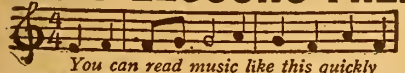

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"If they're my friends they will welcome my wife—and they will love Dolly for herself."

Then, once more, Miss Julia gave her shrill laugh.

"It is amusing," she said in a tone that was not amused, "to think of that cheap, vulgar, skitter-skatter piece as mistress of the Daggett mansion."

"I pity her for having to live in this house," said Hi, "but she is not cheap or vulgar or skitter-skatter. And now I shall not keep her waiting longer."

As he turned, his sister caught frantically at his coat sleeve.

"Is it possible, Hiram, to make any appeal to your reason, your higher instincts——"

"Impossible, Julia," he answered decisively. "For once in my life I've definitely made up my mind."

And shaking off his sister's clutch, he went to find the girl he loved.

But Dolly was not waiting in the hall.

Hi peered in the shadowy corners—but surely the girl's love of mischief would not prompt her to hide at such a time. He suddenly thought of his car, just outside. But, no, Dolly was not waiting there—but, yes! there was a pencilled note pinned to the cushion.

"You are a darling and a peach," Dolly had written, "but dont bother about me—I've gone back home."

Dont bother! Young Hi flung himself into the driver's seat, started the motor, and stepped on the gas.

But on the outskirts of the village he bethought himself that she couldn't have gone a great distance, walking, so he slowed down to peer anxiously along the road as he proceeded.

There was plenty of motor traffic but, in the whole distance to Three Corners he did not encounter one pedestrian—which was odd, since Dolly couldn't possibly have covered the entire distance in that length of time. He must have passed her somehow, overlooked her. His lover's heart fretted under a hundred calls for haste as he swung his car around again and slowly, watchfully, tracked back toward Fairfield.

Perhaps never had Hi Daggett's "devil-car" traversed that stretch of road at such a crawling gait. But there was, nowhere, a sign of Dolly.

After all he must have missed her on the first trip. Or perhaps she had taken the trolley—he was a dullard! By now, likely, she was already at home, in the cottage, where he couldn't see her again that night. But he would see her notwithstanding—he would whistle their signal, tho it was late, and call her out. No! he would not whistle, either; he would walk up to the door, like a man, and ask for her by name, giving his own name—in the way any man has the right to ask for the girl he honorably loves.

At last his state of indecision was ended.

Hi's heart lightened amazingly as he made this last resolve, yet it tormented him with his impatience to see Dolly. He thought, during his search and frustrations, during those anxious minutes that seemed hours, he had suffered all the agonies that lovers are heir to. Then, when he saw her at last, after he had emerged from the ancient drive into the clearing of the De Bosserts', he was to discover that love has depths of torment which he had not known to reckon.

Another car stood, empty and waiting, near the spot where the dim path climbed the hill to the cottage. It was a roadster, of an ostentatious and showy type, and Hi's first sensation was mere annoyance—if there were visitors at the cottage, his entrance and demand to see Dolly might be more awkward. But he tossed aside

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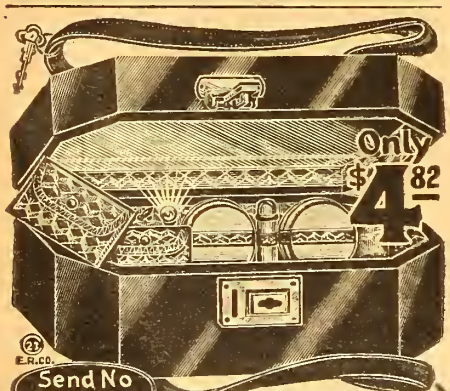

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this reflection, and bounded quickly, resolutely, up the hill.

It was the first time he had penetrated so near the cottage—lights showed in the unshaded windows at the front, and it was perhaps a natural impulse that slowed his steps as he passed those windows on his way to the door. And then what he chanced to see made it the most natural thing in the world to move closer to the window and peer within—an instinctively deliberate spy.

For he saw Dolly herself seated on a sofa, sitting there as easily as if she had a perfect right to entertain callers in the chief room, while, close beside her, sat—her caller.

The man's looks were in harmony with that car parked below: he had a florid face and was going bald and was of stout build, he was dapperly tailored and sleekly groomed—a shade too dapper and too sleek, something about him called out that he didn't quite "belong"; and Hi, in his sudden daze, found time to recall the rumors of the "loud-looking" stranger who had visited the cottage's mysterious tenant.

But why wasn't the mistress receiving her visitor herself? Why was Dolly sitting there in that attitude of easy intimacy? Then a solution assailed him swiftly—of course!—he had been a half-wit not to suspect it before—Dolly herself was that mysterious tenant!

Scarcely had this thought added itself to his jumble, and leaving him no time to ascertain whether it made him happier or unhappier, when developments within the room drove out his speculations and engrossed him utterly in rage and a sickness beyond comprehension.

The man had been leaning over Dolly, talking and gesticulating—suddenly he possessed himself of one of her hands. Hi seemed to feel the touch of that plump hand revoltingly against his own—but Dolly made no struggle, no demur. She was answering something, speaking earnestly, argumentatively, but let her hand lie passively in his—it was the hand which wore the gleaming ring.

And then, as Hi's gaze focussed on that flash of fire, the fat man bent and laid his lips to her hand and to that ring!

(To be continued next month)

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 78*)

true value of friends. While they live, we are too sensitive of their faults; when we have lost them, we only see their virtues. Elliott Dexter is playing in "Flaming Youth," and "By Divine Right." He was born in Houston, Texas.

CHARLOTTE W.—John Greenleaf Whittier was known as the Quaker poet. So you are in love with the Barrymore family. They sure can act. I think John Barrymore's "Hamlet" is the finest work I have ever seen. Lionel was married to Doris Rankin, but now he is married to Irene Fenwick, and she has a daughter. Ethel Barrymore's children are Ethel, Russell and John. Why the Lambs Club, New York.

Bozo.—No, I dont go to church every Sunday, but I always believed what Emerson said: "A little consideration of what takes place around us every day, would show us that a higher law than that of our wills regulates events; that our painful labors are unnecessary and fruitless; that only in our easy, simple spontaneous action are we strong, and by contenting ourselves with obedience we become divine." Yes, Marion Nixon was Dora in "Big Dan." Yes, I think she will send you her picture.

JACQUELINE.—Quebec, Canada, is known as the Gibraltar of America. Cairo, Egypt, as the City of Victory. Sorry, but I haven't the cast for "Little Women." Doris Kenyon in "Restless Wives." No, I haven't heard that Rex Ingram and his wife were going to play in a picture together. Will let you know if I do.

MARJORIE D.—Egotism is suffering the private "I" to be too much in the public eye. Conrad Nagel is twenty-seven. Yes, I have seen him several times at the Algonquin. No, Rodolph Valentino has not been playing for the last year or so owing to a disagreement about his contract. He'll be back soon.

RUTH E. E.—No, I dont recommend coffee, it's poison, you know. But it does fill you full of pep temporarily. You remind me of what Dumas said: "The Bible says that woman is the last thing which God made. He must have made it Saturday night. It shows fatigue." No, William Farnum is not playing right now. I think Pola Negri will send you her picture. I should say Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris" did go over big in New York. No, Dorothy Phillips is not playing—she recently lost her husband, Allen Holubar.

MOVIE ADMIRER.—So am I. Douglas Fairbanks is forty. Address Alice Terry at Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal. Jean Acker was Mrs. Valentino the first. Ramon Novarro's name was Ramon Sammanyagos. Do you blame him for changing it? Lon Chaney was the hunchback and Patsy Ruth Miller was Esmeralda. Wesley Barry is fifteen. Address him at Warner Brothers, Los Angeles, Cal. Bebe Daniels is twenty-three and Lila Lee is at the Ince Studio, Culver City, Cal. Whew! Some questions.

DINGER.—Yes, May Murray is with Metro.

C. AND JEAN.—Well, if you make life a ministry of love, it will always be worth living. Gloria Swanson is twenty-six. She is five feet three, weighs 112 pounds and reddish brown hair and grey eyes. Guess again, I am not really Rodolph in disguise.

SUE.—So you dont think I have such long whiskers. Say it with whiskers. Thanks for the hairpin. I shall make good use of it. No, May McAvoy is not married yet.

PATTIE.—That's it, come right out with

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them. Better it is to tell a man of his faults than to speak of them in his absence. Write to Famous Players for a picture of Thomas Meighan. Richard Barthelmess is with Inspiration Pictures, and is married to Mary Hay.

PLUM PUDDING.—Whooo. Sounds good! And you dont believe I am over eighty and live in a hall-room and drink buttermilk. All right. So "The Merry-go-Round" is one of the best pictures you have seen. Norman Kerry is with Universal.

KAY.—Yes, that was Ramon Novarro. Mary Thurman was Floranne in "Zaza." In William S. Hart's "A Lighter of Flames," he will portray the character of Patrick Henry.

VIOLET.—Quick, the smelling salts. You say, "Altho some theologians still maintain that Adam was born in the morning, it is now generally believed that he was born a little before Eve." You get a lily for that. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Mo., and he was thirty-one.

EUGENE S.—Barbara Bedford was born in Wisconsin. Claire Windsor's son, Billy Bowes, is to make his screen début in "What Do Men Want?" He's pretty young to know. Write me soon again.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 66)

made up for the deficiency. Whether it was the chivalry of the olden time, or the diction, or both combined that fascinated, it matters not; the fact remains, it was satisfying.

I understood "To Have and To Hold" better after seeing "our beloved Wally" and Mae Murray enact the scenes. I saw it again when Bert Lytell and Betty Compson presented it. They played it well, but somehow, I liked the first rendition better, maybe because of my admiration for Wally.

Percival Cooney's "Dons of the Old Pueblo" relates incidents of early days in and about Los Angeles. The plots and counter-plots of the Dons and others, including Kit Carson, Jim Marshall, Gen. Kearney and Commodore Stockton keep your interest to the end. For historic events and personages this should be a suitable vehicle to travel along with "The Covered Wagon" and other early Western happenings.

Caroline Lockhart's "Me-Smith" recounts "doings" of the early Wyoming days, near Billings, Montana. Interesting from start to finish with an unusual ending. It should go well on the screen. Her "Lady Doe" is full of twists and surprises and is a change from the usual run.

The "Sea Hawk," by Sabatini, was quite exciting, and am anxiously awaiting its advent on the screen.

Several costume plays from old books and dramas stand out in memory with pleasing significance: namely, "David Garrick" with Dustin Farnum; "Mignon" with House Peters; "The Vicar of Wakefield" with Frederick Warde, and "The Tale of Two Cities" with William Farnum in a dual rôle. Their quaintness and beauty could stand repetition.

I trust there will be other letters on this subject.

Very sincerely,
FLORENCE CALDWELL BELL,
401—38th St., Oakland, California.

An open apology to Anna Q. Nilsson.

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, I have a letter in the "Letters to the Editor" department which is quite against the movie dumbbell. I have no idea that the screen players read any of these fan epistles, but if, by any chance, this note should come under your inspection, I wish to make an explanation as to what sentiments I voiced about your acting.

Approximately four months ago, or, even longer, I saw "Adam's Rib," and thinking you were the stiffest most wax-like dumbbell, both in this film and the previous "Three Live Ghosts," I had ever seen, the note in MOTION PICTURE was immediately typed. As to the other dumbbells I criticize, I considered, and still consider their efforts much worse than yours. Another motion picture magazine informed me the letter was too vitrolic, but MOTION PICTURE used it exactly as it was written. This all took time, you see, and during the time, I saw "The Rustle of Silk." I was stunned at the change in your acting. Your newly acquired bob swept me off to slavish admiration and I thought your portrayal of the rôle of the wife was one of the best I've ever seen.

Not having been able to recall or change the letter, I can only, now, make my apologies to you, personally. Your improvement in pictures surprised me very much, and I hope you will remember that here is one fan, anyway, who will, always, be deeply interested in your work, and does not class you as a wax figure, but as one of the screen's best actresses.

Very sincerely,
TRIX MACKENZIE,
Box 1907, Atlanta, Ga.

Among other interesting things, laurels for Dick Barthelmess.

DEAR EDITOR: I share in the opinion of so many that this altogether versatile and appealing Richard Barthelmess represents to the screen what John Barrymore does to the stage. The variety of pictures he's starring in seem well chosen, but dont you think a big mistake was made in selecting Dorothy Gish, who has done some admirable work in other things, to play opposite him? I wonder how many are of like opinion, that more often than not, that mistake is made? And that the success of the picture or play depends largely on it?

The man supporting Pola Negri has never seemed up to her thoroly stirring and vivid personality. For an equal amount of the much talked of "sex appeal," why not H. B. Warner? And with Barthelmess, why not this latest bewitching bit of femininity, Mary Philbin, who is almost as convincing in her way as he is in his.

On all sides I hear this criticism except in such happy combinations as Valentino and Alice Terry in "The Four Horsemen," Norman Kerry and Mary Philbin in "The Merry Go Round," Tommy Meighan and Lila Lee. And one I hear suggested and am thoroly in sympathy with, is the unsurpassed Geraldine Farrar and the temporarily absent (I hope) Valentino. Elsie Ferguson and David Powell were an interesting combination on the legitimate. Why cant that be carried out on the screen? That Conway Tearle should be credited with "making the women in the audience wish they were the heroine" and therefore given the parts opposite the heroines who do just this to the men in the audience, is beyond me! Why not Conrad Nagel or Norman Kerry or Lewis Stone (whom I believe everyone would like to see oftener than he appears on the screen).

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Yours truly,
E. D. D., Redlands, Cal.

A letter from England with a decided point of view.

DEAR EDITOR: May an English reader air his views?

Why is it no one ever writes the praises of Niles Welch? I think he is one of the finest juveniles on the screen. I have never forgotten him in "Stepping Out." I do wish he would do much more than he does.

I read in the December issue that Baby Peggy was becoming a rival to Jackie Coogan—how absurd! I cant "see" Baby Peggy at all. She doesn't even show a suspicion of talent to my idea. But Jackie Coogan! *There* is talent with a big "T." I think he is wonderful. As a rule, I cant stand child stars, but I take my hat off to Jackie.

Why is it that small part people who are really good seem to get such small chances to show what they can do. The one I have in mind is Lewis Sargent—in "Just Around the Corner"—he was remarkable. I know some will say "sob-stuff will always get over"—perhaps so, but it can be made ridiculous—but Lewis Sargent made it live—his Noah Claypole in "Oliver Twist" lived—here is an *artiste* going to waste—I hope some live producer will give him a chance.

By the way, I am a great Valentino fan—just as keen now as ever, but I think I. H. Reis of New York City was rather unkind in his or her remarks about Ramon Novarro—but he is not a Valentino by any means; he is very good, tho. I do hope Rudy will be "Romeo."

Just a few remarks about photographs. I sent thirty-five cents to a well-known leading man for his photograph (I had previously written before that), that was nearly twelve months ago. I am still waiting—I am not foolish enough to let this prejudice me against his work, but it is very annoying.

On the other hand I have had such nice letters and photographs from others—Mary Pickford, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Florence Vidor, Priscilla Dean, and one or two more and such a nice one from poor Wally Reid. I should like to hear from American fans.

Yours truly,
BILLY BARNES,
5 Lindore Rd.,
Battersea Rise,
Chapham Common,
London, Eng.

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 109)

Ray, Dustin Farnum and like celebrities, is giving "Here Goes the Bride," for Keith, and even Larry Semon is planning to burst into vaudeville. Bert Lytell, we are told, made the Sing Sing inmates weep by his vaudeville act, "The Valiant." Theodore Roberts, John and Lionel Barrymore, Nazimova, Petrova are about dividing their time between stage and screen, but there are so many of them we could go on endlessly.

Johnston M'Culley, who wrote "The Mark of Zorro" for Douglas Fairbanks, has now provided an original story for Hoot Gibson, Universal's familiar cowboy hero. Hoot will play the lead as the Cocapoh Kid, the good-bad-man.

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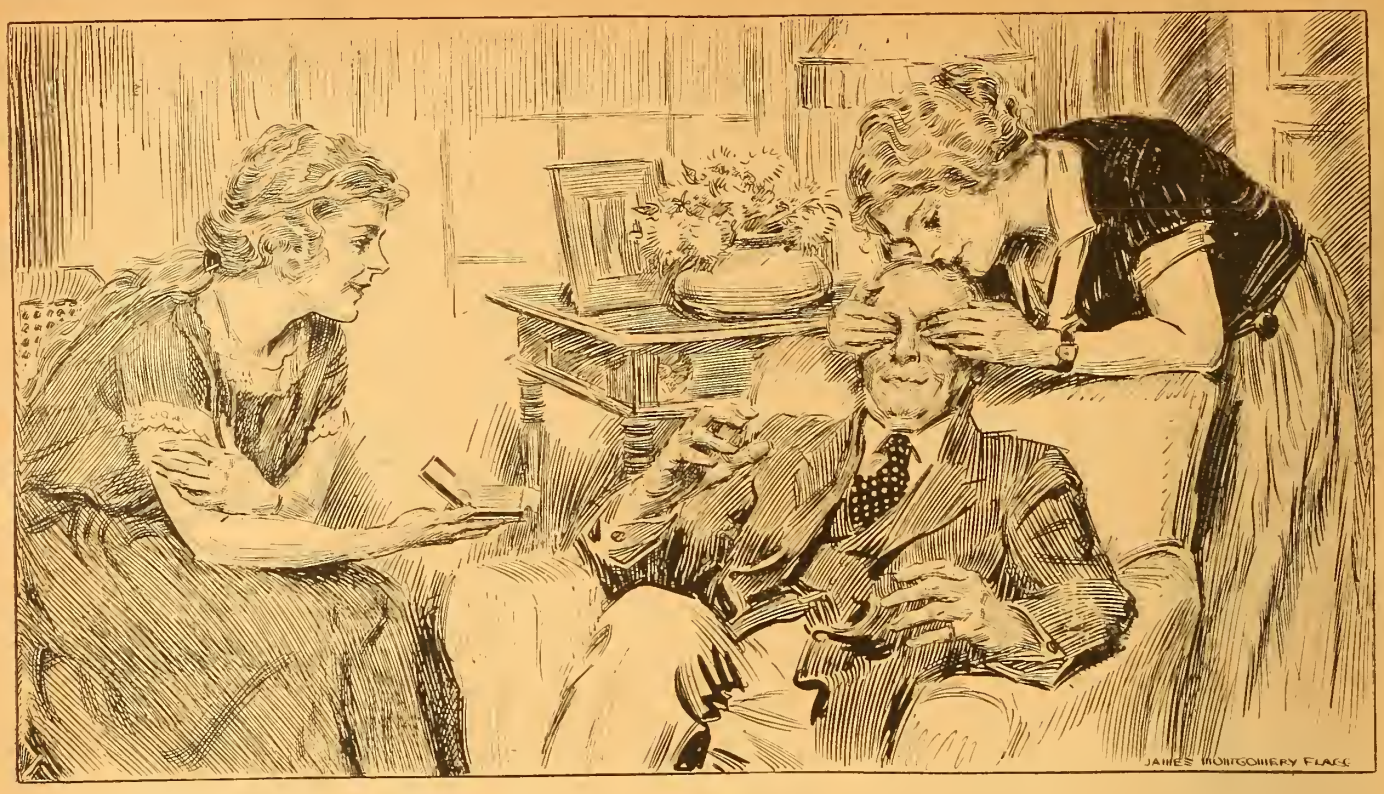

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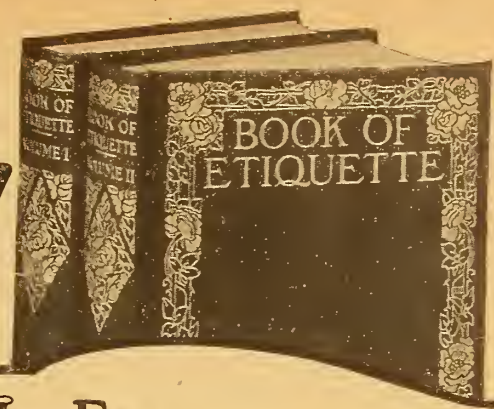
For the Last Time!



The Famous Book of Etiquette ONLY $1.98 If You Act Quickly

"Goodbye! I'm Very Glad to Have Met You."

But he ISN'T glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment he has just experienced. Every day people who are not accustomed to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is?

Again She Orders—
"A Chicken Salad, Please."

She hears herself give the order as in a daze. She hears him repeat the order to the waiter, in a rather surprised tone. Why HAD she ordered that again! He would think she didn't know how to order a dinner. Well, did she? No. She wasn't sure of herself. She didn't really KNOW.

What's Wrong in This Picture?

It is so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public. There is, for instance, the very obvious mistake that is being made in this picture. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out? Perhaps there are more mistakes than one—what do YOU think?

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The Book of Etiquette is being used daily by hundreds of thousands of men and women. It is a silent social secretary that tells the precise thing to do, say, write and wear on every possible occasion. It omits nothing. It forgets nothing. It eliminates all chance for blundering, protects from all embarrassment and humiliation in social contact, gives you a wonderful new ease and poise of manner.

Why wonder when you can *know?* Why hesitate when you can be *certain?* Why be embarrassed and uncomfortable when you can be thoroughly *at ease?* Let the Book of Etiquette be your silent advisor. Let it tell you when to entertain and how. Let it tell you what to do, what to say, on every occasion of social uncertainty. Let it give you poise, ease, dignity, self-confidence.

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Thousands of people will take advantage of this last great opportunity—and you are urged to act promptly. When the present edition is exhausted, *it will not be reprinted.* You must act at once, NOW.

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Etiquette is the armor that protects us from little unexpected embarrassments. A spoon incorrectly used. Olives taken with the fork. An introduction wrongly acknowledged. A dance or party at which one feels "alone," out of place. A tea at which one is "tongue-tied"—unable to converse pleasantly, unable to do or say with ease the things that are correct.

These are the things that invariably cause us great embarrassment. And they can be avoided! You can know just what to do and say on every occasion. Etiquette will protect you from making impulsive blunders, will be an armor that guards you from embarrassments and humiliation. Etiquette will make you a better "mixer," a better conversationalist; it will make you *sure* of yourself, confident of your own social powers.

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With Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and Marjorie Daw Supported by Noah Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Fred Huntley. Written for the screen by Doris Schroeder and Edfrid Bingham. Directed by Victor Fleming.

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"BIG BROTHER"
By Rex Beach
An Allan Dwan Production with Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton and Edith Roberts. Written for the screen by Paul Sloane.

"FLAMING BARRIERS"
A George Melford Production with Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno and Walter Hiers. By Byron Morgan. Written for the screen by Harvey Thew.

"DON'T CALL IT LOVE"
A William deMille Production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Nita Naldi, Theodore Kosloff and Rod La Rocque. Screen play by Clara Beranger. From the novel "Rita Coventry" by Julian Street and play by Hubert Osborne.

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"THE HUMMING BIRD"
A Sidney Olcott Production. From the Play by Maude Fulton. Written for the screen by Forrest Halsey.

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Supported by Phyllis Haver. A William S. Hart Production.

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A William deMille Production of the Pulitzer prize play by Owen Davis. Screen Play by Clara Beranger.

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S PRODUCTION
"TRIUMPH"
With Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque. By May Edginton. Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson.

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Motion Picture Magazine

The Quality Magazine of the Screen

APRIL

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The May Motion Picture Magazine

Movie Stars and the Income Tax. This special story which gives all manner of intimate and heretofore unpublished details is one of the most interesting articles we have ever printed. You'll be amazed at some of the deductions the stars are permitted to make from their grand totals. **Their School Days** was gleaned from an erstwhile high-school teacher of several of the stars. . . . **How Do You Talk About Books** is what one get-rich-quick star asked a professor of literature. The story of this young celebrity's inflation will fascinate you.

Waist and Hips Reduced in Ten Seconds With New Kind of Girdle

The Moment You Put On This New Kind Of Girdle Your Waist And Hips Look Inches Thinner—And You Get Thin While Looking Thin, For This New Invention Produces The Same Results As An Expert Masseur. Makes Fat Vanish With Surprising Rapidity While You Walk, Play, Work or Sleep, Yet Does It So Gently That You Hardly Know It Is There. No More Heart-straining Exercises—No More Disagreeable Starving Diets—No More Harmful Medicines—No More Bitter Self-Denials.

AT last! A wonderful new scientific girdle that improves your appearance immediately and reduces your waist and hips almost "while you wait"! The instant you put on the new girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waist-line lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel many years younger!

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Without Girdle — With Girdle

Improves your appearance instantly—works for you every second of day to reduce the excess fat.

Look More Slender At Once!

Think of it—no more protruding abdomen—no more heavy bulging hips. By means of this new invention, known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle, you can look more slender immediately! You don't have to wait until the fat is gone in order to appear slim and youthful! You actually look thin while getting thin! It ends forever the need for stiff corsets and gives you with comfort, Fashion's straight boyish lines!

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The Madame X Reducing Girdle is different from anything else you've seen or tried—far different from ordinary special corsets or other reducing methods. It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slim; it actually takes off the fat, gently but surely!

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Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

Many say it is fine for constipation which is often present in people inclined to be stout.

For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people—and this brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

Free Booklet Tells All

You can't appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon below and learn all about this easy and pleasant way of becoming fashionably slender. Mail the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price, special trial offer.

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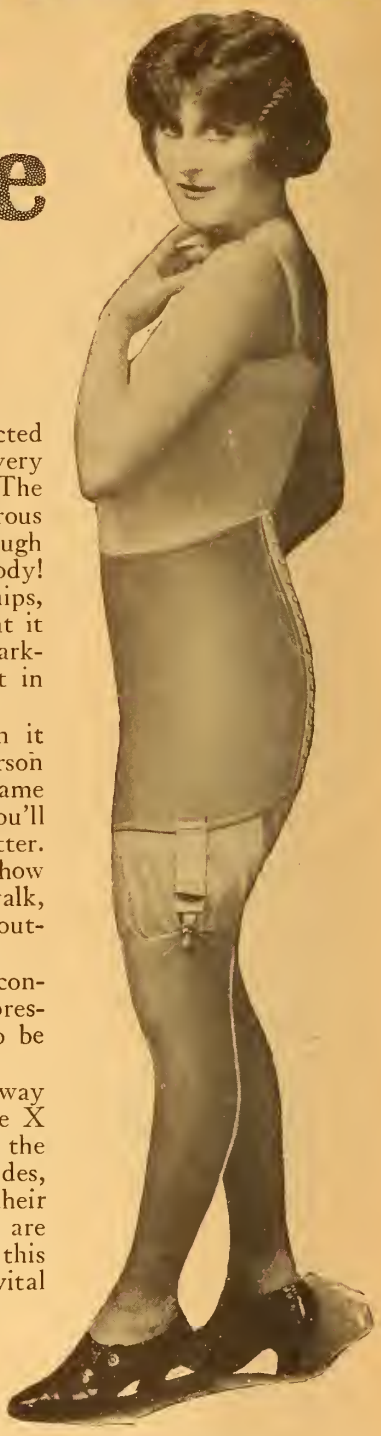

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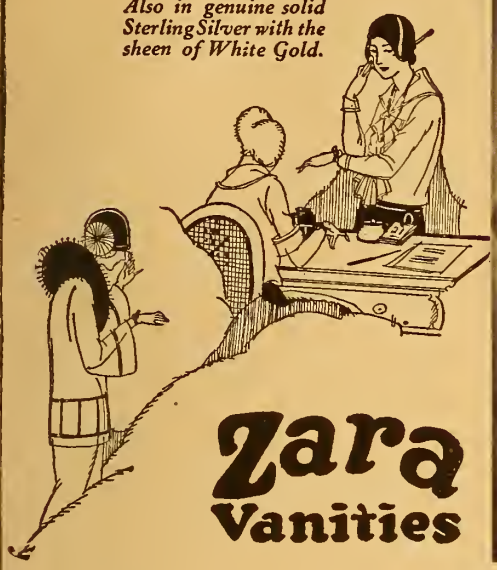

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Only $2.89

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Use the

Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification

for Your Baby

In the Words of a Wise Movie Magnate

We never make our apologies and slip away after the demi-tasse at the press-luncheons where Richard A. Rowland, the president of the First National Pictures, is a speaker. For Mr. Rowland is one of those rare souls with the faculty of saying something well worth hearing. A particularly pertinent and interesting observation which he made not so long ago brings us to this editorial page whereon we endeavor to bring our readers' attention to the salient points in cinematic conditions month after month.

Mr. Rowland believes that every story should be adequately produced . . . indeed, that it should be very well produced. But he doesn't believe there is any excuse for the producers who inject lavish and extravagant episodes into a story when they are beside the dramatic point . . . simply for the sake of making it a bigger production.

A good story well told pictorially is a good motion picture. That's that. And the most poignant dramas remembered in literature may, in the great majority of instances, be portrayed without ostentation. Because some mother's son, in illustration of this point, enjoys high life, it is not at all necessary to have a flash-back of a spectacular Roman orgy. Yet how many instances of this kind could be enumerated. They are without number!

For some unaccountable reason many of the motion picture directors and producers firmly believe that their productions will find a readier market if they are enhanced by this sort of thing. Some day they will awaken to the simple fact that what the public does want is more intelligent treatment of theme and less flagrant display.

We endorse this belief of Richard A. Rowland's.

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-Mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

APRIL, 1924

Vol. XXVII

No. 3

Poudres de Luxe
L.T. PIVER
Paris, France
(Fondée En 1774)

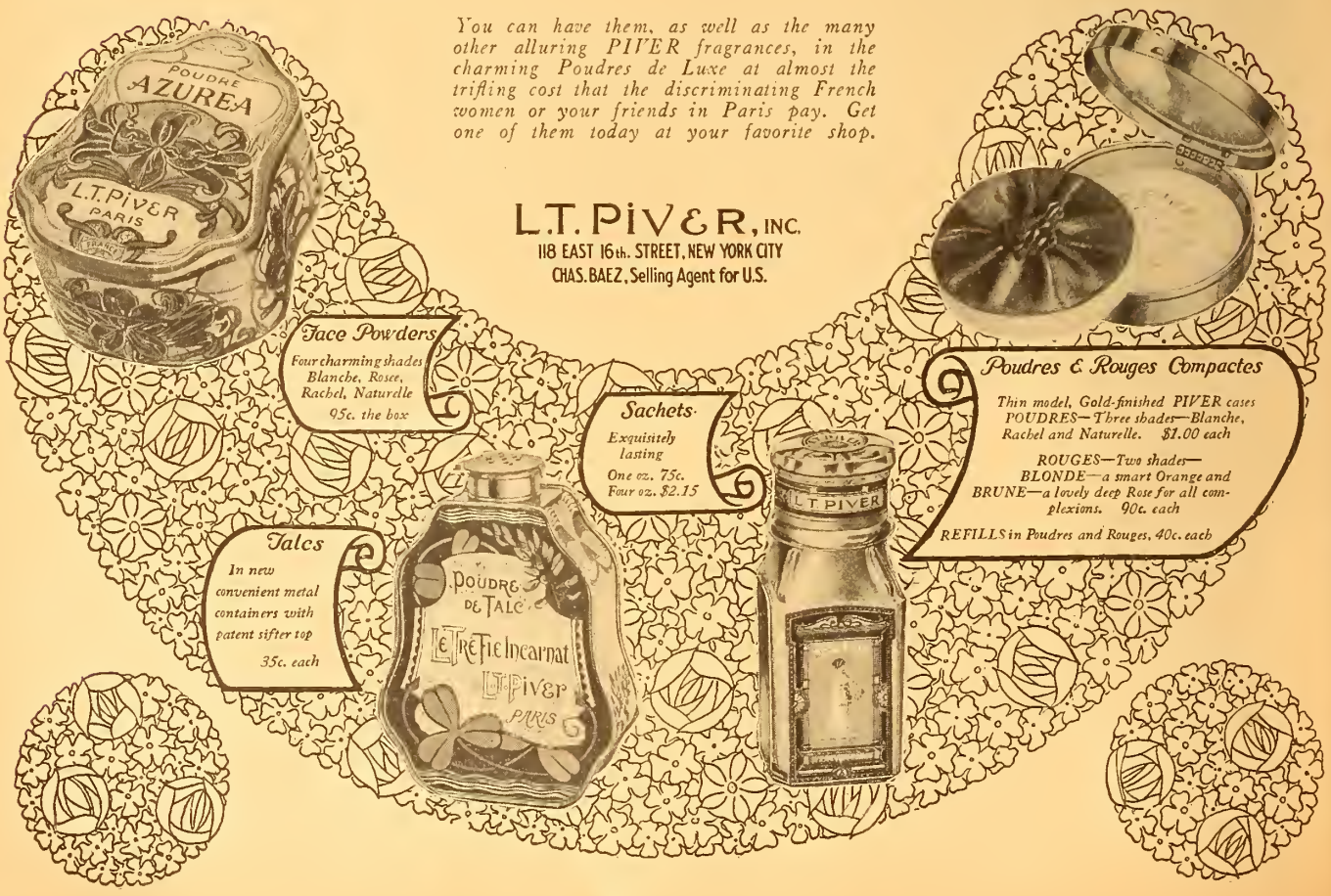
These are the Poudres that French Women Use—

And You know what that means!

More French women buy PIVER'S Poudres de Luxe than any other kind. They prefer them to all else that Paris offers because they are so exquisitely soft and clinging. You'll understand if you have felt them just once on your face. And they come in such sweet shades! Of course, this perfection in poudres is possible because PIVER has made them for a century and a half.

Perhaps it is also for the exquisite parfums that French women love PIVER poudres best. Do you know the haunting blend of rose and jasmin that is AZUREA? And now it's Spring, don't you want the Flowers of May that French women adore? FLORAMYE—a veritable bouquet of Spring herself—heliotrope, jasmin, violet, and rose; LE TREFLE INCARNAT—expressing the freshness of sweet clover and carnation; POMPEIA—an exotic symphony, subtly seductive.

You can have them, as well as the many other alluring PIVER fragrances, in the charming Poudres de Luxe at almost the trifling cost that the discriminating French women or your friends in Paris pay. Get one of them today at your favorite shop.



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REFILLS in Poudres and Rouges, 40c. each

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Our Portrait Gallery

MARIE PREVOST

A few years ago Marie Prevost forsook the art of a bathing girl. And today, after a varied and often discouraging dramatic training, she enjoys high repute in Hollywood. She is a prophet in her own country. For Ernst Lubitsch, who cast her prominently in his "The Marriage Circle," proclaims her one of the greatest actresses he has ever known

Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

HUNTLEY GORDON

Huntley Gordon is the epitome of the gallant American man of affairs. He is a far hail from the languid Romeos who dedicate their days to love. However, his compounds are no less attractive . . . dependability and understanding are also the stuff of which romance is made. No wonder more and more casts find his name at the top . . . most recently the Rupert Hughes production, "True as Steel"

ENID BENNETT

When you ask people who have sojourned in Hollywood whom they liked best, they invariably include Enid Bennett in their list . . . frequently speaking of her as Mrs. Niblo. She's that sort. Her popularity is not born of flamboyant gestures or exotic mannerisms. Nevertheless, in her conservative way, she has held her own while more striking personalities have appeared shortly to vanish again. "The Sea Hawk" occupies her attention at the present time

Photograph by Diem

CAROL DEMPSTER

Carol Dempster's friends will tell you that Carol dreams not of stellar honors on the screen but of an operatic career, for which she studies whenever she is not engaged with her screen work. But, in the meantime, David Wark Griffith has again selected her as his heroine. The film is the spectacle of "America," which has now occupied him for months

Photograph by Apeda

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Here Richard Barthelmess looks like nothing more than a determined and well-informed business man . . . and not particularly like a love-sick Romeo. And, after all, the former is what Dick often proves himself to be. All of which does not mean that we think he wont give the screen a Romeo which will rank with its finest portraits. Lillian Gish awaits him at Verona, Italy, in her Juliet robes

BETTY COMPSON

This altogether charming camera study of Betty was taken during her professional stay in London . . . before she returned to Hollywood, where romance now attends her, while her fiancé, Jimmie Cruze, anxiously waits for her to name The Day. The first picture Betty made after her return was "Strangers"

Photograph by Ernest H. Mills, London

Anna
May
Wong

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Anna May Wong symbolizes the eternal paradox of her ancient race. She reminds us of cruel and intricate intrigues, and at the same time, of crooned Chinese lullabies. She brings to the screen the rare comprehension and the mysterious colors of her ivory-skinned race . . . And Douglas Fairbanks insisted upon her in his cast for "The Thief of Bagdad"

Photograph by Abbé

RODOLPH VALENTINO

What can we say that is new about Rodolph Valentino? That we're glad peace between him and the Famous Players-Lasky has been effected, of course. And that his hundreds of friends, missing him thru the months of litigation, have not once forgotten him. Our mail bags prove it, without a doubt. Let them make haste with the release of his "Monsieur Beaucaire"

The Songs of Doris Kenyon

Photo by Nickolas Muray

The Parting

The waters 'mid their lilies slept;
  Wood-odors wrapt me, sweet and wild;
Below, where trailing willows wept,
  A mirrored heaven smiled.

And as I watched the moveless tide,
  Two birds met in the midmost blue
A moment, touched, then circled wide
  And from each other flew——

Flew far away, nor met again,
  One winging east, one winging west;
And suddenly an ancient pain
  Pierced my remembering breast.

Ghosts

It may be, ay, it may be, who can tell?——
  That down these moss-grown crumbling bricks their feet
  Still lightly fall, and round them, wild and sweet,
The perfume of the lilacs weaves its spell,
While the far ululations of a bell
  Haunt the cool dusk with murmurs soft and sweet;
  Ay, here upon this gray old garden seat
They listen to the thrush's ritornelle,
And while they watch the evening shadows fall,
  They whisper the beloved names they knew,
Catch distant sounds borne thru the interval
  'Twixt day and night—each dear, familiar clue
Leading them back, as fond, faint voices call,
  And love breathes round them with the silvery dew.

Grotesquerie

Why is it that, after I have been with you, I see things so strangely?
A boat in a mist at sea seems like a cloud that has grown tired of hanging in the sky
And is resting on a wave.
A flash of scarlet berries--as tho my heart were held to a mirror
And were ready to be plucked——
Plucked by your hand, which seems gnarled with strength,
And yet clings to my mouth softly like nasturtium tendrils;
Is it that your mind is strange and affects me,
Or is it that I am startled by my own mind's reflection in your eyes?

Links In a Chain

We two upon that mountain top alone,
While silence slept amid the lonely hills:
That tree of white,
That little blade of grass in your white hand,
The bluebell in your hair, the sky above,
Alike reflected in your limpid eyes;
That swallow skimming low into the West—
All this will I remember and regret
When twilight came that we did lift our eyes
To see if Heaven held another gift.
A star.

You bound me first unto you by a look:

(*Continued on page* 84)

It would be more fitting and proper if the play which brought Doris Kenyon to a Broadway stage this winter had been called "The Gifts" rather than "The Gift." For Doris does many things and all of them well. Her stage and screen work needs no introduction, but there are many who do not know of her lovely singing voice, or of her exquisite poems which have been published in many magazines and also collected in book-form. These are new verses which have never before been offered to the public

After Much Ado

Presenting New Camera Studies of the Hero and Heroine of the Much-Discussed "Ben Hur"

Photograph by William A. Fraker

What will the motion picture people talk about? For the cast of "Ben-Hur" which was argued for months has eventually been decided. A hundred rumors have died. . . . George Walsh, the choice of June Mathis who discovered Valentino, you remember, is to be the hero. For, among other things, this hero must have the strength and skill to drive in a chariot race. . . . And the rôle of Esther brings Gertrude Olmstead to the cast

Photograph by Peters

The Virgin Queen

In "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," Clare Eames gives Queen Elizabeth her shadow being And she brings to our memory those beautiful words with which Clemence Dane painted this great queen: "She grew old as an oak or a cliff or a cathedral grows old. There was no frailty of age in her"

Later, he sat at her feet and showed her pictures of his home, of his mother and father, of his dog, Pike. And the Lady stroked his fair head with fingers that were softer and tenderer than the moonlight had been the night he had first seen her

Photograph by
Edwin B. Hesser

Read the Statements of Leading Producers, Directors and Casting Directors As To Whether Resemblance to a Screen Star Aids or Lessens a Beginner's Chances

Jack Mulhall and Eugene O'Brien might be taken for twin brothers. Compare the portrait of Jack Mulhall just above to that of Eugene O'Brien facing it from the other page corner

Photograph by
Evans, L. A.

And who will be positive that Barbara Bedford on the left isn't Priscilla Dean to the right?

Photograph by
Donald Biddle Keyes

Photograph by
W. F. Seely

In Hollywood Monte Blue and Rod La Rocque are frequently mistaken for each other. And the pictures of Monte and Rod to the left would confuse any editor if the first hadn't been captioned Monte Blue and the other Rod La Rocque

Do You Resemble a Screen Star?

By
HELEN CARLISLE

DO you resemble some famous motion-picture star? Do your friends tell you that you're certain to make a hit in the movies, because you look just like Mary Pickford, or Norma Talmadge, or Rodolph Valentino?

Will your resemblance to some famous player aid or hinder you in attaining screen success? Will it necessarily affect your career at all?

Believing that many of our readers would be interested in knowing just what the leading producers, directors and casting directors of Hollywood studios have to say on this subject, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has obtained from them honest, straightforward statements as to just how resemblance to a famous star may affect a beginner's chances.

Thomas H. Ince, prominent producer, declares that "A resemblance to a star is a distinct liability to a screen aspirant." Horace Williams, casting director for Mr. Ince, relates an instance, however, where a young actress now famous won her first opportunity before the camera because of her resemblance to a star.

Fred Niblo, one of the most noted directors, says that whereas physical resemblance to a star may prove a handicap, resemblance to type is a distinct asset. Cecil B. De Mille declares that "Facial and physical resemblance plays no part in casting a motion picture. What we search for are mental characteristics and eccentricities of movement in keeping with the particular character."

It is interesting to note that some of our most prominent motion-picture players bear a remarkable resemblance to one another.

Monte Blue and Rod La Rocque are frequently mistaken for each other, even in Hollywood where both are so well known. Jack Mulhall might almost be taken for Eugene O'Brien's twin brother. Zazu Pitts, despite her eccentric individuality, bears an unusual physical resemblance to Lillian Gish. Agnes Ayres and Alice Joyce, Barbara Bedford and Priscilla Dean, look remarkably alike.

Each of these players, tho, has developed a distinct personality. And it is personality—individuality, that is invaluable to the young man or young woman who would win the favor of the film public.

Read what the men who are forever seeking new faces and new types for the great motion-picture producing companies, have to say on this subject on the next page.

According To:—

Thomas H. Ince: *Producer*

Photograph by Hoover

A RESEMBLANCE to a star is a distinct liability to a screen aspirant. The newcomer may get a head start of others of the unknown ranks who are seeking fame on the silversheet. The fact of a resemblance often brings immediate opportunity for "doubling" that seems an advantage. But the "double" takes the hard work while the star collects the glory and the pay-check of many ciphers.

"Something new" is the constant demand of the picture public. Stars come and go. Their names are in ascendancy for a brief period and then their brilliance wanes and they are consigned to the land of oblivion. The public has tired of them and turned its applause to the newcomer who brings the thrill of "something different."

Create a new type, new characterizations, new mannerisms of expressing, suggesting, repressing emotion, if you would win fame as a screen celebrity.

Frank Borzage: *Director*

Photograph by Campbell

RESEMBLANCE to a star will neither aid nor hinder the aspirant for screen honors. If the would-be screen player can act, has good luck in getting parts, and is able to sell himself or herself to directors, producers and, most important of all, to the public, no one will inquire particularly as to his or her resemblance to other stars.

Cecil B. De Mille: *Director-General*

of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Photograph by Edwards Horteller

I PERSONALLY have never signed an actor or an actress because he or she resembled a successful star.

Facial or physical resemblance plays no part in casting a motion picture. What we search for are mental characteristics and eccentricities of movement in keeping with the particular character.

I know of only one instance where resemblance was a benefit to a player in securing a job of any importance. That was in a film where the leading man died in the middle of the production.

Horace Williams: *Casting Director*

for Ince Productions

OUT of the hundreds of girls who have had a real or fancied resemblance to a star, I have known only one case where the beginner was benefited. That was Doris May. We were looking for a double for Miss Pickford in "The Little American." Doris came in at the psychological moment made up to look like her. She got the job.

Other girls have doubled for stars, but they have stayed in the doubling business.

Success comes to the beginner who is interesting on her own account.

I recall only one man who attempted to get a start on his resemblance to a star. That was a young chap who really looked like Wallie Reid. I have not seen him for a long time.

So, unless the future differs from the past in this matter, the answer of experience will have to be—NO.

According To:—

Fred Niblo: *Director*

RESEMBLANCE to feature and resemblance to type are two entirely different matters. I think a person with features resembling a motion-picture star is decidedly handicapped so far as having a screen career of his own goes. But one who resembles a popular picture type and has aspirations of becoming a cinema player is fortunate.

Take the Pickford, the Talmadge, the Valentino types. Any person desiring to gain prominence, or I might even say entrance to the screen, will find similarity to any one of those types greatly to his or her advantage.

The only solution I can offer for not accepting "doubles" of feature, is that the public rebels at imitations.

After all, the most essential thing is real acting ability. That together with resemblance to a popular type makes much toward success when the proper opportunity is presented.

Herbert Brenon: *Director*

Photograph by Papper

RESEMBLANCE to famous players on the part of beginners has absolutely no effect upon their careers. It is ability that counts. The only resemblance that may count for anything is the successful imitation of the technique which made it possible for the famous player to succeed. That is one form of resemblance which need not be suppressed.

To my mind we have passed the day when physical charm—especially in a man—is of paramount importance in an artist's success. I do not suppose that Ernest Torrence or Lon Chaney will be offended if I say that neither is an Apollo. Yet both of these players have achieved outstanding successes in the motion picture world.

Eric von Stroheim: *Director*

WHEN are copies ever so good as the original, with the possible exception of blocks of wood or such things? If the personal element enters, the difference is more apparent.

When newcomers to the screen attempt to sell themselves on the grounds of being like more prominent figures, it means only one thing. It means aping. And when was aping never disgustingly obvious and obviously disgusting.

Aspirants that are called images of someone else are killed thru the kindness of their "friends." It is the meanest thing that can be said of a newcomer. It gives him nothing of his own.

Marshall Neilan: *Director*

NEWCOMERS must stand or fall on their own. Leaning on the flimsy support of a resemblance, however slight, to some star of high-powered magnitude presages a toppling over. Or being set against such insecure stanchions by so-called friends is as practical as attempting to prop them up on air.

Alan Crosland: *Director*

INDIVIDUALITY is much to be desired, and a distinct personality is imperative. You cannot combine individuality and resemblance. They are the oil and water of expression. A distinct personality and personation are not analogous.

Should an aspirant happen to resemble some star, however, he or she should be given full opportunity to develop individuality. Only by this, combined with a personality peculiar to himself or herself, will real success be won.

(*Continued on page 79*)

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Hollywood Needs More Like Him

By

LUCILLE GORDON

NOW in regard to this Percy Marmont person, I may as well state frankly that I have ever been numbered among those who could take him or let him alone.

If Mr. Marmont happened to be in the cast of a picture I wished to see, all well and good, but I never trekked down to the Boulevard to see a picture simply because he was in it.

As I drove out along the Ocean Boulevard toward the Ince studio on the day appointed for my interview with him, I felt almost listless. Mr. Marmont would be very tall, very English, and, of course, very good.

Always, on the screen, he is suffering and self-sacrificing for somebody or something. If Mr. Marmont's film sacrifices were placed end on end they would reach from Nizhni Novgorod to Altoona, Pennsylvania. I dont like self-sacrificing persons. They so seldom add anything to the joy of life.

But Mr. Marmont came into the chill, gloomy little publicity office of the studio to meet me, and the first thing he did was smile. The nicest, realest, warmest sort of smile I've seen in many a day.

Then he took me to lunch in a drug-store.

As you may suspect, he won me over completely. I began to wonder why I'd never seen the real Percy Marmont on the screen. Certainly I never have, tho the fault may be mine since I've not been a close follower of his pictures. In future I shall be.

He's one of the most likable, ingenuous, laughter-loving persons I've met in many a day, and if this sounds like a "Merton of the Movie" interview, you may as well know that I dont consider Harry Leon Wilson the supreme critic of things cinematic anyway.

Now this drug-store in which we dined so sumptuously was not one of your handsome drug-stores with a mirror behind the soda-fountain and other elegancies. It was a shabby, helter-skelter little place where the proud movie stars grab a hurried sandwich when they're working at the Ince studio.

At a near-by table sat Adolphe Menjou,

Percy Marmont is one of the most likable, ingenuous, laughter-loving persons I've met in many a day. And if this sounds like a "Merton of the Movies" interview, you may as well know that I dont consider Harry Leon Wilson the supreme critic of things cinematic. In the scene at the right from "The Light That Failed," Mr. Marmont scores another complete characterization

"Gee!" said the photographer's office girl, "he's a swell guy—— He certainly is a swell guy"

Leatrice Joy and the director, John Griffith Wray. Around the soda-fountain clustered a group of half-naked Hawaiians, consuming malted milk, ham sandwiches and other native delicacies.

"We are making a South Sea Island picture," thus Mr. Marmont explained their presence. "I am a missionary in the story. Whenever a director wants a good man without any sex appeal, he sends for me."

If you could help liking Mr. Marmont after such a naïve admission, you and I shall have nothing in common, henceforth.

I remarked that the plot of the story sounded like that of "Rain," the Jeanne Eagels stage success, except that the missionary in "Rain" had a wife.

"Well, so have I," declared Mr. Marmont, and indicating Mr. Menjou, "I have *his* wife," he added unexpectedly.

I concluded later, tho, that the two stories were quite different despite certain points of similarity.

After lunch we went over to the set, evidently a native hut, and while the orchestra wheezed out "Marcheta" and Mr. Menjou demanded his wife of a group of cowering Islanders, Mr. Marmont (who, of course, had the wife all the time) lounged beside me in a camp chair and talked of his experiences in this country and abroad.

He is a delight to the interviewer, for he talks easily and readily. By his entire lack of false modesty he reveals his lack of self-vanity. He does not seek to impress. I doubt that he ever questions whether one is going to like him or not. One senses immediately that he assumes one will like him, because, you know, this jolly old world is such a pleasant place and everyone in it is so charming, so interesting, so varied.

His conversation is threaded with abrupt, amusing remarks. In speaking of one of his world tours he observed, "We were on our way to Australia, but as we neared the Canary Islands the ship went down."

(*Continued on page* 80)

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Marmont and Ernest Torrence have been friends for many years. And every Sunday morning they meet at the country club and engage in the ancient Scottish game of golf—and talk about the days before they discovered America. Above, a scene from "If Winter Comes" with Percy Marmont as "Puzzlehead" with High Jinks and Low Jinks . . .

Photograph by Evans

Heard In Passing

This new picture of Priscilla Dean Moran, Jackie Coogan's adopted sister, reminds us of a story Mr. Coogan tells of her. On one occasion when Mr. Coogan scolded Priscilla for some disobedience, she looked up at him out of those soulful eyes, heaved a mighty sigh, and remarked bitterly: "Oh, dear. Everything was going along fine, and then *this* had to come up!"

Vignettes of the Studios

VI. The Charlie Chaplin Studio

By SALLY STEELE

HERE is the street where comedy walks, the street of the Big Shoes, the Baggy Pants, the Derby and the Cane.

Here, where La Brea Avenue cuts across Hollywood from the ultraexclusive Wilshire Boulevard to the sun-beaten hills that wall in the studio town to the north, is Laughter Corner.

Here a serious young Englishman with unsmiling grey-blue eyes and hair prematurely streaked with grey, manufactures merriment for the world, here translates laughter into terms understandable alike to Swede and Hottentot.

The Charlie Chaplin studio! Do not be misled into thinking that laughter trembles in the air, at Laughter Corner, that the red brick and white stucco walls of these quaint English cottage buildings rock with loud guffaws and boisterous glee.

The cloistral quiet peculiar to the semitropics—where vivid green palms stand stilly in a downpour of white sunlight and the scarlets, blues, yellows of myriad blooming plants and flowers blaze with almost painful intensity upon the eye—dwells over the entire residence district in which this studio is located.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Below is the **sixth** article of a series which depicts the California studios. They are word pictures written by a writer who knows the studios from daily contact—who is a habitué of the great glass buildings. And we find that these studios are as widely different in atmosphere and appearance as they are in the films which are photographed behind their "No Admittance" signs.*

The prettiest studio in Hollywood. The least obtrusive. Were it not for the telltale skeleton framework of the stages in the background, one would take its office buildings for a group of modest homes.

A five-foot box hedge marks its three-acre boundaries. The tennis court, adjoining the office buildings, is just visible in the photograph below. There's a tiled swimming pool, too, where Charlie, his friends and his employees enjoy themselves when they have time to play.

In earlier days of Hollywood's history, the studio ground belonged to the great McClellan estate. The home of the pioneer still stands within studio boundaries, a link between the past when miles on miles of olive and orange groves reflected back the sun glare, and the present, when miles on miles of celluloid spun thru ever-devouring cameras, reflect back as in a mirror, the tears, the dreams and the laughter of the world.

The laughter of the world! How lavishly has it been contributed to, from this odd "corner of a foreign field that is forever England."

Laughter Corner. The Charlie Chaplin studio.

The Charlie Chaplin studio! Where laughter is translated into terms understandable alike to Swede and Hottentot. It is the prettiest studio and the least obtrusive. Were it not for the telltale skeleton framework of the stages in the background, one would take its office buildings for a group of modest homes

Hi and Dolly Find They Are the Same as All the Generations Which Went Before Them, in the Fourth Instalment of

Thistledown

By

DANA GATLIN

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters on Page 97

TURNING from the window, Hi stumbled away with a sick, beaten feeling. He had thought he knew what jealousy could be, but he had never dreamed that to see a woman caressed by another man could be so terrible.

He stumbled down the hill which he had mounted in such blissful exaltation, climbed into his car, swerved vengefully round the gaudy roadster, and went plunging down the treacherous old driveway with a blind recklessness which should have brought him a broken neck, and swerved into the open road not caring where he went.

He kept telling himself to be reasonable, to be sane: any man might kiss any girl's hand, any day, and for negligibly plausible reasons—no crime in the mere act, no world-toppling affair! But jealousy is an emotion not founded on logic or reason. And his total ignorance about this girl he loved added fuel to his torments. . . .

Who was she? Why had she played at masquerade?—if, indeed, it was a masquerade. And why that added bit of folly at Thiebaud's Inn? Why all the secrecy, the mystery?—and why had she come to this sequestered, off-the-road place? And where did she ride off to, in that expensive car of which the village gossiped? Who was the flashy-looking man who came to visit her, the fellow who was obviously on familiar terms with her—and who had kissed her ring?

All these were questions yet to be answered—if, indeed, she were the mistress and not the servant.

Curiously, his new uncertainties were immeasurably worse than that petty shame he had felt, when he left himself falling in love with a servant.

He was amazed at his own misery. And he took his misery home with him when, finally, he went home and to bed. And he woke up with it in the morning; with his misery and his uncertainty. For he did not know what he wanted to do—what he wanted to say to her, if he wanted to say anything; how he should approach her, if he dared approach her at all.

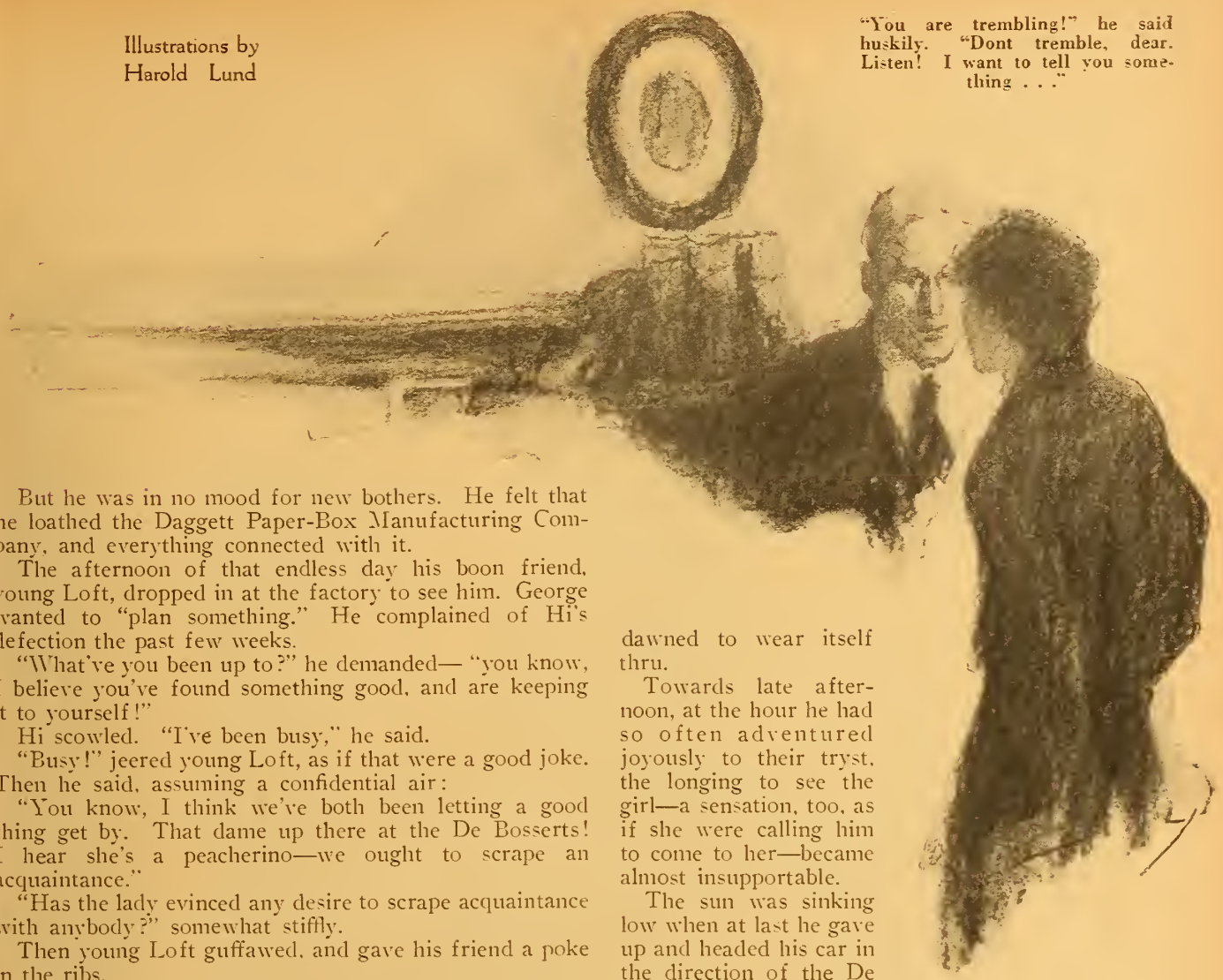
He longed to see her as he had never longed for anything in the world, and he feared seeing her more than he had ever feared anything in the world.

Meanwhile life had to be lived, meals must be faced, Julia must be met, the office routine observed. Julia made his worst ordeal—he preserved a stony silence against her attacks.

At the office old Simpson must jump him about a note due a bank; Simpson thought he could get it extended—so why bother *him* about it? Old Simpson pursed his mouth, and Hi felt sullen compunctions.

The sun was setting low when Hi turned from his path to the old trysting-place. And there he found Dolly sitting on the dying leaves

Illustrations by
Harold Lund



"You are trembling!" he said huskily. "Dont tremble, dear. Listen! I want to tell you something . . ."

But he was in no mood for new bothers. He felt that he loathed the Daggett Paper-Box Manufacturing Company, and everything connected with it.

The afternoon of that endless day his boon friend, young Loft, dropped in at the factory to see him. George wanted to "plan something." He complained of Hi's defection the past few weeks.

"What've you been up to?" he demanded— "you know, I believe you've found something good, and are keeping it to yourself!"

Hi scowled. "I've been busy," he said.

"Busy!" jeered young Loft, as if that were a good joke. Then he said, assuming a confidential air:

"You know, I think we've both been letting a good thing get by. That dame up there at the De Bosserts! I hear she's a peacherino—we ought to scrape an acquaintance."

"Has the lady evinced any desire to scrape acquaintance with anybody?" somewhat stiffly.

Then young Loft guffawed, and gave his friend a poke in the ribs.

"Well, from certain things I've been hearing, the lady has. I've heard that a certain young gentleman of Fairfield has been seen headed that way more than once—and that his car has been recognized standing——"

Hi broke in curtly:

"Cut it out, will you? I always gave you credit for one who minded his own business."

Young Loft stared, then whistled. "Oh, that's the way of it, is it? I didn't realize it was *you* who put up that 'no trespassing' sign, but, of course, if you hold first privileges and insist on no poaching——"

"Cut it out," Hi said again, and in a tone that commanded silence, tho it made his friend stare the harder.

"Oh, very well," with a shrug. Then, grinning: "But you're certainly the lucky Lothario—first the pretty waitress at Leon's and then the fair—by the way, what ever became of that waitress?"

"Ask Leon," said Hi, succinctly.

"I did," with a wry smile, "and much good it did me."

"Well, much good it did me, too," Hi admitted. "Leon told me no more than he probably told you."

He finally succeeded in ending this trying interview, but the mention of Leon put a new conjecture in his spinning head: should he, perhaps, try once again to "sound out" Leon? But he thrust the suggestion aside as futile; and moreover the plan was unworthy—whatever explanations he sought he should seek from the girl herself.

He wanted to see her, he wanted to see her!

The endless day dragged to an end, somehow; and the second night began, and passed; and the second day dawned to wear itself thru.

Towards late afternoon, at the hour he had so often adventured joyously to their tryst, the longing to see the girl—a sensation, too, as if she were calling him to come to her—became almost insupportable.

The sun was sinking low when at last he gave up and headed his car in the direction of the De Bossert estate. He had meant to go straight to the cottage and ask for her directly, but a last hesitancy, and a desire to look again on the trysting-place of dear, if mocking, recollections, prompted him to turn out of his path, toward the old summer-house.

And he found Dolly sitting there on the dying leaves.

She had on a long black frock, and a wrap with a furry collar hiding her mouth, making her look much older. The moment she saw him she arose, and stood awaiting his approach, her hands pressed together.

"At last!" she said reproachfully. "I thought you had decided to come no more. But you *have* come," half-extending one hand and then quickly withdrawing it.

Perhaps it was that tentative gesture, perhaps her gravity and something wistful in her eyes—but something gave way in Hi. Doubts and jealousy and bitterness all went by the board; catching that timid hand in his he bent and kissed her—not so expertly as might have been expected of Hi Daggett, but very, very gently.

Now Dolly had been kissed before, but never just like this; she turned her face away and sought to pull her hand from him.

"You are trembling!" he said huskily. "Dont tremble, dear. Listen—I want to tell you something I'd have told you the other night if you hadn't slipped away. Something I told my sister—I told her I love you, and want you to be my wife."

"Yes—I know," still not looking at him. "I overheard a little—that's why I ran away—I was ashamed."

"Why were you ashamed?" he could not help asking

then, his jealousy reviving. "Was it in any way because of—that man?"

"What man?" quickly. He thought her tone and look were alarmed.

"The man you met up here just after leaving me. Oh, I didn't mean to play the spy—I was simply following you, crazy to see you—and then when I found you were already occupied——" He could not check the grim little laugh that exposed something of the pain which had gnawed him these intervening hours. Then: "Who was that man?" She did not answer at once, stood with averted head and shadowed eyes.

"Who was that man?" he repeated. "Answer me—and answer honestly!"

Then a flicker of her old-time mischief returned; she flashed him a fleeting glance, and asked back:

"Since when have you taken command of me and my answers?"

"Since a moment ago," Hi replied, "when you let me kiss you."

The girl was silent, again drooped her head; and he added:

"Since I told you I love you, and asked you to be my wife."

Then she raised her eyes to his, filled with such a light as he had never seen.

"You would marry a servant?" she asked, wonderingly.

"I would marry you."

The girl drew a deep breath. "I must tell you something at once," she said. "I have deceived you—I am not a servant."

So much had Hi already gone thru in his mind that this declaration made but small impression; he merely answered:

"What of that?—it was not because you were a servant that I loved you."

There was a little pause—except that his hands twitched Hi did not move; and the girl stared unseeingly into space, trembling but sober and reflective.

"I have something more to tell you," she said at last. "But not here—I'd rather tell you at the cottage."

"Very well." He would have caught her hand, but she pulled it away—"not yet;" and he would have helped her up the rough hillpath, but she sped fleetly ahead.

At the cottage she opened the door and drew aside with an almost ceremonious "Will you enter, please?" and ushered him, with the same ceremonious air, into the living-room.

Then she said, with an outflung hand:

"I am the mistress here—now you know who I am."

The oddness of his smile, at that, frightened her. His face was very pale, and his mouth smiled grimly, but in his eyes was an expression she had never caught there before; it was the expression that had dumfounded his sister two nights earlier—a flame of vision, and of resolve, that Dolly did not yet know how to read.

"Are you telling me so much?" was all he answered.

"You suspected—already?" her tone quavering slightly.

"Yes, since two nights ago. But that doesn't matter."

"You mean—that since you know who I am——"

"I dont know yet who you are, but that doesn't seem to matter, either. All that matters is that I know you're the girl I love."

He spoke quietly, but there was that in his voice that made Dolly's heart catch and then quicken. Now she could read the light in his eyes! Reading, she exulted; yet felt oddly humbled, too.

She had known something of love—she had seen much that was said and done in its name. She had seen it awaken selfishness and cruelty and passion, she had thought it something that made strong men weak—but was there a love, also, that could make weak men strong?

She longed to face him, but could not; she averted her head, and tingled with her exultation—and shame and fear.

"I've been thru hell," Hi was saying, "but that's all done with now. I admit I've played a pretty rotten game, and I didn't much care. But now I do care—for I know at last what really counts. I think I must have known it from the first time I looked into your eyes, Dolly. The thing I'd been so blindly hunting for—after a long, wrong search—oh, Dolly, it was when I saw your eyes I knew what happiness was, what home could be."

She still held her head averted, her hands were pressed twitchingly together. Ecstasy and terror commingled in her as he came closer—so close!—and said:

"That's all that matters, dear—that you're the girl I love, and that I'm the man you love. You haven't told me you love me, Dolly!—anything else you wish to tell me, you can tell me later."

But she shook her head sadly.

"How can you be sure you love me? You dont know who I am—so it's not the real me you love."

"That is exactly what I love—the real you." Then, masterfully: "Answer my one question, Dolly!"

Then she flung out her hands.

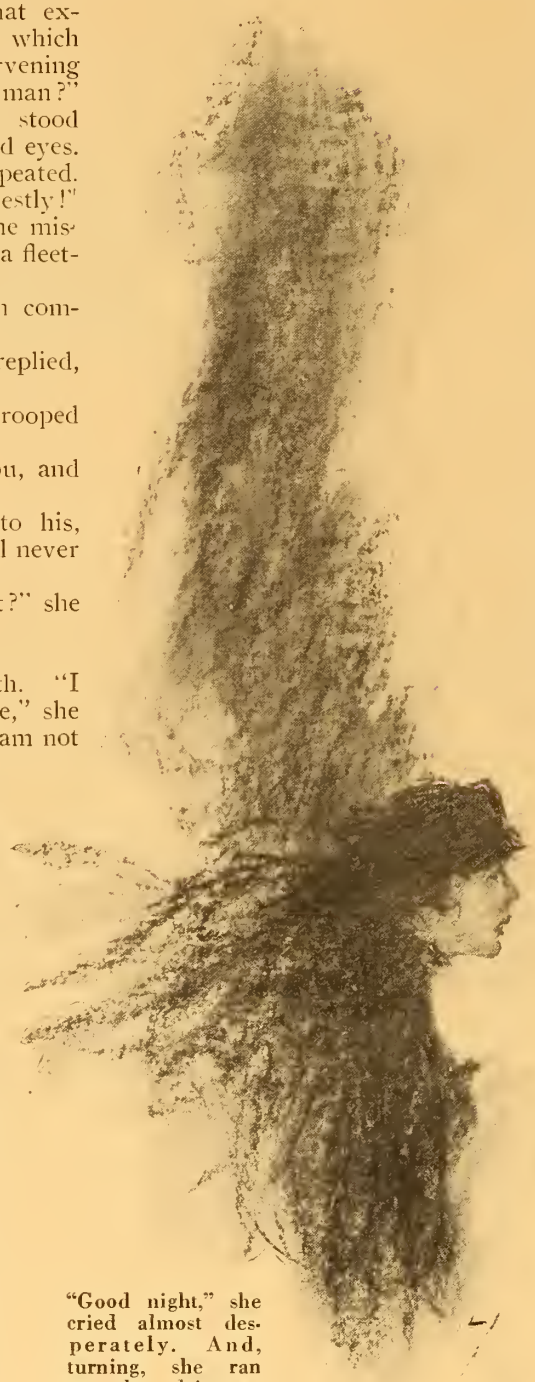
"Oh, if only you'll go away, now——" her voice catching on a sob, "if you'll go away and promise never to come near me again—I'll promise never to do anything again without first asking myself how right it may be in the end! I knew I was acting wrongly—but I never dreamed I'd be punished like this!"

"What is it?" he interrupted harshly, "what is it you're trying to say?" He came and seized her two hands violently. "Whatever it is, say it straight and quick!"

"I'm promised," in scarcely more than a whisper— "to another man."

"The fellow who was here the other night?" jerking out the words.

Miserably she nodded.



"Good night," she cried almost desperately. And, turning, she ran up the driveway and became a fleet shadow swallowed into deeper shadows

Then Hi let fall her hands, wearily, and walked to a window without looking at her.

"So this is the end of my pretty, highfalutin little romance," with a harshly sardonic laugh. Dolly cringed at the sound; she would have given everything she possessed—or had ever longed to possess—to shut this sound, following so closely upon that ringing declaration, from her future memory.

"If you had told me this at the beginning," he said bitterly, "maybe it would have been easier to bear."

"I didn't know it was coming out this way," forlornly— "I guess no one ever thinks ahead. And I thought you were like most of the other men I've known—it was only my face that caught your fancy, at first."

"It was never that—you should have known it!" His tone was so emphatic that, wretched as she was, Dolly could not resist a feeble attempt to tease:

"Why, dont you think me pretty?" and then quailed under his look.

"So you can still amuse yourself at my expense, can you?" he said. "Well—I shouldn't complain; you've given me plenty of such proof, previously, that you didn't care a whoop for me."

To have saved her life, then, she could not have resisted her desperate cry:

"Oh, I did!—I do! From the very first, I think—from the minute I knew what love was, could be. It was you who taught me that, Hi."

She knelt at the older woman's feet. "What would you say, Nanny," she asked "if I were to tell you I've fallen in love?"

With one bound he cleared the space between them, held her two shoulders in a vise.

"You mean that? You're not fooling with me *now*—you wouldn't do that!"

"What must I do to assure you?" smiling up thru her tears. "Must I say it over and over—like this—'I love you—I love you—I love you——'"

But his kiss on her mouth silenced her.

All the sweet speech he had fashioned in lover's anticipation two nights ago now, unneeded and futile, took flight. To hold her in his arms who loved him—this was enough.

But presently he said, huskily:

"Oh, Dolly. Why did you put me over the jumps? Why didn't you tell me straight off?"

"I didn't dare tell you," whispering and hiding her face. "I knew you would go away."

He laughed, a low, triumphant laugh.

"Well—you see me going away!"

"But you'll have to go—now."

"I will not!"

She lifted her face, and tried to face him bravely.

"Hi, I've acted like a cheap and frivolous thing—I despise myself, and deserve that you despise me, too. I cant take back the words I've said because they're true—I love you. But I've given my pledge—such as it's worth—and you must help me keep that pledge."

"I must not! If you love me you must marry *me*—to marry anybody else would be an unspeakable thing."

Then, before she could speak, he rushed on, vehemently, overwhelmingly:

"Oh, Dolly, I'll try so hard to make you happy! I love this life, but if it'd serve you in any way—oh, how glad I'd be to die for you, Dolly! Do you believe that?—it's true."

Then, more slowly, as if some deep and vital truth were sinking into his brain:

"But I'm going to live for you, Dolly—just give me the chance to prove what I can do. I'll prove I've got the makings of a man in me yet—I'll get down to work in earnest. I'll fix us up a home somewhere, not that gloomy pile down on the Avenue, but a real home—for us two—where I'll come home to you at night, and you'll be waiting for me——"

He broke off suddenly, his face earnest and ardent, to demand eagerly:

"Does that mean anything to you, Dolly?—does that picture mean anything?"

Her eyes, tho troubled, shone an answer she could not veil. And she glanced, timidly and half-unwittingly, around the room they stood in.

"This place—it would be sweet. The lamps lit, and the fireplace blazing——"

"No!" he interrupted, "we'll have some place that's our very own—no painful memories or associations—some place that belongs just to the two of us!"

His tone was so jealous that she smiled, a tender and wistful smile, and her eyes seemed to lose their trouble in a pleasant dream.

"And there I could make things cozy and sweet for you," she murmured. "The songs you liked best—I'd sing them to you of evenings. And the things you liked

best to eat—I'd see you had them—maybe learn to cook something myself! And maybe I could learn how to mend, so I could——"

He interrupted her with a lover's best interruption. Then, laughing exultantly:

"Dont you start stealing my thunder—*I'm* going to be the one who serves *you*. The things you want in that house, I'll see you get 'em—everything shall be pleasant and delightful according to your wish. I guess," happily, "that that's why there are pleasant, delightful things in the world—they are pleasant and delightful not so much of themselves, but because they bring pleasure and delight to someone you love."

Dolly's eyes brimmed, and suddenly she said:

"D'you know, Hi, I've been thinking about your sister——"

"Dont you worry about her," he began, his voice hardening, but she went on quickly:

"Oh, I wasn't going to say what you think—perhaps you should be kinder to her, Hi, that's what I was going to say. Perhaps," very gently, "she hasn't had too much happiness of the kind that is sweetest to women. And that sometimes, I expect, makes women—a little hard."

This was evidently a new angle to Hi, for his face went thoughtful. But just then he was gripped by a topic more compelling—he caught his sweetheart's hand.

"Dolly! have I convinced you sufficiently? Do you see the one right thing is to dismiss—that other fellow?"

The trouble that had scarcely left the girl's eyes crept back to haunt them. "I dont know—I'm not sure. And there are certain obligations——"

Now Hi had recently delivered some fine-sounding speeches showing a trust in love which did him much credit; but he was a human lover after all—he hurled out suddenly:

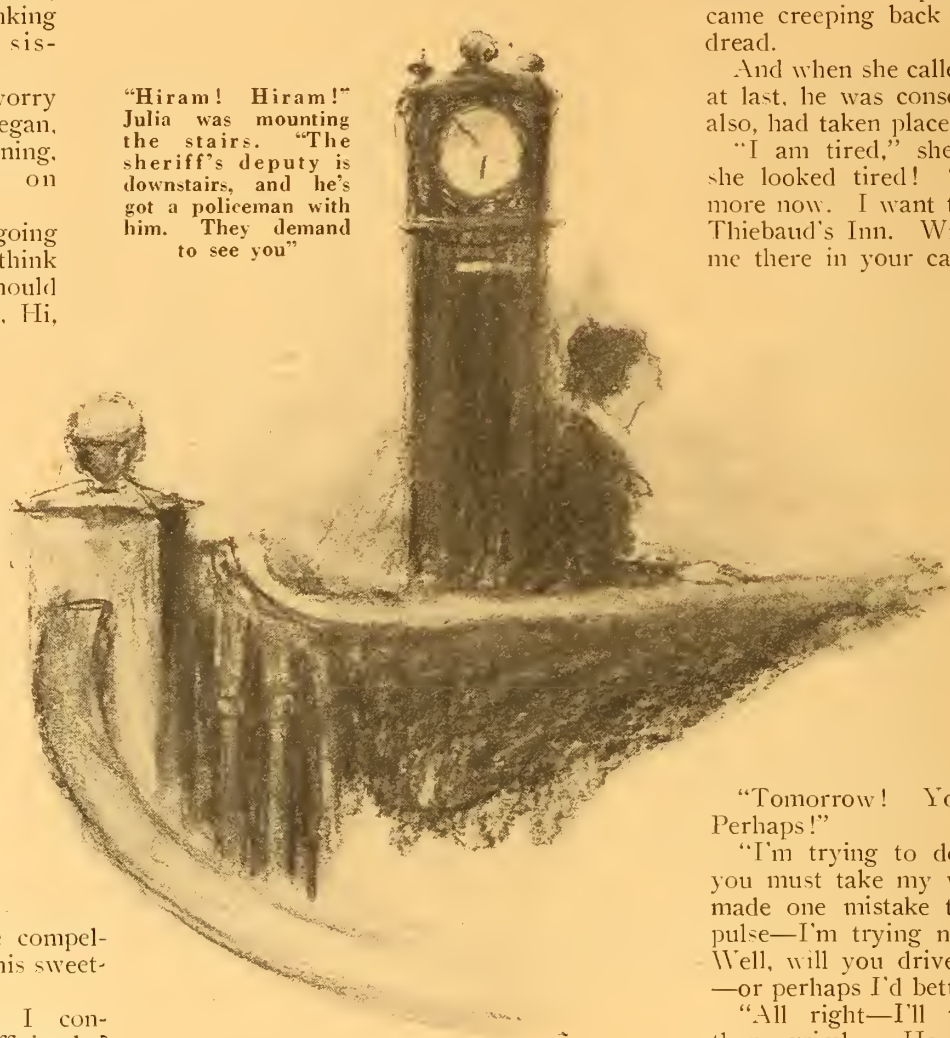
"Why dont you know? Who is this fellow, anyway—and what strings has he got on you?"

She looked at him, then looked away, as she answered, slowly:

"His name is Sam King—does that name tell you anything?"

"No—why should it?"

"Well, it means a great deal in certain quarters. Sam King's probably the——"



"Hiram! Hiram!" Julia was mounting the stairs. "The sheriff's deputy is downstairs, and he's got a policeman with him. They demand to see you"

At just that instant the telephone rang and Dolly, as if grateful for the respite, hurried to answer it; and almost at once after speaking into the instrument she turned and said:

"It's long distance—Hi, may I frankly ask you to wait in the other room a few minutes?—I'd rather be alone while I talk."

She looked perturbed, *distraite*. Of course it was straightforward of her to ask him to leave—but why should she fear his presence, what had she to say across that wire that he should not overhear?

Hi tried desperately to throttle his revived suspicion—must he be always building up his high faith to see it topple again? He strove to feel and to live all his noblest utterances of this past hour. But doubts came creeping back over him, ugly and dread.

And when she called him into the room at last, he was conscious that a change, also, had taken place in herself.

"I am tired," she said—and, indeed, she looked tired! "Let's not talk any more now. I want to go to Nan—— to Thiebaud's Inn. Will you, maybe, drop me there in your car?"

"Not talk any more now!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Such a subject cannot be dropped like that!"

"It must be dropped — for the present," in a weary, but firm voice. "Perhaps we can talk tomorrow — I'm not sure, I must think. I'll let you know."

"Tomorrow! You'll let me know! Perhaps!"

"I'm trying to do what's best, Hi—you must take my word for that. I've made one mistake thru thoughtless impulse—I'm trying not to make another. Well, will you drive me to Thiebaud's?—or perhaps I'd better go by myself."

"All right—I'll take you," he said then, grimly. He wondered why she should wish to go to the road-house—but his hurt pride and wounded love forbade, now, even that simple question.

Outside it had grown dark, and a light mist was falling. But despite the obscurity and the treacherous road-bed of the old avenue, Hi sent his car plunging down thru the woods in a way that made Dolly sit tense and taut; her nerves were unwontedly on edge, she felt jumpy, and felt her knees trembling.

When they were safely out of the wood and on the slippery highroad, she asked, tentatively:

"Would you please let me drive a little way?"

"Are you afraid?—think I'm going to ditch you?" His laugh sounded sardonic. By the headlights of another car, which passed them by a shave, she could see the stubborn set of his jaw, the grim compression of his mouth, and a reckless shine in his eyes that alarmed her.

(*Continued on page 97*)

Exit the Flapper Heroine

By
HARRY CARR

Even Mary Pickford is growing up. There seems to be a revolt against youth in the studios. Is it the influence of the foreign directors? Or have the audiences demanded bigger stories with real life?

IT looks very much as tho the sign on the movie door reads:

"This Way Out For Flappers"

Almost every big success this year has been made by a screen actress who has grown beyond the sweet-little-girl age. Most of the real hits have in fact been scored by married women. And in nearly every case, women who have been on the screen for years.

This year might be called "The Revolt Against Youth."

This change has been brought about partly by the influence of foreign directors; partly by the fact that the movie audiences grow more mature and perhaps a little more intelligent every year. They demand bigger stories with real people.

A few years ago, the movie audience seemed to insist upon Pollyanna little girls with little curls and an atmosphere of white innocence, and these little girl stars in turn insisted upon what they called "sympathy."

They would only play parts that had "sympathy." This is to say every story had to be about a poor little picked-on Cinderella who was noble and good—and everybody was mean to her until at last they realized her goodness and self-sacrifice when she lay upon a bed of pain after she had almost sacrificed her life to save a mean lady whose house was on fire.

Many expert critics in Hollywood film circles consider Leatrice Joy to be the finest actress that has ever been on the screen. She is a little younger than the others I mention, but she is a married lady and has had several years of hard plugging in the films. And Norma Talmadge, whose work in "Secrets" promises to be one of the triumphs of screen history, is still young tho she has been married for some time and is not in the baby ingénue class

No story that showed the heroine as having any human qualities had a chance to get within a thousand miles of the screen.

The foreign screen artists used to complain bitterly of our pictures. They said that it was impossible to find real drama on our screens for two reasons:

The insistence of the producers on "happy endings" made dramatic suspense impossible because you knew that no villain had a ghost of a chance against any hero. No matter how tight the predicament in which the good people of the play found themselves, you knew they were sure to get out. So what was the use of telling about it.

The other fault they found with our drama was that the heroines were just little schoolgirls.

With considerable philosophy they argued that it was impossible for a sixteen-year-old girl to have any real drama in her life.

Photograph © by Strauss-Peyton

The most dreadful thing that could happen to her would be to get a "run" in a silk stocking at a party. The most dreadful villain which her imagination could conjure up would be another girl who wouldn't lend her a lip-stick after a swimming party when her lips looked blue.

It was a long siege but the foreign directors finally broke thru the barriers and had their way.

The success of such pictures as Lubitsch's "Passion" and von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives" showed them that the movie audiences do not insist upon stories that concern sweet little Snowdrop heroines; neither do the movie audiences any longer regard an actress as in the evening of life and too old to be any longer interesting when she is twenty-five. In fact, the producers found to their astonishment that they do not even demand that the heroines be beautiful

Every notable movie success of this season would have been rejected as impossible two or three years ago. Would never have "got by" a single producer in America.

And, as I have said, most of the big hits have been scored by married women with years of experience behind them.

One of the truly great performances of the year was Blanche Sweet as Anna Christie.

Five years ago, the strongest producer would have fainted at the idea of a love story built around a girl of the streets—a professional prostitute and a roughneck lover from the stoke-hole of a steamship. Blanche Sweet herself would not have been thought of as a possible heroine of a screen romance in the days when the heroines were al. little girls in white-lawn dresses and white-lawn emotions. Blanche is still a young woman; but she is in the late twenties and she has been married for some time.

In fact, Blanche and most of the other girls I am going to mention have all arrived at the time of life where girls think of marriage—not as being kissed under the apple blossoms by a nice boy with slick-em on his hair; but as a serious and responsible partnership.

Altho the picture itself was not a riotous success, Renée Adorée gave a very notable performance in "The Eternal Struggle." Renée Adorée herself is a married

(*Continued on page* 89)

In "A Woman of Paris," Edna Purviance could have made herself look any age. She deliberately chose to let herself look a little mature and more than a little experienced

Every notable movie success of this season would have been rejected as impossible, two or three years ago. Look at Blanche Sweet as Anna Christie. It has proved to be one of the truly great performances of the year—and one of the most popular. And Anna is a far hail from our erstwhile heroines in white-lawn dresses and white-lawn emotions

Florence Vidor, on the left, is the mother of a four-year-old daughter. And Marie Prevost, whom Lubitsch declares the finest actress he has seen in America, has pounded her way thru cinematic obstacles for ten years

That's Out

A Fearless and Pertinent Review of Things Cinematic

By

TAMAR LANE

Illustrations by Harry Taskey

Samuel Goldwyn has got himself into a kettle of hot water by declaring that there are only thirty good actors and actresses in Hollywood. Fifteen hundred indignant players are now demanding that the producer name the thirty. And Goldwyn has hired Bull Montana to protect him

I am an optimist. I believe that a slap-stick comic will some day be made in which the right person will be hit with a lemon meringue pie

Maybe He's Right?

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has got himself into a kettle of hot water by declaring that there are only thirty good actors and actresses in Hollywood. Fifteen hundred indignant players are now demanding that the producer name the thirty, if he dare. Goldwyn has hired Bull Montana to protect him.

Scenario Rule No. 364

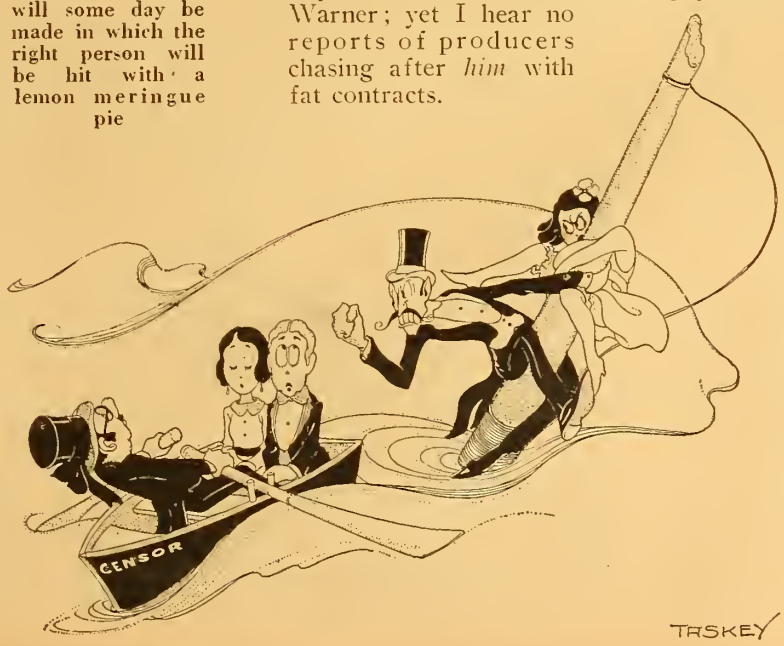
Only couples of the most upright and moral tendencies may be shipwrecked on desert islands. It is difficult enough to get even scenes of these past the censors. Couples with natural human emotions and inclinations must go down with the ship, lest they shock Ohio and Pennsylvania. To say nothing of New York.

Another Forecast

Casting directors being too busy playing golf and tacking pictures up on the walls of their offices to bother about unearthing and developing the acting talent which they claim (in stories to the press) to be in search of, I wish to call their attention to a young actress by the name of Barbara Bedford. In the giving out of the important rôles during the past year many have fallen into the laps of incompetent and unqualified damsels, while this pretty and talented young player has been practically neglected; Barbara Bedford, in the few parts that she has essayed, has shown herself to be an actress of power and subtlety. Will some discriminating and intelligent producer kindly give her an opportunity to prove that I am right?

Speaking of Good Actors

Reverting to the interesting topic of the peculiarities of the public taste, what can account for the apparent comparative unpopularity of Henry B. Warner? Here, surely, is a man of attractive personal appearance, here, is a player of poise, refinement and dignity; and again, here is an unusually fine actor. Surely, that person is lacking a sense of values who did not appreciate his superb portrayal in "Zaza." A fascinating personality, Henry B. Warner; yet I hear no reports of producers chasing after *him* with fat contracts.



Scenario Rule No. 364. Only couples of the most upright and moral tendencies may be shipwrecked. Couples with natural human emotions must go down with the ship lest they shock Ohio and Pennsylvania. To say nothing of New York

An Ode to the Worth While

In all probability, in the years to come, it will be written on the pages of screen history that one of the finest early achievements of the silent drama was a film called "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln." This photodramatic gem, which towers over such films as "The Ten Commandments" and "Scaramouche" because of its sincerity, simplicity and reality, was produced by two obscure young men known in the film business as "the Rockett Boys." In making this picture the producers, the director, and the scenarist strove for a fine ideal, they sacrificed for a principle, and refrained from any attempt to cheapen the picture with the common touch of sure-fire effects or box-office appeal. Neither did they give great concern to financial remuneration. And lo!—when "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" is released to the screens of the world—what will be the result?

You, Al and Ray Rockett, will find untold wealth pouring in upon you from the purses of those who will journey to view this masterpiece; you, Philip Rosen, will find fame sitting on your lap because of having directed it; and you, Frances Marion, will learn that work done from the bigness of the heart often returns more in riches and glory than that done for immediate gold.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

The movie carousel spins 'round and 'round, sometimes slowing down, sometimes speeding faster, but inevitably spinning over the same old course—the circle. Many months ago we predicted a big slump in the film industry. It came—a little ahead of schedule—but it came, filling the studios with cobwebs and throwing the studio workers into a state of panic and dismay. Actors and actresses for the past two months have been quoted at about sixteen dollars a car-load lot, F.O.B. Hollywood. Idleness is everywhere. The movie carousel has slowed down almost to a stop. But wait! It will soon start up again. Gradually, at first, it will gain momentum until it is spinning 'round and 'round again in a dizzy whirl of extravagance. The mad scramble for players and directors will be resumed. Salaries will mount to even higher levels. Production of films will go on at a great pace. There is no use trying to resist . . . it is the inevitable circle.

Famous Days in Film History

April 1st, 1908. On this day was invented the non-reloading revolver, which allows of perpetual firing, and without which no Western movie company could operate.

Not So Good for Mary

Those persons who have looked forward expectantly to the second Universal production featuring the exquisite Mary Philbin—in hopes of her duplicating her portrayal in "Merry-Go-Round"— will be sadly disappointed in "My Mamie Rose," her latest vehicle. It is not the little lady's fault, however. While the film is somewhat draggy and uninspired, Mary at times shows flashes of the brightness and spontaneity which justifies the greatest of futures for her.

I Am an Optimist

I expect to see a funny Larry Seman comedy.

I believe that a slap-stick comedy will some day be made in which the right person will be hit with a lemon meringue pie.

I hope sometime to avoid viewing the same news weekly at three different theaters.

Famous Remarks

Maurice Tourneur: "Who said the public doesn't appreciate art. Look at the great success of my picture 'The Brass Bottle.'"

Best Laugh of the Month

"Two Wagons, Both Covered," a Will Rogers satire on "The Covered Wagon." See Will burlesque Ernest Torrence and Warren Kerrigan in a dual rôle, and then admit that he is one of the screen's best actors.

It Should Make a Splendid Film

A few months ago we commented upon the fact that while the producers were filming so many historical subjects, someone should give the screen a film version of the life of one of the most interesting figures in all history—Napoleon. We are pleased to note that a producer has acted upon our suggestion and that the "Little Emperor" will soon be sporting upon the screen.

Which Reminds Us

It is agreed by all the critics, the professors and the press, that "Anna Christie" is a very fine photoplay. Now

(*Continued on page* 88)

The Editor Gossips

As we not infrequently remark to our friends . . . Life is fluid.

The impossible and improbable of today is the casually accepted thing of tomorrow. And all of this preamble brings us right to Gloria Swanson's tea-party. At it the twain of movie people and the intelligentsia met. They danced together to the stringed orchestra of negro musicians. And they teaed together at the little green tables, tables like those seen outside the boulevard cafés abroad, which stood invitingly about on the studio greensward.

It was an Occasion . . .

For the motion picture people, first of all, who awoke this day to find the heretofore aloof literati in their "commercial" midst. And for the intellectuals themselves we have no doubt. Tea-parties as lavish as Gloria's are a long distance between. The caterer's men were deferentially insistent with their cool drinks, form ices, thin sandwiches, *petits fours* and cigarets. And ever and anon, during the tea hours, gorgeous floral offerings would arrive for Gloria. Nowhere in this world will you find more magnificent gestures than those made with a free hand by the people the movies have made rich.

The reason of all this celebration was the house-warming of Miss Swanson's bungalow, which was a gift to her from the studios. It was not the shingled, rose-covered brand so popular in Hollywood. Instead it is a small room built on wheels so that it can be readily moved to whatever stage on which Miss Swanson is working. And its complete practicality is enhanced by its beauty. Inside it is attractively finished in French grey panels, with a dressing-table shelf extending across one end, while, opposite this, is a grey silk upholstered couch. There is also a reading-lamp and an easy chair provided against the irksome waits between scenes. And the exterior is finished in broad panels of beautiful veneer. It has a doorway, of course . . . and two windows which are hung with fine net curtains.

With the help of her secretary and two or three of the pressmen of the Famous Players-Lasky, Gloria looked after her numerous guests. With a genuine charm of manner and an easy grace, she moved from one table to another, stopping for a word here, with Charles Hanson Towne or John Farrar, the editor of *The Bookman* . . . or stopping there to talk to Fannie Hurst and Rebecca West, the novelists.

She wore a frock of a pale coffee silk, appliquéd and embroidered about the skirt in a flamboyant design of soft colors. It had a semblance of the mellowness which age brings without remotely suggesting shabbiness. No frock can do more than that! At her waist she wore orchids and lilies-of-the-valley. And when she danced with Milton Raison, the young poet, or with Burton Rascoe the erudite literary critic, we were fascinated in watching her tiny gold slippers appear and disappear under the voluminous folds of her skirt.

Adolph Zukor, the film magnate, was also there. And while Gloria talked to him in a cordial and friendly way, we realized how little she has come to need him. More than that, how little she now needs anyone in a business way. And a comparatively short time ago how thrilled she would have been if Mr. Zukor or anyone else of his cinematic prominence had stopped to speak with her.

Then, to get back to the tea-party, later in the afternoon when some of the guests had already made their departure, William de Mille came over from the next stage where he had been working with his company . . . and Richard Dix and Lois Wilson in their "Icebound" costumes were a far hail from the other dancers on the floor, and there was much whispering about them, for more and more their names are being linked together.

It was a novel tea-party, outside of the fact that Gloria's guest book was inscribed with names strange to the studios . . . and it came at a time when we had about de-

(*Continued on page* 111)

Gloria's tea-party was an Occasion . . . for the motion-picture people who awoke to find the heretofore aloof literati in their "commercial" midst. And for the intellectuals themselves, for tea-parties as lavish as that given as a house-warming for Gloria's studio bungalow are a long distance between

This photograph of Gloria in the doorway of her bungalow shows her in the frock she wore of pale coffee silk, appliquéd and embroidered about the skirt in a flamboyant design of soft colors. It has the semblance of the mellowness which age brings without remotely suggesting shabbiness. No frock can do more than that!

The Little Tragedy the Cameras Never Filmed

A Tribute to Frank Hayes

By Eric von Stroheim

FRANK HAYES died December 28th, 1923.

Thereupon a great spirit passed on to other spheres. Frank Hayes was one of the world's funniest men. He was a real comedian and first came to the screen as one of the original Keystone Comedy cops. But the supreme desire of his life . . . the hope that he hugged to his heart . . . was that some day he would play tragedy.

* * * * * * * *

When I gave Frank Hayes the rôle of Old Grannis, the pathetic, in "Greed," his dream bid fair to come true. For Old Grannis is one of the most tragic figures in all literature. He is a lonely old man who has never experienced the love of a woman. And he needs it so badly and could return it so fully. Year upon year, he lived room next to room, beside Miss Baker, a spinster whose life had never been colored by the love of man. He came to love her deeply. . . . But his shyness forbade him speaking and he nursed his worshipful love silently. . . . Frank Hayes, the comedian, became Old Grannis, the pathetic.

I gave Frank Hayes this rôle because I believe in the axiom that in all clowns there is a broad streak of pathos lying beneath the surface. He justified my choice and his lifelong desire to a surpassing degree. For it is no exaggeration to say that his performance will be marked down as one of the outstanding character portrayals of all time. He has made Old Grannis live . . . really live . . . truly live.

For the dream that Frank Hayes dreamed thru the slapstick comedy years was a brave dream. Not once did it fade in the face of obstacles . . . not once did the slim, slim promise of its ever knowing fulfilment blur its glory. It was a dream born in an artist . . . and nurtured in the conviction of an artist that, given the opportunity, he could prove his right to his dream.

Then, finally, girded with his opportunity, the erstwhile Chief of the Keystone Police proved himself one of the most poignant characters imaginable.

In his own life he never knew what loneliness meant. He was continually surrounded by a group of lively people. Most of them were youthful. He drew youth to him. For he had the spirit of youth and the spirit of fun. All of this because he was one of the most convivial spirits with whom the world has come in contact. The mellowness of his accumulated years did not blunt the edge of his spirit. He seemed an emissary of the God of Gaiety.

He was beloved, too, by a wife and family . . . which love he returned to the deep extent of his nature. And behind the funniest face the Molder has ever placed on man, there was in Frank Hayes a rare sweetness and charm.

The eagerness and comprehension which he brought daily to his work cannot be measured in words. He was always on the *qui vive* and impatient to see the daily rushes which did not go very far in telling him how great a performance he was giving.

That he should have died before he really saw himself in a rôle such as he wanted to play all his life, is one of the little and poignant tragedies upon which the ironic curtain of Life rolls down every day.

Frank Hayes died December 28th, 1923. Thereupon a great spirit passed on to other spheres. He was a Keystone Comedy cop . . . but all his life he had hugged to his heart a desire to play tragedy. When I cast "Greed" I gave him the rôle of Old Grannis, the pathetic, in which he is pictured above . . . and his dream bid fair to come true, for his performance will be marked down as one of the outstanding character portrayals of all time. That he should have died before he saw himself in this rôle is one of the little and poignant tragedies upon which the ironic curtain of Life rolls down every day

Across the Silversheet

By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THE program of "The Courtship of Myles Standish" told us that this is the most ambitious production of Charles Ray's career. That is all well and good; and we believe the word ambitious to have been used advisedly. But with the second statement of the program, that it is also his greatest achievement, we quarrel. His "The Girl I Loved" was an infinitely greater artistic triumph, for in its simple fabric truths were woven. And in its universal appeal it proved itself a human document.

When we first heard that Charles Ray was going to characterize John Alden we voted it a wise choice. John Alden, that bashful swain of Colonial history, seemed a mold into which Charles Ray might pour his screen personality and with pleasant success. We thought his production would concern itself with the human triangle of John Alden, Myles Standish and Priscilla Mullins in those trying pioneer days of privation and hardship. But, in his determination to make a spectacle, Charles Ray seems to have lost his perspective.

Fully half this production deals with the voyage of the *Mayflower*. There is a potential mutiny aboard. And it is the meek John Alden who intimidates the piratical crew . . . and again it is the meek John who rescues one of the praying Pilgrim Fathers from the angry sea, which occupies hundreds of feet of film dashing over the frail craft. This does not blend with our preconceived notions of Longfellow's hero, who was so meek that he had not even the courage to refuse Myles Standish when he sent him to plead his cause with the Priscilla of John's own heart. However, John's acquiescence to this unusual request may only indicate that he is a noble and altruistic soul who passes our very human understanding and not in any way be indicative of a meek spirit.

There were several incidents which amused us even tho that was not their purpose. William Carver, the leader of the Pilgrims, for instance, dies of exposure and starvation. But with his dying breath he tells of his dream and a vignette of the Capitol at Washington as it stands today is screened. A sentimental sop thrown out as bait to whatever hypersentimental souls happened to be in the audiences. And again when John and Priscilla fled from a horde of Indians, outnumbering them five to one, we could no longer control our mirth. John felled the brawny redmen with every shot from his blunderbuss, which he fired as rapidly as an expert marksman fires today with modern firearms. And when his ammunition gave out, he resorted with amazing success to his fist. It was these things obtruding that divested the production of whatever imagery it had succeeded in creating.

On another in-spite-of-itself amusing occasion John Alden and Captain Myles Standish hewed giant trees wearing full suits of armor. At first we thought it in defense of Indian arrows—but in the next scene they walked thru the woodland in leather doublets. So . . .

Without wishing to be unduly discouraging, we advise Charles Ray to center his future attention upon less ostentatious pictures. There can be no doubt that he does not reach up for laurels in vain when he compounds a character from the lovable frailties and inconsistencies and the naïveté from which humanity itself is made. And the reverse is equally true when he attempts to swashbuckle in a spectacular film.

Enid Bennet is a demure Priscilla and E. Alyn Warren, a stolid Myles Standish . . .

It is insisted by Charles Ray's company that "The Courtship of Myles Standish" is his greatest achievement up to this time. With this statement we quarrel. His "The Girl I Loved" was an infinitely greater artistic triumph, for in this simple fabric truths were woven. But now, in his determination to make a spectacle. Charles Ray seems to have lost his perspective. Enid Bennet is the demure Priscilla Mullins

Comment on Other Productions

Photograph by W. F. Seely

Rouge of Paris. She meets a young Englishman who is called to the colors. When he suffers a loss of memory thru an injury to his head he is unable to recall anything of the past. The girl had been kind to him. Then she sees him in a stage box and in their meeting it is revealed that he is the father of her nameless infant.

The story reaches a dramatic climax when the officer's wife takes the baby, while the little dancer dies from a broken heart. Miss Compson scales the emotional heights in her portrayal of the dancer. She extracts sympathy and admiration. The picture is embellished with good atmosphere, and aside from a slow introduction carries interest all the way.

The Great White Way

Thoroly in character with the spirit of Broadway as exemplified in its sporting and theatrical and bright-light atmosphere is this picture—which comes to the screen a distinct novelty. The plot may lack inspiration in so far as building toward an unconventional ending, but it is crammed with illuminating incident—and sketches in keeping with Broadway—and is moreover interpreted by players and personalities who have contributed no small share in putting the big street on the map.

The Love Master

BLENDING perfectly with its vigorous, picturesque settings is this canine story, which demonstrates again Strongheart's marvelous intelligence and adaptability for the camera. It isn't the plot which carries this by; rather it is the crisp episodes and the backgrounds and the clever subtitles. The idea might be called a pot-boiler. But it releases such sharp incident—such eloquent dog character—that it will be remembered when more pretentious pictures are forgotten. No ridiculous moralities here. On the contrary a rugged sketch of a devoted dog who knows the difference between work and play.

He plays at love—does Strongheart, and wins Lady Jule away from villainous, wolfish suitors. And at the end she rewards him with a family. Meanwhile follow the dog-race and catch a thrill; meanwhile follow the atmosphere and backgrounds and be transported. These settings are truly awe-inspiring. Strongheart is vigorous in his interpretation—yet he is always natural—a quality that escapes many of the human breed. The dog's technique should be studied by a quota of our leading men.

The idea of "The Love Master" might be called a pot-boiler. But it releases such sharp incident . . . such eloquent dog character . . . that it will be remembered when more pretentious pictures are forgotten. In the picture which Betty Compson made in England, "Woman to Woman," and from which the scene to the left is taken, Miss Compson scales the emotional heights in her portrayal of a dancer of the Moulin Rouge. Below is a pictorial episode from "The Great White Way." This production comes to the screen as a distinct novelty, for in it nothing has been neglected which paints this big street in all of its familiar colors. The principal parts are well played by Anita Stewart, Oscar Shaw, Hal Forde and T. Roy Barnes

Woman to Woman

When Betty Compson went to England some time ago she made a picture which is certain to linger in the memory because of its tragic *dénouement*. What transpires in this plot is recognizably real. It suggests one of the unwritten chapters of the consequences of the war. Here is a pleasure-loving, big-hearted girl of the Moulin

Paragraph Guide-Posts to the Better Pictures

There is rich comedy exploited by a press-agent who is hired to build a following for a pugilist. He is also the p. a. for a musical-comedy dancer—and he seizes his opportunity to link their names together for their profit and his own. And in building the romance which culminates in a prize-fight as the pugilist knocks out the British welter-weight champion to win the girl, the spectator is treated to a true replica of newspaper life. He will see a vivid fire and will be excited over a steeplechase. He will take in life behind the footlights with the Ziegfeld chorus rehearsing.

It is kaleidoscopic in its array of scenes and moves vigorously and compellingly to a logical climax. Nothing has been neglected to paint the big street in all of its familiar colors. The incident far outweighs the conventional twist of the plot. One may laugh at the villainy. It is not so important after all. There is a dash about it which keeps the spectator interested all the way. He will be introduced to a carefully chosen cast, the principal parts being performed by Anita Stewart, Oscar Shaw, Hal Forde and T. Roy Barnes. They all contribute effective work. And for good measure there is a galaxy of girls from Dr. Ziegfeld's emporium. They are in charge of Ned Wayburn. Other celebrities are Tex Rickard, Arthur Brisbane, Nell Brinkley—and a host of cartoonists. They all have their places in this novel film.

It is a picture excellently directed and finely staged. It is well titled and played with good dash and spirit. Indeed it is the closest approach to the song-and-dance atmosphere of Broadway ever flashed on the screen. Dont miss it.

"The Song of Love" is Norma Talmadge's latest expression. It is a desert story which carries a distinct studio flavor and Joseph Schildkraut is often out of character as the French spy. To the right is Mae Murray in "Fashion Row," which has nothing of much consequence to recommend it and nothing in common with its title, which was evidently tacked on to lure patronage for the star. And below is Tom Moore with Mickie Bennett in "Big Brother." Allan Dwan has embellished this Rex Beach story with remarkable atmosphere

The Song of Love

It isn't an easy task trying to find something meritorious about Norma Talmadge's newest expression. This "sheik" and "desert" picture is not suggestive of the atmosphere of the Orient. Indeed the mechanical story carries a distinct studio flavor about it, noticeable in the settings and the detail. These Sahara pictures have come too thick and fast to carry the irresistible charm of the first one—presented two or three seasons ago.

Here we have the uprising of native tribesmen, the wooing of an Arabian dancing girl by a French spy—and the latter's rescue by the dancer when she offers herself to the sheik. The outstanding touch is Arthur Edmund Carew's study of the villainous sheik. Joseph Schildkraut is often out of character as the French spy—a rôle filled with inconsistencies. A mechanical story this—mechanically told. The star is not particularly appealing as the dancing girl.

Fashion Row

The Russian *motif* seems to have lost some of its flavor on the stage, but on the screen it just seems to be coming into its own. The latest to try her hand at the Muscovite idea is Mae Murray who flees her native steppes, becomes an actress under the guise of a princess and marries the scion of a wealthy family. When her little sister appears on the scene she is disowned, but the heroine jumps to her rescue from a brutal Muscovite. The actress is mortally wounded and the sister is adopted by the husband's family.

Nothing much of consequence in this story—which has nothing in common with its title—evidently tacked on to lure patronage for the star—who as usual, bedecks herself in bizarre costumes. Her acting is not marred here as it customarily is, by a restless movement of gestures and expressions. The best features? The settings and detail.

Big Brother

A most accurate slice of New York gangster life is presented here—one produced with painstaking care to detail and atmosphere. While there is a note of propaganda involved—one pertaining to the Big Brother movement, it is so crammed with realistic incident—and so deftly embroidered with human touches, that it arouses instant attention from the first scene—and the interest is never allowed to sag. There is contained all the earmarks of gang life—the cheap dance halls and the saloons and back-rooms. And the figures moving thru this vital melodrama are genuine.

The idea is simple, merely involving a gang leader's protection of his dead pal's little brother—a youngster who grows to idolize him. The boy arouses a spark of regeneration—which burns brightly even when the clouds look their darkest. It is when the judge takes the youngster away thru the belief that his guardian is morally unfit to take care of him—that the picture soars to its highest point. The boy's "sassy" talk to the judge is both comic and pathetic—and the little toughie is accurately drawn by Mickie Bennett, one of our most precocious juveniles. He is every inch the typical kid of the East Side. Allan Dwan has constructed a moving picture—which is embellished with remarkable atmosphere. And in giving Tom Moore the rôle of the gang leader, he has made an excellent choice.

"West of the Water Tower," in which Glenn Hunter was an ideal choice for the hero and in which May McAvoy acts the girl with considerable charm, is a far hail from this story between the covers of the novel. Perhaps it was thru fear of the swooping censor that the director was compelled so to alter the situations. "Dont Call it Love" has Agnes Ayres for its star. It is an artificial story, which will amuse for its brief hour. "Grit" is a crook picture which falters so in touching the realities that it has little in common with life. Glenn Hunter is out of his element here

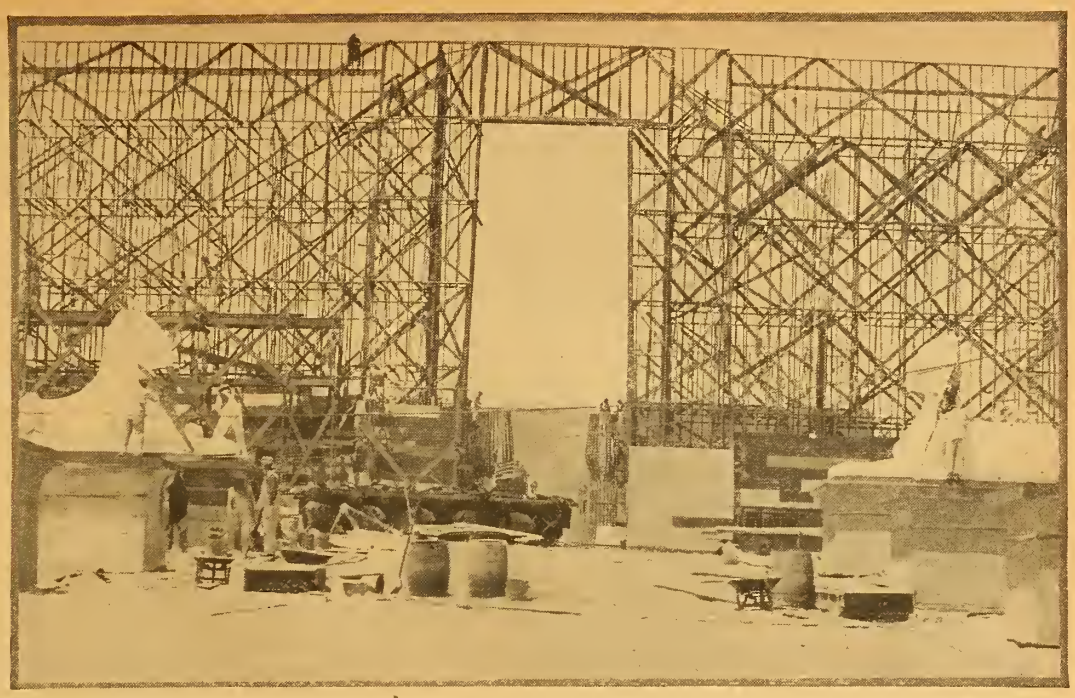
West of the Water Tower

It all depends on whether you have read the book. If you have, the picture version will likely make you agitated and up in arms against a treatment which leaves this story emasculated of all its dramatic quality. Even if you haven't read the novel you cant help observing that it represents mostly a series of animated illustrations. It certainly is not a dramatic presentation of the plot and theme—told in terms of moving drama. Perhaps thru fear of the swooping censor and his shears the director was compelled to alter the situations.

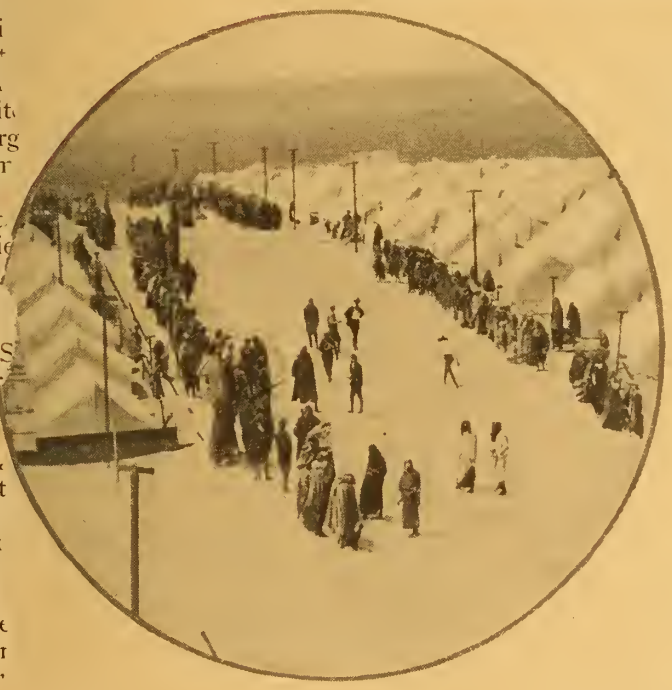
A mock marriage is played up—with the central character receiving the scorn of the native villagers, tho he believes he has married the girl in good faith. In the book he is not painted with such virtuous qualities. In fact, he has an affair with another girl—a girl almost neglected in the film. In its favor is a highly appropriate atmosphere—and considerable touches which emphasize the average small-town life. The youth sounds all the hope, suffering and gallantry which the small-town boy (and girl for that matter) carries in his soul, reared as he is in an atmosphere of bigotry.

Glenn Hunter is an ideal choice as the hero, playing his part adroitly and with keen understanding for its demands. May McAvoy acts

Views of the Production Taken During the Actual Filming



This is the skeleton work of one of the buildings in the City of Rameses which was erected at Guadalupe, California. It is the largest set ever built and about three times the size of the sets which Douglas Fairbanks caused to be built for his "Robinhood," and these sets were, heretofore, the seventh wonder of the California colony. The men working on the building seem pygmies



Above is another view of the tent city . . . a close-up in which the players in their biblical robes can be seen chatting in groups in one of the company streets. And, on the right, is a photograph of the actual production unit. Cecil DeMille stands beside a camera on the first landing. He holds a megaphone in his hand and wears an aeronautic head-dress. The other people are assistant directors, camera-men, property-men and continuity clerks. This picture was also taken in the desert at Guadalupe where the entire company was quartered for nearly a month

"Ah, Señor . . . the pictures!" the waiter said. "What picture is best to see?" asked Bill, jingling his pockets. Money talks all languages, believe me. "Ah," says the waiter, beating his breast. "The Last Judgment." "By Griffith?" Bill asked . . . But the waiter said it was by a fellow of the name of Mike Angelo. He must be some dago producer

Travel Is Cert'nly Educational

By

A MOVIE FAN ABROAD

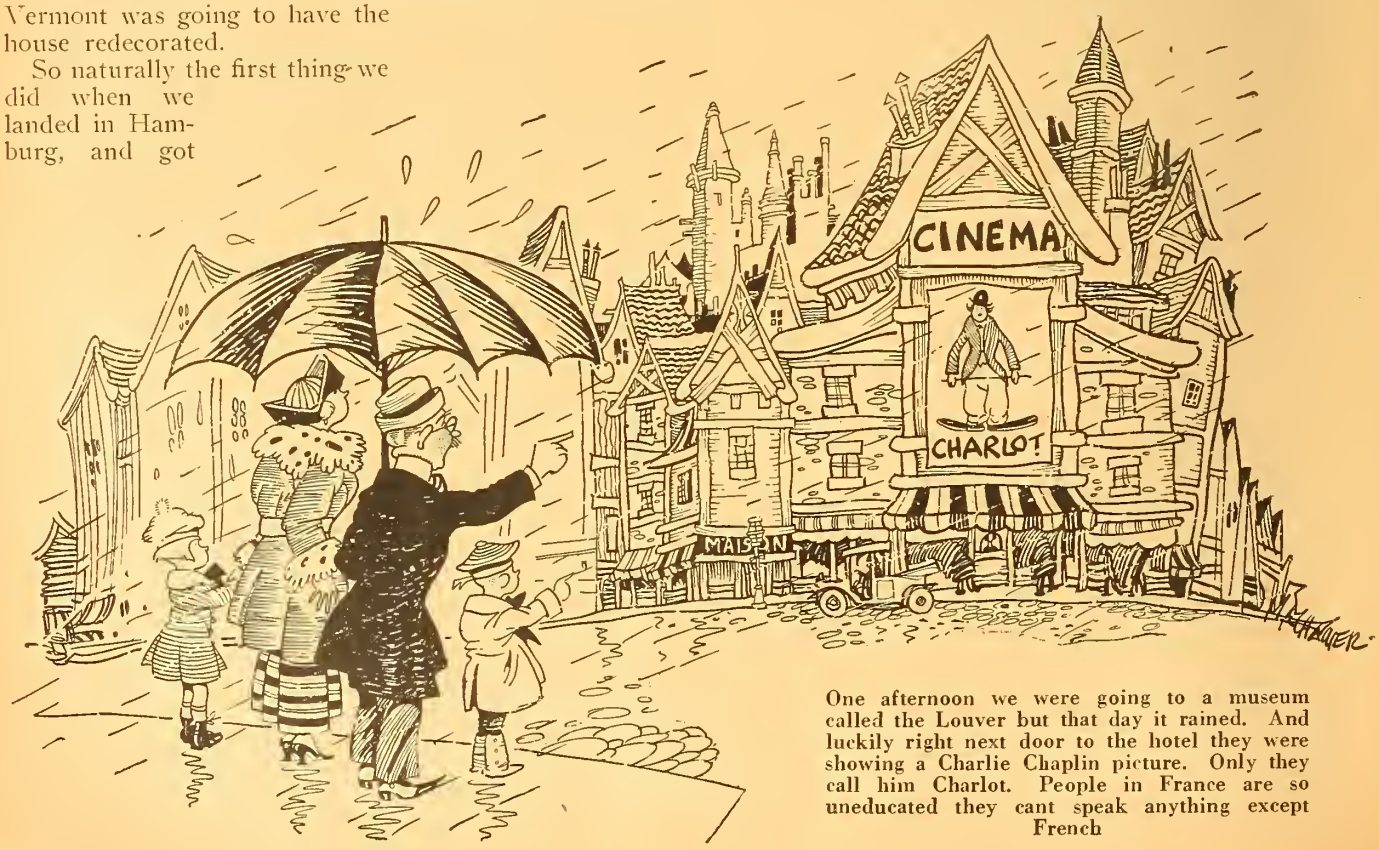
YES, we've just been across. No one goes to Europe nowadays, you understand. They simply run across, tho the results when the water is rough are much the same. They say that lemon juice in hot water is a help, and some say a pinch of soda taken before meals, but when you dont eat any meals to take anything before, why that doesn't do any good, does it? There's no use my telling you what to do when you're seasick—you'll do it of your own accord anyway.

Of course we took the children. Travel is so educational, and besides there wasn't anybody we could leave them with, tho all our friends said they'd have loved to have the little dears only they were going to have the house redecorated and everything would be upset for months. Even Aunt Emma that lives on a farm in Vermont was going to have the house redecorated.

So naturally the first thing we did when we landed in Hamburg, and got rooms at a hotel and several bushels of German marks in exchange for a five-dollar bill, was to hunt up a movie theater. And then we got the surprise of our lives, tho at first we didn't understand what was the matter on account the poor ignorant people in Germany cant speak anything except only just German. They even call their movie places "Lichtspiels" which I dont know what it means, but sounds like catching a severe cold when you try to say it.

Well, after they turned us away from the fourth picture place, I said to Bill, "Bill, you cant fool *me*, they dont *want* us in there," I said. So we went back to the hotel and asked the waiter, because waiters can mostly always speak some English, tho they usually cant get very far off the subject of food. And he told us that children weren't allowed in picture theaters in Germany on account they think that murders and robberies and girls

(*Continued on page* 86)



One afternoon we were going to a museum called the Louver but that day it rained. And luckily right next door to the hotel they were showing a Charlie Chaplin picture. Only they call him Charlot. People in France are so uneducated they cant speak anything except French

Photograph by Bachrach

Peggy's Tragedy

Imagine having your picture taken without your pretty new dress when it has a blue sash and everything! No wonder Peggy Jean Montgomery cried great salt tears. Such poses may be all right for wee, tiny babies, but you'll have to admit they are unbecoming to the stellar dignity which Peggy took over not so very long ago

On the Camera Coast

With

HARRY CARR

ALMOST everyone in Hollywood feels sorry for Mabel Normand in this affair of the shooting chauffeur. Of all those who had any remote connection with the affair, Mabel was the only one who seems to have been absolutely innocent; but, for some astonishing reason, she seems to have been elected to be the goat. This is a familiar situation for Mabel. The trouble is that Mabel always blurts out the frank truth to the reporters, whereas the others maintain a discreet silence.

The frank truth in this case seems to be this:

Mabel had a chauffeur—a young and romantic boy named Greer. Like all Mabel's retainers, he adored the ground she walked on. I have never, in all my life, seen anything like the slavish devotion that comes to Mabel Normand—everyone from her attorneys to her cooks—they all try to mother her.

This boy knew that Mabel was facing a severe surgical operation and, along with her retinue of secretaries, companions, and cooks, tried to keep her away from a gay life. They were succeeding beautifully until the day after New Year's when she received a "You-must-come-over" invitation to the apartment of a young social butterfly named Courtland Dines. Edna Purviance was also calling on Dines. So Mabel went and her chauffeur went after her; and in a mix-up that nobody seems to know the head or tail of, shot Dines twice.

One of the amazing features of the case was the connection of Edna Purviance. Dines' bed, crying, "Courtland, dont die; there like a stone statue without visible emotion. But when they let her go, she rushed to the hospital; threw herself on Dines' bed, crying, "Courtland, dont die; I love you; I love you." Afterward she said that she and Dines were not engaged, but that "there is an understanding between us as to our friendship"—whatever that means.

It seems a great pity that just as Edna's career was opening up so wonderfully, she should have thrown it away on a waster like this Dines whose only claims to distinction seem to have been a rich father and two divorces.

The last thing I saw of Mabel was in her hospital where she was crying over the pile of bitter letters of denunciation she has received. On the other hand, many well-known people—among them Carl Sandburg, the poet—have flown to Mabel's defense and have written her wonderful letters.

Mabel is the stormy petrel of Hollywood. She has an appetite for trouble like a hound puppy that smells liver. Nevertheless, no one can deny her this: that she is without doubt one of the greatest creative minds in the history of screen acting. There isn't a comedian on the screen who does not owe something to Mabel; it was her alert intelligence that paved the way.

Perhaps the most interesting announcement in months is the news that Mary Pickford's next director will probably be Charles Chaplin. "I suppose," said Mary, "that he will make me do every scene over forty or fifty times and that we will be clawing each other's eyes most of the time, but I think it will finish my education as an actress. Charlie's picture 'A woman of Paris' was the best directed picture ever made."

Meanwhile Charles has begun making his first comedy since his adventure into tragedy. It is to be a burlesque on the Alaska gold rush. He announced that Edna Purviance was to be leading lady, but since the Dines shooting, Charles is reported as looking for a brunette lady as being perhaps more of the required type.

His picture with Mary will be after she returns from a vacation abroad. It is possible that it may be made in England. Mary is to play the part of a half-starved London Cockney girl.

Bob McGannan may think Farina agrees with him about her next scene, but we have our doubts. Above we find Jackie after a trip he enjoyed with Jack Coogan, Sr. The birds are his father's game—for Jackie's gun is missing several necessary parts. And, Virginia Valli on location for "Wild Oranges," consults King Vidor about her coiffure . . .

Photograph by G. Maillard Kesslere

Charlie Chaplin Will Direct Mary Pickford In Her Next Story, Which Casts Her as a Half-Starved London Cockney Girl

Photograph © by Spurr

The period of the doldrums having passed, production is beginning to hum at Famous Players-Lasky studio. The chief features of interest are the determination of Mr. Lasky to make a star out of Patsy Ruth Miller and the reverential passing up of Pola Negri by all the American directors in favor of an imported Pole.

I understand that Pola is just naturally on a rampage and beyond control. She will not do as she is told and has taken the bit in her teeth. In the circumstances, however, I sympathize with Pola. On her part it is a settled determination not to suffer—cost what it may—any more attempts to make her over into a sweet Pollyanna.

The chances are about fifty-fifty for Patsy Ruth Miller. She is an alert, sensible, peppy, intelligent girl who will have the good luck to have an excellent director in Herbert Brenon; but who, on the other hand, will have the handicap of making pictures under the new economy régime with a limit of $100,000 by way of production costs.

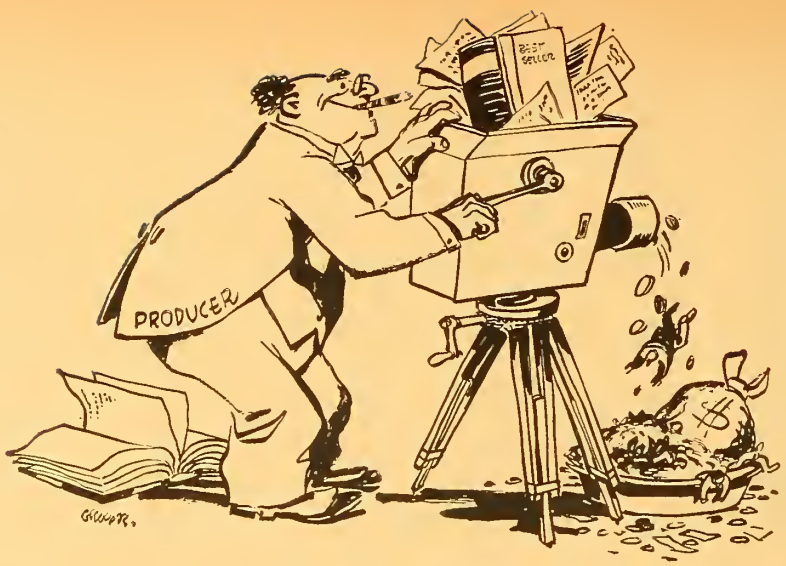
Speaking of the young starlets, the one who is looked upon as the most promising "find" of the year is Norma Shearer. She is a Canadian girl from Montreal.

Unlike most young girls in the films, she has absolute poise and self-confidence that bespeaks a trained society girl. She looks more English than Westminster Abbey and everybody seems to believe that she is a great actress in the making. The only picture of any note in which she (*Continued on page 76*)

Photograph by Richee

Thomas Ince congratulates Blanche Sweet on her universal triumph as Anna Christie. Above, Alice Davenport takes charge of Billy and Betty Reid, while their mother and her daughter. Dorothy Davenport Reid, is on tour with "Human Wreckage." To the right, Helen Jerome Eddy at the door of her dressing-room

Letters to the Editor



"Take the story of some novel you have read after it has been fitted to the screen," writes Roland Vermont of Pennsylvania. "The scenes and people no more fit the book than I would fit your job. I have passed up the screen version of several stories because I didn't want the mental pictures the book had given me ruined completely"

In criticism of the liberties taken with the screen version of famous and popular novels.

Dear Editor: In reading over some of the fan letters of the October issue of your magazine, I notice that quite a few mention the placing of "dumb-bells" in a cast, to the exclusion of real talent. That may be well and good, but it is not to "hash" over old stuff that I am writing this, but another matter that I do not think has ever been mentioned in your magazine before, tho not being a regular subscriber, I may have missed the number in which it had been commented on.

Reference is made to the filming of stories of famous authors in so far as the scenes described in the story are concerned. You know that after reading an author's description of a particular place, or person, if the author has the proper gift of describing his characters, on reading it a person forms a mind picture that seems to place the whole scene before him, that it seems as tho one really lived the story.

All right, take that same story after it has been transferred to the screen, and what is it like? The scenes and people no more fit the book than I would fit your job. There have been several famous stories screened I passed up, just because to have gone to see the film version of them would have spoiled the mental picture that was photographed on my mind at the time of reading the book.

This letter was prompted by seeing an advertisement of the filming of "The Virginian." The moving-picture industry could never give a proper presentation of that great, and to my way of thinking, the greatest "Western Story" ever written. In the first place, the story is much too long to enable it to be shown altogether, and can you imagine trying to photograph the Virginian getting the best of Trampas, with that little story of the frog farm?

It is my humble opinion that the "Virginian" as a picture will be a sad disappointment to those who have had the enjoyment of reading that "All American" novel of a day that is gone from the West forever.

Very truly,

Roland Vermont,
408 23rd St., Altoona, Pa.

Bouquets for Motion Picture, criticism of some letters to the editor, and praise, in particular, for Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle.

Dear Editor: Greetings on this first day of the New Year! May you prosper as never before, and the Motion Picture Magazine become the guide of theatergoers. Selah!

I am doing what I have long promised myself to do—namely, to offer a contribution to your own niche of the Motion Picture. This is my first attempt (probably the amateur note is not lacking) and perhaps you will wish it to be my last. *Quien sabe?*

I always thoroly enjoy your magazine—it breathes always such a spirit of fair play. I like the news of the stars—intimate things that make one tenderly reminiscent of that star's last picture or favorite scene.

The gallery of portraits is invariably compelling—not only the pictures themselves, but the way in which they are labeled—the foot-notes, as it were.

Your Answer Man is witty and wise, with his modicum of philosophy, of intelligence, and good advice. Clever, clever Answer Man!

The "Letters to the Editor" are—shall one confess it?—sometimes very amusing. Occasionally they are so intolerant as to be contemptible. Oh, there are times when anyone would like to burst the bonds of restraint and shout from the housetops his or her disgust. But a little self-control, of tolerance of another's views, will make one calmly smile—superiorly, perhaps—but one has a right to superiority when one has controlled a hasty impulse. Really, if the writers of those angrily, almost incoherent letters would only stop to think, they would realize the futility of such childlike attitudes. No matter how much you may rant and rage, dont forget that the stars in their courses sail serenely on. And the other party may think you as big an imbecile as you think him.

How you must thank the Gods, dear Editor, for the intelligent letter that comes your way. In the February number, Trix MacKenzie's letter is a delight, and Howard Newman's is deliciously clever. Letters like that are decidedly worth while and highly to be commended.

It rather looks as tho Valentino hadn't been forgotten, doesn't it? The battle of pros and cons is as fierce as ever. But then, a man is not great who has never been worth a struggle. 'Twas ever thus. Myself, I wince every time an unfair word is spoken about him. (Calling names is ever so childish). I think Valentino as an actor has few equals—none in his type of work. As a man, he is a gentleman, utterly well bred, highly intelligent, and quite sincere. But this letter was not meant to be a laudatory effort for Valentino.

Another much more-sinned-against-than-sinning star is Gloria Swanson. I like her—I know I should like her if I had the honor to know her personally—and I certainly like her as an actress. It is soothing to the optics to watch her, and if critics say now she cant act, I'll say, "How about 'Zaza,' and the verdict of Lubitsch?"

I hied me to the theater one day last week to see "Ashes of Vengeance," and right now I am haunted with crooning love strains and clashing swords. Norma Talmadge, gentlemen! Oh, there is an actress for you! Cold and haughty—as unapproachable as a distant mountain peak—yet, withal a hint of fire and dash whose promise is fulfilled under love's melting and mellowing influence. And

(*Continued on page* 103)

Every reader of the "Motion Picture Magazine" is invited to write to the editor. This page belongs entirely to the readers. It is an open forum.

However, we cannot use any letters unless the writer's name and address is given. And if it is desired that only the initials be used in publication, this is quite agreeable if the writer requests that the letter be printed in this way.

When the nails are groomed and brilliant your hands are free from embarrassment

It keeps its even brilliance for days and days

THE fastidious grooming of the nails demands that they be always gleaming with a lovely brilliance. So Cutex has prepared a wonderful liquid polish that meets every requirement of the most particular woman.

With it your nails look for days and days as if they had just come from the daintiest manicure. Its glistening lustre brings out the full beauty of the soft smooth cuticle and the carefully shaped nail long after most polishes have begun to dim or look spotty.

Cutex Liquid Polish spreads over the nail smoothly and evenly. It is never gummy, so it flows easily and cannot leave brush marks and little thick places. It is easy to put on, too, because the little brush holds just enough polish for one nail. And it dries instantly. Almost before a second nail is done, the first is so dry you cannot mar the surface. It is tinted the fashionable new rose color that brings out all the pink of the skin under the nail.

This careful perfection of detail gives a polish that is unsurpassed. A smooth, firm brilliance, a rosy glisten that is bewitching. And until you are ready for a fresh manicure Cutex Liquid Polish keeps its lustre. Water will not dim it—it never cracks or peels or comes off at the edges.

Needs no separate polish remover

The final convenience of this marvelous polish is that it does not need to be removed by a separate polish remover that often roughens the skin and makes the nails brittle. To remove the old polish all you have to do is to put a little fresh polish on the nail and wipe it off while it is wet. Every trace of the old comes off, leaving the nail smooth and clean.

Cutex Liquid Polish comes in a smart little bottle with the soft brush attached to the cork. It is 35c at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Or ask for the complete Cutex Manicure Sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

THE COMPLETE MANICURE

Send 12c for Introductory Set

Cutex Liquid Polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First you must shape the nails. For this Cutex has fine emery boards. Then to soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin you need Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then for the brilliance that makes the nails wholly lovely Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails smooth and healthy with a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort).

Send the coupon below with 12c for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada address Dept. M-4 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

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I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

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Another society leader has come to the movies seeking her fortune. She is Thelma Morgan Converse, known in social circles as Mrs. James Vail Converse. And her twin sister, Gloria, is Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. It is "A Society Scandal," Gloria Swanson's next picture, which brings her to the screen

Greenroom Jottings

Paragraphs of the Latest News in Personalities and Productions

Photograph by Apeda

Bon Voyage! Movie stars are always either sailing or returning from a pleasure trip or a location trip abroad. Here is Claire Windsor snapped on the upper deck of the steamer which took her across the Atlantic, where she will join the Edwin Carewe company that is filming "A Son of Sahara" on the native soil

THE pendulum has swung back in regard to production, and movie studios are opening up and producing at a rate that far exceeds the shutting down that occurred a few months ago.

Col. William A. Brady, after making the announcement that he would return to motion-picture production, lost no time in reopening the old Paragon Studios, in Fort Lee, New Jersey. He will film plays that he has successfully produced on the stage. The first of these will be "Simon Called Peter," by Goodman Eckert; others to be filmed are: "Chains," also by Mr. Eckert; "Forever After," by Owen Davis; and "The Things That Count," by Laurence Eyre, which will be made by the original cast headed by Helen Gahagan. Alice Brady will not return to her father's company for the present.

Whitman Bennett has reopened his Yonkers studio too, and is deep in filming "Virtuous Liars," his fourth production of the season. This is the screen version of "The Truth About Wives." Edith Allen, whose screen name will henceforth be Hedda Lind. . . . Hedda because she's three-quarters Swedish and Lind because the delectable songster, Jenny Lind, was an intimate friend of her grandmother's—will be the feature player. She had the second feminine lead in "Scaramouche." Others in the cast are: David Powell, Naomi Childers, Dagmar Godowsky and Burr McIntosh. Big melodramas dealing with society and city life will be the order of his pictures.

Madge Kennedy is one of the brightest stars on Broadway this season, in the title-rôle of "Poppy," the musical comedy which has proved to be a good buy for all the ticket speculators. Here she is having tea in her dressing-room at the theater with the designer, LeMaire, who conceived all the beautiful clothes she wears in this operetta

Photograph by Lucas-Kavarien

From the West comes word that Universal will increase its output of Universal-Jewels from twelve to thirty-six a year. The plans will entail additional expenses of $5,000,000 and the productions will be of the standard of "The Merry-Go-Round," "The Darling of New York," and "The Lady of Quality."

What one of Society's twelve most beautiful women says about the care of the skin

"The woman who achieves loveliness must be exquisite at all times. Her skin should be so perfectly cared for that every situation finds it the same—smooth and transparently clear—unlined by fatigue, showing no trace of exposure. And this I believe any woman can accomplish with the careful use of Pond's Two Creams. The skin responds instantly to their delicious texture and fragrance."

Cordelia Biddle Duke

From a portrait by Neysa McMein

MRS. BIDDLE DUKE

As Miss Cordelia Biddle of Philadelphia, young Mrs. Duke began her social life against the brilliant background of one of America's most exclusive families. She is one of the most prominent and most admired of the younger women of society. Her captivating personality is coupled with a beauty that made Neysa McMein choose her as one of the twelve most beautiful women in America.

OF COURSE if one did nothing but recline upon a chaise longue in a foam of Venise lace and chiffon, such terms as fatigue and exposure would be unknown.

But the woman who is active in society leads a life that is as active and vigorous and often more wearing than that of the housewife or professional woman. Moreover she is invariably an enthusiastic sportswoman and a strenuous day of skating, riding, or golf is often followed by a night of dancing.

But sports and late hours combine in an insidious attack upon woman's dearest possession—her complexion.

For wind and sun are bound to dry and coarsen the skin and post-midnight dancing will show next morning in faint lines of fatigue.

But—"exquisite at all times" is the society woman's code, as Mrs. Biddle Duke says. And exquisite at all times she is. For long ago she discovered a sure and simple method of skin care that keeps her skin as clear and fresh and delicate as society has always demanded.

Exquisite women use this Method

Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing—is a deliciously soft pure cream that not only cleanses the skin thoroughly, but restores its natural satin suppleness. Dip your fingers into its fragrant softness and rub an ample amount on your face and neck. The fine oil in it sinks deep into the pores to dislodge all of the dirt, excess natural oil, and powder that invisibly clog those tiny cells. Now wipe it off with a soft cloth and don't be ashamed if the cloth is black. *Do this twice.* How clean your skin is, how soft and velvety and above all how fine! That is because the tiny pores now have a chance to breathe and function normally.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is now smoothed on. This light delicate cream is used after every skin cleansing, leaving a new fresh loveliness that prepares your skin perfectly for the necessary finish of powder. Smooth on only a little.

POND'S TWO CREAMS USED BY WOMEN WHO WANT TO BE EXQUISITE AT ALL TIMES

There's a *pearly* glow to your whole face—and how extraordinarily young you're looking! The powder will go on more smoothly than ever and will last almost indefinitely.

Remember, that transparent clearness for which the fashionable woman is distinguished is the result of daily care. Begin this method at once, the method that the younger women in society depend on, and you will see the same loveliness reflected in your own mirror. Pond's Two Creams may be had at all drug and department stores. The Pond's Extract Company.

Generous tubes—mail coupon with 10c today

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO., 157 Hudson Street, New York
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Photograph
© by Mishkin, N. Y.

You may wonder what a picture of Jeanne Gordon, the contralto of the Metropolitan Opera House, is doing in a movie magazine. It is simple. Jeanne Gordon, a few short years ago, made her first appearance singing in the Rialto and Rivoli motion-picture theaters on Broadway. In this way she gained the attention of operatic powers and rose to her present fame

The first film to be shot at the reopening of the Paramount's West Coast studios was "The Dawn of Tomorrow," taken from the story by Frances Hodgson Burnett, and in play form, a Broadway success. Jacqueline Logan has the rôle of Glad, a London slavey, which was played by Eleanor Robeson (Mrs. August Belmont) on the stage. Others in the cast are: David Torrence, Ray Griffith, Roland Bottomley, Harris Gordon, Guy Oliver, Temple Piggott, Mabel Van Buren, Marguerite Clayton. Cecil B. De Mille has also started the filming of "Triumph," and James Cruze has returned from Natchez, Mississippi, where he has been shooting the exteriors of "Magnolia," and is now doing the interiors.

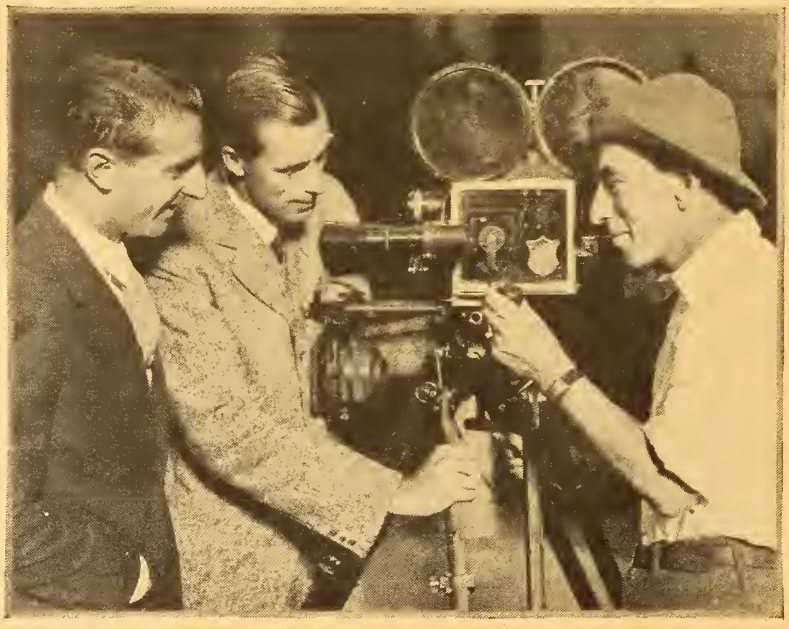
And the Western Vitagraph studios are hitting it up, too. Commodore J Stewart Blackton is filming "What's a Woman Between Friends," written from Robert Chambers' story, "Between Friends," with Lou Tellegen in the leading male rôle. Mr. Tellegen later will do "The Clean Heart," an A. S. M. Hutchinson story with the Commodore still in command. Mrs. Blackton and their two children, Violet and Charles, accompanied the Commodore, and, as he will produce indefinitely in the West, they have established their home there.

Is the glorious Fourth in danger? The Yale University Press which has been digging up facts in regard to "The Declaration of Independence," one of its stories in the "Chronicles of America" series, has discovered that the document of Independence was signed on July 2, 1776, instead of the 4th, and that the tooting, and bell ringing, howling and joy-raving, did not take place until July 8th. However, the Yale University Press is a stickler for tradition, so we think July 4th will stand. The selection of a cast is another delicate matter on the boards, as the characters include: John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Adams, John Dickinson and other signers of the Declaration. The sets for the picture are being built at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn, and Kenneth Webb will direct it.

D. W. Griffith has been having a hard time of it in the making of "America." Mr. Griffith has had the searchlight turned on numberless Americans in hopes of finding one who never told a lie and who could act also the rôle of George Washington. Arthur Dewey has been elected finally. We're not crowding him with too many questions on the subject of veracity. This is not all, the snow has refused to fall on scheduled time for the shooting of the picture, and furthermore the exterior sets, half of which had been erected outside of the Mamaroneck Studio, L. I., which borders the water, floated off into the Sound on the same stormy night on which the *Shenandoah* tore loose from her moorings and tooted across the country. Lucky was Mr. Griffith that his actors were merely marooned, and didn't slip into the Sound themselves.

Franklyn Farnum has already completed two big Western features, "The Two-Fisted Tenderfoot," and "Across Trails," and has begun "The Man Who Never Laughed." The location of the last-named story is along the Mexican border and we are wondering if the company will get additional color and excitement when the Mexican Federal troops pass thru Texas. Alyce Mills supported Mr. Farnum in the first stories made, but as she is now working in the East on "The Social Code," another ingénue will take her place.

The camera which is to film a production is by no means one of the least important things in a motion picture's success. William de Mille appreciates this as fully as any other director in the profession. Below he is seen making a minute examination before calling "Camera!" for the first scenes of "Icebound"



But the cast of "Sundown" will probably get the master-Mexican thrill. Accompanied by air service, cavalry, motor transport, signal corps, medical detachment, commissary and a battery of cameras, the First National Company will cross over into Mexico, and on the Palomas Ranch will film the opening scenes of "Sundown" in which

Why You, too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

How famous Movie Stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking, full of life and lustre.

BEAUTIFUL hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have hair that is charming and attractive.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp. After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up the lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children —Fine for Men

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

All photographs by International Newsreel

John Barrymore is on tour in "Hamlet." This picture was taken by the newsmen outside the White House after he had paid a formal call on the President and Mrs. Coolidge, who, by the way, had seen him as the melancholy Dane the night previous. He plans to return to the studios soon

75,000 head of cattle make a stampede. With an adobe building as the center of the movie community, a tent city will be laid out for the company. Laurence Trimble will direct. Roy Stewart has been announced as the male lead.

The first episode of Pathé's serial version of Emerson Hough's novel, "The Way of a Man," has been released under the title of "Into the Unknown," apt enough, since it opens with a murder. The principals of the cast are introduced in the initial release. They include Harold Miller, "Bud" Osborne, Kathryn Appleton, Lillian Gale, Chet Tyan and Allene Ray.

"We've heard mammoth fish and water stories, but how is this for a landlubber boast? Albert R. Rogell, who is directing Fred Thompson in a series of six pictures for the Monogram Pictures Corporation, raises his right hand and asserts that seventy per cent. of the scenes in "North of Nevada" have never been shot before by a camera—not even a Brownie! No one has yet arisen to cry the statement down. Are all the camera fiends dead or dumb?

Hold the thought, and you'll get your dearest wish. It always works, especially when you've been a good girl. Louise Lorraine has been working steadily for two years making the "Fighting Blood" series, at the F. B. O. studio, Hollywood. Miss Lorraine decided it was time for a vacation. She thought her pocketbook might take her East or to Europe, but it was the dream of her life to go to Buenos Aires, the Paris of the Western world. She counted her pennies over and over again, and looked dubious. Then, at the psychological moment, came an offer from a South American movie company offering her a lead similar to that of Lois Wilson, in "The Covered Wagon," in a story glorifying the pioneers, who settled the big country. Miss Lorraine is on her way now with a companion and her maid, and will be gone three months.

Wanted a watch-dog! Peter Patch, Douglas McLean's little wire-haired terrier, is everything that a wire-haired terrier should be, but after all, he's only a patch—the insurance agent insisted he is. McLean, in the act of getting himself insured, was told that if he had a watch-dog he could get a rake-off on the rate. "Sure, he had one," he said, and forthwith produced Peter Patch and his bag of tricks. But Peter Patch failed to register bull-dog qualities and McLean paid in full.

At last the hatchet is buried down to the hilt between Rodolph Valentino and Famous Players-Lasky, and the beloved sheik, in his inimitable way, is to bring "Monsieur Beaucaire" to life on the silversheet. This is the first of the two pictures he will make for his old employers before taking up work with the Ritz-Carlton Company. Ruddy brought so many handsome clothes and elegant effects back with him from Europe, that he decided to swear that he is not a "resident of the United States at this time," rather than to pay duty on them, which is all O. K. for the time being, but—a list of the articles has been taken and if Ruddy lingers too long on these happy shores, the customs officers will be around to pay another call.

Viola Dana has been engaged by the Metro Corporation to star in "Face to Face," the Edwin Lefevre story that appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

We wonder if the native sons of California will ever let Irene Rich set foot on their precious soil again. Miss Rich is thrilled with New York, says there is something

(*Continued on page* 116)

Everyone read about the ball which Marion Davies gave for the benefit of the disabled World War veterans. Any number of other stars were present, anxious to do their part . . . and the picture to the right shows Miss Davies talking with Richard Barthelmess

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Fits the Finest Homes or Most Modest Incomes

Consider the evident high quality of this all-year family car, and its remarkable price—then you can understand why it has been necessary for us to double our production facilities this year.

Many families already owning the highest priced cars, also own a Chevrolet Sedan or Coupé. They find it not only consistent in style and general quality with their social position, but also astonishingly economical to operate.

Those of more limited means take justifiable pride in the ownership of this distinguished car, which is nevertheless so easy to buy and maintain.

Thousands of pleased owners will tell you a Chevrolet offers the best dollar value of any car made.

Your own requirements for economical transportation will determine your choice of models.

Any Chevrolet dealer will explain their many points of superiority.

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Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Superior Roadster	$490	Superior Sedan	$795
Superior Touring	495	Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Utility Coupe	640	Superior Light Delivery	495
Superior 4-Passenger Coupe	725	Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

Superior Utility Coupé

$640

f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter

JANE S.—Glad to hear from you. I love to make the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I dont like to think of myself as growing old. Antonio Moreno was born in Spain in 1888 and he is married to Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger. Address him at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

A. SILVERMAN.—Speaking of politics, the Secretary of State ranks at the head of the President's cabinet. Ruth Roland played in "The Red Circle." Ruth is fond of circles, she makes the trip from San Francisco to New York in circles.

PARLEZVOUS.—Yes, me too. So you liked "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." It had quite a run in New York. Try Universal for Jerry Gendron. Yes, there has been some talk of Charles Ray playing in "Merton of the Movies" for the stage.

ALICE F.—Now, now, you know I dont send pictures of myself to my readers, so dont bribe me. John Gilbert is twenty-nine and married to Leatrice Joy. Cullen Landis is twenty-nine. Lillian Gish is twenty-eight and not married. Eric von Stroheim is about to direct two more pictures for Goldwyn.

MCDONALD.—Good old-fashioned name. Of course, I would have my tonsils out. What good are they if they trouble you. Yes, I still have my appendix and tonsils. I'm all there in those respects. Yes, send along the pictures from Australia. Norma Talmadge is still married to Joseph Schenck. Guess she is very happy. Barney Sherry is playing in "Robert E. Lee." You write a very interesting letter. Let me hear from you again.

HELEN MC.—Why Rudyard Kipling obtained his first name after a lake by that name which is in Stafford. The first meeting of his father and mother occurred on the shore of Lake Rudyard and that led to the eldest Kipling's being given the name Rudyard. I see, so it is Percy Marmont you like. He is playing in "Souvenir" with Agnes Ayres, also as the husband in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Yes, he was educated in England. Six feet tall and weighs 150 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. No, I dont seem to mind the cold weather with my long beard.

M. D. NEW BRITAIN.—I dont like to talk about dying, but it was Abraham Lincoln who said "How hard it is to die, and not be able to leave the world any better for one's little life in it." Thanks indeed for the card, I am pleased to be a member of your club, altho an inactive one.

A. JELLY BEAN.—So you think it is quite exciting to write to me. It is more exciting to read some of these letters. Sometimes I get so excited that I wish I had some hair to pull. And you think you are a mystery. Somi! Alice Brady is playing on the stage now. Pauline Frederick in "Let Not Man Put Asunder."

DUNEDIN FLAPPER.—So you have the flapper craze in New Zealand, have you? Maude Adams, thru the Guide Made Pictures, Inc., will produce pictures in color, the first being "Aladdin." Miss Adams' association with the Guild does not interfere with her plans for the independent production of "Kim," the picture rights to which she recently acquired from Rudyard Kipling. Glad you like William Russell, Buck Jones and the rest of the Fox players. Yes, they are popular over here too.

ARTIST.—I want to thank the person who sent me the drawing of Lillian Gish as "Diana of the Follies." I believe I answered you thru the mail also.

ONE WHO KNOWS.—So you say that Louis Wolheim was not a professor at Harvard, but is a graduate of Cornell. Perhaps he was!

FRECKLES.—Well, it isn't what you endeavor to do, it's what you do. That's how you estimate a man. Irene Rich does not give her age, but she was born in Buffalo, and she is five feet six, weighs 138 pounds. She has dark hair and brown eyes and has two daughters. Gloria Swanson is playing in "A Society Scandal," and some of the scenes were taken in Brooklyn. So you will see the City of Churches. Run in again some time.

RAMON NOVARRO'S BEST FAN.—I think you do very well with your English. Yes, Valentino has agreed to return to Famous Players and resume the making of pictures. His first picture will be "Monsieur Beaucaire," which will be directed by Sidney Olcott. And of the 2,500,000 wage-earners in New York City, 691,000 are women.

MARY M. M. H.—That's all right, but moonlight and propinquity are responsible for more engagements than any other dozen of causes. Herbert Rawlinson, Jack Hoxie, Louise Lorraine, Laura LaPlante are all with Universal. Yes, I think they will send you their pictures. You might write them anyway.

CARL E.—No, I have never been in love. A typical old bachelor. Loving too much is a situation more productive of tragedy than not loving enough. No, I haven't the height of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. You can address him at the First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City. Rex Ingram says upon the completion of "The Arab" he is going back to sculptoring.

D. M. AUSTRALIA.—You say you dont know which is better, to be hard-boiled—or half-baked. Well, I should say I would prefer being well done. Yes, of course, May McAvoy did her own dancing in "Her Reputation." She is four feet eleven and has blue eyes and dark-brown hair. Yes, she does resemble Jacqueline Logan now that you speak of it. Thanks, but I dont need to try the Wallace "daily dozen" method for chest expansion. Do you?

YOUNG AUSTRALIAN.—Well, it's not only the moon that's on its last quarter, but your friend the Answer Man. And you didn't like Anita Stewart in "The Lover Piker." She is playing in "The Great White Way." You might write to First National, United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal., for both Enid Bennett and Sylvia Breamer. No, I haven't dark hair, neither have I a David Powell mustache. I have several mustaches all in one.

KITTY C.—No, I am not the artist? I've got all I can attend to just being the Answer Man. Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wynn. Write Lon Chaney, Famous Players Studio, Los Angeles, Cal. So you have been dreaming big things, have you—well, in order to make them come true, you must wake up.

A. L. G., NEW YORK.—Yes, I read in the Los Angeles *Times*, where Edwin Markham, the poet, says that Henry Ford is another Lincoln. Possibly a poet can not tell the difference between a Ford and a Lincoln, but any garage man can. It is rumored that Glenn Hunter will play in "Merton of the Movies," for the screen.

MARIA OF HARLEM.—Thanks for the fee, I'll buy me some buttermilk. Well right now I'm reducing too. So you want me to coax Marguerite Clarke back to the screen. Wish it could be done. So you liked "Potash and Perlmutter" very much. Didn't see it.

GALL.—Take from men ambition and vanity, and you will have neither heroes or patriots. Robert Gordon is his real name. He is married to Alma Francis. Educated at Los Angeles Polytechnic Junior College, played on the stage for a season with Hollywood Community Players, and started his screen career with Paramount in "The Varmint." Is that all? Write me again.

LOUTILDA.—You have made my burdens lighter to bear. No one is useless in the world who lightens the burdens of it for anyone else. Norman Kerry was born in New York, educated at St. John's Military Academy, in Annapolis. He is six feet two, weighs 180 pounds, has dark hair and

The Inside Story of Princess Pat

By the Only Woman Who Witnessed the Discovery of the Complexion Tint that Duplicates Nature

"*Now Watch* what happens!"

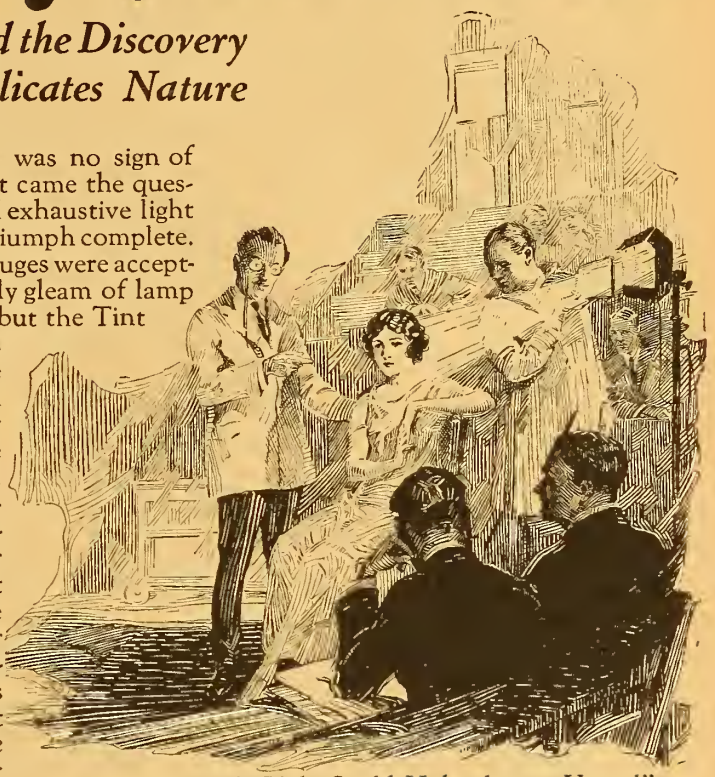
You could have heard a pin drop as the analyst's words caused all eyes to gaze intently at my face. Science had solved an old and perplexing beauty problem with a new, mysterious tint. The moment had arrived for demonstration.

Two years of hard work led up to this hour of triumph. There had been day and night testings of rouges—of every conceivable color. Whole weeks devoted to first one shade then another in an effort to overcome that common fault of all the old-fashioned rouges — the purplish, artificial look which makes their use so obvious. Then the day when the right tint was found! It is an interesting story.

How the True Tint Came to Light

When a new use of ingredients produced this first "true" tone it was regarded curiously; no one realized its full significance; so different was the color, it was fortunate we even tried it. But the rule was to test everything *on the face*. So for the thousandth time a new tint was applied to my cheeks.

The first demonstration of this marvelous new color brought one surprise after another. It was first believed to be just a particularly happy choice for my complexion — or for skins the same as mine. But tests quickly followed on every conceivable type of skin from darkest to lightest—with the same miraculously natural result. Then came the thought that perhaps only sparing use could be made of the new tint. So to the tiny amount that had achieved the perfect color, more and more of the tint was applied. The coloring merely deepened; there was no sign of artificiality. Next came the question of *lights* and exhaustive light tests made the triumph complete. Even old-time rouges were acceptable in the kindly gleam of lamp or candle light, but the Tint called Princess Pat stands the severe test of a brilliantly lighted room, or glare of noonday sun. The new tint becomes and appears *your color* from the moment applied. Nature varies it *on your face* and unfailingly produces exactly the right *degree* and *tone* to give the color you *should* have.



"A Tint That No Light Could Make Appear Unreal"

That is why you are not aware of the numbers all around you who use this new natural tint. The color is too natural to permit detection. So women who never used ordinary rouge have taken joyfully to Princess Pat.

Really Waterproof

Since the day Princess Pat tint was introduced many thousands have made its acquaintance. It is the identical tint today as when the first tiny bit was produced and tried; and it brings the same color charm to any cheek. You'll be glad to know it's been made waterproof—completely so. Profuse perspiration will not affect it—nor even surf bathing—yet a bit of cream, or soap removes it.

And remember: there's only one shade! No "matching"—no need to; for this true tone blends with *any* complexion. Science thus gives you the means of imparting natural color to your cheeks—to any degree desired. A color that's perfectly natural—color you can *control*—a gentle glow of color that has no beginning or end—a tone only blending can bring. Why use an obvious rouge? Try Princess Pat!

Avoid Imitations

The success of Princess Pat Tint has called forth many so-called "orange rouges." But these lack the secret which causes Princess Pat Tint to change color when applied—and without this secret Nature cannot blend the color to exactly meet the requirements of your individual need.

FREE!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Tint to meet all calls for it, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a week's supply —without charge.

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2701 S. Wells St., Dept. 24, Chicago

Entirely FREE, please forward me postpaid, a complimentary supply of the new Princess Pat Tint.

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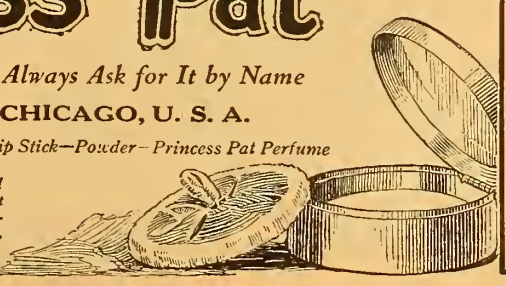
Princess Pat

The New, Natural Tint : Always Ask for It by Name

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Tint—Ice Astringent—Creams—Lip Stick—Powder—Princess Pat Perfume

NOTE: — Princess Pat Lip Stick gives natural color to the lips—just as Tint does to the cheeks. It exactly harmonizes with any complexion, any coloring and any light. Cannot be detected as artificial.



hazel eyes. Playing in "True as Steel" for Goldwyn. Wallace and Noah Beery are brothers. No, the others are not related.

MAUDE B.—You want a picture of Niles Welch on the cover. I'll speak to Miss Fletcher.

G. P. B.—Oh, Joy! You made me laff! Harry Carey is with F. B. O. Larry Semon with Vitagraph. Mae Murray in "The Circe," from a story that Ibañez wrote especially for her. Some of the scenes will be taken in Southern France and others in Hollywood. Oh, I'm always sincere, even tho it should cost me my life.

RAMON NOVARRO'S BEST FAN.—Cheer up, in whatever part of the world you are, you will have something to suffer. Address Ramon Novarro at Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal. Thanks for your good wishes.

CO-ED.—Well, I am glad you wrote to me, anyway. Much dearer be the things which come thru hard distress. Yes, Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. He lives in California, and has been playing for the last seven years, and in Broadway productions before that. He has brown hair and hazel eyes.

PAULINE GARON'S ADMIRER.—You refer to Swift's description of the gossip. "Nor do they trust their tongues alone, but speak a language of their own; can read a note, a shrug, a look, far better than a printed book; convey a libel in a frown, and wink a reputation down; or by the tossing of the fan, describe the lady and the man." Pauline is twenty-two, you know. William Hart in "A Lighter of Flames," portraying the character of Patrick Henry.

THE GIMME GIRL.—Is that what your beau calls you? Lois Wilson was the representative of Alabama in Universal's Beauty contest. Pearl White is still abroad. Oh, I love my work. I'd rather answer questions than eat. Pretty cold for buttermilk these days.

ROBERT P.—You will have to figure it out for yourself—Swift said, "No wise man ever wished to be younger," and Byron said "Once more who would not be a boy?" Pauline Garon is French-Canadian, born in Montreal. She has blue eyes and blonde hair, five feet tall, and educated at Sacred Heart Convent. She played with Dorothy Gish in "Remodelling a Husband" as her first picture. Write me any time, Bob.

FLORENCE MC.—Dont forget that men only blame themselves in order to be praised. Pauline Starke in "The Courage of Marge O'Doone." They are all Answer Men so far as I know. Wish I could be more sociable, but I wish you could see my desk. No, Wanda Hawley is not married now.

R. S.—I wish I did have a fireplace in my hall-room. You can always see a face in the fire. The laborer, looking into it at evening, purifies his thoughts of the dross and earthiness which they have accumulated during the day. All I can look into is the electric heater. No, Matt Moore is not married. Never has been. You ask if I think that the actors and actresses understand more about the deep things in life than any ordinary individual. Well!

CURIOSITY.—And the difference between the philanthropist and miser is this—the former lives to give, but the latter dies to give. C 2 K stands for "Curious to know." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is fifteen. Baby Peggy is five. Virginia Faire Brown in "Welcome Stranger." Blanche Sweet in "Those Who Dance." Irene Rich in "A Woman Who Sinned." Have I satisfied you?

PEGGY M.—I'm sorry, but I would have to have a little more information to work from.

JOSEPHINE AND ADELE.—A ton of water contains 224 gallons. Pauline Garon is five feet tall. There was an Adele de Garde and a Josephine Hill in pictures. The latter is now the wife of Jack Perrin. I guess Norma Talmadge. Miss Dupont is playing in "What Three Men Wanted." Some title!

SMILES.—Well, there is an old saying, "Strength of mind is an attaching as well as a ruling power; all human creatures, women especially, become attached to those who have power over their own minds." That must be a very old one because the present women dont become attached, they have minds of their own, and use them too. Gloria Swanson has reddish-brown hair and grey eyes. She is five feet three and weighs 112, and is twenty-seven. Born in Chicago.

WILLARD.—My what a fancy letter-head, and home made, too. Thomas Meighan is with Famous Players, Lillian Gish with Inspiration. Write me any time. Harry Carey and Claire Windsor in "High Dawn."

MILDRED T.—A woman always feels herself complimented by love, tho it may be from a man incapable of winning her heart, or her esteem. Barbara La Marr, Corinne Griffith, Ben Alexander, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Sylvia Breamer and Colleen Moore are all First National stars.

JUST MARTHA.—Joseph Schildkraut was born in Austria. He is twenty-nine and married to Elise Bartlett. Mary Pickford, as soon as she finishes "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," is going abroad with her illustrious husband to spend about six months vacationing. If they find a congenial story in which they can co-star, they will produce it. That will be wonderful.

MISS CUMM.—Of course, I look like my picture up above. And you think I am the gold fishes' wrist watch! That's going some. Ramon Novarro is with Metro. No, he is not married. Harrison Ford, Pauline Garon and David Powell in "The Average Woman." Lew Cody and Viola Dana in "Revelations."

M. A. E.—Welcome to the throne. Yes, I think Gloria Swanson will be glad to hear from you. You know Voltaire said "God created woman only to take man." Write to me again, your letter was a jewel.

HELEN K.—Dined with Jack Dempsey, eh? You better not get rough with him. No, I have never met him, but I heard him fight over the radio. George Walsh will play Ben Hur.

TESS.—Wrinkles on the brow are Time's endorsement of the note for borrowed trouble. Buck Jones is married. Milton Sills married to Gladys Wynn and they have a daughter. Hoot Gibson is married to Helen Johnson. Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Ind. Educated at Minnesota University, and is five feet eleven and three-quarters. Betty Ross Clark and Lloyd Hughes in "Mother O' Mine." Wallace Reid died January 18, 1923.

REEL ENTHUSIAST.—She is like the wife who preaches in her gown, and lectures in her night-dress. Yes, Alice Terry has dark-red hair. Pauline Garon with C. C. Burr Prod., Glendale, Cal. Helene Chadwick is with Goldwyn. Edna Flugrath, Shirley Mason's sister, is to play an important part in Shirley's next picture, "Love Letters." Edna and Shirley will portray sister rôles in the picture. I'm always here.

P. S. T.—Anna Nilsson is Mrs. John Gunnerson, and she is five feet seven, weighs 135 pounds. Goldwyn are going to produce the sequel to "Potash and Perlmutter" with the well-known Bernard-Carr team in the leads.

L. S. H.—Yes, E. H. Sothern played in a Vitagraph picture some six or seven years ago, entitled "The Chattel" with Peggy Hyland in the lead.

IVANOVITCH.—No, I have never been to Paris. Gay, giddy, happy Paris, where life is a pastime, and the only reality death. Ann Cornwall with Warner Brothers. John Harron opposite her. Claire MacDowell is free-lancing now. Remember her in the old Biograph days. Thanks for the picture. That's some pineapple-tree you have in your front yard.

E. G. CO.—Well, shaping our own life is our own work. It is a thing of beauty, it is a thing of shame, as we ourselves make it. We lay the corner and add joint to joint, we give the proportion, we set the finish. It may be a thing of beauty and a joy forever. God forgive us if we pervert our life from putting on its appointed glory. You can reach Irene Rich at Warner Brothers, Bronson Avenue and Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal. Pauline Starke with Fox last. Joline was played by Nazimova, Paul by Charles Bryant and the Prior by Frank Currier in "Revelation."

SPORT.—Are you the new sport model? I know, but after all a star's private life belongs to her. Carmel Myers has been signed for important parts in "Poisoned Paradise" and "Ben Hur." She has just completed work on "Slave of Desire" and "Beau Brummell." Norman Kerry in "True as Steel." Write me any time.

DONOLLY E.—You write a beautiful letter. No, I dont mind reading letters. Write to me as often as you like. Milton Sills at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Harry Carey was born in New York, 1880, but he is a real cowboy. He is married to Olive Fuller Golden and has two children. He is six feet and weighs 180 pounds. Has blonde hair.

EDNA B.—Some men need a push every now and then. Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application rather than of means, that men fail of success. You will have to write to the companies direct for pictures. Pola Negri in "Men," and after that "Montmartre."

PEARL AND CLIP.—What's this, a duet? And there are times when the mysteries of life seem greater than the mystery of death. Monte Blue is with Warner, and it is said he is part Indian. No, he is not married now, six feet and weighs 185 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Casson Ferguson born in 1891, five feet eleven and weighs 150. Brown hair and blue-grey eyes. I ought to be color-blind after giving these descriptions. Run in again.

(*Continued on page* 110)

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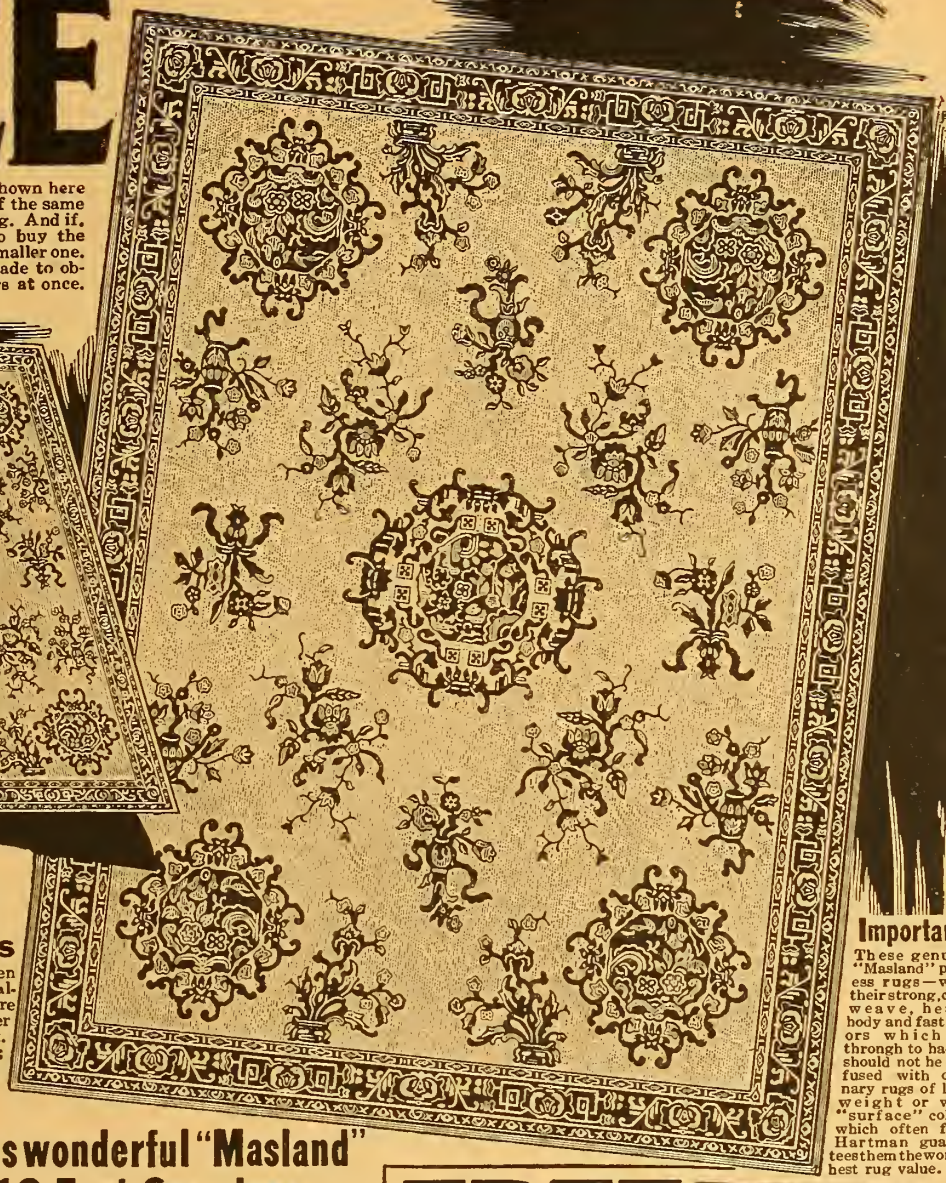

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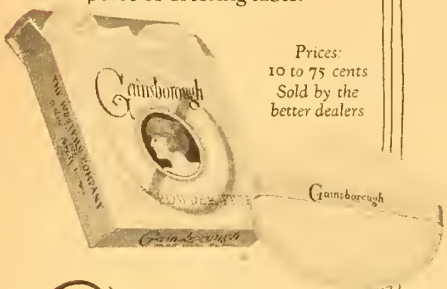

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Use Tanforan

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 63*)

has been seen thus far is "Flaming Passion," which was a film version of "Lucretia Lombard."

In which connection, a bit of gossip. It happens that, at the minute, the star scenario writers of Hollywood are Sada Cowan and Howard Higgins, who work in collaboration. Their artistic eyes having been offended by "Flaming Passion," I am told that they insisted on having their names taken off the screen. Whereupon the picture staggered on without them and got some of the best newspaper notices of the year. The truth is, the picture merited neither the soul agitation of Miss Cowan for its faults nor the good notices.

I saw a wonderful picture the other day—that no one else will ever see. It was the unslaughtered version of Eric von Stroheim's "Greed." It was a magnificent piece of work, but it was forty-five reels long. We went into the projecting-room at 10.30 in the morning; we staggered out at 8.00 that night. I cant imagine what they are going to do with it. It is like "Les Misérables." Episodes come along that you think have no bearing on the story, then twelve or fourteen reels later, it hits you with a crash. For stark, terrible realism and marvelous artistry, it is the greatest picture I have ever seen. But I dont know what it will be like when it shrinks from forty-five to eight reels. Von Stroheim is imploring the Goldwyn people to make two instalments of it and run it on two different nights.

Could any other director in the world have gotten away with this? One of the best love scenes in the picture is played with the lovers sitting on an outfall sewer pipe down which the body of a dead cat has just drifted. And I give you my word, it is a tender, beautiful and romantic love scene.

The other Teuton is fiddling around, trying to get started. Lubitsch wants to make a screen version of "Manon Lescaut," but he cant seem to find an actress for the heroine or get started. I saw him out at a Hollywood party the other night and he was biting his nails and walking up and down like a caged tiger.

Herr Kraely, his imported scenario writer, was there with his wife who spoke no English but seemed to find glee in the occasion. She giggled back of her handkerchief until Mrs. Lubitsch apologized by saying, "Excuse her, please; but she has never before seen an American social gathering." Which seemed further to complicate the case. We couldn't understand why we were so funny.

Victor Seastrom is also going after imported talent. Johan Bojer, the Norwegian novelist, is in Hollywood, studying the screen, presumably at Seastrom's invitation. One cannot but sympathize with Seastrom's desire to send somewhere for an author. For his first American picture, they set the task of making something intelligible out of one of Sir Hall Caine's maudlin melodramas. "Name the Man," is a beautifully directed picture in spite of their handicap.

For the past week the home of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford has resembled a fort. It has been under armed guard on account of the threats of the most desperate bandit to infest California since the days of Joaquin Murietta, who, by the way, was the hero of Doug's picture "The Mark of Zorro." This fellow is an ex-convict named Dunlap. During the past few months he has assaulted thirty-two women in Hollywood and committed at least two murders. Doug recognized him as a man who applied to him for a job in a bandit part, frankly confessing that he was a crook and gunman. He left vowing vengeance and, upon his recent return to Hollywood renewed the threat in a letter to Doug.

June Mathis and other members of the Goldwyn technical staff are, by now, on the way to Italy to begin "Ben Hur." This picture will be the means of bringing Francis X. Bushman back to the screen, as well as giving George Walsh the big chance of his life. Some jester in Hollywood commenting upon the selection of Charles Brabin as director said that Goldwyn was probably afraid to ask Mickie Neilan to direct, for fear that, in the midst

(*Continued on page 78*)

The Hollywood Fashion Parade—presenting Conrad Nagel, William Haines, Edmund Lowe, Raymond Griffith, George Walsh and Hobart Bosworth in a humorous moment

The young bride waved her handkerchief as the car drew away from the host of well-wishing friends.

"Stop waving, darling," said the happiest man in the world. "I want to look at you—you never seemed so beautiful as you do right now!"

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By Mme. Jeannette

IT is one of the fascinating miracles of today that pretty women become beautiful—and quite plain ones become really attractive—through the simple arts of the dressing-table.

But much depends upon the kinds of powder and rouge that you choose, and upon the skill with which they are applied. Too many women make the mistake of using miscellaneous cosmetics.

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Pompeian Bloom is the rouge especially prepared for use with Pompeian Beauty Powder. It can be had in the new Orange Tint or the regular shades.

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The "feeding," and "refining," and "cleansing" of your skin comprise three distinct actions, and Pompeian Night Cream offers this trio of benefits.

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The softening effect of certain of these oil-attributes refines the skin, making it soft and delicate.

To obtain the greatest benefit from this cream, you must use it regularly—*this means at least once every day.* The best time, if you use it but once a day, is at night just before retiring.

Begin a gentle massage. Start at the point of your chin, using firm, light finger-tips. Move your fingers in little circles, gradually working upward and outward. After a few minutes of this treatment, pat your face and neck with smart little blows till some, or all, of the cream has become absorbed. Wipe off all remaining traces. And finish this treatment with a brisk dashing of cold water.

Pat in the moisture, and you should find your skin firm, smooth and soft to the touch; or, if your skin still feels dry, rub in just enough cream to relieve it of the drawn feeling.

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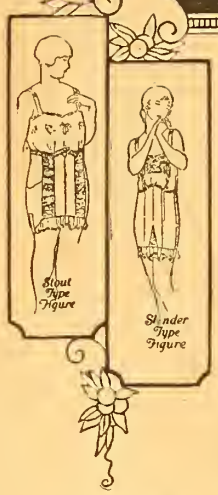

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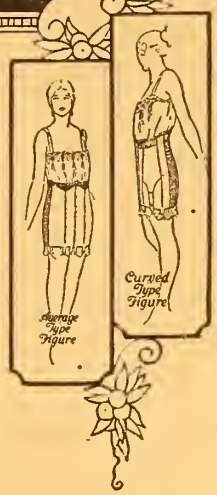

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On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 76*)

of the chariot race, a little freckle-face like Wesley Barry would come from behind one of the chariots and win the race on a scooter.

Lew Cody and Adolphe Menjou were recently making a personal appearance at an inland town in California, and Lew rashly offered to answer any questions that the audience wished to ask. "Who is your favored actress," came the prompt demand. The two actors looked at each other in dismay; retired for a moment's conference, then came back with the diplomatic announcement, "Babby Peggy."

Norma Talmadge has closed her studio for a couple of months in order to go to Florida on a yachting trip with her husband, Joseph Schenck. They will be guests of Irving Berlin. Norma's next picture will be a flapper drama called "The House of Youth," by Maude Radford Warren.

Altho Rex Ingram was expected to be in Europe for a long time—perhaps forever—it has been announced definitely that when he finishes "The Arab" in North Africa, he will return to Hollywood to film "The World's Illusion" for Metro.

George Melford's wife got a divorce from the director last week. She said that, while she still loved him, that he had fallen in love with Jacqueline Logan. The court sent for Mr. Melford, who denied any but a friendly interest in Miss Logan, the leading woman of his company. He stated that he had just simply ceased to love his wife and wanted to "live his own life."

First National executives gave a big banquet to Samuel Goldwyn last week and made it the occasion to announce a producing program which will total more than $6,000,000.

Percy Marmont will play the lead in the production of "Babbitt" to be directed by Henry Beaumont for Warner Brothers.

The original of the boy who played the piano in the saloon in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" turned up at the Metro studios just as they were beginning to shoot the picture and was engaged by Clarence Badger, the director, to play himself.

Virginia Fox was married, the other day, to Darryl F. Zanuck, a scenario writer.

INTIMATE THINGS

When a man s in love he's likely to show the kinks in his disposition. If you want to know how Glenn Hunter acts since he became engaged to May Mc Avoy read

THE EDITOR GOSSIPS

It's an inside story, just as all the stories are that appear in this monthly department of chatty news, humor, and intimate things.

Do You Resemble a Screen Star?

(*Continued from page 33*)

According To:

Louis M. Goodstadt: *Casting Director*
Famous Players-Lasky Studios

Resemblance is a distinct bar if the possessor exploits that fact.

Imitation never can be successful, particularly in motion pictures where distinct individuality is a definite stock in trade.

It will pay any beginner who happens to resemble a star to forget that fact, to go after success purely on his own merits.

Robert McIntyre: *Casting Director*
Goldwyn Studios

The success of a newcomer depends entirely on an individual personality.

It is this individuality we are looking for most earnestly among the newcomers to the screen, presupposing talent, of course.

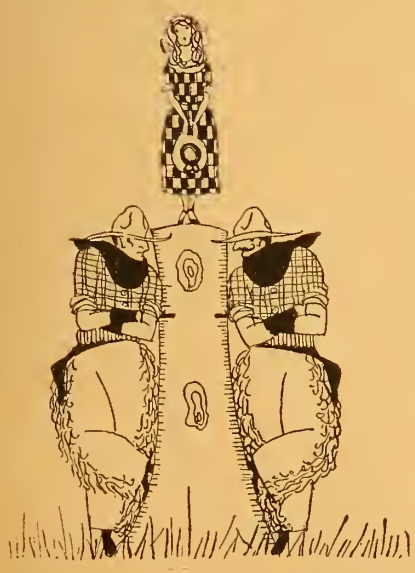
If persons are recommended to me because they are a second edition of some notable artist, I am immediately prejudiced against them.

These newcomers may be acceptable in their own right, but they come to me a blank so far as peculiar personality is concerned. And I dont think this is a narrow point of view.

Jerome Storm: *Director*

It is a mistake for anyone to come to Hollywood with the idea of getting into pictures just because of a superficial resemblance to one of the established stars of the screen.

To encourage either a girl or a boy to come to Hollywood because he or she looks like some famous star is pernicious. If, on the other hand, a boy or girl has genuine theatrical talent, tried out on the stage or in amateur theatricals, he or she will find upon arrival in Hollywood that resemblance to a star will not hinder the aspirant in achieving success on the screen.



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Combat that dingy film

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Teeth are clouded by that viscous film you feel. It clings and stays. Soon it forms a dingy coat. Then teeth lose their luster and beauty.

Film holds food substances which ferment and form acid. The acid causes decay. Germs breed by millions in it. With tartar, they are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

After long research, dental science discovered two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

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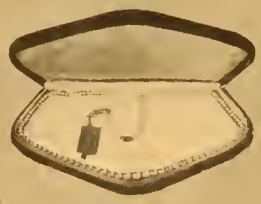

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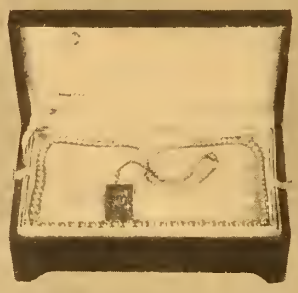

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Hollywood Needs More Like Him

(*Continued from page* 35)

Without bothering to explain how he escaped a watery grave, he picked up the narrative in Australia, and continued from there!

Old London Days

Dear old London itself was his birthplace, and he was educated there and in Surrey, at St. Anne's College. The theater claimed him when he was quite young, and he received his theatrical schooling under such artists as Sir George Alexander and Sir Beerbohm Tree. With Tree, at His Majesty's Theater in London, he appeared for four years in Shakespearean repertoire and modern plays.

Later he was with Cyril Maude for two years at the Haymarket, and at famous old Drury Lane he appeared for several seasons in those jolly little Shaw and Ibsen dramas so dear to the elect. He created the leading male rôle in "The Eternal City." When not appearing in London, he was touring around in all sorts of odd and interesting places. Sydney and Algiers are as well known to him as Hollywood Boulevard and Times Square.

It was his quaint fancy to enter our country by the back door, landing at San Francisco five years ago with the intention of remaining among us for just three weeks. He was having a short vacation from Shakespeare and the rest of the boys.

He dashed across the continent to New York, but right then and there America, in the form of Miss Elise Ferguson (may she pardon the figure of speech), grabbed hold of his coat tails and refused to let him continue on his way back to London. She needed a leading man for "Rose of the World" and, tho Mr. Marmont knew little of the mysteries of the silver screen, he agreed to an initiation.

He was not, as he expresses it, "too awful" in that picture, and did the following Ferguson picture, "The Lie."

Frohman then decided to lure Mr. Marmont back to the legitimate stage. This he did, giving him a leading rôle in "Three Bears," a play later filmed under the title "Three Men and a Girl," in which Marmont also appeared.

Following came a season with Ethel Barrymore in "Camille," after which he again returned to the screen, appearing with Geraldine Farrar, Marguerite Clark and since then, goodness knows, almost everybody else.

"I like America," he said it sincerely, not in an effort to please. "Why shouldn't I? You have been wonderful to me here. I wish I had come out twenty years ago."

He is not very enthusiastic over picture-making abroad. "The European studios lack the equipment you have here. It is possible to make good pictures there, with American directors and technical men, but without them it is almost impossible. The British people, I know, will not go to see a film advertised as an 'All British Production.' They prefer American pictures, every time.

"I enjoyed going back home to make 'If Winter Comes.' I hope to be able to do a picture over there occasionally, but this country has become my real home. I'm building, in Hollywood."

After which we talked real estate as do all good Californians, be they from London, England, or Spokane, Washington. Mr. Marmont, I might add, is married and has two little daughters.

Marmont and Torrence Are Friends

He and Ernest Torrence, our great plainsman from Edinburgh, have been friends for many years. Every Sunday morning they get together on the links at one of the country clubs, indulge in the ancient Scottish game of golf and talk about the days before they discovered America, when they were, respectively, just one young Englishman and one young Scotchman trying to get along, and "frightfully hard up all the time, you know."

Mr. Marmont seems frankly pleased with his success in this country, but he considers the public, not himself, the leading factor in that success. If he possesses the slightest trace of self-conceit he certainly has me fooled, and I've known too many actors to be misled often.

One thing has him puzzled. He gets a great deal of fan mail addressed to "Miss Eileen Percy Marmont" and he hasn't the faintest idea, you know, what to do with it. He is not acquainted with Miss Percy, he says, and hardly considers it the gentlemanly thing to be reading her mail. Certainly the Americans are oddly careless in their correspondence, sometimes, but he likes us. *Rather.*

He took me out to my car, later, and smiled a nice, friendly "good-bye."

"I'll go back to my missionary-ing, now," he said. "Tell the truth about me, won't you?"

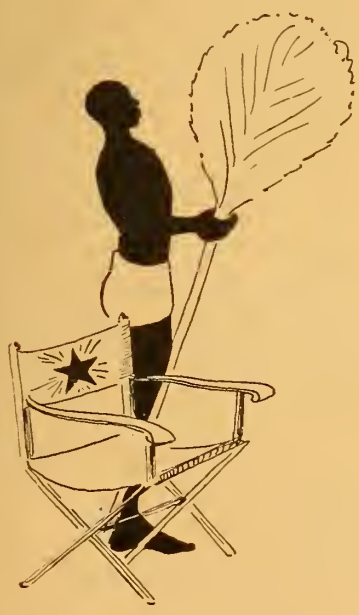
"He's a Swell Guy"

I drove into Hollywood, stopping at the photographer's for the pictures reproduced with this article.

"Gee," said the photographer's little office girl. "That Percy Marmont is a swell guy. He was in here for several sittings, and he certainly is a swell guy."

"Yes," I agreed, remembering the almost boyish ingenuousness of his manner and his pleasant friendliness. "We could use a few more like him in Hollywood. He is a swell guy, all right, all right."

Which, I trust Mr. Marmont understands, is a decided compliment, in America.



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Three Weeks

(*Continued from page* 30)

of life is before you. Life in your England, safe and full of daily joys. Work. Family. You are so young . . ." those words were a caress. Paul felt the implication and a slight tremor shook him. He tried to speak, but the Lady stopped him with a slight gesture; "I shall hurt you very much, Paul," she said, "if I give you your soul, it will be a soul to save, but it will be, also, a soul to suffer. Never again will you see things quite as you see them now. Never again will the little joys be sufficient for you. It is a tremendous step . . . Paul. . . .

"You must never seek to discover who I am. Nor where I come from. You and I . . . I for you . . . you for me . . . that must be the boundary of our world . . . within that world. . . ." The Lady stretched forth her arms and Paul thought the moonlight filtered in thru the half-drawn curtains as if to get within her circling arms. . . . "All around me," the Lady resumed, "are blood and tears and cold steel . . . are these fit things . . . for love . . .?"

Paul came near to her and dropped on his knees. He took her hand and covered it with kisses, ardent and warm. What did blood and cold steel matter to him if he could hold that hand? What were tears if they fell from their eyes fired once by love like this? What were life and death but tributes to a greater thing than either one of these?

He tried to tell her so, in a voice that broke and faltered from overweight of emotion.

The Lady took a tuberose from her breast and crushed it into his hand so closely clasping hers.

"Go, Paul, and dream of me," she said, "I must be alone . . . and remember . . . there is Tomorrow . . ."

. . . . . .

On the morrow, just as Paul was writing Isabella a difficult letter breaking their engagement, the Lady's servant, Dimitry, came to him with a summons from the Lady.

Paul found her resting on the royal tiger skin he had sent her in the morning. He found it while walking with rapid restless steps about the village near at hand. It had seemed to him like the Lady. Magnificent. Wild. Tender. A fit place for her to rest, who, he knew, could never really rest.

When he came to her he knew that she loved it. That she knew why he had sent it. And when she called him to her and, for the first time, she held him in her arms, close to her beautiful, throbbing breast, Paul knew all things beautiful and strange. All things holy and high. All things mystical and merciful. He knew, too, that underneath the light of her eyes were the sad tears she had warned him of. That underneath her satin skin was the threat of cold steel. That underneath the tumult of their hearts was the blood that might any day be spilled. . . . Their lips met . . . worlds raced past them . . . life and death were never again more than words to Paul . . .

Later, he sat at her feet and showed her pictures of his home, of his mother and father, of his dog, Pike. And the Lady, unwontedly quiet and at peace, stroked his fair head with fingers that were softer and tenderer than the moonlight had been when it fell upon him the night he had first seen her. . . .

Days and nights . . .
Nights and days . . .

Sun and moon and stars.

Love.

The Lady opened worlds within worlds to Paul. His soul, heretofore dormant in his healthy unawakened body, quickened and was alive. As Undine was awakened by a kiss, so was the soul of Paul awakened by the Lady. He had never dreamed that love could be like this . . . a supernal thing . . . transcending human experience . . . more divine than desire . . . more precious than passion . . . blent of them both, of them all. . . . Now, no matter what, no matter where, nothing again could touch Paul's soul or heart. Love like this could never die, never abate. It *was*. Intrinsic. Past the boundary of the human mind. Held against her heart, listening to her voice, Paul knew the secret essences of the worlds past and to come . . . precious and perfect and enduring . . .

Over them, at all times, making their love more poignant, more fiercely precious, was the deathly sweet breath of the tuberoses. . . . They foreshadowed an ultimate end about which, as yet, Paul dared not even dream . . . to dream of separation now was to dream of a death more dreadful, more not-to-be-borne than any death the body could ever know. . . .

The first definite warning came when the Lady decided that they should leave Lucerne for Venice. Paul did not know, and his Lady did not want him to know, but Dimitry had warned her that the spy, Petrovitch, had been seen near the Hotel —and the Lady felt the cold foreshadowing of the colder steel.

In Venice their love waxed again and the Lady said, "As the moon waxes, so shall our love wax, my Paul. . . ."

And Paul said, very slowly, "And when it wanes, beloved?"

The Lady held his head between her two warm tender hands; "Love never wanes, my Paul, when it is true," she said. "No power on earth can change it and Death but makes it more perfect. I want you to remember this . . . afterward. Now I want you to remember only me . . . only that we are together . . . utterly together . . . this little while."

. . . . . .

A banquet for two, with the sun-flooded wine the Lady loved.

Never had she been more beautiful, more tender.

And afterward she led him to a couch of roses, soft, breathing their beautiful, dying breaths as if conscious of the beauty of their several goings.

That night Paul knew the transcendent heights of what great love can mean. That night his Lady talked to him . . . of other things . . . of the force she wanted him to be in the world when he should go back to England again . . . the big man she wanted him to be . . . Love, she told him, should build beautiful, towering structures, not work havoc and destruction . . . love was of the soul as well as of the body . . . and the work of the soul should be to build monuments to a love that could never die, having no beginning and no end. . . .

"But if you should ever leave me . . . !" Paul cried out.

"I shall never leave you," the Lady said, "when we are apart I shall be with you. *Never again will you be alone.* This is the thing you must know. This is the precious ointment I would spill at your feet, my Love, my Love. . . ."

In the morning she was gone.

Paul awakened from a sleep too heavy to be real. The breaths of the roses were dying, too. The night had died and was shrouded in early mist-violet and old gold,

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shot with bands of umber pain. And she was gone.

On the first syllable of her voice Paul fainted.

. . . . . .

Long days of weakness and convalescence in England. Long dreary hours of pain and longing, not to be borne. Utter indifference to the dragging of the days, the leaden-footed passing of the nights. Efforts not to be impatient when his mother and father, and even the still-solicitous Isabella, tried to minister to him . . . to divert him. . . .

His Lady . . . his Love . . . efforts to hold on to what she had told him about never being alone . . . ah, but her arms . . . her lips . . . the precious beauty of her words. . . .

Then the letter, containing a baby curl and the command to come to Constantinople where Dimitry would meet him. . . .

The wild joy . . . the utter joy of that trip, knowing that he was going to her . . . and to their son. . . .

Their meeting. Their meeting.

"You must go on," the Lady told him, again, "you must go on, my Paul . . . if I can do this for you . . . it will never be lonely . . . never be in vain . . . you have been ill, now you must be well . . . some day . . . somewhere . . . again. This had not been for nothing. Will you believe me?"

. . . . . .

Six years later Paul came, at last, into his own. Into peace. Into a sense of power. Into a knowledge of what his beautiful Lady had meant in the last words she had ever said to him, before the king had stabbed her . . . before she had died breathing Paul's name in Paul's arms . . .

He had come again to the Kingdom of which she had been Queen to witness the coronation of her son—and his.

Standing there in the throng of spectators while the crown of Sardalia was placed upon the baby head, crowned with curls as fair as Paul's own, Paul felt, again, the pressure of her dear arms about him, heard her low voice breathing, "Love like this can never die" and on a broken, breathing sound had answered "I know . . . I know . . . I know . . ."

The icebergs of loneliness and bitterness broke away from his heart. He would never again be alone. Love.

The Songs of Doris Kenyon

(*Continued from page* 23)

A fleeting cry came to me from those eyes:
And then by word and deed you held me fast
Until my heart cried out to loose the bonds,
I flung you from me and alas I found
That parting chained me to you endlessly.

Love, our flower-white moments
Have burned into black hours—
Leaving only charred ashes . . .
And my sighs.

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Travel Is Cert'nly Educational

(*Continued from page* 56)

getting led away from home and other regular movie subjects aren't good for their morals! Those foreigners certainly have got some queer ideas.

So there we were without anything to see except only cathedrals and museums and like that. And all the billboards in Germany covered with pictures of Fatty Arbuckle being kicked by a mule or hit by a custard pie. They dont have any of that noncensorship in Europe and Will Hays hasn't got any say what people shall see outside the three-mile limit. Right here was when we began to understand what people mean when they talk about the hardships of travel.

It was different in Paris, tho the picture shows there are so long, with three five-reel features in each bill, that it doesn't give a tourist much time to see anything else. But, as I told Bill, you can always buy picture post-cards of Notre Dame and the Eiffel Tower, which is just the same as seeing them besides saving a lot of time for more important things. There were four picture houses within a block of our hotel so we were right in the center of Parisian life.

Of course, while we were in France we thought we ought to see some native fillums—travel is so broadening. So we went to two or three in which the plot was that the lady's husband was such a brute that the poor girl had to live with some other man to save her self-respect. They have a habit in France of stopping the picture without warning every few minutes and turning on the lights so the people who have just come in can find a seat, which is not so bad when it is a French fillum because mostly nothing is usually happening anyway but when they kept turning off "The Two Orphans" just as Lillian Gish was being abducted or abused or executed why it did annex my Angora.

We were going to a museum called the Louver the last afternoon but it rained, and luckily they were showing the seventh chapter of a Pearl White serial right next door to the hotel. There was a Charlie Chaplin on the same bill—only they call him Charlot. People in France are so uneducated they cant speak anything except just French.

A friend who has often been to Europe's wife told me to be sure not to miss the Riviera. She said Nice made such a stylish postmark on letters home, and besides there was a beauty shop on the Promenade des Anglais where you could get a henna for only fifteen American cents. No one who goes to Europe should miss the Riviera—there is a movie theater in the Casino at Nice where they change the pictures every day, so there's no reason for getting bored. A queer thing about the French movie houses, the high priced seats are all in the back and in the gallery because you can see better there, instead of like we have them in the front downstairs because we can be *seen* better.

"I've been wondering where those famous French gowns was" says Bill, "but now I suppose they must all be in the peanut gallery. Tho I haven't seen a woman over here that would be even visible on Broadway. This French fizz is all well enough," says my husband patriotically, "but as for me, give me home brew and home brewnettes," he says.

We stayed in Nice two weeks. There was a Carnival while we were there but it came on the same afternoon as Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy" so we couldn't

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get to see it. You cant take in everything while you're traveling.

Then afterwards we went to Rome which is a lovely place and so cheap. Just think, the best seats in all the cinemas only cost ten cents in our money! The first morning we were there Bill asked our waiter what we ought to see in town. The waiter set down the coffee so he could speak—an Italian with his hands full is practically dumb.

"Ah, Señor—the pictures! Nowhere in all the world are there such beautiful pictures as in Rome!"

"What picture is the best to see?" Bill asks, jingling his pockets. Money talks, and believe me, it speaks all languages.

"Ah!" says the temperamental waiter beating his breast, clasping his hands and rolling his eyes, "but certainly 'The Last Judgment'! Everyone must see 'The Last Judgment'!"

"By Griffeth?" Bill asks, and the waiter says no, it was a fellow of the name of Mike Angelo who must be some dago producer because none of his pictures get Broadway releases or I would of heard of him. And after all we couldn't find the house showing "The Last Judgment," because the Italians are a queer lot and dont understand English no matter how plain you speak. But there was a Cecil De Mille, five reels and bath, and one of Norma Talmadge's and we saw Nero too, which gave us a good idea of Rome without having to pay taxi fare.

The movies aren't silent drama in Italy, I'm here to tell you. Whenever the villain appears, those spaghetti addicts hiss him, and when the golden-haired heroine gets driven out into the storm they sob aloud and tear their hair. Their own fillums are awful, and you see American pictures everywhere. I dont believe that "Last Judgment" would have been much good even if we could of found the house where it was showing.

They say there's some fine singing at the opera in Rome, but Bill doesn't care for grand Wopera so we didn't go. On the way home from seeing "Where the Pavement Ends" at a theater on the Corso, which is Main Street in Rome, we passed by a bunch of tumbled-down masonry with one or two marble pillars sticking up that the taxi driver said was the Forum but whatever it was certainly needed repairing.

The last place we went to was England. We saw the King and Queen and the Duke of York's wedding—no, not in Westminster, in the news reels at the cinema. As a matter of fact, we didn't get to see the Abbey at all there was so much else to do, and as I said to Bill, "it's been there a long while," I says, "it can wait a little longer." "Douglas Fairbanks in Robinhood" was showing in one of the London theaters, the first time, they told us, that a movie had ever been used in a regular playhouse there. Only they didn't understand what we meant by "movie," and when we explained they said, "Oh, deah, you mean a *cinema*. How extraordinary! *Movie!* Fancy now!"

Think of that. They dont understand English in *England*, either! And they told us that some of the lower classes referred to cinemas as "flickers"—*Flickers*, get that? Isn't that the angleworm's ankles! *Flickers*.

As Bill said when the boat was sailing up the bay and the skyscrapers of Manhattan were looming up on the horizon, it was good to get back to God's own country and hear God's own language, and besides we would see the new fillum two weeks sooner on this side. But we had a wonderful trip, all the same, and saw everything there *was* to see in Europe.

Yes, traveling is certainly educational.

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That's Out

(*Continued from page* 46)

let us see how much of a box-office success it is and how much more money it makes than "Three Weeks" or "Why Girls Leave Home."

THE "ART" OF THE MOVIES

Poor girl starving to death in million-dollar apartment.

Close-up seat of man's pants after having been placed on a red-hot stove.

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A frieze of marvelous grotesques,
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So real they seem! So mad and gay,
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These actors in a whirling play
Of loves and hates, of tears and glee——
Some are fantastic, furry beasts,
Wise dogs and cats miraculous,
Who upright, walk to casual feasts
To fights or frenzies ponderous.
I love them well! I will not think
A blotter could destroy their life
That they were born of pen and ink
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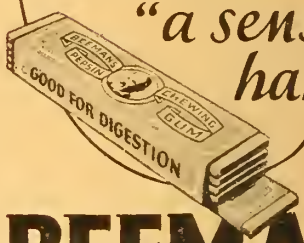

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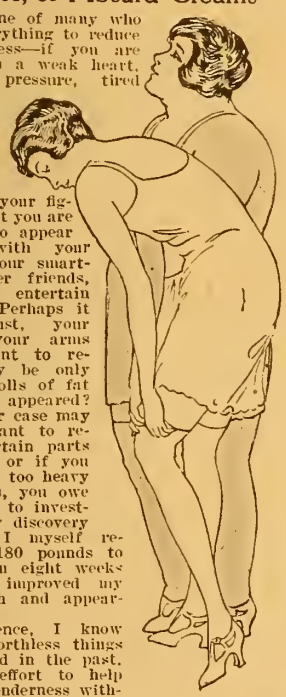

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Send me, Free of Charge, full information on the French discovery for the relief of Excessive Fat.

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Exit the Flapper Heroine

(*Continued from page* 44)

woman with years of struggle and bitter experiences behind her. She has been a circus rider, a professional dancer, and had to fight her way thru all kinds of obstacles to get a chance in the movies.

Norma Talmadge, whose work in "Secrets" promises to be one of the great triumphs of screen history, is still young but she has been married for some time and is no longer in the baby ingénue class.

In fact, all the fine work on the screen is now being done by girls who are young enough to have romantic appeal but who have lived long enough to know what life is really about.

Pola Negri, for instance, is just at the height of her power and at the high tide of her life. Her producers have all but wrecked her American tour by trying to make over all her heroine parts into pure white flowers.

They made "Bella Donna" ridiculous by trying to make us believe that the lady wanted to be as good as good can be, but was under the spell of a naughty influence of some kind; nobody could quite figure out what it was.

Pola, being a sensible, clear-minded woman, has now set her foot down with a thump. She absolutely and firmly refuses to play any more heroines who are beautiful and sweety-sweety and "all white" as she calls them.

When Pola first came over, and when Lubitsch came soon after, they were both surrounded by anxious producers who told them that the American audiences want this and that and the other thing; and that everything must be chemically pure.

For a minute the foreigners were stopped in dismay. But they had the good sense to realize that the American audiences are pretty much like all other audiences.

So Lubitsch, left to choose his own play for Warner Brothers after Mary Pickford's "Rosita," picked out a satire called "The Marriage Circle."

The theme would have brought gooseflesh out on the producers years ago.

It is considered to be the all-around best acted play ever put on in Hollywood with the possible exception of "A Woman of Paris." And every actress in it is a veteran beyond the flapper class.

Marie Prevost cannot claim many years but has been on the screen nearly ten years and is a veteran who knows hard knocks. She has risked her life doubling for Mack Sennett comedians in dangerous "gags." She has pounded her way thru every imaginable obstacle. And Marie has been a married lady, which places her beyond the flapper barriers. Lubitsch says she is the finest actress he has seen in America.

Florence Vidor, after a long struggle, is just coming into the fame and recognition that she is entitled to. She has been learning how to act a little better with each picture. "The Marriage Circle" finds her a finished artist—but also finds her the mother of a four-year-old daughter.

Monte Blue, in whom Lubitsch thinks he has found a very remarkable actor, is a veteran who started in as a cowboy rider in "The Birth of a Nation."

Adolphe Menjou and Creighton Hale are both mature men of family.

In other words, Hollywood seems finally to have arrived at the conclusion that kids cant act.

The only actress besides Pola who has survived the massacre of stars at Lasky's, is Gloria Swanson. Lubitsch, from a rival studio, proclaims her, next to Marie Prevost and Mary Pickford, the finest actress

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Fill out coupon carefully, stating exactly natural color of hair. If possible enclose a lock with your letter. When the trial outfit comes, make the famous "single-lock" test. You will be overjoyed by results.

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Pert Rouge

he has seen in America. And Gloria, altho still safely in the twenties, is not a child. She has found and discarded two husbands.

Many expert critics in Hollywood film circles consider Leatrice Joy to be the finest actress that has ever been on the screen. She is possibly a little younger than the others I have mentioned but she is a married lady and has had several years of hard plugging in the films.

One of the most notable instances of the change of thought in picture producing was seen in Charlie Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris." Altho not a flapper any longer, Edna Purviance could have made herself look almost any age. She deliberately chose to let herself look a little mature and more than a little experienced. The heroine that she showed us was one who had lost her illusions; but who was old enough and disillusioned enough to know that illusions do not matter much. Nor disillusions.

When von Stroheim insisted upon building the sodden love story of "Greed" around Zazu Pitts, the Goldwyn folks had one last agonized qualm. They wanted him to use a famous screen beauty; but he refused to direct the picture without Zazu.

And so it goes.

Bessie Love is the only unmarried girl I know who is rising very rapidly in the screen world. And she is a veteran of several years' hard and bitter struggle.

Patsy Ruth Miller, Mary Philbin and Lucille Ricksen might achieve something big some day—it's a fifty-fifty chance.

But the girls of real promise are all girls with either a lot of experience in real life or many years of experience on the screen.

Look them over.

Mabel Normand, Mae Busch, Carmel Myers, Mary Pickford, Corinne Griffith. And those I have already mentioned.

It all goes to show that you cannot tell to other people what you have not learned yourself and the lessons are tough and hard.

Sh-h-h! Don't tell, but Miss Norma will bare the secrets of a wife

Joseph M. Schenck *presents*

Norma Talmadge

in

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The screen's most popular actress in her most delightful drama since "Smilin' Through." A story of a wondrous love, written by Rudolf Besier and May Edginton; based on the Sam H. Harris play, "Secrets." Directed by Frank Borzage

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From the Novel by William Hurlburt and
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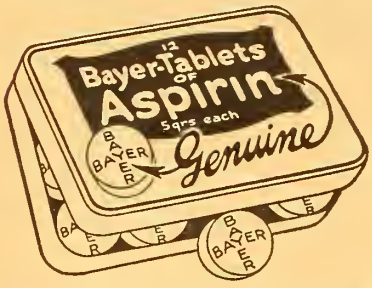

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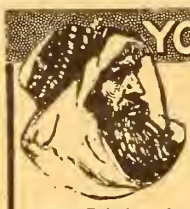

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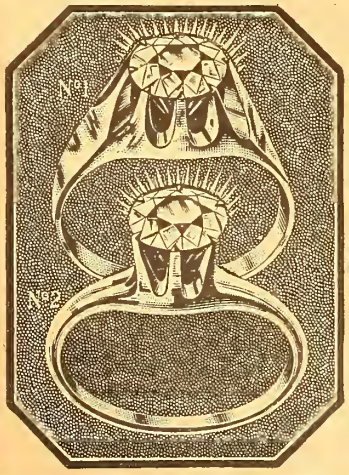

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Comment on Other Productions

(*Continued from page* 53)

carrying on its scenes and incident in direct action. The book has excited a wide demand—and the film seems destined to attract audiences—particularly feminine audiences, because of its theme founded upon the search for the fountain of youth —a movement started by Ponce de Leon some centuries ago.

The love affair of a woman of sixty who has her youth restored by the w. k. Steinach operation takes up the burden of the plot. This middle-aged dowager, being thoroly schooled in the art of courtship—what with years to study the psychology of romance, captivates a young writer, played with little spark by Conway Tearle. He begins his pursuit in a collection of badly designed settings. These are not so noticeable at the start because the attention is held by the bravery of the would-be ingénue in telling her sixty-year-old girl friends how she has succeeded in keeping a perfect thirty-six.

Too much effort has been put into this picture to make it interesting to the end. The jazz element often irritates because it is obviously introduced. The story is uneven. But we must consider Corinne Griffith who compels attention because of her charm and simplicity of manner—even if her sixty-year-old representation is often out of focus with reality. The best performance is contributed by Kate Lester. Clara Bow is given to exaggerated expression in her attempt to make the flapper genuine.

It is a sumptuous production—and as mentioned above, is certain to excite patronage. The sale on the book and Miss Griffith's personality will draw the crowds —to say nothing of the original theme—which everybody has heard about.

The Rendezvous

Just what Marshall Neilan was driving at here, it is difficult to determine. He has spent considerable time and money—which might better have been employed on some more worthy material. The story starts nowhere and finishes nowhere — merely being an orthodox—or, rather, a hopelessly conventional romance between a Russian girl and an American soldier—a romance touched up with melodramatic devices. There is a brutal Siberian wolf-hound of the human species present to embarrass the heroine and lend vividness to the tale—so one may realize that it mostly concerns romantic conflict.

The finish is in sight all the way. What sparks it furnishes are found in Sydney Chaplin's performance of an Ol' Bill type of English soldier — and some fair-to-middlin' action. It does not satisfy the emotions and the picture left us cold. The bad points overbalance the good points. In the cast is Lucille Ricksen, who may be called a most promising ingénue, even if she is not a good selection for the rôle of the Russian girl.

The Man Life Passed By

Hectic and thoroly false to life—telling a sordid, morbid tale of the ups and downs —mostly downs—of a gross simpleton who permits a rich scalawag to force him to the depths of despondency, sharply emphasizing the crude contrasts of poverty and riches, touching all the theatric devices of Blaney's day—this picture is about the poorest attempt to make capital of characterization that has been revealed in a year.

There is nothing lifelike about it. It

rushes frantically thru its scenes, paying little heed to sequence, but carrying on its banal story with all the convenient tricks long since discarded by discriminate authors and play-doctors. The young inventor extracts little sympathy in his downward journey. His invention is stolen from him—and he becomes a dreg of society. Then he sees the light in a mission—meets the rich scalawag's two charming daughters, falls in love with one of them, saves the other from the usual fate—and is helped back to his erstwhile position by a contrite enemy. It tries to strike a note of faith, but the incident is so false, so crudely melodramatic—that the humanities are never expressed. Percy Marmont struggles bravely to make his rôle genuine, but his poise and understanding are incapable of overcoming the exaggerations.

Three Miles Out

The rum fleet—or rather one of its runners, anchored beyond the three-mile limit of the Jersey coast—is on view here, furnishing a background for a crazy yarn of a shanghaied disciple of virtue—and his sweetheart who in an unguarded moment has found herself at sea with as hefty a bunch of cutthroats as ever sailed the deep—and this goes for the Pirates of Penzance as well as for Cap'n Kidd's picturesque crew. This girl, sitting on a jury, had succeeded in winning over the eleven men in acquitting the man under indictment. She lingers in the court-room, ostensibly to powder her face, but in reality to extend sympathy to the man. Result? A romance.

What follows is the frenzied action aboard the rum boat. It is a wild, but merry tale—one ridiculous in the extreme, but shot full of brimming comedy. Ivan Linow, heretofore a wrestler who never threw anyone of consequence, easily throws this plot for a count of an hour's continuous laughter. His huge bulk, his grinning countenance which occasionally leers with an expression of wolfish cunning—these marks of his personality make him ideal for the villainous rum-hound. The Emerson - Loos team contributes some capital titles. Madge Kennedy makes a wide-eyed and wistful foil for the leering and ludicrous Linow. A mirthful hour will be enjoyed here.

Gentle Julia

Booth Tarkington doesn't have any trouble disposing of his stories of adolescence. Every time he dashes off a tale of the "young terribles" there is a producer awaiting to capture it for the flickering drama. His "Gentle Julia" carries on with the same romantic urgings and pretensions—telling a simple little tale of a spirited young charmer whose most faithful admirer is an awkward dolt of seventeen who lives across the way. The usual characters are in their accustomed places—including the childish irrepressible who sticks up for the ardent swain. Her precocious insight into character is valuable in the end. Julia dashes off to Chicago—to be disillusioned by a city chap who regards her as a tender fledgling, the while he is pursuing bigger game.

The picture is best with its incident which is faithful to Tarkington and any Main Street town. It is delightfully played by Mary Arthur as the child teaser—a true type—one instantly recognized as the property of the author. She steals the picture away from Bessie Love and Harold Goodwin, who play the young romancers. It is sketchy—this picture, but fairly bright.

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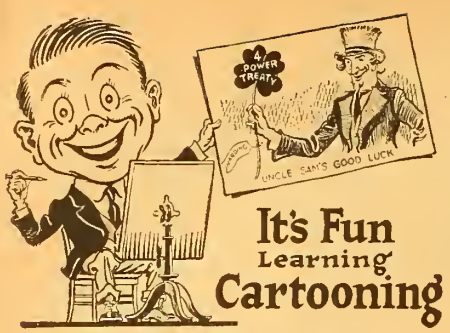

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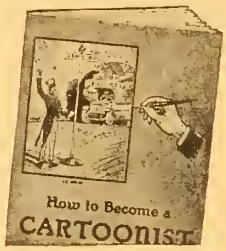

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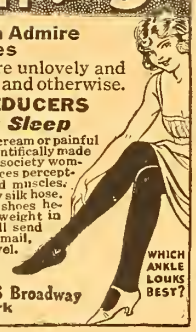

Hook and Ladder

Except for some illuminating comedy which registers a bit of slap-stick, this picture doesn't contain anything of consequence. A cowpuncher acting as valet to a herd of shorthorns runs afoul of the law, but escapes by attending a fire in the city to which the train has taken him—and bedecking himself in a fireman's coat and helmet. He gets into the fire department and plays the boob—and the good points feature him taking a course of sprouts—such as jumping into the net and scaling a ladder.

There is a silly romance tacked on—to permit the boob to register love with the battalion chief's daughter. But irrelevant episodes intrude which spoil the comedy hokum. For instance, there is much planting of crooked political work—with a climax showing the girl trapped in the home of the boss—a home which has been set on fire by the villain. The boob fireman rescues her from the flames. Hoot Gibson injects plenty of color into his work—but much of his work is spoiled by the half-baked melodrama.

The Whispered Name

As the title suggests, this picture is concerned with blackmail. It starts out to prove that a girl is the captain of her soul, but soon develops into divorce entanglements. When the country swain who has lured her to the city under promises of matrimony makes a hasty retreat because of being exposed by an eavesdropper to their conversation, the girl and her benefactor are compromised by witnesses for the latter's wife—witnesses who take flashlight snaps of them in the heroine's hotel room.

What follows is the conflict between this husband and wife. Coincidence enters to establish the romance. The girl—without a bit of training—gets a job as the "sob sister" editor of a paper—and falls in love with the managing editor. His chief subordinate operates a scandal sheet and he sends the girl to interview the wife. Which brings on the climax. The story is laboriously told—and isn't sustaining with its scenes and incident. Moreover, it is not well acted. There are too many convenient touches to make it vital.

Through the Dark

Tricky melodrama is on view in this Boston Blackie story—which is more consistent and therefore more convincing than the late entries of the colorful crook who has brought its creator, Jack Boyle, into the limelight. This author is occasionally hurried in fashioning his stories—so that they lack the plausibility which might have been registered had he had time to do his work well. Apparently Boyle has been given plenty of time to create this photoplay—which is unusually well written and carries on with satisfactory action and suspense—two elements that must be incorporated in this type of plot to furnish appeal.

Blackie is shown again the way to go straight—but in giving him his halo, the sponsors have worked in logical fashion. The crook escapes from San Quentin, aided by a boarding-school girl whose father was a criminal and whose brothers are devoted to crime. Before his regeneration is effected, the spectator is treated to a fulsome quota of thrills and suspensive adventure. There is a spiritual note incorporated which will please the mass mind. The picture is acted competently enough by a cast chosen for its adaptability, tho Forrest Stanley's personality is hardly in keeping with the rôle of the crook.

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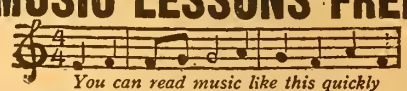

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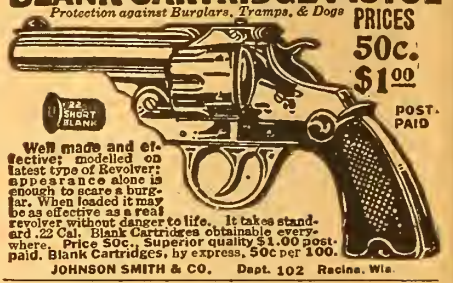

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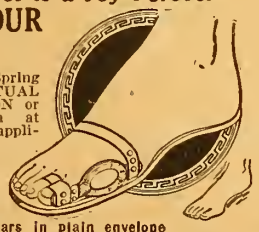

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The Exiles

A turbulent story, this—one which has been produced to keep the imagination on the *qui vive*, but which fails because of its dime-novel pretensions. To begin with, there is introduced a far-fetched mystery element—with an innocent girl involved in the law to such an extent that she dashes off to Tangiers—to become an exile. Which inspires the prosecuting attorney to follow—to make amends. And he succeeds after scenes that are the last word in rushing melodramatic hokum. There is conflict of the usual order—and a pursuit over the hot sands. It offers glaring errors of omission and commission. The picture is played in frantic manner—in keeping with its knockabout action.

The Printer's Devil

Hokum in its wildest form is dished up in this creaking story—which carries a production comparable to those made in the days of three-reelers—and that is many years ago. Wesley Barry has lost his ability to charm the screengoer. He cannot capitalize his freckles any more—because there are a half dozen youngsters (not as yet in long trousers), who carry more iron in their system. Mickey Daniels for example. Barry isn't old enough for romance—and he has exhausted the tricks which appealed before he stepped into adolescence. He is very camera-conscious now.

The plot? The old bunk of the village newspaper's being put over on a country simpleton who starts in to make a success of it. He is assisted by the "printer's devil," a type long since passed out of the picture except in remote hamlets. Harry Myers tries hard—very, very hard to inject some comedy. But the creaking and absurd plot is against him. There isn't a convincing note in it. The staging is bad—and the acting, aside from Myers, mediocre.

His Mystery Girl

Making over a woman-hater is the idea behind this picture—which for purposes of action and suspense is treated with a vein of mystery. So frenzied is the plot that one wonders why it was crammed with so much incident in view of its obvious elements. The theme might have touched the high spots had it been developed along farcical lines. Instead it is treated seriously—with emphasis placed upon rushing action. Consequently the players are never at ease. A woman-hater stumbles upon a jazz party and becomes shocked—so much so, that his irresponsible brother takes it upon himself to make his relative over. The girl, selected, leads him a merry chase—leads him squarely to the altar—but before the thing is over, there is shown considerable rushing of the characters. Herbert Rawlinson, a nervous actor, is right in his element here. There is no need of poise in such a harum-scarum piece.

Her Temporary Husband

Wholly irresponsible in its plot, but thoroly enjoyable because it does not try to balance its high jinks with false and irrelevant dramatic threads, this picture comes as a welcome relief in a month of attractions which have been fashioned along serious lines. There is not enough fun in our screen entertainment. And comedy or farce can be made just as effective as the visualizations of life's serious platitudes.

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There is some uproarious—call it silly, if you must—burlesque, capitally executed by Owen Moore and Sydney Chaplin. On the other hand, what dull moments it offers are found in Sylvia Breamer's portrayal of the much-pursued wife. Having no sense of comedy value, she makes a mess of her study.

Cupid's Fireman

There is a faint impression of heart appeal in this offering—which will please the sentimentalists—since it exploits a doting mother who refuses to grant her permission for her son to become a fireman. The tale was adapted from Richard Harding Davis' "Andy McGee's Chorus Girl," and is rather ancient in theme and treatment. It follows a conventional groove and is always obvious—and the spectator may expect nothing which will excite him except for an orthodox climax featuring the rescue of the actress from a burning house by our hero in the fireman's helmet.

The mother, having died, the son has no obstacles to overcome in joining the department. These obstacles arrive later when the actress's brutal husband locks her in the burning house. Be it said for the humanity of our hero, he also tries to rescue the brute, but fails. A convenient premise for the sake of romance. The particular bright light is the fire scene. Charles Jones is the smoke-eater and his restrained style of acting is effective here. But why the insipid title?

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Thistledown

(*Continued from page 42*)

But because she was alarmed she concealed it.

"I know how you can drive," she quibbled, "but I can drive pretty well, too. And I'd like to drive—wont you let me, just a little way, please?"

For answer he speeded up, swerved round a curve and skidded toward a telephone pole which he missed by a half-foot.

"I feel like going fast tonight," he said.

"I'll drive fast," she promised. Then she wheedled: "Let me show you what I can do on slippery roads."

Hi shook his head stubbornly then, shooting her a glance, seemed to change his mind.

"All right," he agreed, tho not too amiably; he was scowling as he slowed down for the exchange of places.

And that was how Dolly happened to be in the driver's seat when the thing happened which presently happened.

Her nerves still were jumpy and her knees trembling—and she had a strange, terrifying feeling that something evil overhung them, lurked in the murky air, might rush upon them any second. The fact that the feeling of premonition was unusual to her made it no less frightening. She tried to summon all her reserves of courage and confidence and caution.

But, as a big limousine swept past from the rear, Hi muttered:

"We're not driving in a funeral procession, are we? You said you'd show some driving—here, I'll take her again."

Then, for some reason fearing most of all to let him have the wheel, the frightened girl stepped boldly on the gas and went whizzing over the slimy road which would give no grip.

On the outskirts of the village a traffic cop's uplifted hand warned her.

She slowed down in the face of Hi's forbidding scowl.

"Wont do to get pinched," she said, and peered forward thru the misted windshield as they glided past the long row of elm-shaded houses, past a line of stores that sent out a confusing gleam of cross-lights, and then into the grateful gloom of the residence section again.

Now, thank heaven, they were not far from Nanny's.

"No need of crawling any longer," Hi complained. "The cop's out of sight, and the traffic's light—nothing can happen."

The words were not out of his mouth when something happened.

A roadster overtaking them from the rear swung out to pass, just as a heavy truck came swerving round the corner from a side street. The truck skidded as it took the turn—Dolly would have smashed into the lumbering monster head-on had she not been going slowly. As it was, the truck grazed her left fender clean off before she deflected so abruptly that her car shot up on the curb and struck a lamp-post, splintering the windshield.

"Did the glass hit you?—are you hurt?" Hi cried, as he grabbed the wheel.

"I'm all right—but look at the others!"

The roadster had not been so lucky. The truck had caught it amidships. It was hid from view, but from it somewhere a man's voice was swearing angrily—it was a miracle he was alive to swear at all. The truck-driver, climbing down from his seat, was swearing and muttering.

"Anybody hurt?" Hi called, and was starting to climb out when Dolly caught his arm.

"Wait a minute," thinking rapidly—"if nobody's hurt, maybe you'd better not get mixed in this. It wasn't our fault—and we were doing barely sixteen—but you might be made sort of the goat. There's an old grievance against you, you know."

"Yes, they'd like to catch me with something—they'll probably lay the blame on me on general principles."

"They cant do that, anyway—I was driving, you see. That'd make whatever blame there is mine."

At this new angle Hi frowned thoughtfully; then: "They're still muttering and swearing at each other, guess nobody's much hurt—let's shoot ahead! Here, slip over here——"

But Dolly shook her head. "It's my job—let me finish it." The motor hadn't died—she cleared the lamp-post expertly, pressed her foot down and the speedometer leaped to thirty. "The old boat isn't hurt a bit, not in her vitals!" she exclaimed jubilantly.

"Lord, but you've got nerve," said Hi, who had to admire, too, her resourcefulness and quick head.

For answer Dolly pressed her foot down

What Has Happened Before

In the rôle of waitress in the notorious road-house of old Leon, the Alsatian, Dorothy Claiborne of royal lineage meets young Hi Daggett, the millionaire rounder of the village of Fairfield, Conn., and the old story of the chase begins. Hi tags Dorothy "Thistledown," tho she modestly protests that her name is Dolly Watt. Dolly has her own reason for the disguise—a wealthy fiancé from whom she is seeking surcease. Young Hi attracts her enormously, but Leon prevents an affair. Later, however, Dolly meets Hi in Fairfield and, in an attempt to punish him for reckless driving, brings the wrath of the law upon him; then penitent, takes the blame herself, and drives off into the dusk with him, their hearts aflame. Tipsy, Hi kisses her insultingly. She leaves his car to return to her cottage on the De Bossert place, while Hi spends the night in drinking. But neither can efface the memory of the kiss. Hi seeks Dolly at Leon's, only to find her gone. Rumor has it that Dolly has been seen on the silversheet, but he disregards it. Rumor also has it that a fast woman is an interloper on the De Bossert place. Intuitively, Hi drives there, Dolly uppermost in his mind. He finds Dolly in the woods and apologizes for insulting her. Then follow many rendezvous. They no longer gamble with love, they are in love. Still accepting Dolly as a servant, Hi takes her shamefacedly to his home, believing his spinster sister away. She surprises them and insults Dolly. Hi declares his intention of marrying Dolly, but meanwhile Dolly has slipped out of the house. He follows her to her cottage and peering thru the window, discovers two things: that Dolly is mistress of the place, and—that she is accepting the caresses of a loud-looking stranger.

Photograph by Drury

Mrs. Jessica Penrose Bayliss

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"I NEVER dreamed you could do it, Mr. Wallace," wrote this well-known young matron of Philadelphia's social elect. She reduced more than 50 lbs. in nine weeks. Her letter should interest anyone who thinks reducing is still a long laborious process! But read her own story:

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The story Wallace has been privileged to print above is by no means an unusual case. Scores of society folk have reduced through his famous method; thousands in every walk of life have used his reducing records and restored figures and feelings to normal. Not everyone has taken off fifty pounds; some have required only five, seven, or ten pounds' reduction. But there have been many, too, who have reduced *more* than did Mrs. Bayliss—women who have taken off 60, 70, and even 80 lbs.! Their names are on file; some of their letters have been published in the past.

And this is important: Wallace does *not* employ the fasting or fatiguing methods which leave one with that "reduced" look. Just a normal, natural reduction in the amount of tissue (fat) your system manufactures. That is why the bodily proportions and facial contour are perfectly pleasing after playing off even fifty or sixty pounds in this manner.

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again, and the speedometer leaped to fifty; he could not know how her knees were shaking.

All of this had taken less time than the recounting. As they sped away they heard shouts behind them, but Dolly paid no heed. She sent the car roaring ahead until the entrance to Thiebaud's came into view, then abruptly slowed down, and halted.

"I'll get out here—you'd better drive on a little way and get lost until the fracas back there——"

"I'll do nothing of the kind! I'm going to drive you up to the inn, at least!"

But she opened the car door and jumped out. "Dont be silly—hit 'er up! Good night."

"But, Dolly——"

"I mean it, Hi—it's best all around. Good night."

So much had happened to Hi in so short a time that he scarcely knew where his emotions stood or what they were. Fear of his own pursuit wasn't one of them—his fears were all bound up in this elusive, tormenting girl; and above his miserable doubts, and pricking pride, he heard himself asking:

"But when will I see you——"

"We can think about that later," she cut in, firmly. Then, losing some of the firmness, she advanced a step and, as if against her will, murmured in a small, wistful voice: "If you never saw me again—would you miss me so much?"

At that he started to climb out of the car. But the girl's resolution seemed to come rushing back.

"No, no!" she cried, almost desperately. "Good night!" And, turning, she ran up the driveway and became a fleet shadow swallowed into deeper shadows.

And Hi, scarcely heeding a pain that tried to make itself felt in his foot as he stepped on it, climbed back into the car and drove grimly off into the murky darkness. After he returned home from that solitary ride, the next morning, he was to encounter developments that gave his face an even grimmer look.

Dolly, meanwhile, in the sanctum of Anna's little sitting-room in the inn, was sobbing out her heart on the old Alsatian woman's breast.

The girl's looks when she appeared had so alarmed that alert and industrious proprietress she had at once deserted the dining-room at its busiest hour.

"What is it, Miss Dolly?" she cried anxiously, when they were alone. "What has happened to bring you with such unexpectedness? And with the look in your eyes of one who has seen a ghost!"

"Perhaps I have," said Dolly, smiling sadly. "But it's a ghost of something that never was—that never can be."

Then suddenly her tension broke, and she flung her arms round the older woman's neck; Anna murmured endearments and stroked her protectively, and, as if that tender sympathy unbarred all her flood-gates, the girl gave way to a long shuddering tremor and the sobs came, hard and wrenching.

"What is the trouble—what is the big trouble?" Anna beseeched.

But the girl could not speak at once; then as suddenly as she had broken down she checked her sobs, she lifted her face, and dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"I feel better now—how a good cry does relieve one! Silly, isn't it, Nanny?" and she essayed a smile thru her tears.

"You were never one to cry—even as a small child you did not cry!"

"I didn't mean to cry, Nanny—I'm amazed at myself. I promise not to do it again," contritely. "I guess it's that I

(*Continued on page* 100)

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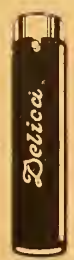

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Thistledown

(*Continued from page* 98)

was sort of worked-up, overwrought——" surveying the wet square of her handkerchief with a rueful expression.

"But what is that which worked you up? Is it that Mr. King has been troubling you—or your Uncle Percy, perhaps?"

The girl shook her head.

"No, it's not Uncle Percy. Mr. King—yes, partly." Then, flinging back her head and trying to look Anna in the eyes but not succeeding entirely: "What would you say, Nanny, if I were to tell you I've fallen in love?"

"Miss Dolly," Anna cried in consternation, "you haven't fallen in that love with Mr. King?"

Again the girl shook her head, mournfully. "*That* wouldn't be so unseemly, would it? No—it's Hi Daggett I find myself in love with."

"Oh, Miss Dolly," in even more consternation, "not that young man!" Then: "How ever did you come to know him so much as to come to this discovery?"

"He has called on me nearly every day this past month," demurely.

"Briggs has mentioned to me nothing of this!" cried Anna, her tone denouncing the delinquent Briggs.

"Briggs knew nothing of it—you see, I received him down in that old summer-house beyond the hedge."

"Oh, Miss Dolly—is it not of a piece with your thoughtless prankishness! And in keeping, too, with that Mr. Hi!"

"He thought I was a servant," Dolly explained, "just as he thought I was a waitress here. It was really out of consideration for me he never came to the cottage. But nevertheless," with considerable pride, "he asked me to marry him, Nanny."

"Ah, what a wild, presumptuous madness!"

"It would be the mad, presumptuous thing, wouldn't it, for a servant girl to marry such a rich young man." Dolly affected raillery, but there was a sober look in her eyes.

"Marriage with that bold, bad young man!—oh, Miss Dolly, surely you do not contemplate such a risky, sorry business?"

"I've heard you mention his boldness and badness before," Dolly answered. Then, musingly: "It's queer what love does to one, isn't it? When you're in love you seem to prefer the faults they point out to you over all the virtues they cannot find."

Then she looked up at old Anna with misted, shining eyes. "There's a little verse, Nanny, that's awfully true——" and she softly quoted:

"They came to tell your faults to me,
They named them over one by one;
I laughed aloud when they were done,
I knew them all so well before——
Oh, they were blind, too blind to see
Your faults had made me love you more."

"Ah, what can I say in the face of such talk?" old Anna said, despondently.

"I dont know, Nanny," the girl answered in a tone nearly as mournful.

"But why can you love him, then, if you so perceive his faults?"

"I dont know," the girl again. Then, very gently: "Yes, maybe I do—I've looked into his eyes. I've seen a little boy look out, Nanny, who seemed to need his mother. It wasn't a bad, wicked little boy at all—and he seemed puzzled and sort of frightened, Nanny, because folks thought him so bad. And the queerest feeling came to me, Nanny—I wished *I*

could be his mother, and comfort that little boy!"

Tears stood in the girl's eyes, and the harsh-featured old woman, looking at them, blinked her own.

"I dont know just what love is," Dolly added, "and cant figure out just why it comes. But I know, anyway, I cant help it!"

Then old Anna went and clasped the girl's two hands tenderly in her own.

"Oh, my little Miss Dolly—what does it matter what it is, or who he is, when you cannot help it?"

The girl looked up eagerly, then, and asked with wistful eagerness:

"Oh, do you really believe that, Nanny?—I'd like so much to believe it—that the heart cannot go wrong!"

Then her lips began to quiver, and her eyes went piteous and scared.

"But I'm afraid, Nanny. I'm afraid of myself—of this thing called love! It's a terrible thing—like a flame that blows too near. It's dear and sweet, but it makes you think of things that are frightening. I'm afraid of myself, for my happiness—I'm a coward. And I'm afraid of Hi, and for him—a coward again!"

Old Anna murmured comforting endearments, but the girl went on, despairingly:

"Besides there's Mr. King—naturally I must see him before I could even think of—he phoned just a little while ago——"

"That fat and vulgar man!" Anna cut in, losing her tenderness in hard hostility. "That man, he has no rightful claim upon you—you must not permit him to have a claim!"

"Yes, I must, Nanny," dolefully. "He *has* a claim—you know it. He's worked so hard and faithfully for my career——"

"That career! Almost I wish that your Uncle Percy——"

"Well, it may please you to know Uncle Percy's on my trail," the girl interrupted, on a note of bitterness. "That's what Mr. King phoned about—it seems that Van Reeves saw some photograph in some photoplay magazine and recognized it; I dont quite understand it all, but of course Van butted in!—he and Uncle Percy 've already been in touch with Mr. King. Uncle Percy hinted he's on my scent—here at the cottage!"

"What, then, will you do?" cried Anna, much excited.

"I dont know. I must see Mr. King—must see him, anyway." Then, slowly, and as if speaking to herself more than to the other woman: "He *is* kind, and has been so patient. I'm honestly fond of him, and I respect him—more than any man I've ever known. At any rate he'd be always a solid and dependable anchor—against——"

Then suddenly she broke off, shuddering, and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, Nanny, sometimes the world seems such a jumble—everything dark—you feel so lost. You dont know which way to turn to get to the light."

She stood there trembling, her face covered with her hands as if she could not face the hopeless maze she was wandering in.

Perhaps some would not have pitied her, this girl who could be a dozen women in the hour, and all made of impulses so swift she herself could not catch whence or why they came or whither they led. Dolly had been swayed this way and that way, restless and seeking for long before she had encountered love; and there had been many to criticize her. But it would require a stony heart to withhold sympathy from one who suddenly discovers what love is—only to glimpse it a moment before it must be given up.

(*Continued on page* 103)

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SEA PICTURES

By FAITH BALDWIN

These shadow shapes that show the changing sea
In all her wilful moods, her majesty,
That show her crested waves and opal foam
And tall-sparred ships that on her highways roam,
Were made, I think, to break the hearts of men
Who love the sea and live beyond her ken,
Condemned to live within four walls, and know
That, out beyond, the sea winds ceaseless blow.

Here on the screen, a clipper-ship is swayed
By tide and wave, is harried, and is flayed
By storms that lash across her salt-scarred decks
That drive her near the rocks, where warning wrecks
Are driftwoods on the waves; and men there are
Who watch with anguish, and whose hearts are far
From theater aisle and from the city street,
And with the tides and storm in knowledge beat.

RETROSPECT

By LE BARON COOKE

While I sang pastorally
You were pleased,
But at the thunder of my passion
You covered your ears,
Crying: "Things that are violent are vulgar."
And I, because of my worship,
Keyed myself to the measure of your appreciation.

God, how I hate you now,
You with your half-gestures
And stilted etiquette. . . .

THE PICTURE'S LAMENT

By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

They take great liberties with me,
Nor ever ask me yea or nay.
I'm just as weary as can be.
From prancing on a screen all day.
I've dug, and climbed, and laughed, and wept,
Loitered, and danced to make a show;
And not a moment have I slept.
They keep me always on the go.

No choice is mine. I needs must move,
Swiftly, obedient, silently.
No fields of freedom do I rove.
My course is parceled out for me.
But this I cannot quite forget
—If I can wake some old refrain
Or still a rush of wild regret,
I shall not then have toiled in vain.

TO AN ABSENT LOVER

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

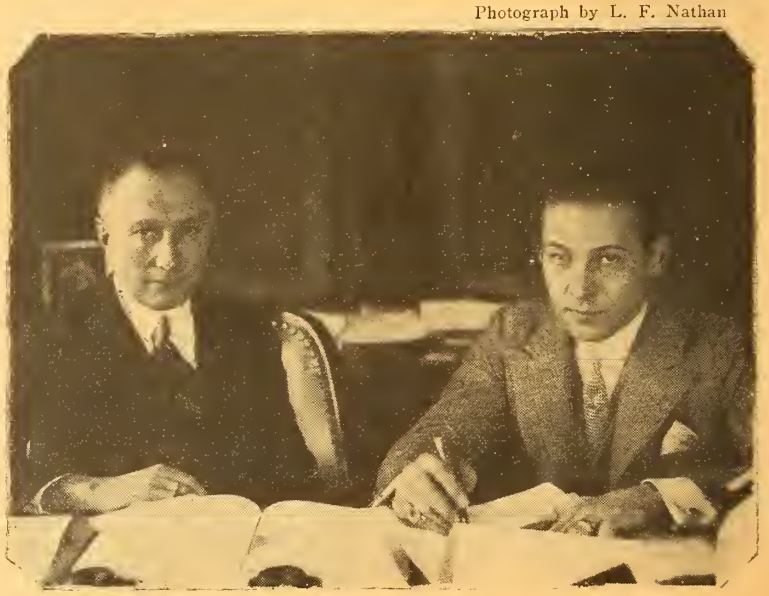
A little gift you sent to me;
A little thought you lent to me.
Oh, what the token meant to me
You cannot ever guess.
The little gift I'll wear for you
And just because I care for you
I'll always keep a share for you
Of all my happiness.

The little gift speaks clear, of you.
The world holds never peer of you!
And oh, but it was dear of you
To think of me this way.
The wee gift like a golden kiss
Brings thoughts of many an olden kiss.
And so, your gift I'll hold and kiss;
I'll wear it every day.

So, tho I cant be near to you
And bring each hope and fear to you,
I know that I am dear to you,
Tho parted, dear as when
My heartbeats were a song for you.
Oh, I'll be brave and strong for you,
I'll dream of you and long for you,
Until we meet again.

Valentino has returned to the studios and is now well started on his characterization of "Monsieur Beaucaire." Here he is seen with Adolf Zukor signing the peace treaty which their lawyers effected between them

Photograph by L. F. Nathan



Thistledown

(*Continued from page* 101)

Anna, aching with pity, strove for words of comfort and counsel. Poor old Anna, so foolish to be so wise! For every human heart must ask and answer its own questions, must live its own lessons to learn them. And Dolly must learn that love never attains its true. fulfilment as a selfish reward, but must travel the road of glad sacrifice for others, and service, and prayer. This must be the condition of her gaining, if at all, the glowing, valiant crown which all true lovers wear.

Cruel as Dolly found her dilemma, Hi Daggett was to awaken, the next morning, to complications and tangled circumstances and blind embitterments that seemed more cruel still.

Renewed doubt, and that ensuing flood of bitterness, were not to crowd upon him until he visited the De Bossert cottage, later in the forenoon; but the complications, which at first Hi did not take too seriously, began when he heard his sister knocking excitedly on his door, and crying:

"Hiram! Hiram! The sheriff's deputy's downstairs, and he's got a policeman with him! They demand to see you—they talk as if they're going to arrest you!"

(*To be continued next month*)

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 64)

with it all—such poise—such old-world charm. A wonderful woman, Miss Talmadge, one feels it instinctively. I enjoyed Conway Tearle very much in this picture. His portrayal of the proud young man whom his enemy thought to humble, was indeed splendid. One's heart and thought and mind were with him completely. Wallace Berry was enjoyable, too. His insolence was of such daring that one could only smile. Earl Schenk, as Blaise Blas, deserves a bit of credit. He was the Captain of his Master's Guard to perfection. His slight swagger as he joins Carlote to confide in the latter is thoroly in keeping with his ability to wear a sword. You know, those Vandyke beards were very becoming, and of very much aid in the costume value.

To return to your MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Another department I always enjoy is the review of pictures. I like to see a production, and then compare my views with those of the critic. It gives me a start, sometimes, when I see how much alike those views are.

And now, as I do not wish to wear out my welcome, I think I should close. I trust I have not been too painstaking, but I have had all this in mind for some time. Most people are usually too busy or too interested in themselves, to listen to another, so let us be thankful that we have an outlet in the form of writing-paper on which we may pour rivers of ink—and cascade our thoughts.

Yours most sincerely,
A. T.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

In regard to Valentino's right to his name and in praise of his book of verse "Day Dreams."

DEAR EDITOR: In the February issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, one of the fans tells us that Valentino has no right to the name he is using. Does the young lady know that Mr. Valentino's full name is Rodolph Alfonzo Raffaelo Pierre Filbert

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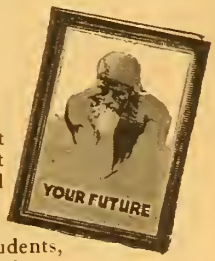

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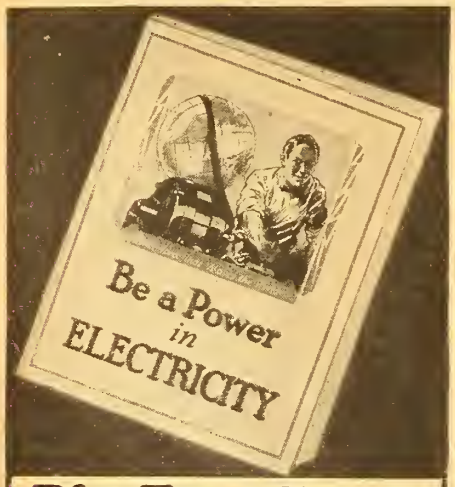

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Gugliemi di Valentino D'Antonguola? Therefore, I think that he really has more right to his name than Mr. Novarro has to the one he is using.

Also, I would like to tell her that Mr. Valentino is the least conceited of anyone I know. I saw him when he was on his tour for the Mineralava Company, and I think that he and his wife are the most charming people I have ever had the pleasure of seeing.

Oh, Trix MacKenzie, how I should like to know you! Certainly I wish that all these so-called "Valentino Haters" could read "Day Dreams." I do not say that they would be converted, but I do say that they would not continue to be so very sure of themselves. Everybody has dreams, but it is few people who can put them into words. The exquisite tenderness of "You" is one of those that will be read over and over and remembered for the wonderful pathos that it holds.

In closing, I should like to say that one of my greatest pleasures is in reading the "Letters to the Editor" each month in the "Quality Magazine of the Screen."

Yours truly,
RUTH E. LEMMOND,
21 Portage Street,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Some interesting gossip with a motion-picture background.

DEAR EDITOR: Under the caption "Letters to the Editor" you publish some very readable stuff. I do not wish to infer that the balance of your output is flat. It is really good. In fact, to my mind, yours is the most readable of all the many movie magazines published. Got a pretty good staff, I guess, or maybe ye editor knows what to throw out and what to print. *Both* perhaps.

Did you ever sit at your window after a violent storm and look at a beautiful rainbow, noting the many colors that go to make up the whole—the warm shades, the cold shades, and even those that suggest tenderness? Rodolph Valentino's characterizations are like that. He is fire and he is ice. He is Autumn, and Winter, and Spring, and Summer. He is anything he wills himself to be. "The Sheik" is actually worth all its hallyhooing. It has everything to make it intriguing, but "A Sheik's clean-shaven jaw!" It is the first time in motion picture history that an Arabian gentleman without a mattress on his face has ever reached the screen, and for this we are indebted to Rodolph Valentino.

Elinor Glyn has beaten Cecil De Mille at his own game, and on his own ground. "The Great Moment" has as many marriages, divorces and annulments as could be desired, nor is the lavish ballroom scene with bathing beauties missing. Gloria Swanson's acting is as good as Milton Sills's is bad. The picture has *one* great moment and several beautiful costumes. I do not care for Gloria Swanson—never did, but I did enjoy considerably "Under the Lash." In this picture she does a rôle *almost* (?) beyond criticism, but you cant help but sympathize with her when Mahlon Hamilton makes love to her with a collar-ad expression. And Russell Simpson as the Boer husband wears a hay shock for a beard, but so much for that——

Cecil De Mille's "The Affairs of Anatol" was a fairly good picture as pictures go, but it did not deliver the "kick" we were led to believe it contained. Almost the entire retinue of Lasky Famous-Players were kissed in this spectacular production. Wallie Reid being Anatol, whose peculiarity was collecting kisses from

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strange women got most of the fun, of course.

"Doubling for Romeo" with Will Rogers in tights! Now it is easy to see why he stayed five years in the Follies. Dont laugh at his legs—they need encouragement. The story is as thin as nickel plating, but sparkling subtitles, a laugh in every one, make you forget even if you left home locked with the cat in.

"Everything For Sale," I really believe the above plot was pried out of moth balls where it was interred before May McAvoy was born. May is too sweet a little girl to be burdened with exhumed plots about heroines who got sold into drawing-room slavery.

Even the censors themselves ought to enjoy Charles Ray in "The Old Swimming Hole," cause they cant find fault with the titles, as there are none.

"Twin Beds" was another of those comedies that profit not—but neither do they bore. Carter De Haven is not, to me, gifted with true comic spirit. He is lively and eager to be amusing, but the effort is always conscious effort.

There are few directors of pictures you can depend upon for sane, sensible and spirited productions. Allan Dwan is one. "The Forbidden Thing" is a simple tale, told as only Allan Dwan could tell it. Dwan is always interesting, he invariably makes his characters living and human beings. Father Griffith seems to feel that he should apologize for "Dream Street," and I think so, too. In the program he writes "We do not make any great promises one way or another; we have done the best we could." I'm glad you said that, Father Griffith, it will help you better to hold your coveted place as the eighth wonder of the world.

"The Daughter Pays." How these women suffer; particularly Selznick heroines. Poor Elaine Hammerstein is imposed upon in every picture. Just because she is attractive is no reason why she should be saddled with a story such as this. If you want to see acting, real acting, see Marjorie Rambeau in "The Fortune Teller." If you want to see a beautiful soul materialized, see Elsie Ferguson, and if you want to cry, see Pauline Frederick. Elsie Ferguson is certainly a beautiful woman. Norma Talmadge scores high as a dramatic actress and draws the largest patronage. Out West, here, I am told her reels cost fifty dollars more than some of the others, who are supposed to be greater than she—of course silk costs more than calico. Still—with all the films we have seen we miss something, what is it? The Human Voice, words, that's it. As a certain song writer has so ably put it in the first verse of one of his songs:

"Smiles mean most anything,
Tears only sorrows bring—
Kisses like bubbles blown,
Fade to the great unknown,
Words, like flowers of May,
Their fragrance can forever stay."

I have found by previous experience that the fans were not myths who found their way to the earth by mistake, as I had supposed, as hundreds of them answered my letter of year or so ago. I promised to answer every letter I received, and if there is a fan who dares to come forward and contradict me, let him come—I'll knock him out in the first round.

I want to hear from all fans—please write—I'll answer all who enclose a stamp, just try me. Those who live in foreign countries need not enclose stamp.

And now, dear Editor, in closing I wish you all success and long life, and prosperity.

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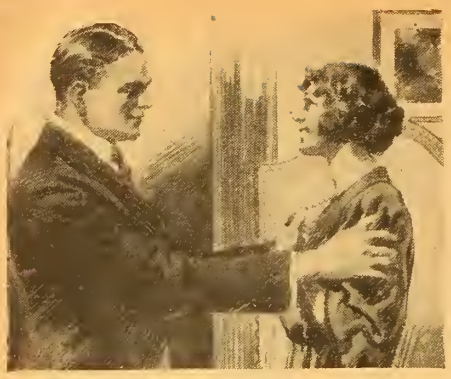

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Beau Brummell

(*Continued from page* 60)

the wine but you must bring the ladies. Ha! Ha! Beau attracts the ladies like a magnet! All but Lady Hester. Eh? She responds to a more royal passion. A beautiful woman, Beau——"

"Excellent wine makes all women beautiful—Wales," ventured Brummell, and George was so delighted with the *bon mot* he overlooked the lapse in address.

Now it will be seen that Beau was living a princely life on a far from princely income. Indeed, he had no income at all, the legacy having long since been dissipated. Creditors were insulted, dodged, given a sop, or were politely flattered, but the time was coming when some new deterrent had to be invented. Mortimer had sacrificed his savings and even the savings of Kathleen, Lady Alvanley's maid, with whom he was enamored. From every gentleman of his acquaintance Beau had borrowed money. These from time to time he managed to pay. A debt to one's equals was a debt of honor in Beau's peculiar code. Some of the disgruntled, bolder than the rest, went to the Prince. Lady Hester Stanhope, angry at being supplanted by the Duchess of York in Beau's affections, tattled maliciously and untruthfully to George, whose fatuous fatuness now belonged to her. Lord Alvanley, who loathed Beau chiefly because he had most wronged him in marrying Margery when she loved the poor young Hussar, succeeded in destroying the Prince's belief in him, by impugning his vanity. Beau, unconscious of all this, would have scorned it in any event, such was his assurance.

Matters came to a head at a big ball at Carlton House, where Beau as usual crowned the festivities. Because he saw the Prince, who was drunk as usual, making obviously unwelcome advances to Lady Alvanley, he presumed to interrupt. The Prince was furious, the guests were aghast, and reduced to utter speechlessness by what followed.

Beau took a pinch of snuff, with his famous gesture. "Ah," he drawled in the lightest of tones, "I perceive I am not welcome here. Be so good, Wales, as to ring for my coach."

The next day in the Mall all of London's fashionable society, and some not so fashionable, was assembled to see what would happen when the two Georges met. Beau stood chatting gaily with Lady Moira and Lord Byron when the Prince appeared on the scene. For once in his life Beau conceded discretion a point and started to walk away.

"Surely," said Lady Moira with a suggestion of a sneer, "you'll not leave before the Prince arrives?"

Beau bowed gallantly and uncovered his head as the Prince drew near.

"Good day, Lady Moira and Byron," he said pointedly, and Beau put his hat back on.

"We are having a little supper tonight at Carlton House," the Prince went on, obviously nettled by Beau's flaunting disrespect. "We want all our good friends to be there. Will you come, Lady Moira, and you too, Byron?"

They breathed an acceptance and as the Prince turned, now satisfied that the honors were his, Beau smiled with magnificent impudence on Byron. "Who," he said loudly, "who's your fat friend, George?"

It was Beau's last sally, for after this public break his creditors fell upon him like a pack of wolves. He and the faithful Mortimer fled to Calais to establish a new residence and a new flock of bills. Once there in a poor rooming-house Mortimer tried again to persuade Beau to sell his collection of love letters to a clamoring publisher who was offering almost any sum.

"No, no," said the gallant for the third time. "We shall burn them, Mortimer. Too many reputations are at stake. I shall save these dear ladies from their own indiscretions. Who knows but that I shall yet make virtue the fashion."

"Very good, sir," answered Mortimer mournfully. "But we could have at least eaten for a few days. What matter's a man's cravat if his belly is empty?"

(*Continued on page* 108)

BEAU BRUMMELL

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the Warner Brothers' production of the scenario by Dorothy Farnum, based on the play by Clyde Fitch, thru a special arrangement with Mrs. Richard Mansfield. Directed by Harry Beaumont and starring John Barrymore. The cast:

George Bryan Brummell	JOHN BARRYMORE
Lady Margery Alvanley	Mary Astor
George, Prince of Wales	Willard Louis
Frederica Charlotte, Duchess of York	Irene Rich
Mortimer	Alec B. Francis
Lady Hester Stanhope	Carmel Myers
Lord Alvanley	William Humphreys
Lord Stanhope	Richard Tucker
Lord Byron	André de Béranger
Lady Manly	Claire de Lorez
Lord Manly	Michael Dark
Desmond Wertham	Templar Saxe
Mrs. Wertham	Clarissa Selwynne
Kathleen, maid to Lady Margery	Carol Halloway
Snodgrass, an English Innkeeper	James A. Marcus
Mrs. Snodgrass	Betty Brice
Mr. Abrahams	Roland Rushton
Timothy	C. H. Chaldecotte
"Poodle" Byng	John J. Richardson
Parkyns, valet to Prince of Wales	F. F. Guenste
Lady Moira	Kate Lester
Mme. Bergère	Rose Dione

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The April

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Beau Brummell

(*Continued from page* 106)

"You are vulgar, Mortimer," said the great Beau with a still majestic gesture, "you may go."

Now, George sat on the throne of England, King; Lady Margery Alvanley was mercifully widowed; Lady Hester Stanhope with her complaisant husband were both passé; the Duchess of York was once more a dutiful wife, recovered of her unfortunate infatuation, and Beau was old and poor, making holes the fashion in an obscure garret in Calais.

It was there that Lady Margery went to him, worn out with waiting, desperate with longing. And Beau received her with all his old gallantry, wrapped in his frayed old dressing-gown, last remnant of his former splendor.

"You *must* let me help you," the woman said in a trembling voice."

"Madame, for you but to live and be yourself is enough."

"It has not seemed to be enough—for you," Margery went on. "There were many women——"

Beau shrugged his shoulders but made no answer.

"There was Lady Hester Stanhope."

"I was bored and she amused me."

"And the Duchess——"

"I was lonely and she was kind.'

"Oh, my dear," cried the woman, and the man seized her in his arms and pressed a long, long kiss upon her upturned lips.

"You must go," he said brokenly, gallantry forgotten. "I am not worthy now. I could not accept the sacrifice. Our happiness can never be, Margery."

And the woman pleaded in vain, and finally had to go away from the little seaport town with her heart left behind her. Mortimer still sighing over food watched the departure mournfully, particularly since it also included Kathleen. Beau even refused arrogantly, aid from the King, then on one of his rare trips to France, and in whose entourage Lady Alvanley was. Mortimer almost stepped out of his place at this last display of pride, and this misfortune was averted only by the fact that Beau finally discovered that he too must eat, and that when one's stomach screamed aloud for food, one's cravat, coat, breeches, vest and collar, really did not matter.

His last snuff-box, of which he had had an almost priceless collection, was turned over in all humility to Mortimer. "Here, friend," he said to that astonished worthy, "take this and sell it, and we'll go back to England, where I shall dismiss you from my service—and you can marry your Kathleen."

"Oh, sir, I dont know what to say, sir," stammered the man.

"Well then, say nothing," answered Beau," and less of that."

Back in England in a meaner lodging than Beau had ever even seen, he took up his life again, and for the first time in his pampered career, he was forced to serve himself. He did it badly too, and many sad thoughts danced a defiant Macabre in his brain, and bitter memories played a funeral dirge in his heart. Too often hungry, always cold and alone, the man who had so little a time ago been the idol of England, spent his bleak days. But there was still another depth and he must drink the dregs.

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no room. I've waited as long as I'm going to."

"Madame," replied Beau in his old manner, "I never do anything in a hurry. I——"

"Out you go," screamed the angry landlady. "Pauper!"

Beau winced. Pauper. How the word cut. Pauper. Where shall he go now but to a pauper's prison? And so it was to the pauper's prison at old Vauxhall. And there in all its misery and squalor a miracle happened to Beau Brummell. He looked one night into his cracked mirror and saw—not the ragged, unkempt, staring creature with a dirty rag tied jauntily about its neck, a dingy brocaded gown hanging from its gaunt shoulders, but a young and beautiful youth with the most perfect profile in all England, the whitest linen, the handsomest coat, the last word in sartorial annals—in short, Beau Brummell, the acknowledged king of English society. Yes, a miracle, for Beau was come into his own again and lost were the many miserable years between. In his old body his mind slipped back to that golden time, young again. He babbled of appointments, of the fashion, of George of England, of Lady Moira, the Duchess—Margery. He ordered Mortimer about with all his old time assurance.

And when one day his old faithful valet sought him out, led to him by the kindly Sisters of Charity, it scarcely stirred a memory in Beau's crazed mind. Mortimer wept to see his low estate, but Beau looked at him coolly and spoke.

"You seem to have forgotten, Mortimer, the party tonight. I want covers for twelve. The Prince—he said eight o'clock, but I said, 'Make it eight-thirty, Wales!' Lady Hester Stanhope, Lord Manley, drunk or sober. The Duchess—Poodle Byng—Lady Al—Lady Alvanley—Margery—Margery—my own true love——"

He stopped and apparently listened to something. "Ah," he said, recovering his wandering wits, "I hear them coming. Quick, my snuff, man. Ah, Poodle, glad to see you—and the animal. Resemblance is growing closer! Manley! Sober, by all the gods! Ah—Lady Alvanley—Margery—Margery——"

Mortimer's gorge rose. Little drops of sweat stood out on his aging forehead. In spite of himself he peered into the murky shadows. The blank wall of the attic room. Nothing more. He shivered as Beau went on.

"Ah—his Royal Highness! Thrice welcome, George, by George! I've a new hat buckle to show you. I——"

He slumped suddenly forward and Mortimer took the spare frame tenderly in his arms. "Oh, sir," he cried helplessly, "what can I do for you?"

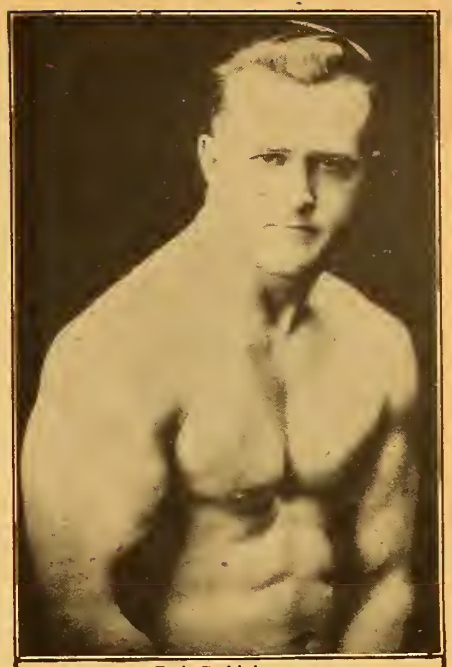
Beau gasped for breath. "Dismiss this—rabble, Mortimer—we—are—fatigued—all but Lady Alvanley. She—— Dont leave me, Margery. It's growing dark. Dont leave me, dear."

His heart-beat grew fainter. Eerily thru the tangled hair, his mad eyes gleamed. Suddenly he drew himself up, and somehow thru the misery and squalor, thru the sickness and decay, he was still Beau, the debonair.

"Not yet, Mortimer," he rasped out thinly, some uncanny prescience forcing thru this muddled consciousness, "I never do anything in a hurry——"

Mortimer laid him gently on a couch. His lips moved and bending over, Mortimer heard him say, "Margery—my own true love—forever—and forever——"

But the words came from the other side of the world. The great Beau was dead.



Earle E. Liederman as he is to-day

Do You Need a Bust In the Nose

before you start to fight? Do you need this kind of treatment to bring you to your senses? If you are that kind of a fellow, the chances are strong that you are going to get it.

BE READY

I don't recommend that you be a rowdy who goes around looking for a fight. But I do believe you should be alert and, when the time comes, be prepared to beat the other fellow to the punch.

THE WISE MAN

Some men never pay any attention to the condition of their house till it begins to fall on their head. Others watch for the first sign of a crack and immediately have it put in condition. How about the house you live in—your body? Are you going to let it clog up and waste away until you suddenly realize you have tuberculosis or some other dreadful, incurable disease? Get wise! Check up on yourself! Put your body in shape and keep it so.

An apple is no good unless you eat it. Let it lie, and it will rot away. Let your muscles lie idle and they will waste away, but **use your muscles and you have more muscle to use.**

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That's what they call me. I don't claim to cure disease. But I do absolutely guarantee to make a strong, husky man out of you. If you wait until some disease gets you, the doctor is the only one who can save you—but come to me now and the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. I'll put one inch of solid muscle on your arm in just 30 days and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that's only a starter. I'll put an armor plate of muscle over your entire body and build up the walls in and around every vital organ. I'll shoot a quiver up your spine that will make you glow all over. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye that will radiate life and vitality wherever you go. And what I say doesn't just mean **may be.** Are you with me? Come on then. Let's go.

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 74*)

DESIROUS.—Yes, just write to the studios, and be sure to enclose twenty-five cents.

DOUG AND MARY FAN.—There are lots like you. Estelle Taylor is playing in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." You want a picture of Mary and Doug on the cover. Antonio Moreno in "Flaming Barriers" and now playing in "Bluff." James Cruze is directing "Magnolia," the Booth Tarkington story.

BIG BLUE EYES.—Richard Dix is with Famous Players. Shirley Mason with Fox and Gloria Hope is not playing for any one company right now. Mr. and Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa expect to remain abroad for several months. He is making pictures, you know.

CO-ED.—You here again. Well I want you to feel as tho you were writing to an old friend. Mary Philbin is with Universal. No, I am always trying to get ahead. To be satisfied, is to come to a standstill.

RICHARD AND CLAIRE.—You say there is too much nonsense here. Sense must be very good indeed to be as good as good nonsense. Yes, we have used several pictures of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Watch for the big fight in "Flowing Gold."

W. R. MC.—Marie Prevost, Florence Vidor, Monte Blue, Harry Myers, Adolphe Menjou and Creighton Hale in "The Marriage Circle," which is being directed by Ernst Lubitsch. I believe the pictures you mention are of foreign make, and I have no record of same.

SCARAMOUCHE.—No, I have never been married, but am willing to be if I can find a girl to support me. Nita Naldi is about thirty. Stands five feet eight. Jackie Coogan with Metro. He is nine. Thanks for your kind wishes, but my birthday wont be until January 5th, next year.

PEGGY.—So you dont believe that I am an old man. All right for you, Peggy. No navigator has yet traced lines of latitude and longitude on the conjugal sea, says M. Balzac. Yes, Marion Davies is with Cosmopolitan. Mary Miles Minter is not playing now.

ELIZABETH.—Ricardo Cortez is with Famous Players, you know.

WM. B. R.—All I can say is, dont believe all you hear. So you liked "Little Old New York" better than "Robin Hood." Why F. B. O. are producing a series of pictures about the telephone girl, starring Alberta Vaughn. The stories will be released as "The Telephone Girl," and F. B. O. are planning a national campaign in which 250,000 telephone operators will participate.

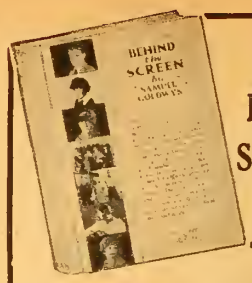
BEBE.—Viola Dana is with Metro. Constance and Norma Talmadge at the United Studios. Milton Sills also with United. Cullen Landis with Famous Players-Lasky. Is that all?

MAGGIE AND SUE.—Glad you are having a nice time. Your letter was most interesting, but no questions.

FLORIDA LASSIE.—Well, when two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets and interchange their keys. Lois Wilson is playing in "Icebound," with Richard Dix. She has brown hair and hazel eyes, five feet five and a half and weighs 120 pounds.

INQUISITIVE.—Claire Windsor is five feet six and a half and she is not married now.

LYDIA.—You write a mighty interesting letter. So Leatrice Joy is your permanent idol. She has black hair and brown eyes. Laura LaPlante is playing opposite Hoot Gibson in "The Cocopah Kid."



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Suite 706, 415-58th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page 47*)

cided that every kind of original tea and luncheon had been given. How we maligned the ingenuity of the movie press-agents!

One of the social events of the passing cinematic season was the première of Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments." The audience was one of the most celebrated we have ever seen and seemed evidently impressed with the occasion. The women, passing up and down the aisles, were as beautiful and as beautifully gowned as the mannikins in a fashion parade. There were heavy furs . . . sparkling head-dresses . . . shimmering satins . . . brilliant jewels. . . . Society mingled with the professions. Débutantes whose photographs and activities are headline material for the society columns talked tea-dances in the foyer and accepted introductions to the stars with rapturous excitement.

Mr. DeMille made a speech in response to the tumultuous ovation accorded him. And in the boxes and in the foyer the different members of the cast who had come to New York for the opening were receiving the sincere praise and congratulations of their friends.

Nita Naldi wore some indescribable brocaded metallic cloth.

Richard Dix escorted Lois Wilson whom we glimpsed smiling demurely up at him . . . and Rod LaRocque was almost a half hour getting from the theater to the curb where his car waited him. The crowds milled about him under the theater marquee. Above them you could see Rod's young head, his eyes shining with excitement and happiness . . . and his silk hat set jauntily on one side.

In the lobby during the intermission we saw Jeannie Macpherson for the first time. If we hadn't seen scores of pictures of her every month for years, we would never have believed that she was the extremely brilliant and intelligent young woman who furnishes the very foundation for the Cecil DeMille productions . . . and that Famous Players-Lasky have just signed her under a new contract, the figures of which read like the war debt. She is the furthest thing imaginable from the severe, spectacled, stout shoed, high collared feminist which the cartoonists used to draw. No one there looked much younger or any fresher than Miss Macpherson. Her gown was slightly bouffante and sprigged with dresden flowers, while she carried an old-fashioned Victorian bouquet in her tiny white hands.

Surely a woman of her metal deserves the wealth she has earned and the laurels, too. It is easy enough to drop the charm of femininity and the consideration of dress in the pressure of the commercial race.

Mother Ashton was there in a gown of white sequins. By theater time her Goldenrod Inn has pretty well thinned out and she is able to leave the stragglers in the capable hands of her Japanese servitors.

A number of writers were there. We remember Rita Weiman as the hostess of one box party . . . and Fannie Hurst in a box across the theater. And Lillian Lauferty, known as a writer of short stories, but more universally under her nom de plume of Beatrice Fairfax, was accompanied by Daniel Frohman. . . .

We met Richard Dix for the first time last month and forthwith put our preconceived notions of him away in moth-

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balls. He isn't at all the altogether-too-righteous youth who goes about his days fervently murmuring "God is Love." We do not doubt that he has a religion . . . but he lives it and doesn't mouth it. And we're convinced that he frequently errs in a pleasantly human manner and that he has been known to do extravagantly foolish things. We think he has a case for libel against the films, for the majority of them have made him a ridiculously virtuous individual . . . and never permitted him the portrayal of mortals, even as you and I.

At lunch that day Richard Dix told us a pleasant story about Ruddy Valentino. He had vital praise to offer in his name. He said he had first met Valentino when he was an extra, suffering all sorts of privations and disappointments, trying hard to get on in Hollywood. At that time Dix was leading-man in a Los Angeles stock company. On several occasions when they had met, Valentino had asked him if he would advise him to try the stage. The poverty he was experiencing had about turned his back on the studios.

About this time Dix left California and when he returned, to find an engagement in motion pictures, Valentino had become the vogue. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" had been released and the name of Rodolph Valentino was the byword in the world of the Klieg lights. When Dix saw him talking to some men on his first day at the studios, he planned to go right on, not expecting that Valentino would recognize him. After all, their acquaintance had been slight and casual. But Valentino did recognize him and excusing himself to the men, he came running over, both hands extended in a hearty greeting. Dix insists that there was a warm sincerity in Valentino's manner that day, and on the days to come, which he will never forget.

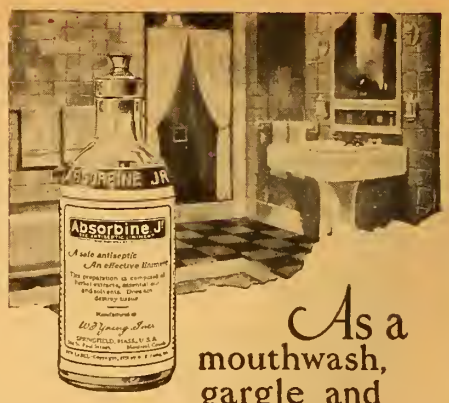
Now that Rodolph has returned to the studios after the law-suit which branded him as selfish, temperamental and up-stage in the daily press, we are glad to print this story which came entirely unsolicited and from one of his collegues. Praise from your own country is rare praise indeed.

The other morning someone in our office called an interesting observation to our attention. Have you, by chance, ever noticed that Cecil spells his last name with a large D while William spells deMille with a small D. In this tiny affectation you have the difference between the two brothers not only as men but as producers.

We heard a typical story of Glenn Hunter the other day. And now that his engagement to May McAvoy is definitely announced, it is more interesting than ever.

It seems that Glenn, Betty Compson and one of the firm of Cartier's, Fifth Avenue's exclusive jeweler, were at tea in one of the hotels. Betty brought May McAvoy's name into the conversation and, asking Glenn if he knew her, offered her praise. Glenn modestly said he knew her and affirmed the praise. Something of this sort transpired several times. Always Glenn acquiesced to the pleasant things which were said about Miss McAvoy, but not once did he boast and Betty, completely unconscious that he was engaged to May, went serenely on.

When Glenn was about to leave, he turned to the gentleman from Cartier's and requested that the diamond he had selected be sent to his hotel as soon as



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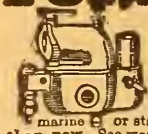

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Hudson....20 mi.	Paige 6....20 mi.	Lincoln 8...17 mi.
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it was set. Then, he added, that it would be perfectly all right to tell Miss Compson about it, and departed.

We cant help contrasting this finesse with the blatant boasting so many would have employed. We can hear any number of stars to whom success came more slowly than it did to Glenn Hunter loudly proclaiming, under similar circumstances, "Do I know her? Well, indeed I do. I'm going to marry her." But not Glenn. So far success has not taken the toll it so frequently takes, that of the certain modesty and charm, without which human beings become unendurable.

Everyone in motion picture circles, stage and literary circles are buying and reading "Right Off the Chest," the book which Nellie Revell wrote when she was confined to the hospital with spinal trouble, in daily pain . . . facing operations and, perhaps, after her years of invalidism, life as a cripple. The book which has an introduction by Irvin Cobb and numerous illustrations by all of the generous well-known illustrators, was actually written on her chest, for she was unable to move.

Miss Revell was the first woman press-agent. And her last work was done at the press desk in the Talmadge offices. Norma has not forgotten the woman who once gave her days to exploiting her pictures, for when she and her husband, Joe Schenck, were in New York they both bought one hundred dollar copies of "Right Off the Chest," and a score of the two dollar and fifty cent edition for the members of their staff, some of whom worked with Miss Revell before her accident.

It does our heart good to see the way the professional people have stood by in this instance. Benefits which made thousands and thousands of dollars were given in her name. And whenever a call for help for Nellie Revell went up from one of her friends or colleagues the response was never lacking or even indifferent. True enough, she is an extraordinary woman and her spirits never failed her when the future looked darkest. It was never a chore to visit Nellie. But we cannot help feeling a sense of pride in the profession of which we are a part in the way it rallied to the cause.

A.W.F.

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DEL ANDREWS

Cast
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From whence dost thou, here, roam . . .?
I think it must be from some garden in old Crete,
Some grove of myrtle, where thy sandaled feet
Outsped Diana's in the chase at dawn.

There is about you such divinity and grace,
I cannot think but that some trysting-place
Of dancing satyrs, eerie nymphs and fauns
. . . Was thy first home.

What dost thou here, this day . . . ?
Perhaps thy task is but to aid our failing dreams,
To strengthen our belief in godlier schemes
Than credence warrants in the modern mind.

The shadow'd beauty of old faiths in your calm smile,
Your eyes, lit with forgotten flames the while . . .
Bring peace to care-full hearts, help them to find
. . . God's simple way.

YOU SAID IT!

By Lucia Trent

She makes you think of a dawn in June,
Of a violet kissed with dew,
Of a butterfly that's fled too soon,
On its shimmering wings of blue!
She makes you think, in her glittering gown,
She's the sweetest thing you've seen,
But wouldn't the family portraits frown
If I loved a movie queen!

CAPTIONS

By Jane Cuthrell

Who writes the average caption, he
Has much to breed him black remorse,
How deft the pen that trots upon
The old, accustomed, rutted course.
"Day dawns upon a soul in pain,"
He writes, and we who read it know
The Heroine is suffering
Because the Hero's somewhat slow.

"Night falls," he blurbs . . . (it always does)
"Two loving hearts are now at peace,"
He babbles, when the play is thru
And all the shifting shadows cease,
What makes him think that peace is theirs
Or in said hearts shall ever tarry,
The author made it plain to us
That their intention is to marry.

Cliché and tortured language . . . we
Beneath its heavy weight are bowed
(His wife, I think, is surely she
Who reads these anguished throbs aloud)
But he who writes the captions knows
That simple speech would move to mirth
Without these wreathed, bedizened words
We would not get our money's worth.

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Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 70)

marvelous in the air, something that helps you to "be yourself," and makes you say you are going to do just the things you most want to do. All of which is apropos of Miss Rich's refusal to return to Hollywood to make a picture for John Stahl, because the character would have required her to bob her lovely chestnut locks. Anyhow, Miss Rich is in love with New York and would like to stay on a while. In her acting in "Lucretia Lombard," "Boy of Mine," and other films featured on Broadway this season, she has made as great a hit with New York as New York has made with her. Her first part was played just six years ago in "Stella Maris," in which Mary Pickford played the leading rôle. Her last picture with Mary was "Rosita," and Miss Rich said it was just like "going home" to play with her again. Between the two pictures there stretched a long road with a weekly salary beginning at $3.50, with two children to support, but ending happily at her present salary of $1,000 a week.

Burning greenbacks, the old barroom grand-stand play to register unbounded wealth, is not half so spectacular as the new and up-to-date way of burning money. In the production of "Flowing Gold," the Rex Beach story of the Texas oil wells, the Richard Tully Company burned an oil derrick to the ground and then proceeded to fire real oil wells in the La Brea district, which they had bought for the purpose. The Hollywood citizenry rushed to the scene to put out the fire and stayed to add fuel to it.

The lost sheep is found—so 'tis said. Darek Glynne, English musical comedy star, who disappeared from the Music Box Theater, London, after the closing night of "Sally" about a year ago, has been discovered as one of the extra players in Corinne Griffith's initial starring vehicle, "Lilies of the Field." Glynne said musical comedy was "quite-all-right," but he was tired of it all. He has been doing "the extra man" for a year, and says he wont return to England; he wants to make his way into pictures. A sporting Englishman. Good luck to him.

Sunday, January 13th, was a jinx day for the motion picture men of Jersey City. These public benefactors wanted to test the validity of the Sunday law in regard to the movies, so they announced that their theaters would be wide open. Then they dressed in their best, spread themselves over the place conspicuously, placed a large-mouthed basket in the lobby marked "For summonses only," and waited for a free ride and free speech on the subject. Several thousand Jerseyites attended the show, but not one a policeman, so after waiting until midnight the picture men went home with their tongues in their cheeks, and not a bit wiser.

But the Boston Sunday laws are rich and rare—not racy. It seems a picture shown there can be quite humanly wicked six days in the week, but if released on Sunday must contain a Sunday-school lesson. Censorship is more or less a local question there, and an old blue law can always be brought to the fore. "Woman to Woman" thus ran amuck in the Hub City. The picture is based on a play, by Michael Morton, in which a French girl has an illegitimate child by an American soldier. For a week the picture ran without a ripple, but when Sunday arrived the exhibitors were told the soldier must be

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made to marry the girl, or the picture could not be shown—Sunday was sacred. Some keen cutter created—nothing less—a subtitle that said the soldier and the girl had married, and the picture was allowed to go on. Their Sunday morals were safe. Soon a writer of Sabbath-day titles will be carried along as excess baggage.

And now we want to know who's going to censor "When a Woman Reaches Forty," the screen play written by Royal A. Baker, motion picture censor of Detroit, and produced by Preferred Pictures. To begin with, we believe forty is about the most dangerous age a woman can reach, and we fear that Mr. Baker, knowing that censors take great pleasure in cutting out the most thrilling scenes, will not want to disappoint them, and so has filled his story with possible "cut-outs." Just suppose there is honor among censors and they pass the story in toto—what will become of the morals of our countrymen?

Sweets to the sweet, but none for Nita Naldi; not because she lacks any saccharine qualities, but because in the Paramount production, "Dont Call It Love," Miss Naldi appeared too buxom. All the world loves a slim loverette, therefore, by order of the powers that be, Miss Naldi has gone on a diet and must "reduce the goods" before she stars for the screen again.

If you know the language of jewels, maybe you can tell us what the wearing of an expensive sapphire ring means. Mae Busch is sporting one that she says was given her by a very dear friend—she denies that it is an engagement ring—but there is no telling what tricks a sapphire can turn when worn in the moonlight in spring-time. Miss Pusch has a prominent rôle in "Name the Man" and we think she might do it and let us into the secret. And Mary Miles Minter comes to the fore again. This time she is reported to be engaged to Dr. Mixell of Pasadena, who is said to be most prosperous.

"The Perfect Flapper!" Guess who? Little Colleen Moore and no one is less like the type-flapper than Colleen, in real life, except in hair bobbed, and figure slim. But she registered so completely and satisfyingly in "Flaming Youth," that the First National has purchased "The Perfect Flapper," and Colleen is elected for the title-rôle.

A *pot pourri* of husband and wife stories continue to be fed to gormandizing cameras; Florence Vidor has been signed by Vitagraph to play the lead in "Borrowed Husbands," the duet of husbands not yet named; Mildred Harris, Charlie's ex-spouse, will make "The Unwanted Wife" for the same company; Charles Blaney is completing "One Law for the Woman," and it would seem the wrath of heaven had descended upon the law, for two of his biggest sets were destroyed by fire.

Some actors are born but others are literally made—that is, made to act—thru necessity, a bet, a dare, or what not, note Robert Edeson and his successful career built on a bet. The latest asset won to the screen is Larry Trimble, whom you will discover, if your eyes are keen, doubling for the leading man in the dog-racing incidents over snow-clad wastes, in the Strongheart picture of "The Love Master." He was the only one, among those present, who could handle the team, and now he's a sworn-in thespian.

The juveniles have it and there's no gainsaying it. Baby Peggy's face has

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

BY EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well — but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile—." "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose——. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—'s Maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B— had had her nose reshaped —yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it," I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast —and I am happy.

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been insured for $250,000. The policy covers blindness, scars and any facial disfigurements, which might prevent her from carrying out that movie contract of fancy figure. Rudy's whole and sacred person has been insured, with an elongated number of ciphers after the first number . . . business men who hold responsible positions are insured in favor of their companies because their loss would mean reorganization and loss of time and business. . . . The lives of ministers have been insured by their congregation, and even the hands of beauty specialists have been so protected, but this is the first time we have heard of baby eyes and juvenile dimples being rated at such a figure unless the whole chubby form were thrown in for good measure—but then Baby Peggy's smallest dimple would be good measure.

Mickey Bennett, the up-and-coming youngster who appears in "Big Brother," has signed a contract to make phonograph records for Berlin & Snyder. Mickey not only sings but fiddles and his first release will be a song entitled "Big Brother."

Papa Coogan has taken a stand in the limelight to tell the world that hereafter Jackie will make but two pictures a year. The rest of Jackie's time will be put in like any ordinary, freckled-faced, barefoot, freedom-seeking American boy. Furthermore if two pictures a year interfere with this delectable program, only one picture a year will be made. Jackie's present contract with Metro calls for four pictures a year, but that contract is half completed with the filming of "The Boy of Flanders," and in all other contracts a stipulation of "two a year" will be in order.

Two luscious juveniles—Peaches Jackson and Frankie Lee, are included in the cast of "Poisoned Paradise." Frankie took part in "The Hero," and Peaches was at one time side partner to Thomas Meighan, so they are both veterans.

Not to be outdone by a kid, Lew Cody is not only singing but has composed two songs, words and music: "My Lady of the Orchids," and "Lucille." It must be that opposites inspire, it was while Lew was filming "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," that the muse worked. It would seem that Lew really does outstrip Mickey—he plays the clarinet, the saxophone, the violin, and the oboe.

Oh, the lazy film stars and the parents who make capital of their p-oo-r little innocent children. Here's one dad—William V. Mong, character actor of the films, and father of a husky lad, who drew a pay envelope for fifty-five weeks out of a year of fifty-two. Impossible! Not at all. Dad Mong doubled up on himself and often worked in two or three productions the same week.

George Beban is going to give the fans another such thrill as he gave them in his vaudeville act "The Sign of the Rose," which he staged in connection with the film. The new combination stage-and-screen story, "The Greatest Love of All," was written by himself, and produced under his management. At the most exciting point in the film story the light fades from the screen and the action is taken up on the stage by the actors in flesh and blood without loss of a single motion or a moment's time. Mr. Beban takes the part of Joe, the iceman, who goes to Ellis Island to meet his immigrant mother. The old Italian woman who plays the rôle of his mother was selected from Little Italy, N. Y. C., and she cannot speak a word of English. Miss Hol-

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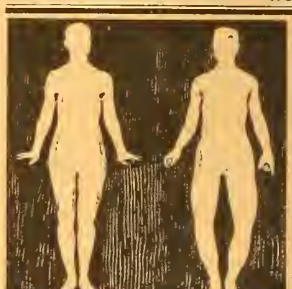

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comb is Trina, Joe's screen sweetheart, and Arthur Earl, the shyster lawer, who defends the mother in a court-room scene.

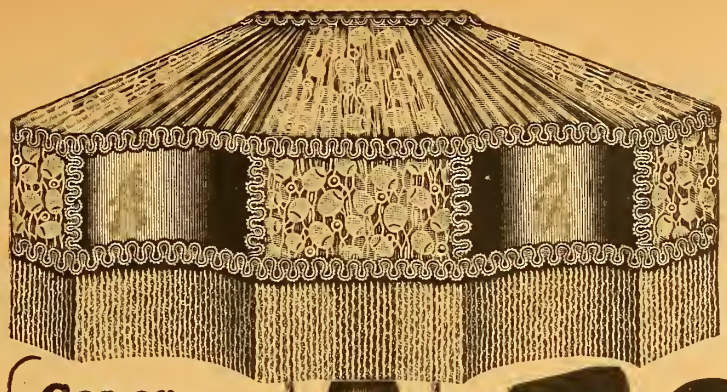
Roland West, author and director, has been signed with the Truart Film Corporation for a period of six years. His film success, "The Unknown Purple," which is also one of his plays, being the *pièce de résistance* which won him his contract. His productions will number only two a year and will be made from stage hits and best sellers. Truart stars and directors include: Elaine Hammerstein, Richard Talmadge and Larry Semon.

Max Reinhardt, German stage and film director, who staged "The Miracle," the enormous and inspiring pantomime set to music, has been engaged by Cosmopolitan to direct Marion Davies' productions, at a fabulous salary. The name of her first picture under his direction has not been announced but it will be made as soon as Miss Davies has finished "Janice Meredith."

There is no telling just what tests directors use in casting a picture play. It's certain they dont go about with a little bag of instruments tapping knees and the elbow joints, and taking blood-pressure, yet somehow they get a line on the subconscious and cast accordingly. When the Rocketts chose Ruth Clifford for the rôle of Ann Rutledge in their production of "Abraham Lincoln," they probably knew that Ruth was just about the most home-loving little person on the screen, and therefore the perfect type for the girlhood sweetheart of Honest Abe. An orphan, Miss Clifford lives with her Aunt in Hollywood and has been away from home only twice, once to film a picture in Porto Rico, and the other to attend the première of the Lincoln picture in New York. She was so homesick in Porto Rico that she wept with joy when she returned home, and while in New York she rented an apartment for a year and set up housekeeping, instead of residing at a hotel, to prevent another such catastrophe. Miss Clifford has grown up with the screen. A wistful little girl with yellow curls and schoolbooks under her arm, she tarried about the lots on her way to school until one marvelous day a Universal director offered her and her little playmates a pair of wings and a chance to be angels for the nonce. Henceforth, Miss Clifford's golden head was screen property.

Following the lead of Charlie, the veteran elephant of the movies, that had to be executed because he ran amuck, turned over flimsy villages, and killed humans, Joe Martin, the star orang-outang of the screen, has turned temperamental. He was formerly gentle and kind, but now it is no longer safe or sane to work on the same set with him. And he's a good actor, too, he it was, that did the dirty work in "The Merry-Go-Round." His last picture is "Down in Jungle Town," perhaps he got too near to caveman stuff in filming it. But while poor Charlie is under the sod and the dew, Joe has been condemned to a glorious fate—he has been voted a member of Al. G. Barnes Circus and is now one of their leading attractions.

"Two Wagons — Both Covered," a travesty on "The Covered Wagon," done in Will Rogers' best style, has made such a hit that he has decided to make a series of burlesques on leading plays and players. The next victim to his scintillating humor



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Paying Up to $250 per Mo.

Men Are Wanted to enter this fascinating profession. Splendid opportunities; travel or remain near home. Pleasant outdoor work; meet big railway officials.

Start at $110 per Mo.

expenses paid, after 3 mos'. spare-time study at home. Any average man can qualify.

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If, after completing your training, we do not secure for you a position paying at least $110 per mo. and expenses, we will refund all you have paid. You do not risk a penny!

You can succeed—advance rapidly! send coupon **at once** for full details.

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Send me entirely free, Booklet No. D-58, giving full particulars about course in Railway Traffic Inspection.

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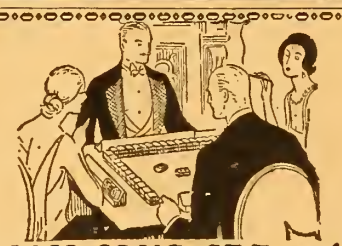

MAH JONG SET $1

Complete with instructions, rules and illustrations, 144 characters, 152 counters, racks, dice and score card. Postpaid in attractive box, on receipt of $1.00. (Canada 25c extra.)
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At Home—In Your Spare Time

from the school that has trained 60 many successful cartoonists of today earning from $50 to $200 and more a week. The Landon Picture Chart Method of teaching makes original drawing easy to learn. Send 6c in stamps for full information and chart to test your ability. *Also state age.*

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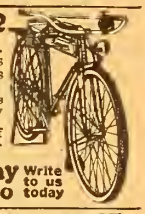
1402 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.

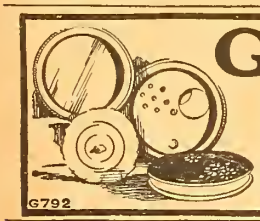
Delivered to you Free
for 30 days trial on approval. Choice of **44 Styles**, colors and sizes of famous **Ranger** Bicycles. Express prepaid, at Factory Prices.

12 Months to Pay if desired. Boys and girls easily save the small monthly payments.

Tires wheels and equipment at half usual prices. Write for remarkable factory prices and marvelous terms.

Mead Cycle Company Dept. A-39, Chicago. Write to us today





GIVEN DAINTY VANITY CASE

beautifully decorated. Contains mirror, puff, spill-proof powder case. Sent without charge, postpaid—

PROVIDED, you know of any crippled children or young adults with Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Crooked Spine, Hip Disease or Wry Neck, and will send this ad with correct names and addresses of parents; also age of child and how afflicted. *No premium sent* unless this ad is enclosed with desired information. Offer closes May 1, 1924,
McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM, 903 Aubert Ave., Dept. 249-C, St. Louis, Mo.

G792

What is Going to Happen to You?

Do you fear what the future has in store for you? Are you constantly worried that something dreadful is going to happen? Stop worrying. Learn what the stars predict. The ancient science of astrology reveals all.

VIRGO WILL TELL YOU FREE

Simply send in your name and address and I will interpret the Zodiac sign you were born under. Be sure to state the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting. Enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing and postage. Your astrological reading will be sent you written in plain language, mailed sealed, postpaid. You will be overjoyed with the good news. Don't wait, send birth date and 10c NOW. VIRGO STUDIO, 38 Howard Street, New York City Dept. 433

will be Bill Hart, the bad man of the screen and Rogers' very good friend.

The movie triumvirate—Charlie, Mary and Doug—may cement their friendship into a business triangle. It is rumored that Chaplin will direct Miss Pickford in one picture. We're waiting with bated breath—wont it be a wow!

And speaking of laws within laws, expectant divorcees residing in Reno who wanted to see Rupert Hughes' film, named for the famous divorce-town, had to motor to another city to view it, according to rumor. The Reno-ites were afraid the film might corrupt their morals, we take it!

Do you know what a Scofflaw is? Somebody won one hundred dollars for inventing the word. Well, he's the modern drinker, who scoffs at the law and drinks his rum just the same, and it's feminine as well as masculine; Preferred Pictures says so. They have already started production of "The Adorable Scofflaw," a story of a young flapper addicted to the cocktail habit. Kenneth Harlan and Clara Bow will take the leads. And by the way, do you know that Clara's complexion is of such a texture that she doesn't have to make up for the screen—lucky little flapper, she can almost scoff at anything.

There are phases of news that, like the poor, are always with us: divorces, and accidents and illness among the stars, and now extended to scenarists and officials. Mrs. Nellie Myers has been granted a divorce from Harry Myers, film actor. The husband originated the suit, the wife countered, and was granted alimony and the care of their children. Evelyn Kenyon is suing her husband, Albert G. Kenyon, scenarist, for divorce, and has named Rosemary Cooper as co-respondent. And then, there is the two-million-dollar separation suit brought by Mrs. Harriet McKenzie Cronenweth against Edwin Cronenweth, official of Tiffany Picture Corporation, in Los Angeles. Mrs. Eloise Goodale Metzger, who took a minor part in the production of a picture a year ago, is named in the wife's complaint.

But the near-divorce suits interest us still more because they have the happy ending. Sometimes it helps a lot to serve notice and get all the things you want to say off your mind. We hope Mrs. Robert Edeson (Mary Newcomb) has found this sufficient. Some time ago she filed divorce papers against Robert Edeson, but since that time she and her husband have been seen in public together, apparently as good friends as ever. And Mae Allison has dropped her suit for divorce against Robert Ellis, film actor. It seems there was some irregularity in the serving of the subpœna on her husband, and it was discovered just as the decree of divorce was about to be issued. This gave Miss Allison a chance to change her mind, and as Mr. Ellis promised to be less trying, she was sensible in using a woman's prerogative, and decided to withdraw the complaint.

As to the casualty list: Clara Bow was painfully cut and bruised in a fifteen-foot fall over a cliff while filming "Poisoned Paradise"; Anna Q. Nilsson broke a rib trying to lift Milton Sills, weight 190 pounds, in the filming of the Rex Beach story, "Flowing Gold"; Richard Barthelmess held up the filming of "The Enchanted Cottage," to be operated upon; Mae Busch took a turn at grip; Julanne Johnston at pneumonia; and Constance Talmadge indulged in Kleig eyes; but now they're all well and registering high spirits on the screen.

Should the Woman Pay?

Or Would You Stand Trial For Her While She Married Another?

FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT love had sung to him, played with him and lifted him to the high land of dreams; but now it had passed, leaving him only mockery for farewell—

"IT DEPENDS upon how he comes thru, whether you'll come up for manslaughter, Mr. Daggett," said the deputy, "And I saw who was driving the car," broke in the cop, "the young lady who can do sixty-one miles an hour. I guess she's due an invitation to this party."

HI SAW DOLLY A PRISONER at the bar, with drooping head while the judge harangued her wrathfully—then he himself seemed to be on trial and the jury was multitudinous and hostile.

AND MEANWHILE DOLLY, for another compelling reason, had taken shelter with Sam King, the millionaire producer who had promoted her screen stardom, and who had asked her to wed him. But

Dana Gatlin

has told the thrilling incidents in language of a thousand heart throbs in "Thistledown."

"AND SHE, TOO, *has fallen in love. She cried and laughed with the telling. She loves Mr. Hi with such a love as one reads of in books. But she has run back to that Mr. King. So full of indecision and woe was she that you would scarcely have known her. Ah! you cannot reckon on Miss Dolly, so impulsive and so stubborn in her misguidedness.*"

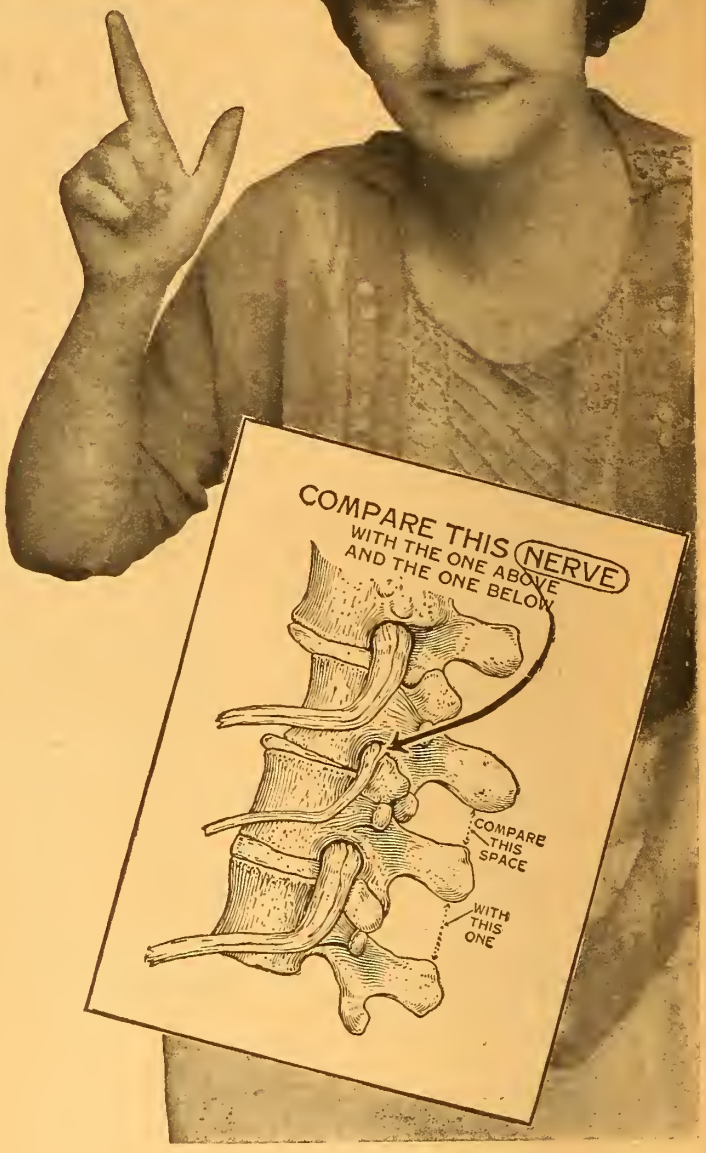
Be Sure Not To Miss It

"Thistledown"

May Motion Picture Magazine

On the News-stands April First

HEALTH



Results from the Adaptation of the "Power Within" to the Stress of Environment

IT IS a question of relativity.

Disease is the result of supernormal stress or of subnormal resistance.

When the nerve, over which the "power within" sends its adaptative impulses to the cells, is impinged by a subluxated vertebra, the "power within" cannot adapt the organism to the stress of environment and we become sick.

To regain health it is necessary to turn on the power of adaptation—resistance.

To turn on the power, the impingement must be removed from the nerve, in order that it may again function normally.

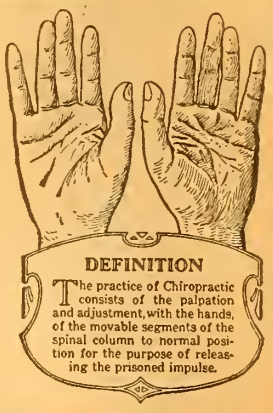
To remove the impingement the misaligned vertebra must be adjusted, and this adjustment of the vertebra is the work of the chiropractor.

By giving Chiropractic a fair trial millions have recovered their health.

Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the

UNIVERSAL CHIROPRACTORS' ASSOCIATION

Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.



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EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

AB-SCENT

The Ideal
Liquid
Colorless Deodorant

(Contains no staining artificial colors)

She Knows She Will Be Popular This Evening

She has been invited by the man she adores. She has spent days thinking about this important event and has sought every means for making herself more attractive. But with all her charm, she must particularly avoid any offense that might accompany dancing in a heated ballroom.

She has no fears, however. She knows that AB-SCENT will not only remedy excessive perspiration but will also destroy all odors.

You can free yourself of the worry of perspiration with its attending odors and clothing stains in using AB-SCENT—the new colorless and odorless deodorant (containing no staining artificial colors).

No longer need you be annoyed, for this delightful creation, formulated by a physician, is absolutely harmless, and does all that you desire, and does not burn, itch or irritate. It is recommended for personal use and will not rot your garments.

Men as well as women are using it, for they realize that bathing alone cannot prevent an unclean armpit or perspired feet; neither can perfumes and powders hide the offensive odors caused by perspiration. But AB-SCENT will correct the condition of which you yourself may be unconscious.

Too often do we fail to detect our own faults, and when they are of so personal a nature that even our friends hesitate to tell us, it is paramount that we take every precaution to eliminate them. You can be at ease now that AB-SCENT is at your command. Try it once and cleanliness will take on a new meaning.

AB-SCENT can be had at all good stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, you can obtain it direct by mail in a plain wrapper by addressing SEAN JORDEAU INC. Dept. 2J, 562 Fifth Avenue, New York. **50c**

Prepared by the makers of ZIP.

(Send your dealer's name with your order and you will also receive attractive samples of Madame Berthe's Face Powder and Massage & Cleansing Cream.)

CREATIONS JORDEAU NEW YORK

"A Skin You Love to Touch"
painted by R. F. Schabelitz

You, too, can have A skin you love to touch . . .

SLEEP—fresh air—the right food—all these help to maintain the general tone of your skin.

But good health alone will not insure a good complexion. Many conditions that seriously detract from the appearance of the skin, such as blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, etc., are of purely local origin.

Give your skin itself special care, if you want it to be smooth, soft, delightful in texture and color.

Each day your skin is changing

You *can* have a lovely skin, if you will. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. By giving this *new* skin special care, you can actually make your complexion over—you can give it a clearness and smoothness it has never had before.

You will find the special treatment your skin needs in the booklet of famous skin treatments, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter, and read, in this booklet, just how to take care of your skin.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size—for 10c

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For the enclosed 10 cents—please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream.
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With the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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MOTION PICTURE

MAY

THE QUALITY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MAGAZINE

25 CTS

THE BOGEY-MAN *of the* STARS

A Story of the Income Tax and the Stars on page 28

New 1-2-3 Method for

DOUBLE CHIN

OR SAGGING FACIAL MUSCLES

BEAUTY cannot be attained by a free use of cosmetics alone. Complexion is not everything—the contour of the face must also be correct. Double chin, sagging facial muscles, drooping mouth lines mar what otherwise would be a pretty face.

It is no longer necessary to labor under the handicap of such facial faults. Use the Cora M. Davis 1-2-3 method, consisting of an effective reducing facial cream, patented chin and face strap, and astringent.

Worn While You Sleep

How simple—how convenient—how effective. Merely apply the cream before going to bed. Then put on the chin strap. The cream has so softened the skin muscles that the strap is easily capable of starting its work of reducing the double chin, raising the mouth lines and returning to their proper places the sagging face muscles. Then in the morning apply the astringent which tightens up the skin and makes permanent the work done by the cream and strap. Continue this for a few nights and see the wonderful improvement in your facial contour. Special combination price for all three articles, only $4.00. Anyone desiring either of these three articles alone can obtain them at the stipulated prices.

These Stores Sell The Davis Chin Straps:

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The Kratz Drug Store
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ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
M. De'Hart, care Blackstone Hotel
BOSTON, MASS.
Shepard Stores
Grace H. O'Hearn, Tremont St.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
A. I. Namm & Son
Abraham & Strauss
Liggett's Drug Stores
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William Hengerer
CANTON, OHIO
Creamer, 1221 St. Elms Ave.
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Carson, Pirie & Scott
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Hearn, 14th St. near 5th Ave.
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CORA M. DAVIS

Dept. X10 **507 Fifth Ave.**
New York City

This astringent is a mild lotion but contains the correct essentials to produce firmness without harshness, tightening the skin smoothly wherever applied.
Price $1.25

While prepared primarily for reducing double chin and fleshy facial parts, many have spoken highly of Cora M. Davis reducing cream for effective reduction on any part of the body.
Price $1.00

Use this Coupon
If your dealer cannot supply you

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Send me the articles checked. I will pay the postman price plus few cents postage on delivery. I am to get my money back if not satisfied.

☐ Davis Chin Strap.....$2.00
☐ Davis Chin Reducing Cream..... 1.00
☐ Davis Special Astringent..... 1.25
$4.25
☐ Combination Special Offer of all three above $4.00

Name.....
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City.....
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Waist and Hips Reduced With New Girdle

Worn Instead of Stiff Corsets

Makes you look inches thinner the moment you put it on and actually removes fat all the while you wear it. Dieting, Exercise, Pills and Self-Denials unnecessary.

NO matter how large your waist or how bulging your hips—no matter how many other methods have failed to reduce your excess flesh—here at last is a remarkable new flexible girdle that is guaranteed to improve your appearance at once and to reduce your waist and hips "almost while you wait!"

No wonder it is being hailed with delight by the thousands of women who want to look youthfully slender again. For with the Madame X Reducing Girdle you don't have to wait till the fat is gone to appear slim and youthful. The instant you put on this new kind of girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seem to vanish, the waistline lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel years younger!

Actually Reduces Fat Quickly—Pleasantly

Think of it—no more heart-straining exercises—no more disagreeable starving diets—no more harmful medicines—no more bitter self-denials—no more stiff, uncomfortable corsets! The Madame X Reducing Girdle ends all need of that forever! The moment you put it on you look inches thinner! And best of all, it actually makes fat vanish with marvelous rapidity—while you walk, play, work or sleep—and yet does it so gently you hardly know you are wearing it.

Can Be Worn as a Corset All Day Long

Don't confuse the Madame X Reducing Girdle with ordinary belts or stiff corsets. It's radically different! It doesn't merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slender—it actually takes off flesh gently, pleasantly, surely. Can be worn all day instead of a stiff corset and gives you, with comfort, Fashion's straight boyish lines! At last you can wear all the stylish clothes you want without worrying about your figure.

Produces Same Results as an Expert Masseur

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20, even 40 pounds. Made of the most resilient Para rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarments. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset—and without any discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Makes You Look and Feel Years Younger

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

Many say it is fine for constipation, which is often present in people inclined to be stout. For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people—and thus brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

Look Slender While Getting Slender

Without Girdle — With Girdle

Improves your appearance instantly — works for you constantly every second of the day to reduce your excess fat.

Free Booklet Tells All

You can't appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon and learn all about this easy and pleasant way to become fashionably slender. Mail the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price special trial offer. The Thompson Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. G-155, 404 Fourth Ave., New York.

WARNING

Patents have been applied for covering the essential features of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and all infringers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

The Patented Open Front Insures Perfect Comfort While you Sit, Work or Play. And the Special Lacing Makes the Girdle Easy to Adjust as You Become More Slender.

THE THOMPSON BARLOW CO., Inc.,
Dept. G-155, 404 Fourth Ave., New York

Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and also details of your special reduced price offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Madame X Reducing Girdle

Makes You Look Thin While Getting Thin

Paramount Pictures

NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURES
Produced by
Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"DON'T CALL IT LOVE"
A WILLIAM deMILLE Production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Nita Naldi, Theodore Kosloff and Rod La Rocque. Screen play by Clara Beranger. From the novel "Rita Coventry" by Julian Street and play by Hubert Osborne.

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GLORIA SWANSON in "THE HUMMING BIRD"
A SIDNEY OLCOTT Production. From the Play by Maude Fulton. Written for the screen by Forrest Halsey.

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An IRVIN WILLAT Production with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes. Written for the screen by Albert Shelby Le Vino.

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By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Tom Geraghty, Directed by Alfred E. Green.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
POLA NEGRI in "SHADOWS OF PARIS"
A HERBERT BRENON Production. Supported by Adolphe Menjou, Charles de Roche and Huntly Gordon. Adapted by Fred Jackson from the play by Andre Picard and Francis Carco. Written for the screen by Eve Unsell.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"BIG BROTHER" by Rex Beach
An ALLAN DWAN Production with Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton and Edith Roberts. Written for the screen by Paul Sloane.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
Kate Jordan's "THE NEXT CORNER"
A SAM WOOD Production with Conway Tearle, Lon Chaney, Dorothy Mackaill, Ricardo Cortez and Louise Dresser. From the novel and play by Kate Jordan. Written for the screen by Monte Katterjohn.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
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A JOSEPH HENABERY Production with Richard Dix, Betty Compson, Lewis Stone and Tully Marshall. From the story "The First and the Last," by John Galsworthy. Written for the screen by Edfrid Bingham.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"ICE BOUND"
A WILLIAM deMILLE Production of the Pulitzer prize play by Owen Davis. With Richard Dix and Lois Wilson. Screen Play by Clara Beranger.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"MAGNOLIA"
A JAMES CRUZE Production with Ernest Torrence, Mary Astor, Cullen Landis, Phyllis Haver, Noah Beery. By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Walter Woods.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
CECIL B. DeMILLE'S PRODUCTION "TRIUMPH"
With Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Victor Varconi, Charles Ogle, Julia Faye, George Fawcett, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson and Raymond Hatton. By May Edginton. Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson.

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Reliable Guide to Screen Entertainment of Quality—
the name Paramount!

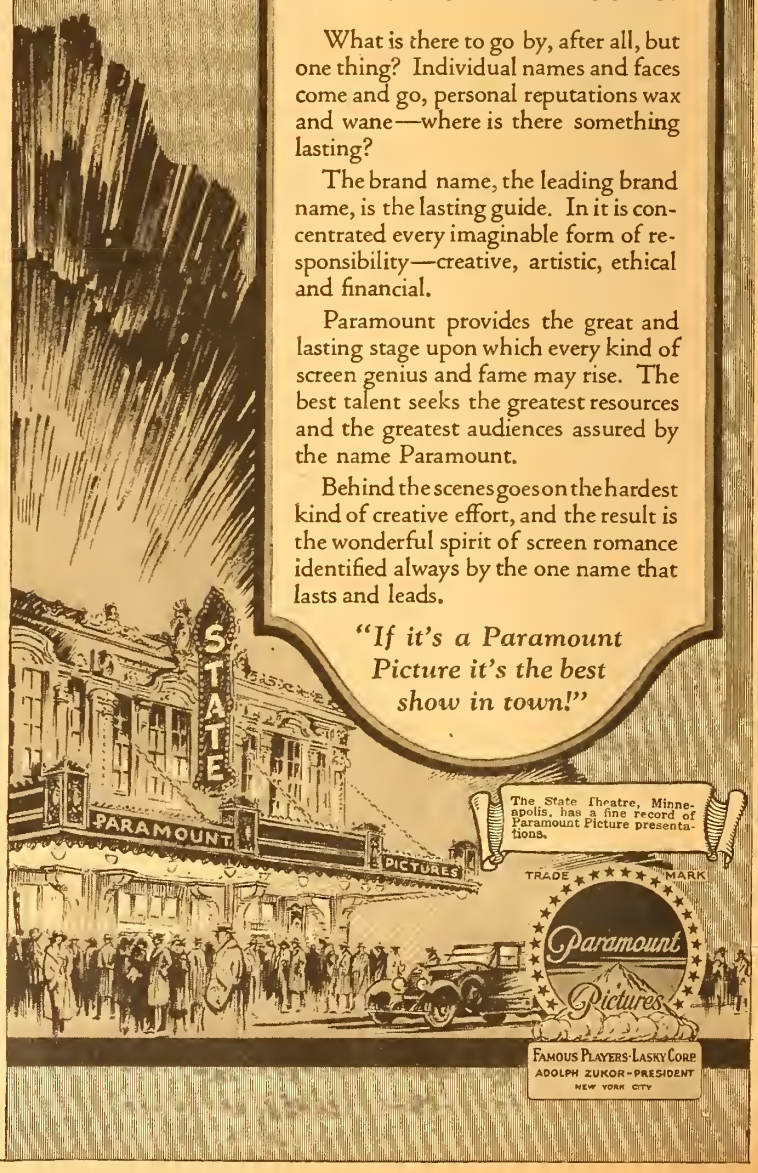
What is there to go by, after all, but one thing? Individual names and faces come and go, personal reputations wax and wane—where is there something lasting?

The brand name, the leading brand name, is the lasting guide. In it is concentrated every imaginable form of responsibility—creative, artistic, ethical and financial.

Paramount provides the great and lasting stage upon which every kind of screen genius and fame may rise. The best talent seeks the greatest resources and the greatest audiences assured by the name Paramount.

Behind the scenes goes on the hardest kind of creative effort, and the result is the wonderful spirit of screen romance identified always by the one name that lasts and leads.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"



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Motion Picture Magazine

The Quality Magazine of the Screen

MAY

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Hollywood Has Married and Settled Down

. . . is a Feature Story in the June Motion Picture Magazine

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Motion Picture Magazine
(Trade-Mark Registered)
Founded by J. Stuart Blackton
Vol. XXVII MAY, 1924 No. 4

Music and Motion Pictures, Incorporated

MUSIC, until some manner of phonofilm is perfected, must remain indispensable to the motion picture. Thru the ear it reaches the same emotions that are being aroused by that which the eye is recording. This is, of course, when there is a well-done synchronization.

Just a few years ago a musical score was an unheard-of thing for any motion picture. D. W. Griffith was one of the first producers to give the music accompanying his pictures his personal attention. When you see his "America," notice the love motif which accompanies every scene between the young lovers. And notice further how it suggests her thoughts and her conflicting emotions when he is nowhere about.

Douglas Fairbanks, too, realizes the importance of a musical score. The one which accompanies "The Thief of Bagdad" is the most complete score ever conceived for a picture.

And Lillian Gish went so far as to take the musician who will do the musical score of "Romola" to Italy with her. There he is working out the musical accompaniment as sequence after sequence of the story itself is filmed. Perhaps Miss Gish hoped, too, that some of the lovely native Italian arias would sing themselves into his heart and into his melodies.

Today even the lesser cinema efforts, those branded "program pictures," frequently enjoy some manner of musical score.

We shudder to think how many varied renditions of "Hearts and Flowers" have brought us to the enjoyment of this present synchronization. Some of us remember the tin-pan piano, never without several silent keys. It belongs to that almost forgotten era when our cinema palaces were reconverted grocery stores . . . where "One Minute Please to Change Reels," frequently flashed upon the screen . . . and where Mr. Jones was wont to advertise his pickles or whatever his product chanced to be, in brilliantly colored slides during the length of this interruption (always in excess of a minute, however). The aforementioned "Hearts and Flowers" was the pianist's *pièce de résistance.* She played it regardless of the scene because she knew it by heart and could watch the picture without giving much heed to her keyboard.

Twenty is gone before you know it—and then you are twenty-five! And next, with hardly a breathing-space, a woman is in her thirties.

Once, the number of her birthdays used definitely to fix a woman's status. Today, physicians say that the number of years has little to do with age—it is almost entirely a matter of physical condition.

Keep your skin young by keeping it in good condition. The world will not say of you that you are beginning to look old, so long as you can keep a fresh, clear, beautiful skin.

Perhaps the only trouble with your complexion is just - *lack of will-power*

ALMOST anyone can make a great effort of will—once.

But it takes an unusual person to repeat even a small effort of will day after day, week in, week out.

That is why so many women fail to keep a lovely skin after they have passed their twenties.

A beautiful skin means—*daily care!*

Not hurried, perfunctory attention—but the whole of one's thought and will, for a few minutes out of every busy day, centered on keeping one's skin in the best possible condition.

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. Begin, now, to give this *new* skin the special care it needs—and see how soft and smooth you can make it—how quickly the faults that have worried you will disappear.

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Our Portrait Gallery

Photograph by Ira L. Hill

ANITA STEWART

"The play is the thing . . ." In recognition of this Shakespearian fact, Anita Stewart is no longer interested in long-time starring contracts. She has reached that Utopian state where her future is financially assured . . . and hereafter she will choose her rôles carefully. Rumor has it that a cinematic "Never the Twain Shall Meet" is to mark her next celluloid appearance

Photograph by Apeda

RAMON NOVARRO

Achieving a great success entails a great responsibility. Now that Ramon Novarro has found acclaim thru his work in "Scaramouche," he must maintain this high standard . . . So this winter he has been working hard and earnestly under the inspired direction of Rex Ingram. They have been in Tunis, Algeria, filming the exteriors of "The Arab," in which the young Novarro is colorful in the robes and burnoose of the title rôle

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

HELENE CHADWICK

Helene Chadwick is another of the fair ladies who form the cast in which Valentino's "Monsieur Beaucaire" is to be so lavishly set. She will share honors with Lois Wilson and Bebe Daniels. Helene is now out of the Goldwyn fold, a free-lancer. (In the motion picture vernacular, a free-lancer is someone who has no definite connection, but plays here . . . there . . . and everywhere . . . wherever a rôle is to his liking)

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

LUCILLE RICKSEN

No one looking at the sophisticated young person in this portrait would doubt that Lucille Ricksen has grown up in an astonishingly short length of time. Recently she was Jack Pickford's heroine in "The Hill-Billy." And now her name is prominent in the cast of "The Galloping Fish"

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

DOROTHY MACKAILL

Dorothy is going right ahead and proving that all the extravagant things said about her screen presence and her acting ability are the truth . . . the whole truth . . . and nothing but the truth. She is, without any doubt, one of the most interesting personalities that has come to the screen in many a month

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

CHARLES DE ROCHE

Certainly after seeing "The Ten Commandments" we would fail editorially if we did not give Charles de Roche conspicuous mention. As the selfish and cruel Pharaoh he left nothing to be desired. In itself, this performance eradicates the stain which blurred his name when he was hailed as Valentino's successor. Now Mr. de Roche is playing opposite the temperamental and fiery Pola . . . in "Shadows of Paris"

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

LILLIAN GISH

Juliet, Shakespeare's tragic, lovelorn heroine, is at last coming to the motion picture screen. And Lillian Gish is the actress who was finally chosen for this immortal rôle. Now she is playing in "Romola," in Italy. Upon its completion she will go at once to Verona, the native heath of the Montagues and Capulets . . . and here Richard Barthelmess will join her as Romeo

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

CARMEL MYERS

Carmel Myers is the latest motion picture player whose personality has undergone a metamorphosis. There's a far hail between this new portrait and the Carmel we used to know. However, whether you have seen her in "Beau Brummel" and "Broadway After Dark," or whether you just judge from this picture, you cannot gainsay that Carmel's new personality stirs your interest

Photograph by C. Heighton Monroe

LEWIS STONE

Stars have been known to be stars in name only. And this has frequently been the case when the eminent name of Lewis Stone was also in the cast. He is an intelligent actor who invariably walks off with the honors. He has never deliberately set about to capture that illusive thing called popularity . . . but has enjoyed it now for years by the very virtue of his never failing artistry. "Cytherea," the Hergesheimer love story of married people, occupies him at the present

"See America First"

When we hail your interest with the famous slogan which we have used as a title for these pages, we do so in all sincerity. For "The Sacrifice," the first of a series of motion pictures which D. W. Griffith will make chronicling America's history, is well worth seeing from a patriotic, dramatic and artistic viewpoint

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown is a thrilling scene which will stir patriotic quivers in the most blasé American. Arthur Dewey, a dominant and human George Washington, is seated upon the white mount

Carol Dempster is Nancy, the heroine of the love story upon which Griffith builds his historical events. The Tory seen with her in the silhouette above is Lionel Barrymore as Captain Butler

On the left. Nancy is presented to George III... and on the right is Neil Hamilton, whose Nathan Holden is one of the most likable heros we have seen on the screen in many a moon . . .

Captain Butler in a heated conference with the Big Wigs on the left ... and Nancy and Nathan in a perfect Griffith love moment on the right

The Battle of Bunker Hill is one of the most thrilling episodes of the picture . . . excelled only by the inspiring and breath-taking ride of Paul Revere. It was during this battle that the human toll was the greatest

A review of this epic film appears on page fifty-three of this issue And if these illustrations dont interest you sufficiently to see "America," we refe you to the editorial comments. Below is one of Captain Butler's off-moments ...

With the hero a Rebel and the heroine the daughter of a Tory and the sister of a Rebel and, therefore somewhat confused in her sympathies, the love scenes are frequently enacted under great physical difficulties. Witness the Romeo and Juliet episode on the left

Impromptu

By

GLADYS HALL

Zazu Pitts's glowing appreciation of Eric von Stroheim, who gave her her "chance" in "Greed," to prove that she has a side other than the comedic, was rather pleasant. The strange young lady on the left is Zazu as Trina in this screen adaptation of Norris' novel, "McTeague," now called "Greed"

AFTER all, it is only fair to designate a half-hour talk with a hitherto unknown person as "an impression." Unless one is gifted with second sight, which I am not, one can glean but impressionistic data in so brief a while. An impression, and perhaps not always veracious at that.

The only distinguishing characteristic of this impression is, I freely admit, the fact that I had formed so different a preconception before meeting Zazu Pitts. A picture evolved in my own mind from bits gleaned here and there, pictures, all that sort of thing, common to a discussed individual.

I had been curious about Zazu Pitts, and I am free to admit, again in the interests of veracity, that curiosity within me is all but dead. Dead and incapable of exhumation.

After all, when one has dined with Pola Negri, lunched with Mary Pickford, danced with Valentino and breakfasted with Lillian Gish, one cant expect to be anything but satiated, so to speak.

Still, I was curious about Zazu. It may not sound very nice, but I thought that she had a curious face. A bit Aubrey Beardsley. Pale. Attenuated. Odd.

I thought that she would have curious tastes to go with the face, and, oh, yes, with the name. I expected some fay of the moon out of mist.

I expected unearthliness. Detachedness. An interest in things I probably had never heard of. Remoteness. Mystery.

When, some time ago, I heard that she was married, I said, "That's not as it should be." When I heard she had had a baby, I said, "That's worse. Why WILL people do things that dont FIT them?" But when I heard that she was to play in von Stroheim's picturization of Norris' "Greed," I said, "That's somehow right."

This last may not seem particularly complimentary when you see the young lady's corporeal "charms" in "Greed," but I guess you'll know what I mean. Anyway, Zazu is artist enough to be thrilled to death about her rôle in "Greed," despite the fact that she thinks it may lose her her husband when he sees it.

All of which leads me to my meeting with Zazu. I had been saying to the editor regarding talking with cinematic charmers, "From blonde ingénues and 'funny men,' from slinky sirens and *grandes dames à la mode,* good Lord deliver us . . . and give us Zazu Pitts!"

Well, the good Lord gave me Zazu Pitts, but He didn't wholly deliver me from ingénues, altho I will admit that I was remote from slinky sirens.

There is nothing of the slinky siren about Zazu.

Photograph (left) by Edwin Bower Hesser

My composite impression of Zazu? Where I had expected Aubrey Beardsley, I got Jessie Wilcox. Where I had looked for Baudelaire, I got Montessori. Where I had thought to find remoteness and faint chill, I got burning enthusiasm and wholesome felicity. On the right, Zazu again as Trina

An Impression of Zazu Pitts

As a matter of fact, the nearest I can come to describing her to you is by taking the words out of Glenn Hunter's mouth: "Doesn't she somehow remind you of the Gishes?" he said. "I dont know . . . it's her mannerisms . . . somehow . . ." As Zazu played the rôle of "Dessie" with Glenn in Homer Croy's "West of the Water Tower," Glenn knows whereof he speaks.

Zazu is ever so slightly rounded and plump. She isn't curious and she hasn't half so much to do with the moon and the mist and fays and fables as she has with baby's pinning blankets, baby's snapshots and handsome husband —Tom Gallery.

These are Zazu Pitts's enthusiasms: her baby and her husband—and Eric von Stroheim.

It was this rather oddly assorted trinity that we discussed during the hour we spent together. Zazu told me how von Stroheim had seen her in the studio just before he started casting for "Greed," how he had never seen her work, but simply recognized a type in her face, asked her to have some screen tests and took her on the spot. She says that Eric is a much-maligned man, saving by those who work for him and with him, and these adore him. He is the one man she knows who will recognize types and talent no matter whether the names have ever been heard of before, or not. He works over these new recruits, she told me, indefatigably, patiently, and thoroly. He is a devoted husband, an adoring father, a brilliant student, a charming and most polished man and altogether perfect.

It was rather pleasant, Zazu's glowing appreciation of the man she feels has given her her "chance" to prove that she has a side other than the comedic. Gratitude fired with enthusiasm marked all her words of him.

Then husband—Tom Gallery—came in and I had to see all of baby Zazu's snapshots forwarded from Chicago where the adored youngling was staying with her paternal grandparents while Zazu made "West of the Water Tower" in New York. And "doesn't she look just like Tom?" and "Oh, the precious lamb!" carolled both young parents at once.

It was Zazu's first visit to New York and she was particularly captivated by the Bowery and Grant's Tomb. But one could see that Zazu's hopes and longings were to be on the westbound train, via Chicago, there to snatch up the precious Zazu Junior and speed on toward "home."

"I want at least four children," she told me. "I love 'em!"

Thus Zazu:

Where I had expected Aubrey Beardsley I got Jessie Wilcox. Where I had looked for Baudelaire I got Montessori. Where I had thought to find remoteness and faint chill, I got burning enthusiasm and wholesome felicity.

One never knows. . . .

Zazu was Dessie Arnbalt in "West of the Water Tower," and it is as Dessie she is pictured above. Below she gives graphic reality to a demented moment in "Greed." If looks are not deceiving, von Stroheim has led little Zazu to greatness

On An Algerian Hilltop . . .

. . . Rex Ingram paused for this picture to be taken. This side of the camera's lens were the other cameras and motion picture paraphernalia with which Mr. Ingram has invaded the old city of Tunis, shown in the background. Here the exterior scenes of "The Arab," with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry heading the cast, are being filmed. The vestments adorning this brilliant director do not subtly hint that he is forsaking the megaphone for sheik honors. They are merely a concession made in the general fitness of things . . . a supplement to the ancient and colorful city in the distance

The Talk of the Boulevard Is Rod La Rocque Who Is

A Very Odd Young Man

By

HELEN CARLISLE

Photographs by Donald Biddle Keyes

ROD LA ROCQUE, the gentleman who smashed Cecil De Mille's Ten Commandments so thoroly, sat beside me smoking gold-tipped cigarets and leaning on a silver-headed cane.

He was immaculately, one might say extraordinarily, well dressed. He wore what is, I believe, known as a walking suit. Also white spats. Three rings circled the little finger of his right hand. On his wrist was a gold chain bracelet. On the third finger of his left hand was a heavy signet ring with, he said, his family crest upon it.

From time to time he drew from the pocket of his white vest a cigaret case. It was the most expensive-looking cigaret case I've ever had the privilege of gazing upon, except from the wrong side of a jeweler's window.

"I dont know," he remarked, "whether all this indicates affluence or decadence." He was referring to the suit, the vest, the spats and the cane, however, for the jewelry he wears all the time.

Flicking an ash gently from his gold-tipped Dimitrino, Rod La Rocque remarked that there is just one thing which he considers absolutely unforgivable . . . that is a display of emotion, at any time—off the screen, of course

We were watching Cecil De Mille put Leatrice Joy and several other players thru their paces, for a scene in "Triumph." If you read the story, you know it's all about love in a can factory. Mr. La Rocque plays the rôle of the factory owner who loves his forewoman, and goes thru all sorts of vicissitudes before he and she are happily united.

Our conversation was interrupted frequently by the noise of a machine turning out tin cans briskly before our very eyes.

Now Mr. Rod La Rocque is a very odd young man.

You probably know as well as I do that he has been on the screen for a good many years. And you probably know nothing else about him except that suddenly, in "The Ten Commandments," he came to life and gave a remarkably good performance.

He's a bit of a puzzle, a mystery, even in Hollywood, where everyone knows everyone else's real name.

He never is advertised as being one of our Very Good Young Men, tho he could line up alongside Richard Dix and Conrad Nagel any day. He doesn't have his picture taken with his mother, yet I concluded from what he said that he is most devoted to her. He does not say that he

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

is looking for his Ideal Girl, tho he is one of the film colony's most eligible bachelors.

And in spite of all his jewelry, he is decidedly masculine. There is nothing effeminate about Rod La Rocque. He seems absolutely indifferent to public opinion, that's all. If he made up his mind to wear an ankle bracelet, I'll bet he'd wear one and let the headlines shriek.

Yes, he's a very odd young man, and of all the poses I've run across in Hollywood, his is the most unique.

"There is," he remarked, gently flicking the ash from his Dimitrino, "just one thing that I consider absolutely unforgivable. That is to show emotion of any sort, at any time. Off the screen, I mean," he added.

"I had an uncle who received news one morning that his entire fortune had been wiped out on the stock exchange. He finished his breakfast as tho nothing had happened. If hero worship were possible to me, I would say that I idolized that uncle of mine."

Mr. La Rocque speaks slowly, hesitatingly. Frequently he seems to be groping for the best word or phrase with which to express himself.

"Why should one grow excited over anything? Or enthusiastic?" This in reply to my remark that he didn't seem particularly joyous over his success in "The Ten Commandments."

"My success, if you wish to call it success, in that picture does not mean necessarily that I will be liked in other rôles. I cannot understand why a motion-picture actor should be hailed as a find, and a discovery, simply because he has gone over well in one particular part. An actor brings to a rôle an entire lifetime of training and experience. It suits his personality, perhaps, and then it is said that he was 'made overnight.'

"He may never make a like hit in another picture, and if he does not, the public soon forgets. I have been on the stage since I was seven years old. No one knows better than myself, how unstable public favor can be.

"Cecil De Mille deserves all the credit for 'The Ten Commandments.' It was decidedly a gamble, on his part, when he gave me one of the leading rôles. I was a stranger to him. He did not know but that I would fail him. I found, tho, that he understands me better than anyone I've ever known. Often he reads my thoughts before I can express them."

Mr. La Rocque said all this quite gravely, interrupting himself frequently, tho, to speak to (*Continued on page* 82)

"Whatever you do," La Rocque said, "dont say I'm in love. Success is usually attributed to the inspiration of love, you know." And his tone was slightly sarcastic. "Marriage is a risk these days. I have my mother and sister with me. No one could take better care of me. Why should I look for happiness anywhere else?" Below is Rod La Rocque with Leatrice Joy in a scene from "The Ten Commandments" in which he has scored a great triumph

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Alice and Her Loves

If you have wondered why Alice Joyce comes to the screen so infrequently these days, let this family group be your answer. There are two charming reasons, namely, little Peggy of two summers, and Alice, the eight-year-old. This portrait, taken in the Regan town-house, shows Alice with the soft straight bob she recently affected

Barbara La Marr pays the government a huge tax on her approximate income of $150,000 a year

The Bogey-Man of the Stars

By HARRY CARR

Photograph by Bichel

Last year when Bill Hart had been idle practically the entire twelve months he had to pay Uncle Sam over $300,000 on his income for the previous year

This authenticated article proves that the income tax comes upon the motion picture people with more crushing cruelty and injustice than upon any other class of people in the world.

The life of a star is very limited—they have to work at least half of their golden years for the tax-collector.

AT this season of the year, Hollywood gnaws its nails and calls down the curses of high Heaven upon the man who invented income taxes.

The motion picture colony is one of Uncle Sam's chief meal tickets—altho a very unwilling one.

From the very rich city of Los Angeles the government collects approximately $23,400,000. Of this, the movie people, comparatively few in number, have to pay more than $4,000,000—seventeen per cent. of the total tax collected for this district.

One of the chief victims is Harold Lloyd. Two years ago, I know that he had to pay $113,000, and his tax has been going up ever since.

Probably the heaviest income tax in Hollywood is paid by Cecil De Mille. He draws $6,500.00 a week salary from the Lasky Company to keep him in spending money and this is probably the smallest item of his income. He gets a large royalty from his film plays, in addition to which he is one of the chief real-estate and oil operators in California. His tax must run into hundreds of thousands a year.

Strange to say, one of the big income taxes of Hollywood is paid by Bill Hart.

Bill has had some strange adventures with the tax man. Last year when his matrimonial adventures and other worries had interrupted his screen career and he was earning no money to speak of, Uncle Sam came down on him for something over $300,000 for the income he had earned the year before. This year when he is making money by the quart, he will have a small income tax to pay on account of his inactive year.

Conway Tearle is said to pay an income tax on something over $150,000 a year income. Barbara La Marr earns about the same sum. Tommy Meighan is the recipient of a salary in excess of that and is under the additional disadvantage of having to pay a New York State income tax as well. So are all the actors who make their homes in New York and make even a part of their pictures there. In California, however, they face something worse. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are now in the midst of a dispute with the government, the outcome of which all

Several actors are following the example of Jackie Coogan and forming themselves into holding companies. This results in a splitting of the income tax, in that the salary goes to various stockholders instead of just to the star alone

Photograph by Goldberg

On modern clothing the government allows a reduction of fifty per cent. of the cost. This is a considerable item to girls like Gloria Swanson who literally live at the dressmaker's

Another deduction permitted is that of fan mail. Mary Pickford, for instance, spends nearly $50,000 a year buying photographs and mailing them

Photograph © by Strauss Peyton

Hollywood awaits with bated breath.

Under the California State law, the husband has control of all community property and by community property the law means all the money earned by either husband or wife during the period of their married life.

The contention of the government officials is that if Doug can control the property, then it must be his. Consequently then he should pay income tax on both his income and Mary's.

When you get up to million-dollar incomes, the tax is something terrific—55.06%—$550,640 tax on an income of a million dollars.

If Mary and Doug and other movie people who are married to each other have to yield to this interpretation, they will find at the end of the year that they have worked for the tax-collector and not for themselves.

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Lillian Gish also takes advantage of the deduction of dollars spent on fan mail. Her allowance is about $10,000 a year

There is probably no class of people in the world upon whom the income tax comes with such crushing cruelty or injustice.

The life of a star is very limited—ten years at most. Usually not more than five. They have to work at least one-half of their golden years for the tax-collector.

It often happens that an actor will have a great season; then have a lean year. Sometimes this is due to bad luck only. The dates will not happen to fit.

The tragedy of the actor's life is being told by the casting director. "If you could get thru this other picture by the tenth of the month, I have a good part for you. As you will not be thru until the fifteenth, I will have to find another actor."

This is the cause of many a lean year following a fat year. And a lean year following a good one means

Mary Miles Minter and several other stars, it is said, have tried several times to enter in the cost and maintenance of beautiful and expensive cars as advertising—splashes made for the dazzling of the public. Conway Tearle, like Barbara La Marr, is said to pay an income tax on something over $150,000 a year

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Tommy Meighan is under the additional disadvantage of having to pay a New York State income tax as well. So are all the actors who make their homes in New York and make even a part of their pictures there. Dorothy Gish deducts about the same as Lillian, $10,000 a year, for the mailing of fan photographs

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

that you have to pay a big income tax when you haven't any money.

There is a movement on to try to get Congress to make some provision for the fact that a movie girl must make her entire life's fortune in a few short years.

The government permits oil men, for instance, a big allowance due to the fact that many of their oil wells do not pan out.

The plan is to induce Congress to regard an actor as a machine that is gradually running down. If the average girl only lasts five years at the top of her career, then—so the actors contend—she should be allowed to enter one-fifth of her year's income every year as deterioration. The reason actors have won so few concessions thus far is because they have never made any concerted action.

The government does, of course, allow them all kinds of special deductions not common to other professions.

About this time of the year the income-tax experts reap a harvest trying to invent new twists to these deductions. I know several actors and writers who employ tax experts by the year. Every transaction; every sale of property, and every contract is examined by this expert before it is entered into. In some instances, stars have their books kept right along by tax accountants.

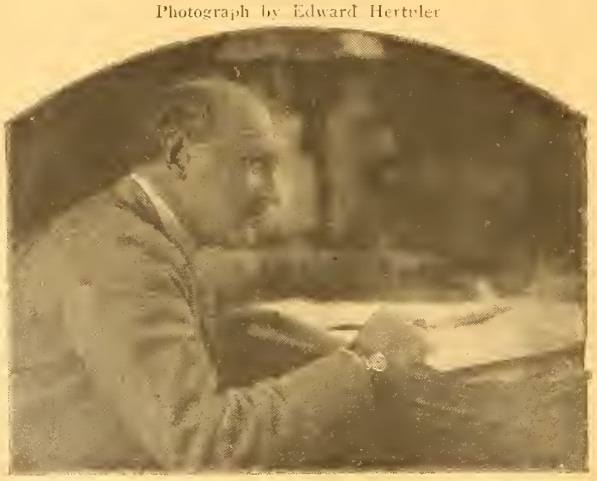
Actors are allowed a special deduction on wardrobes actually and exclusively used in a picture which they have furnished. On ordinary modern clothing they are allowed to deduct fifty per cent.; on period costumes, the government allows them to take off the whole amount.

The deductions for clothes are based upon a recognition of the fact that a movie girl is under far greater expense than a stage actress whose clothes are regarded as a capital expenditure not liable to the same deductions.

A stage actress, having equipped herself with a good wardrobe, can usually stick to the garment until it is worn out. A motion picture actress can seldom wear a conspicuously fine gown in more than one picture. Girls

(*Continued on page* 84)

Photograph by Edward Hertzler



The government contends that under the California State law, Doug can control Mary's property, so it must be his. Consequently, then, he has to pay income tax on both his income and Mary's. If this interpretation is yielded to, Mary and Doug and other married movie people will find they have been working for the tax-collector—not for themselves.

One of the chief victims is Harold Lloyd. Two years ago he had to pay $113,000, and his tax has been going up ever since

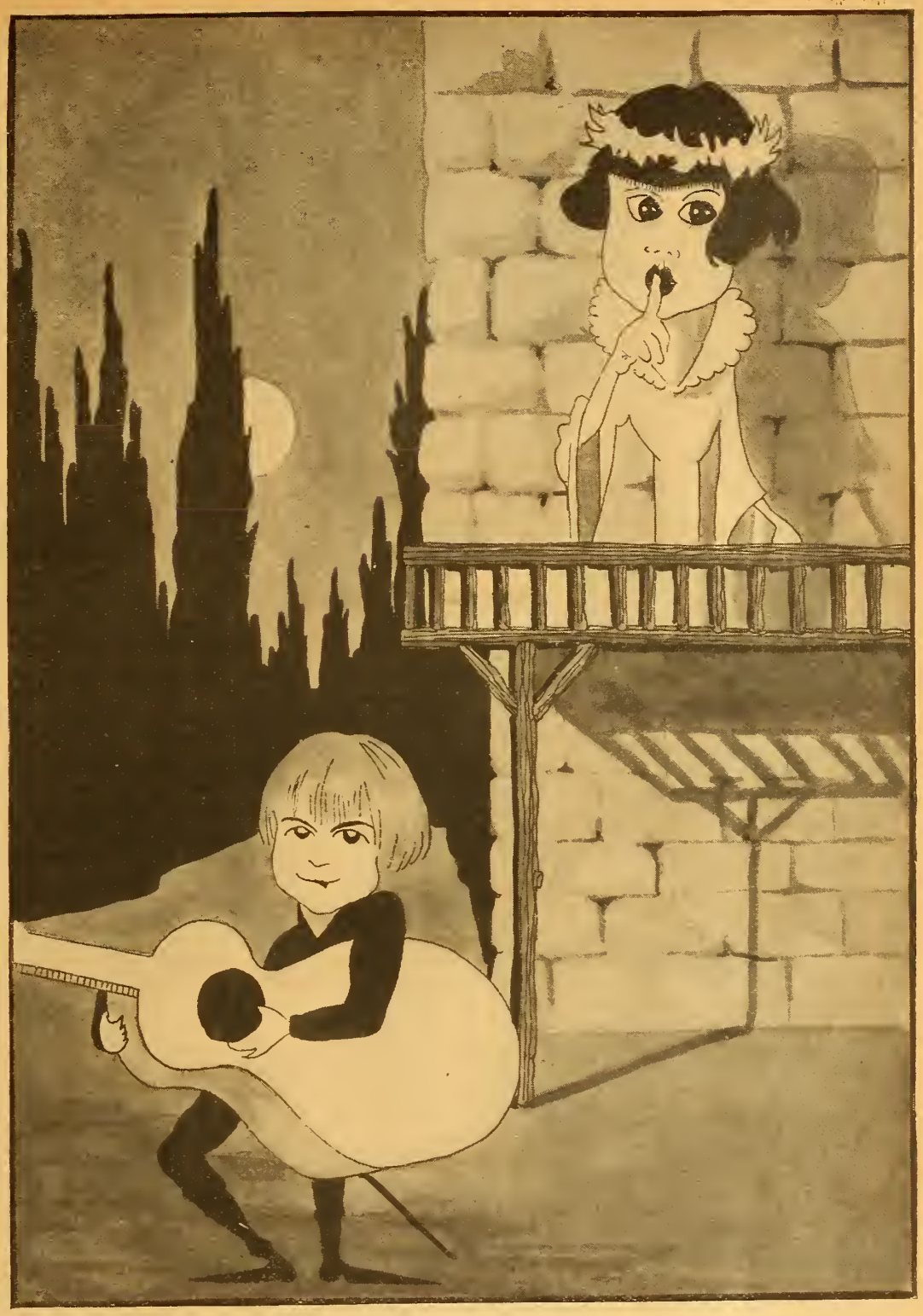
Photograph © by Gene Kumann

Cecil De Mille draws a weekly salary from the Lasky Company of $6,500. This is to keep him in spending money and is probably the smallest item of his income. He gets a large royalty from his film plays, in addition to which he is one of the chief real-estate and oil operators in California. His tax must run into hundreds of thousands a year

Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

Romeo and Juliet Junior

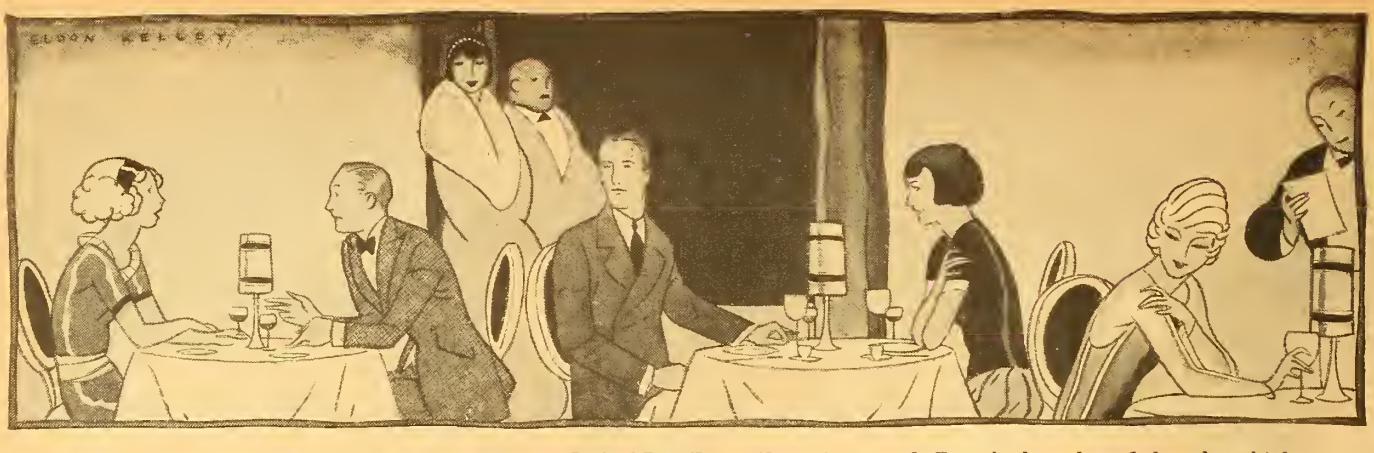
Drawing by John Decker



The Motion Picture Magazine offers a solution of that long and loud-voiced question of who shall play Romeo—and who indeed for Juliet—in the screen version of Shakespeare's immortal love tragedy. We herewith present the balcony sequence of "Romeo and Juliet, Junior"

The Cast

Romeo ..... Jackie Coogan
Juliet ..... Baby Peggy Montgomery



"That's either a goof or a star!" I said to the Lady Who Knew Everything and Everybody, when I heard a high-pitched, scratchy voice at the table behind us. Then The Lady leaned toward me and uttered the name of one of *the* Stars I had come to Hollywood to see . . .

How Do You Talk About Books?

By

BURDETTE KINNE

Illustrated by Eldon Kelley

WE were sitting at one of the side tables in Frank's, Hollywood's real French restaurant, and our position had been consciously chosen because it gave us a comfortable view of the entire room. The only table we could not watch, one immediately behind me against the wall, was occupied by a girl of the "sweet" type, dressed in a graduation dress, and a boy whose face we could not see, but whose apparel, a race-track suit and tan shoes with fawn-colored cloth tops, proclaimed the man. They were, at a glance, not enjoying one another and were, therefore, not interesting. We paid no attention to them. We had come to Frank's at my insistence because it was my first evening in Hollywood, and with the voracious curiosity of the newcomer, I had hoped that by some celestial magnanimity the stars would decide to dine as a colony at Frank's that night.

My companion, The Lady Who Knew Everybody and Everything, settled herself at the table and attempted to begin a conversation on D. H. Lawrence, whose "Sons and Lovers" we had just read, and about which we disagreed heartily. She was unsuccessful. I was so preoccupied with watching the diners as they came into the room, like an alert dog watching the front door for the entrance of his master, that I did not make an effort to do more than answer with frankly ill-mannered "Mmm's" and "Uh huh's." It was beginning to dawn on me that there wasn't a star in the room, and the darkness of a starless night settled upon my spirits.

"Well," I said, "where are the stars, famous or otherwise?"

"My dear, how do I know? And even if I did I probably wouldn't dare tell you."

"Why not?" I really didn't understand. It was my first evening.

"Why not?" she echoed, laughing and imitating my naïveté, "in the first place you'd dash off to wherever they are, leaving me here in embarrassing isolation, and in the second place I dont think you ought to go where they are, no matter where they are. If you'd known as many of them as long as I have, you wouldn't be so eager . . . and besides . . ." here she drew herself up and tossed her lustrous black bobbed hair, ". . . here you are with me, and am I not a star?"

"Indeed you are!" I assented with genuine sincerity. "You are my star, but, as you say, I've known you so long . . . and . . ."

Here I was interrupted, and we were both silenced by the sound of a high-pitched, scratchy voice which came from the youth sitting back-to-back with me. The Lady permitted herself a furtive glance just out of bounds, and smiled knowingly at me. Before she could whisper just what I wanted to hear, I said smartly:

"That's either a goof or a star!"

"Both," she came back promptly, and then softened. "No, I dont mean that, he's really not a goof, but there is only one voice in the world like that . . ." whereupon she leaned toward me and uttered the name of one of *the* stars whom I had come to Hollywood to see. The voice had gone on all this time and we now heard, rather whiningly:

"All right, dear, invite her if you want to, but she

This is a true story. We have no doubt that it has many parallels in the lives of others who have found fame and its attending wealth almost overnight. Therefore, we guard this star's identity against the day when he will learn to distinguish between the things his money will and will not buy.

Mr. Kinne has written of this incident which came under his personal observation in a light, humorous vein. But like all comedy, it holds within it much of the pathetic.

wont come, you know she wont, she never has and she never will. . . ."

There was an unintelligible answer from the sweet young thing in the graduation dress, and then the voice went on. . . .

"Yes, dear, I know, merely another of those polite notes, and I'd rather they'd slap us in the face and be done with it. . . ."

"Now, is your evening perfect?" from The Lady, was the only thing that kept me from deliberate staring. "Yes, that's . . ." and she repeated the magical name. I had first seen him years ago in a picture in which his name had not been mentioned, but in which he had made such an unqualified "hit" that new publicity had afterwards been sent abroad in the land and his name had been starred. It was that part which had either made him, or ruined him, just as you looked at it, for he had done the same type of thing ever since.

"Since he's one of your pets, I suppose you know all about him," The Lady was again preventing an ill-mannered stare.

"No. Why? What about him?"

"You choice thing!" exclaimed The Lady. "You know very well there's nothing in the world I'd rather do than tell you Hollywood gossip. Yes, that's his wife, and my dear, it's a real romance, that is, it's the sort of thing that's supposed to be romance in the movies. He came to Hollywood years ago, when he was a mere child in his teens, from some little town in the Middle West. Sort of frontispiece for *'Main Street,'* as it were. He started out like all the rest, prop boy, worked like mad day and night, and waited his chance. It finally came, in the well-known fashion; he was discovered accidentally, and overnight his name was made, at least with the directors. But it was still a hard pull, you know how it is, and it was literally years before he had succeeded. Then he sent for her, his small-town sweetheart who had waited for him, and they were married. That was six or seven years ago. Soon afterwards he was made a star."

The thin, rasping voice had kept up an intermittent, tantalizing accompaniment to The Lady's recital, and as she stopped to allow herself a bite of luscious alligator pear, we heard the star say:

"Dearest, I dont think they ever will. I dont think there's any hope. We gotta face it, they dont like our kind, they're prejudiced, and we might just as well . . ."

There was a note of wistful discouragement in the voice which made me look at The Lady as tho to say: "Rather pathetic, isn't it?" The Lady leaned toward me.

"Yes," she said, as if in answer to my unspoken remark, "isn't it too bad. They're having their troubles. Soon as he began to make money they became ambitious, and decided they wanted to *be* somebody, to be *in* Society. So they ordered a home, honestly, I'm not joking, they *ordered* it. Didn't you know that's the way many wealthy people do. They go to one of these professional architects

(*Continued on page* 83)

The Lady told me that when he began to make money they became ambitious. They decided they wanted to *be* somebody, to be *in* Society. So they ordered a home. Actually *ordered* it . . . from an architect and an interior decorator. These men took the order and delivered the home so many months later

He Has Come Back

The Cast of "Ben Hur" Finds Francis X. Bushman as Messala

Photographs by Clarence S. Bull

Cinematic circles were surprised when Francis X. Bushman was announced as the man chosen from the large aspiring ranks to play Messala in "Ben Hur." True, Mr. Bushman returned to the screen where he was one of the first première matinée idols, over a year ago, but this is the first prominence he has enjoyed since his return. The two illustrations find him as Messala

Icebound

That's How Ben Jordan Described His Severe, Intolerant and Inhibited Family When He Returned to the Bleak New England Farmhouse After Months As a Soldier in La Belle France

By

JANET REID

Novelized from the Paramount picture "Icebound," produced by William B. de Mille from the scenario by Clara Beranger based on the Pulitzer Prize stage play by Owen Davis. A Paramount Picture. Copyright, 1924, by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. All rights reserved

BEN JORDAN spent his days in dreaming over colorful romances and most of his evenings in Judge Kimball's barn, drinking and playing cards with the judge's two sons and a neighbor boy.

He had been like this ever since the war. Ever since he had come back from France.

Before the war, it hadn't seemed so bad, so ugly, so bleak and bare and chill. Habit had dulled the frost-bitten edges and made unthinking the harshness and sterility.

But after the war, after France with its picturesque, songful, gay home life, hotel life, boulevardier life; after the French girls with their bared bosoms, warm hearts and debonair philosophies, life on the Jordan farm in frozen New England was insupportable, not to be borne.

Ben hated the New Englanders, with their pinched, narrow faces, their narrow, pinched souls. He hated their codes and creeds, admitting no ray of warmth, no heat of tolerance. He thought of them, thought of them all, as icebound. Congealed. He thought contemptuously that if the ice should perforce ever melt away even their liberated souls would be warped and wan, pitiful enough affairs.

He didn't know how he was going to stand it.

The household at the Jordan farm consisted of his mother and her stepniece, Jane.

Ben had always had a reluctant, slow-moving sort of fondness for his mother. Some deep instinct in him made him realize that an equally deep instinct in her made her love him, and in her grudging, undemonstrative way, understand him. He often thought that if his mother had been born out of New England she might have been a vitally forceful, even a colorful sort of person, in a forceful, dark way. The inhibitions of her unbroken ancestry, the long back-stretching traditions of hard farm life, had encased her in an impenetrable armor of austerity and reserve. She would never be able to cast the congealing mantle off. Only Ben and perhaps Jane suspected that perhaps she had deep moments of wanting to.

The very struggle going on between Ben and his mother was of the stuff of repressed emotion. The mother pleaded with Ben to farm the land as so many generations of Jordans had done before him; and Ben, roused from his romances and his rebellious dreams, resented in bitter words the suggestion that he should spend his living years

Jane holding the yarn for his mother in a patience and resignation that angered him unendurably, was part of the grim, icebound life on the Jordan farm

in "this hard tomb." His forefathers, he said, meant less than nothing to him. They were dead now, and they had been dead while living, or they could never have endured the sullen land, the dreary monotony, the grey slipping-away of the hard days. Some one of them, he said, would have protested, would have flung over the landlock with a gesture, furious and free. His own life, he told his mother, the years to come, what the years might bring of woven texture and bright interwoven threads, music and sweet women and light and laughter, these meant more to him, oh, infinitely more, than the thin-lipped ancestry that had so inadvertently produced him, Ben, a rebel.

Mrs. Jordan had no command of words to stir her son with. She was not in the habit of stirring talk. She shook her head over him. He couldn't be made to see.

The fact was that Mrs. Jordan and Jane were all of a piece with the farm to Ben. He couldn't separate them from it. He was hungry for warmth and music and light, the tender things. To him Jane Crosby, sitting with his mother by their fireside, Jane holding the yarn for his mother in a patience and resignation that angered him unendurably, was a part of the grim icebound Jordan farm. Because he hated the farm he persuaded himself that he hated them.

He hated the entire family; the roof and timber of the house itself, the arid fields, locked in their entombing snow mantles by winter and covered with vegetation wrung, he thought, from the thin blood of his people, in the season. He hated his brother Henry, with his sniveling air of churchly, New England virtue, his look of pseudo-religious resignation when he spoke to him, Ben. And the way in which he hounded their mother for financial aid, which same the mother obdurately and frigidly refused to give. On one such occasion, Ben, overhearing the all-too-familiar dialog, broke into peals of somewhat violent laughter, the first he had given vent to since his return from France. Henry sprang into the room where Ben was sitting and a snarling battle of words, bitten off and repressed on Henry's part, profane and vituperative on Ben's, ensued. Neither one understood more than half of what the other was saying.

Now and then Jane tried to talk to Ben. She had a habit of watching him with a droop to her pretty mouth but some sort of light in her eyes; almost a light of hope, it seemed. But Ben didn't seem interested in what she had to say. Occasionally, after an especially long and dreary day, he would launch forth and talk himself, of France and the theaters there, of the countryside and the pretty girls with their gay and delectable frocks, their warm kisses, their eager laughters, their bright eyes and intriguing ankles. He would tell her of evenings made merry with the wine of the country, with the dance and with girls to whom this grim New England would have been a prison house of pain.

But all the while, Jane felt that he did not even know that she was there. He couldn't hear the warm beat of her heart, answering his words. He couldn't see the waves of color that touched her patient little face to an inquiring loveliness. He saw her, dun and drear, in her close homespun frock, a dreary part of a dreary whole; a sort of handmaiden to his mother who personified the Jordan tradition; a grey little object of a thin charity, too colorless and spiritless to adventure forth and win red trophies.

He thought she didn't care.

He didn't know that Duty can be born of blood, can be embroidered in rich colors worn inside out. No, he never thought of turning the inside out. And she couldn't tell him the way. That much, at least, she owed to the

"I set fire to the judge's barn. We were in there playing poker and the judge's girl came in to warn us the judge was on his way over——She's an awful pretty girl . . ."

stern New England that ran in her own veins. That much she had to suffer in order to pay her heritage; she could never dare to show him the way, as those girls in France might have done, with a kiss, with a caress. . . .

And so, slowly, painfully, in the way that suffers long and endures much, Jane came to love him.

She thought that no one guessed her hard-borne secret. But Ben's mother knew. Love recognizes love however deep it runs in the graven New England channels. Ben's mother loved him, too, better than any of her offspring. She *secretly* loved him with a secret passion, not half-knowing why. Not half realizing that she loved him because, in some far-back ancestor, spring had sung a little while. And both of them, both of them all but inarticulate, had to endure the semblance of his hate. His despising.

One night he told Jane that France had taught him how much finer a rouged face may be than a sanctimonious countenance masking a warped soul. "Over there," he said, "they wear paint on their lips. But their lips laugh and make you happy. They blacken their pretty eyes, but there is a light in their eyes a man may warm his soul at. They laugh and sing in the very teeth of death, but that is courage . . . raw courage . . . red . . . not this shriveled thing we know here . . ."

Jane was gentle with him. Oddly enough, she felt that what he most needed was gentleness. That is, he needed gentleness if he could not have the flaring, red-hot thing he seemed to crave. She could give him that, too, if he would ask it of her, patiently. . . . And tonight he was in particularly black a mood. He was always worse, Jane thought, when Henry had been to the farm.

He walked over to her a trifle unsteadily, and tried to take one of her cold hands in his. "You've been a brick, mother," he said. "I . . . I just want you to know I think you're . . . you're marvelous . . ."

"Isn't courage," she said, "a warm thing at root, everywhere, no matter how or where it . . . it blooms."

"Nothing is warm here," Ben said, chafing his hands as if against some cold, "nothing but sin . . . and that you have to manufacture out of ugly stuffs."

Jane remembered that speech when, later that very night, Ben came home having manufactured sin "out of ugly stuffs."

It was midnight. The homestead was in darkness, save for the lamp on the "center table" which Jane had crept down and lit for Ben after Mrs. Jordan had gone to bed. Mrs. Jordan would have considered it sinful waste, counting it as no reason at all for Ben to be out "when decent folks are abed." But Jane wanted, more than anything, to have some little spot of warmth for him in the "icebound regions" and she wanted, still more, to make this warmth for him herself, in such little ways as were open to her.

She couldn't have been sleeping, for she heard him come in, with a sort of rush to his footsteps, which were customarily so sullen and reluctant.

Forgetful of everything save the fact that Ben must be ill or in trouble, Jane discarded New England modesty to the extent of throwing a wrapper over her night-dress and running down the stairs to where he stood, leaning against the door, white-faced, quickened out of his scornful lethargy. Jane thought, swiftly, "Why . . . he's only a little boy . . . in mischief . . . frightened . . ." She said, "What is it, Ben? What has happened?"

"I set fire to the judge's barn. We were in there playing poker and the judge's girl came in to warn us the judge was on his way to the barn to clear us out. She's an awful pretty girl . . . we'd been drinkin' some stuff we had and I grabbed for her and kissed her on her mouth . . . one of the judge's boys swooped for me and in the excitement we turned over the lamp. The old tinder-box caught in no time and burned like all blazes. I got the horses out into the pasture and beat it for home. Here I am. 'Spect they'll be coming after me presently."

"But they mustn't *get* you, Ben!" Jane's alarm was poignant. She could feel, really, for the first time, the grim arms of New England, without mercy for youths' foibles, without comprehension of youths' escapades, closing in upon Ben's slight body, mangling it, crushing it . . .

Mrs. Jordan came slowly, sternly down the stairs. She betrayed by her face that she knew what had been going on, had overheard it all. In her hand she held something tightly wadded. "I heard you, Ben," she said, "and you got to get away. I know the judge. He'll have you put between bars or know why. It's arson that you've done and that's a sin, punishable by law. I cant have your father's son . . . *in jail*. Take this and get away."

Ben's stern young face broke a little. Admiration welled up in him for the woman who was his mother; who stepped forward at the crucial moment, with no words of sentiment, with scarcely a reproach, merely stating a fact and offering him the wherewithal of escape.

He walked over to her, a trifle unsteadily, and tried to take one of her cold hands in his. "You've been a brick, mother," he said. "I . . . I just want you to know that I think you're . . . you're marvelous. I . . ."

But Mrs. Jordan pointed to the door. "Go," she said. Ben stared at her for a moment longer. He had thought to see some of the vital woman he suspected her of in her eyes at this dramatic moment, but all he saw was the Jordan tradition, mantling her, cloaking her, icy and impenetrable. She loved him, or, as proof positive, she would never have given him the money so rigidly denied Henry, but never would her love be shown in any way save a Jordan gesture.

It was Jane who accompanied him to the door, touching him tentatively with her slight hand, whispering encouragement to him, un-Jordan-like words enough, as he was one day to realize. "I'll let you know if anything happens here," she whispered, just as he was about to go, "if you'll let me know where you are . . . you could write general delivery. . . ."

And then he was gone.

When they searched the house a while later, Jane and the truth-telling, stern-faced mother stonily affirmed that they had not seen Ben since he had left the farmhouse early in the evening. It was, to Jane's sure knowledge, the first lie Mrs. Jordan had ever told. Jane felt nearer to Ben's mother than ever before, that night. They shared Ben's secret between them. They shared a lie, and, before Jane went to bed that night, they shared a confidence, for Mrs. Jordan told Jane that the only thing that would save Ben would be a woman, a woman neither cold nor repressed. "He's fighting the Jordan blood," the mother said, "he's what the book-folk call 'a throw-back' and he wont be happy till he meets his mate."

And Jane, crouching near Ben's mother, whispered her own love for Ben, and her hopelessness. "I'd like to see it," the mother said, brightening. "You got the Jordan soul, somehow, Jane, and that's a good thing to have, for it's upright and faithful. But you got other things, too, that we Jordan women never had. And that's good, too, for Ben."

Mrs. Jordan never got out of her bed again. When, the next morning, she told Jane she thought she'd "lie a bit," Jane knew that the worst was at hand. For never before in all of her severe, ill-apportioned, hard-working, rigorous life had Miranda Jordan ever "laid abed." To her it was one of the contemptible vices, not to be tolerated. Cold or hot, winter or summer, in sickness or death, whatever was at hand was to be done by Miranda Jordan.

A week from that first morning of illness the entire tribe of Jordan were gathered together in the parlor of the Jordan farmstead. The parlor was never opened, much less used, excepting on such occasions as a birth, a death, a wedding or Christmas day. Henry said that mother would "take a fit" if she could know that they were sitting all around it. But Sadie said, weeping dryly, that poor mother was "beyond carin'."

The whole family consisted of Henry and his wife, Emma, with her daughter by a former marriage, Nettie. Sadie, a widow, and her son, Orrin, and an unmarried Jordan, Ella. Judge Bradford, as a friend of Mr. Jordan, was also waiting with the family group. He was doing more than waiting. He was giving what counsel he could to each separate member of the family who wondered what mother would do with the old homestead. "I suspicion," Ella said, sneezing (Ella had spent the major portion of her life suspicioning and sneezing), that this Jane will come in for a likely slice. She's been pussy-footin' it about Ma Jordan now for land knows how long. She's just the kind."

"Oh, nonsense, Ella," said Henry's wife, Emma, "Ma wouldn't go to do a thing like that. She's always looked up to Henry, and Nettie's been a prime favorite of her's for ever and ever s' long. I c'n remember when Nettie was the only one Ma would ever let get into the cookie jar."

Sadie spoke up: "It's *Ben* Ma always had a hankerin' after," she said, "it was the one funny thing about Ma. Ben was a sight of trouble to her from the days when he wouldn't teeth like a proper baby and still, I dunno, but I always suspicioned she had a warmish feeling for him . . . mebbe because he's the baby. . . ."

Upon this doleful scene appeared Ben. Ben appeared

Ben appeared upon the doleful scene and threw the Jordan family into contortions of unwonted agitation. Then he went so far as to tell them all to clear out

When Jane went to look for the party-dress she had made, she discovered Nettie wearing it . . . and Ben very evidently admiring her

close upon the departing heels of Judge Bradford, and threw the Jordan family into contortions of unwonted agitation. They felt what they didn't say, that if Ben had only been an hour longer Ma would have "passed away." Now, as it was, just in the last, sentimental moments, here was Ben, the baby, the erring one, come dramatically home again. Just like Ben. And who knew what might happen in an hour . . . even more?

Henry tried to forestall an emergency by telling Ben that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, and that he had better make haste and get away again. But Ben violated the Jordan parlor by some such comment as "Warrant be damned!" and "Get out of here, the lot of you!" and burst out of the room in the direction of his mother's chamber.

But he didn't reach her. Jane met him at the foot of the stairs and he heard of his mother's death from Jane. He heard it very gently.

Down in the parlor, after a "decent" interval of sobbing and silence and furtive glances from one Jordan to another to see when the actual business was to be got under way, Sadie broke the ice by saying that now, no doubt, Henry would assume the position of the head of the Jordans and that, of course, Emma and Henry and Nettie would inhabit the old homestead and Jane would have to leave. This dictum was in process of being discussed when the judge returned with Ma's will and the revelatory fact that at Mrs. Jordan's death, Jane came into all the property. Jane, who wasn't, properly speaking, a Jordan at all.

It would be too difficult a matter to follow out the lines of the various Jordan indignations. For once, however, they all diverged into a scathing detestation of "that interloper, Jane."

Jane alone was concerned with other things than indignation. She had Ben to consider. And when, shortly after the funeral, the sheriff came to the Jordan farm she offered to pay his bond if he would agree to obey her, stay on the farm, and make of it what his mother had given the long years of her life to begin. Ben, pressed, agreed to remain. The other alternative was jail.

The one thing Ben had, and Jane knew it, was courage. She had seen his citations for bravery gained in the war. He wouldn't be routed by the enemy he hated, the Jordan land. He would meet work as an enemy, but if he routed the enemy might he not come to love him? Jane remembered Ben telling of a German lad he had taken prisoner and afterward nursed back to health—and friendship. Might he not nurse the enemy land, the enemy New England, into warmth and love?

Jane knew that she had to help. And the way to help would be to make the days warm with color and laughter, to erase the grimness.

It was bitter sledding for Jane. For there was not only the Jordan farm to reckon with, there was Nettie. Nettie, Henry's stepdaughter. Nettie was "laying her

(*Continued on page* 92)

"Jane," he said, "do you believe that a man could love a girl for a long, long time, down at the roots of his being, and never know it until . . . now . . .?"

Photograph by Russell Ball

When A Feller Needs a Friend

(Our Apologies to Briggs)

Actually acting before the camera Ben Alexander doesn't mind. It's the other things which fame brings that rub Ben's boyish soul the wrong way. Piano lessons and the rest of the sissy accomplishments are not popular with Benjamin——Baseball, that's the stuff

Vignettes of the Studios

VII. The Pickford-Fairbanks Studio

By

SALLY STEELE

THE EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Below is the seventh article of a series which depict the California studios. They are word pictures written by a writer who knows the studios from daily contact—who is a habitué of the great glass buildings. And we find that these studios are as widely different in atmosphere and appearance as they are in the films which are photographed behind their "No Admittance" signs.*

TWENTY acres set aside in the least attractive part of Hollywood. A forest of grimy oil derricks fringing it toward south and east. Santa Monica Boulevard, with street-cars clanging and heavy trucks lumbering over broken pavements, marking its northern boundary.

A district of boxlike bungalows with yellowed lawns, of one-story business blocks and open-front markets.

But, ah, that twenty acres!

The Pickford-Fairbanks lot.

Here, in Hollywood's ugliest corner, romance breathes her spell and weaves her tales of exquisite imagery. Here brave knight rides forth to do battle for his true love, here virtue triumphs over wrong and all ends well.

Romance! That is the atmosphere of the Pickford-Fairbanks lot. Mary's talent and beauty, Doug's high courage and unfailing enthusiasm have made possible this visionary city within a city, this never-never land which takes no cognizance of a harsh every-day world.

Because the real atmosphere of the studio cannot be caught from the street, we'll fly over the lot and look down upon it from an airplane.

Before us, Bagdad, silvery in the rays of the late afternoon sun. Here Doug, in satins and jewels, fights for his Oriental princess. Crowded off to the left, a wall of the medieval castle used in "Robin Hood" still stands, grey in the shadows.

The great barnlike structure is the closed stage in which interiors are filmed, and between it and the entrance drive-

(*Continued on page* 81)

The Pickford-Fairbanks lot! Here, in Hollywood's ugliest corner, romance breathes her spell and weaves her tales of exquisite imagery. Here brave knight rides forth to do battle for his true love, here virtue triumphs over wrong and all ends well

Italy itself is the stage upon which the characters of George Eliot's "Romola" are working out their dramatic destinies before the motion picture cameras. To the left is a lookout who from the crow's-nest sights a fleet of pirate galleys bent on attack. On the right, Director Henry King is snapped in action. These pictures were taken before either Lillian or Dorothy Gish began her work

This barque looks as tho it might be the one which brought Christopher Columbus to our shores. It is called the *Liliana* and is important in Romola's story

The panel shows an historic Italian stronghold which Director King is using as a pirate island in the story. Note the ancient castle and watch tower on the cliff

The Italian Stage of "Romola"

The Editor Gossips

THOSE of the motion picture do well to pay homage to Thomas Alva Edison. Thru his invention of moving pictures they have inherited no mean portion of the wealth and fame of the world. So, on the day of his seventy-seventh birthday, they gave him a luncheon-party at the Ritz-Carlton, New York City.

The pleasantest things so often come to you unexpectedly. It was so this time. Anita Stewart was leaving for California the following day and we were to have luncheon together. She telephoned us at the last minute, asking us to go to the Edison luncheon with her instead of meeting as we had previously planned. That was how it happened.

Our table was right beside the speakers' table and John Emerson and the diminutive Anita Loos helped us occupy it. Other tables were surrounded with many of the most prominent people from every branch of the motion picture profession. Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, J. D. Williams . . . movie magnates were plentiful.

Will Hays, acting as toastmaster (if that word is permissible in spite of the recognition of the Volstead act), sat upon Thomas Alva Edison's right. And Eastman, the film man, sat upon his left. Others at the speakers' table were Rupert Hughes, Edward Edwards, erstwhile governor of New Jersey and now a Senator . . . Hudson Maxim, inventor and poetic individualist . . . Mary and Douglas Fairbanks.

It was altogether fitting and proper that the speeches were eulogistic. Few men greater than this inventor have come to this mortal coil. He has given so many benefits to humanity that space and inaccurate memory forbid their enumeration.

His is the atmosphere of greatness which is rarer than greatness itself. How many prominent people are disappointing when you meet them. And he does not tell of his seventy-seven industrious years in his appearance. His flesh has been firmer, perhaps . . . and it may be his eyes, keen and intelligent, are faded in their depth of color. His hearing is the faculty which has been first to go. This has failed him to such a great extent that it was impossible for him to gage the tone of his voice sufficiently to make a speech. So his secretary read that which he had written in acceptance of the tribute being paid him by the motion picture profession.

He took this occasion to advise those of the motion picture, "the greatest power for good or evil in the world," to dedicate their efforts to doing those things in which they held a steadfast belief. Forget monetary gain, he admonished, and it will come in commensuration with your effort.

Thru the speeches he sat quietly with a pleased and contented smile, satisfied, no doubt, that superlative praise was being offered in his name. But when Mary and Doug spoke, he cupped his ear with the master's hand, eager to hear them.

. . . . . .

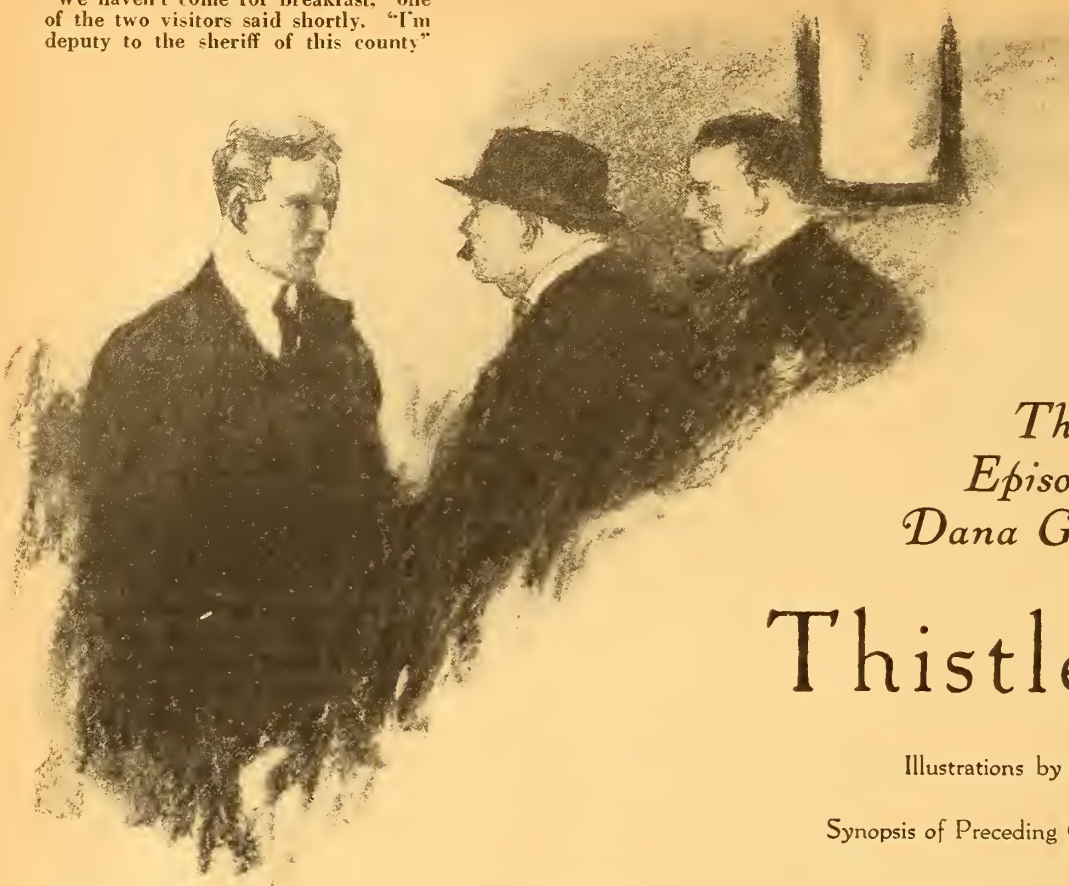
Once again we come completely under the enchantment of Mary's spell. That day we were impressed with the quiet surety with which Mary rose to speak before the most celebrated and brilliant men of the motion picture and publishing world.

She and Douglas had come almost directly from the train that had brought them into New York in order to do honor to the distinguished inventor. She wore a frock of soft grey, and under the mushroom brim of the grey felt with its bright silver leaves, was the shining weight of her gold crown. She was sans make-up. And in her eyes and voice were the tears the impressive speeches had given birth to in her impulsive Irish heart. As we remember it, she said:

"Both Douglas and I feel it a great privilege and honor to be here today in celebration of the seventy-seventh birthday of this great man. I have come here with reverence and admiration in my heart. And as I have been sitting here I have been thinking that the Great Creator must have felt most kindly disposed towards mortals when He gave them Thomas Alva Edison.

"I shall keep faith with the trust of the magic black box he has put into our hands in his (*Continued on page* 108)

The day before the first scene of "Monsieur Beaucaire" was filmed. Valentino gave the entire company a luncheon at the studios. He told them that he regretted the unpleasant rumors which had been circulated about his temperament and "up-stage" attitude, and hoped their daily intimacy in the weeks to follow would rob these evil whisperings of any credence they had gained. We rather admire this direct attitude of Valentino's. . . . Below are Bebe and Valentino in the first still picture taken



"We haven't come for breakfast," one of the two visitors said shortly. "I'm deputy to the sheriff of this county"

The Fifth Episode of the Dana Gatlin Serial

Thistledown

Illustrations by Harold Lund

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters on Page 47

HI leaped out of bed, muttering a little exclamation of pain as his foot struck the floor. Miss Julia, who had thrust open his door in her excitement, saw the bandage round his ankle.

"What's the matter with your foot?" she exclaimed.

"Cut it." He didn't tell her that when he got home the night before he had to soak his shoe and sock free of the coagulated wound—a fragment of the splintered windshield had struck him just above the ankle. But she saw the swollen discoloration above the clumsy bandage.

"How did you cut it?" she demanded.

"Oh, my windshield bumped into a lamp-post last night. You'd better clear out, if I'm to get dressed to greet my callers."

Somewhat dashed by his nonchalance, his sister commented witheringly: "It must have been quite a bump, to bring out a sheriff."

Hi merely grunted and grinned. In fact, this swift visitation of the law acted as a tonic upon his mood. He had no doubt of the officers' mission—they had somehow got a line on his participation in that mix-up and, of course, wanted to haul him over the coals. Probably thought they could make him the goat—but not this time! The handicap of involving Dolly was removed, he'd show these old foozleums up for their pains!

He found he could not get a shoe on his swollen foot and must wear a bedroom slipper to the august conference, but he entered the gloomy drawing-room cheerfully. He purposed having some fun, and was almost sorry Julia decided to remain invisible.

"Good morning, gentlemen. What can I do for you at this early hour? May I offer you breakfast?—I've not yet had my own."

"We haven't come for breakfast," one of the two visitors said shortly. "I'm deputy to the sheriff of this county."

"I'm aware of that fact, I've seen you frequently in Fairchild," amiably: "your name is Voights, I believe?"

"It is."

"And I think I recognize this other gentleman, also," Hi went on, unabashed. "We met up once, didn't we?" smiling on the "other gentleman," who wore the uniform of a traffic policeman. "One evening about dusk, when you stopped me for—a little chat?"

His tone was pleasantly casual, but the traffic cop fidgeted.

"Hadn't we oughta read him the warrant?" he suggested to Mr. Voights.

"In a minute," said the deputy sheriff, a stocky and pompous man. He impaled Hi with his glance. "No use beating about the bush, Mr. Daggett, we've got serious business with you. We've got some questions to ask you—how did you get that smashed windshield and crumpled fender on your car?"

"Oh, so you paid a call at my garage before calling upon me? Well, I dont mind satisfying your curiosity, Mr. Voights; if you remember, it was slippery last evening—I skidded into a lamp-post."

"Indeed?" commented the deputy, sarcastically. Then he shot out: "What happened to those other two cars?"

"Dont know," Hi answered lightly. "I didn't wait to see."

"I know damn well you didn't. You rich young lawbreakers think you can commit murder and get away with it. How dared you drive away at such a pass?"

"Well, I guess I didn't realize it was 'such a pass,' as you say, Mr. Voights."

"Why did you run away?—answer me in a word."

"In a word!" in reproachful surprise, "it cant be done. Of course there was a simple reason why I didn't hang around, but, then, also—well, we generally have a lot of little side-motives which influence us to a certain degree, dont you think?"

Mr. Voights snorted his exasperation. "I'm trying to give you a chance, Mr. Daggett, to make your own explanation of your share in last night's work."

"Last night's work—you have a flair for melodramatic language, Mr. Voights."

Mr. Voights took a step forward.

"Mr. Daggett, when you went speeding off last night, do you realize you left a severely injured man in that smashed roadster? He's now lying in the Fairchild hospital, yonder—his condition's dangerous—it depends on how he comes thru whether you'll be up for manslaughter, Mr. Daggett."

The smile slipped from Hi's face.

"Oh, that's bad! I didn't know a man was hurt, or I'd have waited, of course."

"Well, you didn't. You made a getaway. But luckily the victim recognized your car before the smash—your bus is pretty well known. He's just made his affidavit, this morning—in his bed at the hospital."

"I'm sorry he's hurt," Hi said, "nevertheless I dont see how he can make any affidavit that will seriously involve me. My car was the least responsible of the three—the only thing *I* hit was the lamp-post. You'll be able to figure it out for yourself, once you get the lay of the ground."

"Maybe—but the others claim differently. The driver of the truck charges that you were driving in your usual reckless fashion, that you came swooping down on the cross-street like a wild steer."

"I've been waiting to tell you," Hi said, "that my car was going less than twelve an hour."

At that the deputy laughed, and looked meaningly at the policeman. "Hear that, O'Sullivan?"

"I heard," said the cop, grinning. He grinned at Hi. "Perhaps you didn't notice *me* on the landscape, Mr. Daggett, when you roared down on that officer at the far end of the village street last night. But I was that officer—and I saw who was driving your car, too. The young lady who can do sixty-one miles an hour!"

When Anna didn't speak, Hi went on. "I dont know where she's gone . . . or where she came from, or who she is. But I loved her and wanted her to be my wife"

Hi stiffened to sudden attention, his eyes focussing sharply; and the deputy asked:

"Where's this young woman, Mr. Daggett?"

"Why do you want to know that?" parried Hi, who was trying to think rapidly.

"I guess she's due an invitation to this party. Leastways she's got the right to answer a few questions."

Hi frowned out the window a second; when he turned to the officer, one would never have known he could be a flippant young man.

"See here, Mr. Voights, I'd rather not have a woman involved if I can help it—you can surely see that. I'll accept whatever summons or warrant you may have for me; but until this mess clears itself up—until I can see my lawyer, at least—cant I take the responsibility alone?"

"You'll take plenty of responsibility," assured Mr. Voights, "but we want the woman, too. Who is she and where is she?"

Hi shook his head. "Ill agree to everything you want me to do on my own account—strikes me that's enough to do."

As he was following the two officers to their waiting car, Miss Julia waylaid him in the hall.

"Oh, Hiram! what're they going to do to you?—put you in jail?"

"Of course not! There was a motor mixup last night, but for once, strange enough, I wasn't at fault."

"They said something about a man in the hospital!" cried Miss Julia who, tho she had not appeared, was not above minding her own business at the keyhole.

"Yes," he admitted, "and there are some disagreeable technicalities—I must go downtown now, and see about a cash bond, I believe."

"A cash bond!" There was a quality of shriek in Miss Julia's voice. "That means it's serious!"

"Dont worry—I'll still be at large and home for my three meals a day." His grin was a blend of reassurance and the old wicked teasing.

But Miss Julia wrung her hands.

"Such a disgrace—and you can laugh! And it's all mixed up some way with that servant girl! I heard them say a woman was in your car—I know it was that terrible, terrible girl!"

Hi's grin vanished.

"Hush!" he ordered sternly. "The men are just outside."

"I dont care—I've a good mind to tell them. We might as well publish our entire disgrace."

Hi slammed the door. He limped down the portico steps, still wearing a bedroom slipper on his injured foot, to join the officers of the law.

Hi Daggett had been brought to account for motor violations before, but this promised to be an entirely different matter. His morning's experience was in no wise a comfortable one. Even his own lawyer—a shrewd, owlish old boy, who handled the Daggett Company's legal affairs, and who had been a friend of his father's—listened to him skeptically, and with not too much sympathy.

However, Judge Light, the shrewd old boy, managed things pretty deftly and, together with old Simpson at the factory, produced the required bond. "Manslaughter!"—it was unthinkable that such a charge might ever be brought against him, but old Judge Light and old Simpson were so stilted and solemn that he found the solemnity getting on his nerves. And old Simpson, as usual, must make a whine about the scarcity of cash, to make him feel more than ever like a scoundrel. Then he hustled back to the factory, while the Judge tried to hand out some final advice:

"You're foolish trying to shield this woman, whoever she is, Hiram. She's the only corroborating witness you seem to have."

"I prefer not dragging her in, Judge."

"You're acting like a fool." Then, wheeling suddenly to fling the question: "Who is she?—that woman up at the De Bossert place?"

Hi blinked, but asked back, coolly:

"What do you know about the woman at the De Bossert place?"

"Gossip," succinctly. "But even if these stories are true, Hiram—if you've been hanging round up there for the past month—that's no reason for you to continue playing the fool."

"Listening to you makes me think my father's still alive," Hi commented, wryly.

"It's because he's not alive that I'm taking all this trouble; I dont particularly relish pulling you out of such needless scrapes, Hiram. Now, for heaven's sake, try to observe some discretion—until we see where we're standing, at least. Above all things dont go gallivanting, in secret, up to that cottage."

Hi took the magazine Miss Julia held forth disinterestedly. But the instant his eyes fell on the opened page they riveted. For there, looking back at him, was the pictured face of Dolly

But his lawyer's last warning was the first thing young Hi proceeded to ignore; as soon as he got a minute to himself he hired a car and headed for the De Bossert place, to warn Dolly.

An empty car blocked the entrance under the "No Trespassing" sign. It was a handsome and imposing looking sedan, but Hi promptly jumped into it, to back it out of his path.

He was in the midst of accomplishing his purpose, when two men, a small dapper gentleman, who looked neither very old nor very young, and the other in a chauffeur's uniform, came walking down the driveway.

"Hey, there!" called the dapper gentleman, irascibly, "what're you doing with my car?"

"That should be perfectly apparent," Hi returned. "I'm getting it out of my way."

"You're going into this place?"

"One might imagine as much."

"Who are you?"

"Well, one good question deserves another—who are *you?*" And Hi climbed out of the stranger's car, and into his own. He started up his motor. The stranger glared at him, irritable, but uncertain. Then, in his high-pitched, carefully inflected voice, that matched nicely his small dapper person, he asked querulously:

"Are you a friend of Miss Claiborne's?"

"Never heard of the lady," answered Hi.

"Then, what is your business, entering this estate?"

"What business is that of yours? Are you, perhaps, a detective?"

The little man looked as if he might explode from indignation. "No, I'm not a detective — but I warn you to be careful about driving into this property! Cant you read that sign?"

"As well as you could, doubtless, before you entered the premises." Hi sent his car lunging over the rough ground between the entrance posts. "Sorry I cant linger for more conversation. I'm in a hurry."

The little man shook his fist after the lurching car. "Your hurry will do you no good," he called in petulant anger, "not unless you have business with the rabbits! There's nobody else at home!"

But Hi, for the noise of the car, did not hear him.

He wondered vaguely who Dolly's visitor might be, but was too centered upon his problems, and his immediate need of seeing Dolly to waste speculations on the peevish little man.

There was no sign of anyone astir at the cottage; everything seemed preternaturally quiet, no smoke arose from the chimneys, the shutters at the windows were closed.

"That's queer," Hi thought, and he felt a sudden queer depression.

Even before he knocked at the front door he had a feeling the knock would not be answered.

He went round to the back door, and knocked. Then he began calling.

He bethought himself of Dolly's car, but the little shed, which showed evidence of having been used as a garage, was empty.

Finally, he found a window whose catch wasn't fastened. The downstairs rooms were chill, and showed disordered traces of packing . . . Dolly was gone.

He sank into a chair in the deserted living-room. His foot was throbbing fiercely, but he scarcely felt the pain. His arrest and legal predicament were forgotten. Dolly was gone.

He had not realized how much he had counted on seeing her, if only for a moment. He had meant to bid her slip away, until this mess was straightened out —but already she had vanished; and he didn't know where, or why.

Where was Dolly? . . . all of a sudden nothing else mattered, nothing at all.

Sharp, imperative knocking roused him from his stupor of loss.

Opening the front door, he saw Voights, the deputy sheriff, and two or three men, who didn't matter—none of them mattered.

What Has Gone Before

In the rôle of waitress in the notorious road-house of old Leon, the Alsatian, Dorothy Claiborne, of royal lineage, meets young Hi Daggett, the millionaire rounder of the village of Fairfield, Conn., and the old story of the chase begins. Hi tags Dorothy, "Thistle-down." Dolly, as she calls herself, has her own reason for the disguise—a wealthy fiancé from whom she is seeking surcease. Dolly accidentally meets Hi in Fairfield and brings the wrath of the law upon him for speeding, then penitent, takes the blame herself, and drives off into the dusk with him. Tipsy, Hi kisses her insultingly. She leaves his car. Hi later seeks Dolly at Leon's, only to find her gone. Rumor has it that Dolly has been seen on the silversheet, but he disregards it. Rumor also has it that a fast woman is an interloper on the De Bossert place. Intuitively, Hi drives there. He finds Dolly in the woods and apologizes for insulting her. Then follow many rendezvous. They are in love. Still accepting Dolly as a servant, Hi takes her to his home, believing his spinster sister away. She surprises them and insults Dolly. Hi declares his intention of marrying Dolly, but meanwhile Dolly has slipped out of the house. He follows her to her cottage and peering thru the window, discovers her accepting the caresses of a loud-looking stranger. Assailed by doubt and jealousy, Hi now avoids Dolly until he hears her calling him thru the silence of their love. They meet at their old trysting place. She confesses her love, but in the same breath cries: "I'm promised to another." Their rush of emotion frightens her, and she begs Hi to drive her to Nanny, Leon's wife, and her devoted old servant. She also acknowledges that she is not a waitress, but the mistress of the De Bossert place. Drunk with the ecstasy of Dolly's love and the despair of being denied her, Hi drives like a demon. Dolly persuades him to give her the wheel, and under her nervous guidance, the car skids just as a truck turns into their path and a roadster comes up behind them. A smash-up ensues. As there seem to be no casualities, they drive on, to avoid meeting Hi's old enemy, the traffic cop. Arrived at Thieband's, Dolly weepingly tells Nan of her love for Hi, but declares she must go to Mr. King, her fiancé. Meanwhile Hi spends a sleepless night—to be greeted in the morning by a summons of arrest.

"Ha!" said Mr. Voights, "thought I might find *you* here."

"What d'you want?" Hi asked, surlily.

"I want to see the lady who lives in this place."

"There's nobody here but myself."

"None of that now! Where is she?" shouldering his way in.

"She's not in this house, at all events," Hi answered.

Voights shot him a probing glance. "Has she made a getaway?"

"She's not in the house," Hi repeated.

"Well, I'll take a look." And the deputy sheriff went tramping thru the rooms, banging doors, moving heavy objects which might offer concealment—from the living-room Hi could hear him.

"Well, the bird seems to have flown all right," he said when he returned. Hi shot another look. "Did you tip her off?"

"I'd have tipped her off if I'd had the chance, right enough—that was my purpose in coming here."

"Well, where is she?" the officer snapped.

"I dont know any more than you do," Hi answered wearily. "Not that I'd tell you if I did."

Voights took a step forward.

"See here, young fellow, you're not in too pretty a fix, if you could only realize it. You may be a Daggett, but your name and your money and your influence ain't going to protect you. It's time such as you get their comeuppance in this community, and I reckon this case 'll serve to show rich young smart-alecks that law and justice ain't the bywords they seem to think."

"Oh, hell," replied Hi. "Why dont you clap me into jail and shoot me at sunrise and be done with it?"

The officer's expression said plainly this was what he would have liked to do; but, could he have worked his malevolent will, he could scarcely have made Hi's next few days more wretched.

That afternoon the doctor told Hi that his injured foot, clumsily bandaged, had become infected; he reprimanded him for his careless treatment, and ordered him straight home and to bed.

But Hi did not go home. From the doctor's office he drove straight to Thiebaud's, and limped in to see Leon and Anna.

"Ah, Mr. Hi," the old inkeeper cried sympathetically, "I have heard the report of your misfortune. They made the arrest, did they?—but do not trouble; there are those who say the sick man is not so sick as they claim, and that your lawyer is of such a shrewdness——"

"I'm not troubling that," Hi cut in. Then abruptly: "Leon, you're the only person I know to ask about Dolly. She's disappeared and I dont know where she is, and I'm worried, because I love her and have asked her to be my wife."

Leon's eyes popped into two little round worlds of wonderment, but Anna's quick tug at his elbow commanded silence.

Hi turned his gaze on Anna.

"You two seem to have some connection with her," he went on. "She wanted to come to you last night, and I brought her here. And I haven't seen her since—the place up there's empty as a grave."

Anna didn't speak. He went on:

"I dont know where she's gone—or where she came from, or who she is. But I loved her and wanted her to be my wife."

At this juncture the door burst vehemently open, and old Anna Thiebaud entered, pulling old Leon after her, and hurling backward expletives at the office-urchin who sought to detain her

Anna nodded then. "Yes, I know," she said.

Hi took a quick step forward.

"She confided in you? She was upset and undecided, when I brought her here. She wanted to see you—if she confided in you, she must have said whether——"

"I may not repeat any decision at which she may have arrived," Anna said in a firm tone, as he faltered. Then, more kindly: "Moreover, I do not know; these are matters which one must decide for oneself."

He hesitated a moment, then: "I'm not asking inquisitive questions, Anna, but to have her suddenly vanish at such a time—leaving me no word—it bothers me. Can you tell me where she is?"

"If I could I would not," Anna answered. "If she has vanished, as you say, she has her own good reasons for so doing. And I, Anna Thiebaud, must not interfere with those reasons."

"Will she return?" he persisted. "She left things so—up in the air."

Anna locked her lips for answer. He knew her well enough to recognize the hopelessness of further questioning; but he could not hold back a further question:

"Cant you assure me, at least, that wherever she is she's safe and happy? Everything's so mysterious—it's hellish!"

"I pray the good God that no evil befalls her," Anna answered solemnly.

Poor assurance, certainly, for a distracted lover. Hi turned shortly. "Well, good-bye," he said, and went limping toward the door.

"Ah, your lameness!" old Leon lamented sympathetically. "Wait just one minute, Mr. Hi, and I shall

(*Continued on page* 112)

Their Erstwhile School-Teacher Tells of Several of the Stars

When They Went to High School

By

HARRY CARR

A SCHOOL-teacher lady told me what they were like when they went to high school. She taught a lot of them who are now movie celebrities—Carmel Myers, Bessie Love, Louise Fazenda, Marie and Margery Prevost, Helen Jerome Eddy, Juanita Hansen.

She said that in the course of some twenty-five years as a high-school teacher she had one star pupil; that was Carmel.

"Her father was a cultured Jewish Rabbi and she had been brought up in an atmosphere of learning from her earliest childhood. She was, beyond all comparison, the most brilliant scholar I ever taught.

"In those days we all thought that Carmel was going to be a writer, like her father. She was one of the few girls who ever made much of a record on the school paper."

Carmel laughed when

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Carmel Myers, the daughter of a cultured Jewish Rabbi, had been reared in an atmosphere of learning from her earliest childhood, and her teacher says she was undoubtedly the most brilliant scholar she ever taught. Louise Fazenda, on the other hand, was a stormy petrel—bright and clever enough, but extremely temperamental

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

"Billie" Horton was the name by which this teacher knew Bessie Love. She says Billie, whose real first name was Juanita, only no one ever called her that, was obedient and learned her lessons and behaved herself. And she was frightfully boy-shy

Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

called her "Billie." The motion picture world knows her now as Bessie Love—a name that D. W. Griffith gave her.

The high-school teacher told me that little Billie Horton was very bright and obedient and learned her lessons and behaved herself.

She said—and Carmel corroborates this—that both Carmel and Billie Horton were very shy of boys.

Carmel said that they blushed every time a boy spoke to them and always ran for their lives when they saw one coming.

And now Carmel is accredited the champion vamp of the screen and Bessie Love the screen's star sweetheart.

Carmel said the most terrible thrill they ever got in their lives was when Billie got a job at the Griffith studio and came to school to paralyze them with the information.

The teacher told me that one of the finest students in the school at that time was Helen Jerome Eddy. She came from a cultured, highly educated family, and she proved to be a star student.

Helen was always very quiet and timid and had little to say.

Marie Prevost was not among the shining students. Her mind was on other things. She wanted to get into the movies. Mack Sennett's swimming-tank was the only body of water in which she displayed the slightest interest

Louise Fazenda was in school somewhat earlier than these girls.

Louise was a stormy petrel—very bright and clever, but extremely temperamental. Even in that day Louise was a (*Cont. on page* 86)

Photograph by Freulich

I asked her about her journalistic career. She said she had a brother who adored her. He was on the school paper and got her on—to the great disgust of the other boys. She insisted on writing editorials—very profound editorials: also very stinging and crushing. Her brother's feelings may be imagined when the school paper came out with a withering screed from her pen, denouncing football and calling upon the authorities to abolish it.

"I had one of those marvelous brothers who loyally insisted that whatever I did was just exactly right," said Carmel, "but I shall have to say that his devotion staggered under this blow."

Carmel, who is now rated as one of the most beautiful girls in pictures, says that in her high-school days every girl kept a "trade-last" book. In this tome every compliment was solemnly inscribed. Carmel said she was looking thru her's the other night. She found tributes to her kindness, sweetness, generosity, intelligence, etc., but she looked in vain for any one who even distantly intimated that she was good looking.

Carmel's great pal was a tiny little bit of a girl who they fancied looked like Mary Pickford. At least they told her so often that she began to wear her hair down in front of her ears in Mary Pickford curls. The little girl's name was really Juanita Horton; but they always

Helen Jerome Eddy was another star student. She was always very quiet and timid and had little to say

That's Out

Fearless Criticism and Unbiased Observations

By

TAMAR LANE

Illustrations by Harry Taskey

The movies have progressed. But important notes and telegrams are still crumpled up and thrown on the floor where villains can find them

He Who Laughs Last

HOLLYWOOD film magnates are quietly snickering at their brother producer, Harry Rapf. For this latter impresario has had the folly to allow his special production, "Broadway After Dark," to be directed by an obscure young man by the name of Monte Bell. The laugh comes in because of the fact that young Mr. Bell has never directed a picture before in his life. Think of it!

Screen comedians are apparently under the impression that the only requirement necessary to make themselves uproariously funny is a pair of horn-rimmed glasses

Risking one's money in a production to be directed by a chap who has never handled a megaphone before! What foolishness, murmur the Hollywood producers. While it may be true, they admit, that Bell is a very intelligent and gifted young fellow, and acquainted with film production, still, the fact remains—he has never directed a picture before. To the wise men of Hollywood, renowned for their towering imagination, their great brilliance, their keen foresight, this spells sure disaster.

But if producer Rapf is foolish, he is going daffy in a very intelligent manner, and in a fashion that could be emulated with profit by other producers. The programs of Goldwyn, Paramount, Universal, and other companies are filled with celluloid lemons which cost hundreds of thousands to produce—and they were all made by men whose chief recommendation was simply that they had "directed before." Investigation into the records of these men would reveal the fact that practically none of them had ever directed a first-class film during his career. Yet they are being constantly re-engaged. With Monte Bell, producer Rapf has at least a gambling chance—Bell is an unknown quantity. With the other directorial flivvers, it is known in advance that only by a miracle could they bring forth a first-rate film.

To Harry Rapf, we wish to present a laurel wreath for his courage and good sense in introducing new blood into the directing profession, and say that "Broadway After Dark" can hardly be any worse than the product of some of our "master" directors—and, in all probability, will be a whole lot better and more successful.

Famous Days in History

April 1st, 1911. On this day the first film was made wherein a comedian (?) demonstrated eight different ways in which to eat spaghetti without using a fork.

The Best Picture of the Month

Fred Niblo's "Thy Name Is Woman." Here is one of the most human and absorbing photoplays of a twelve-month. No more fascinating figure has ever been viewed on the screen than that presented by Barbara La Marr as the wife of the old smuggler. She is a revelation of beauty and artistry—and she does it all without the aid of fine feathers. "Thy Name Is Woman" is one of

Young stars make-up so realistically that even the gatemen and their own mothers dont recognize them . . .

Sure-Fire Comedy Gag No. 34. The one where the comedian, who has been asleep on the sidewalk, awakes to find his hat filled with coins from sympathetic passers-by

the very few films I have ever wanted to view a second time. My hat is off to Fred Niblo, and all the more credit is due him because practically the entire action takes place in one room, with only three characters used. Ramon Novarro and William V. Mong also do superb work.

Must Be a Discrepancy Somewhere

According to statistics recently given out, only $730,000,000 was collected in admissions by the various movie theaters of the country during the year of 1923. This will barely cover the cost of making half of the million-dollar productions turned out by producers during that period.

A Compendium of Futility

Some anonymous writer in Los Angeles has compiled what he calls a "compendium of futility" that is worth reprinting. Here it is:

To give William S. Hart an automatic pistol.

To give Theodore Roberts a pipe.

To give Nazimova a hair net.

To give Walter Hiers a copy of "Eat and Grow Thin."

To give Lew Cody a copy of "How to Make Love."

To give John Barrymore a suit of red-flannel underwear.

To give Willard Mack advice on marriage.

To give William de Mille a new hat.

To give Conway Tearle more salary.

To give Eric von Stroheim his own way.

Sure-Fire Comedy Gags No. 34

The one where the comedian falls asleep on the sidewalk with his hat in his hand, and awakes an hour later to find his hat has been filled with coins by sympathetic passers-by who have taken him for a poor beggar.

The Screen's Best Bets—No. 3

Lucille Ricksen, whose work in "Rendezvous," "Judgment of the Storm," and other films, shows her to be a little miss with a big future.

This Looks Like a Dirty Dig

A correspondent in Chicago writes in to bawl me out for something I said in a recent issue. Apparently she doesn't like my ideas, for among other things she says:

"You wonder why the masses like Milton Sills? Did it ever occur to you that there might be considerable grey matter in the so-called masses? It has not all been concentrated in a few movie writers and critics. More people have a speaking acquaintance with intelligence than you seem to think."

Perhaps, we may be wrong in our estimate of the masses. However, we doubt it. Anyway, they have a very peculiar way of showing intelligence. With what our correspondent says about writers and critics, we heartily agree. They are a very inferior lot, mentally.

Hollywood film magnates are quietly snickering at their brother, Harry Rapf. For this impresario has had the folly to allow one of his pictures to be directed by a man who has never directed before

To any producer wishing to make a venture in Shakespearian photo-drama we wish to suggest "The Merchant of Venice" as a play that should make very interesting screen material

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What Makes for Popularity?

As a case in point against the masses we might mention Madge Kennedy, a very clever comedienne and a charming

(*Continued on page 87*)

Across the Silversheet

"Yolanda" and "America" in Review

By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

In "Yolanda," which has many of the composites of greatness and is still not a great picture. Marion Davies gives what might be called an uneven performance. There are times when she screens beautifully and acts with understanding and sincerity and other intruding episodes where she does neither of these things

ONCE more we are confronted with the question as to what makes a motion picture greater than other motion pictures. Story? Cast? Photography? Production? . . . Something besides these is needed, for "Yolanda," enhanced by all of these things, is not a great picture.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have evidently been spent in the recreation of Burgundy and France in the fifteenth century. The backgrounds are as beautiful as old tapestries woven with the romantic tales of armored knights and turreted castle walls.

The cast, too, is one of the most celebrated ever assembled.

In retrospect the thing which interests us most in "Yolanda" is the characterization which Johnny Dooley, the vaudeville comedian, gives of Charles, France's feeble-minded, lack-wit prince. His portrait is fraught with the pathetic. No one could have played this silly Prince with more poignant finesse. He moves with the loose motion of the feeble-minded, as tho his muscles were not definitely dominated by or co-ordinated with his will. He does many of the things which bring him laughs from his vaudeville audiences . . . but because his atmosphere in doing them now is different they are not, for a minute, funny. And we realize again how kindred comedy and tragedy are.

Holbrook Blinn is Louis XI of France. He will soon have as many imperial portraits to his credit as those royal actors, Emil Jannings and Wallace Beery. Mr. Blinn is unquestionably one of the most masterly actors upon the screen of today. His own personality seems a fluid which he can pour at will into a great variety of rôles.

Marion Davies' portrayal is quite uneven. There are times when she screens beautifully and acts with understanding and sincerity. And there are intruding episodes where she does neither of these things. We remember Mary of Burgundy as a high-spirited and adventuresome creature, not given to her natural weapon of tears. Here Yolanda weeps every time her desires are frustrated. And because she lives in an age and a court where a princess is simply a pawn moved about at random in the game of kingdoms, she has occasion to weep frequently. We suppose this is the result of the praise Miss Davies' weeping bit in "When Knighthood Was In Flower" earned from her critics. It may be that the Commercial Powers That Be thought this other bit went over so

(*Continued on page* 89)

We bring generous laurels to "The Sacrifice," the first episode of D. W. Griffith's "America." This interested us infinitely more than most productions we have seen which have had their fiction in no way hampered by a necessity for facts. On the left are Lionel Barrymore and Carol Dempster

Comment on Other Productions

To show you how the director obeys the conventions, take heed of the rich girl's party. The poor youngsters arrive in burlesque attire. As if they didn't know any better! A most theatric device which never fails to bring a chuckle. Follows a series of scenes where the children become famous—one as an actress, the other as a playwright. Then for melodramatic purposes the rich youth, who had never patronized the girl, fawns upon her with eyes of desire. And he is given a beating on the parlor rug. An orthodox story in every department—one unconvincing and unnatural. Colleen Moore's performance leaves us cold.

"Painted People," in which Colleen Moore appears above, belongs to an ancient vintage. It is unconvincing and unnatural. And Colleen Moore's performance leaves us cold. Lubitsch has given us "The Marriage Circle," and it is a sparkling, light comedy, deftly done. Florence Vidor, Adolphe Menjou, Marie Prevost and Monte Blue are the featured players. In the scene at the left the arms about Monte Blue are Marie Prevost's

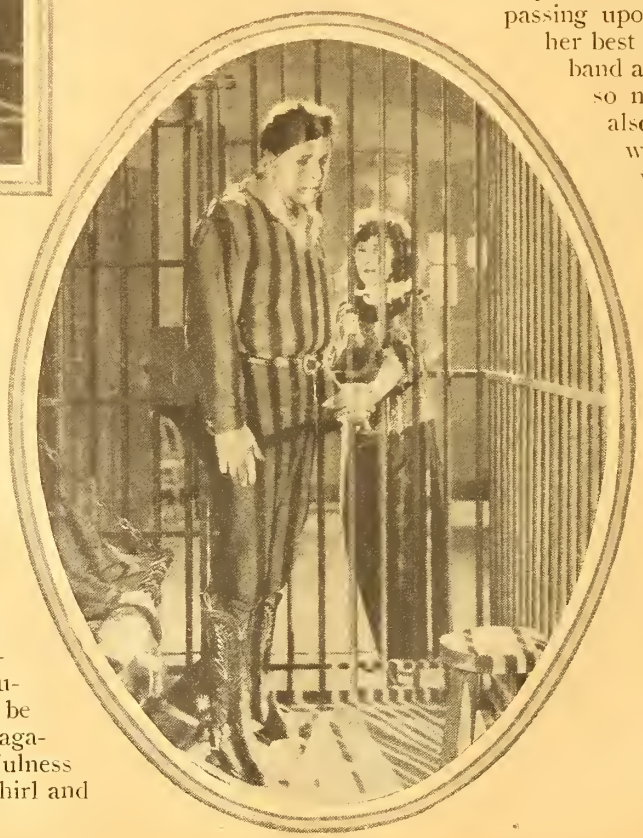
The Marriage Circle

Comparable to Chaplin's memorable picture, "A Woman of Paris," is this sparkling light comedy—which has been approached by Ernst Lubitsch with the same economy of effort, the same deft suggestions, the same indirect treatment that the king of comedians displayed in his production. It is a story easy to penetrate; in fact, there is scarcely any substance to it, but it sparkles with illuminating touches and shows that the screen can become a true medium of farce-comedy. It is a story which could have been maltreated by writing into it the customary moralities. Lubitsch never employs the orthodox touch. Not once are the conventions obeyed.

We look upon a typically Viennese tale—one which does not make heavy drama of domestic infidelity. We see a flirtatious wife trespassing upon the sacred hearthstone of her best friend and charming the husband as the serpent charmed Eve—so many, many years ago. We also gaze upon the outraged wife carrying on a mild *liaison* with the silly husband's professional partner. Meanwhile husband number 1 (played ever so deftly by Adolphe Menjou of the lifted eyebrow) is seeking a divorce. He doesn't become emotional. He merely raises an eyebrow as if to say "So?" And the merry farce is on—a farce tempered with capricious by-play—a farce

Painted People

CHALK this one up as belonging to an ancient vintage—an idea which gladdened the hearts when melodramatists wrote for the top gallery. A story of contrasts—a study in climbing the ladder by a pair of tenement youngsters. We use tenement to indicate the contrast of environment between these children of the poor and those who are reared in palatial homes. Every incident and detail are cut from regulation models. The heroine must be a tomboy; the hero a sort of ragamuffin. They must register wistfulness in their desire to enter the social whirl and reach financial heights.



"The Man From Wyoming" is the same hackneyed Western story which was baptized in the celluloid back in the early days when Broncho Billy wore a Stetson

Concise Reviews by the Editorial Staff

thoroly intelligible to anyone endowed with a sense of humor. The subtleties are everywhere; the suggestions ever being expressed.

Truly the picture stamps Lubitsch as a versatile director—one equally gifted in projecting comedy as well as tragedy. It is likely that he saw the Chaplin opus—and profited by it. Certainly it was about time that "A Woman of Paris" began to show its influence. In many respects it surpasses its model. It doesn't measure out such sentimentality. Its humor is just as keen, just as subtle—and its interpretation just as natural. It is a picture which pricks at the conventional theory that one must not trespass beyond the boundaries of wedlock. And Lubitsch uses the sharpest rapier in showing us a gay, sophisticated, charming, mirthful moving caprice.

It is the most perfect light comedy ever wound around a camera spool. It is as light as moon dust, but much more brilliant. Hail to Lubitsch! Hail to an ideal interpretation as turned in by Menjou of the lifted eyebrow, Monte Blue, Florence Vidor, Creighton Hale, Marie Prevost and Harry Myers!

"Flaming Barriers," in which the above scene shows Antonio Moreno and Jacqueline Logan, is another story old in theme. And its director has sacrificed reality to exaggerations. "Daddies" stars Mae Marsh. It is a sugar-coated picture . . . shallow but interesting if you are of the Pollyannas

The Man From Wyoming

Nothing is added, nothing is taken away here. It is the same, hackneyed Western which was baptized in celluloid back in the days when Broncho Billy wore a Stetson. To prop it up with suspense, the director has shrouded it with an element of mystery. A mysterious character must be incorporated to emphasize the chase. But leading up to this unexciting climax we are introduced to the customary hokum—the escaped convict (whose innocence is always established), the feud between cattlemen and sheepmen, the conventional romance lugged in by the ranchman's daughter who saves her hero from a neck-tie party—and the very crude effort of the ponderous bad man to force the girl to flirt with death—or—or—or worse. He attacks her in a hotel room—and the usual film miracle happens. Despite her frailness she is more than a match for the hefty and hateful villain. And, of course, the last-minute pardon from Wyoming's chief executive for the cowhand. We brand it as one of those things.

"Sporting Youth" has in it the likable Reginald Denny who plays with good abandon. It is an enjoyable little story, colored with adventure and romance

Flaming Barriers

This picture was pointed to flash one of those thrilling climaxes—and aside from a vivid forest fire it hasn't much to offer. True, it was written by Byron Morgan, who dashed off those automobile yarns for Wally Reid, but he has discarded his deft comedy touch to frolic in fields of hokum. There is the customary manufacturer present—but not the delightful crotchety figure that Theodore Roberts portrayed.

This character makes fire-fighting apparatus—and the plot revolves around a slicker trying to embarrass him so as to win the daughter.

Old of theme? Surely. And rather ancient in treatment. Small-town atmosphere is exposed—and some of it doesn't belong. The director sacrifices realities for exaggerations. Then we are embraced by the climax which features the flames sweeping down a mountain—and the motor fire-truck rushing to the rescue of the imperiled tourists. The action is too hurried, too pointed, to permit the players to act natural. A fairly effective melodrama, offering nothing of consequence until the climax. The contrast is too sharp at that point. Robert McKim, who has a fairly good grasp upon subtle villainy, is adequate enough here.

Daddies

Baby hands, baby prattle, and the patter of little feet are irresistible in their conquest of stubborn bachelors. Their reluctant march to the altar has inspired more than one playwright. Come to think of it—here is one of the favorite formulas (pigeonholed as Number 17). It is lugged forth to cast a spell of sentiment over the sentimentalists. On the stage it carried the sting of being a ripe, rollicking comedy. On the screen it is not so good. It might have carried a real sparkle had Lubitsch been given the script. As it is we view an orthodox pattern which never exposes any dramatic substance—a pattern woven around a group of bachelors who band together into a "Never Marry" club only to have their ranks shattered in their adoption of war orphans.

Here was opportunity to make some digressions from the original; here was a chance to exploit it with subtleties and suggestions. Instead it is a shallow little piece—which will carry weight among the Pollyannas of both sexes. We are disappointed in Mae Marsh, who suffered in the close-ups. The part cannot be distinguished because it is colorless. The three bachelors are played by Claude Gillingwater, Willard Louis, and Harry Myers—and of the three, Mr. Gillingwater, because of his skill at characterization, gives the best study. A sugar-coated picture, this—one which is too conventional in its treatment to appeal to the imagination.

Gloria Swanson must appreciate the fact that "The Humming-Bird" is the best picture she has ever had, for she has endowed it with her best performance. "Jack O' Clubs" is another old creaking story, featuring a one-character plot built around a fighting Irish cop. Herbert Rawlinson is out of his part in the title-rôle

The old standby and favorite, Tommy Meighan, gives a wooden performance in "Pied Piper Malone." And the story, which deals with a parental complex, is thin and spineless

Sporting Youth

Byron Morgan, who was not so inspired when he dashed off "Flaming Barriers," comes into his own here—with a story reminiscent of those sparkling six-cylinder tales which brought popularity to Wally Reid. The author introduces a slight variation in not

flashing a conflict between a lowly employee and an auto manufacturer. The central character is a chauffeur for a wealthy man who has no daughter to suppress. When the figure of finance is ordered to California for his health, he sends the chauffeur ahead in the car. And the latter is mistaken for a celebrated English driver. Instead of explaining things, he remains silent. The result is the plot builds its usual complications.

A society girl becomes deeply interested; a jealous rival tries to embarrass them—and then to the climax featuring a thrilling auto race—which to all appearances is the real thing. Thoroly enjoyable is this little story—one colored with adventure and romance. It is played with good abandon by Reginald Denny who, while he is not a Wally Reid, succeeds in projecting a likable personality. Laura La Plante's dental smile is attractive enough to seduce any man into a game of hearts. A compact light comedy carrying a deal of spontaneity.

The Humming-Bird

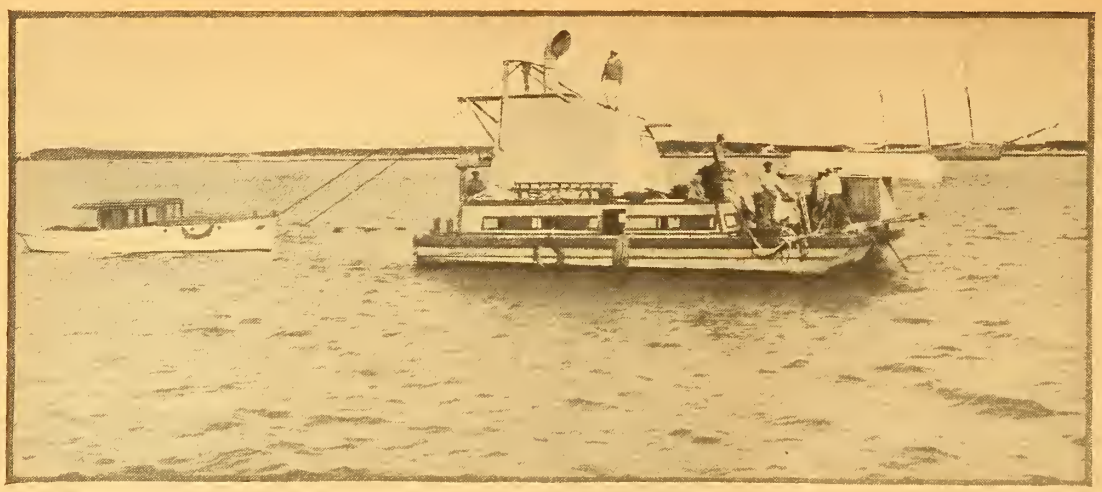
A spiritual glow hovers over this simple tale of regeneration—a spiritual glow generated by the war—when homes were torn asunder—when separated sweethearts found sanctuary and peace in the solitude of their souls. It is a compact, stirring little drama—one told in straightforward fashion, clearly outlining its characters and unfolding its plot with poise and precision. Maude Fulton's play makes a picture which is keen and penetrating in its human attributes. It might have been easily ruined under less skilful hands, for it is easy to see that some unimaginative directors would have pointed it toward too much conflict—emphasizing points which are more eloquent by being merely suggested.

It is the best picture which Gloria Swanson ever had—and apparently she appreciates it by giving her best performance. A different Swanson, surely. We extend her sympathy in her colorful, but pathetic rôle of the gay, saucy apache who finds her soul in her sacrifice. Sacrifice? Yes, indeed. She leaves the gutter, the sewers, the grottos of Paris—and leads her criminal flock straight to the colors. There is inspiration for you! Look upon that scene and we defy you to accept it coldly. Look upon Miss Swanson waving to the marching soldiers behind her prison bars and deny that this picture lacks a soul. The sentimental flourishes are few, Mr. Olcott seeing to it that it has a romantic adventure to tell. But it soars with vitality. The war scenes are sufficient to give it balance. They bring forth admirably a real motivation of plot.

(*Continued on page* 101)

"The Stranger," with Betty Compson and Richard Dix in its leading rôles, is a picture of vivid character drawing . . . and it is gripping in its conflict which engenders much sympathy for the downtrodden. While, on the right, is Katherine MacDonald in "Chastity" . . . good old virtue again on parade. Only Grundys will like it

"The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" is a work dignified and impressive. In it George A. Billings as Lincoln gives a mellow performance . . . one, quiet and repressed . . . and he is a good likeness, too. If he fails, it is in indicating Lincoln's force of character. This is an unusually good production, one which we strongly advise you to see



Perhaps you read about it in the newspapers—when Jean Talley was making diving scenes in the Bahama Islands, she discovered a Spanish treasure chest filled with Spanish gold, which the Nassau branch of the Royal Bank of Canada estimates as worth $50,000. This is the story which comes to us from Metro, the company for which "The Uninvited Guest" is being filmed

Buried Treasure

One Scene Brings Star Fifty Thousand Dollars When She Discovers Old Chest

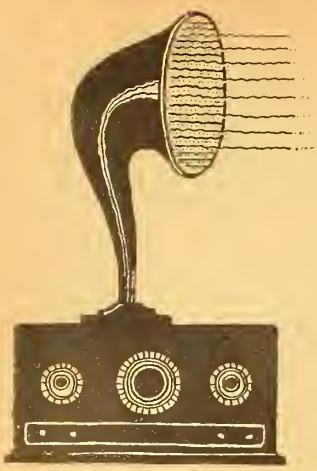
Here is a happy picture of the pretty Jean Talley with her treasure which was, it is believed, brought out of the sand by recent dredging operations

At the top of the page is the barge used in filming the submarine scenes. A flexible metal tube, large enough to allow operators to pass thru, is lowered into the water. At the base is a roomy steel chamber with a thick glass window, making photography possible. These particular scenes will be in natural colors

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

No Bob for Betty

Nowadays nearly everyone favors short tresses . . . there is the curly bob, the sleek bob, the boy bob. the shingle and any number of other varieties. Therefore this new camera study of Betty Compson is almost as unique as it is attractive



Voices In The Air

Telling of "Roxey" and His Gang Who Broadcast From the Capitol Theater Studio

By

HAZEL NAYLOR SHELLEY

S. L. ROTHAFEL, a short, plump man who could very easily have doubled for Napoleon had he not been modishly clothed *à la* New York nineteen twenty-four instead of Paris *à la* eighteen hundred, wanted Finkey.

"Finkey," he called, "I want Finkey."

He paced the floor, and fiddled with the radio set which occupied a prominent corner of his office but only a few discordant squeaks and grunts emanated from the loud speaker. He sniffed one of the La France roses that graced a silver vase on his huge desk.

Finkey not appearing, he good-humoredly collared a man whose name obviously should have been Fitzpatrick.

"Listen, Fitz. How is this for an opener?"

"A policeman noticed an Irishman hunting for something under a street light.

"'Why, Pat,' said he, 'what have you lost?'

"'Oh,' says Pat, 'I lost my pocketbook down the street a ways.'

"'For the love of the Lord, why dont you hunt for it down the street then.'

"'Sure,' said Pat, 'It's lighter here.'"

A trill of silvery laughter vibrated thru the sedate office of the director of the Capitol Theater, New York's truly magnificent cinema palace, and a girl danced into the room so sylphlike that we thought she had actually been conjured from the air.

"That is great, Roxey old dear," she laughed, clapping her hands.

Whereupon, Mr. Rothafel, the Napoleon of artistically presented pictures and the man who inaugurated broadcasting the Sunday night concerts from the Capitol Theater, introduced us.

"Evelyn Herbert, whom you have heard every Sunday if you listen in on our radio concerts."

Photograph by White Studio

S. L. Rothafel is a short, plump man who could very easily double for Napoleon. To thousands of radio fans he is "Roxey." Every Sunday night he broadcasts concerts from the Capitol Theater over which he presides

Evelyn's silvery voice-with-the-smile-in-it had been one of our favorites but Evelyn in a sea-foam gown fashioned with a tight bodice and full skirt edged with chinchilla fur looked far lovelier than we had ever pictured her. She had Nell Brinkley hair as golden as the leaves of a sunflower, a classical profile, but her posture was Jazz, captivating, compelling, joyous, American Jazz. She pirouetted about the room, stole one of Roxey's roses and pinned it over her heart.

Roxey's eyes gleamed and we knew instinctively that another joke was imminent. "Do stand still," he said with a proud paternal air.

"Now I say to you, 'Evelyn, how's your aunt,' and you say to me 'I haven't any aunt,' and I say 'Thank you.'"

At least that is what we got out of it, our humor condenser apparently not being tuned in finely enough, for Evelyn's peals of laughter must have rocked high Olympus.

Anyway they rocked Finkey to us, Finkey who turned out to be Mr. Rothafel's radio secretary. In case you wish to know what a radio secretary looks like, we hasten to explain that the radio secretary was feminine, brunette as to hair and eyes, and garbed lusciously in black velvet with sweeping sleeves of real lace. She, too, possessed the requisite New York pep and dash.

Under her arm she carried dozens of fan letters sent from all over the United States and Canada to Roxey telling him how much joy his idea of broadcasting the concert of the Capitol Theater symphony orchestra and his artists brought to the world.

Finkey held also the tentative program for the evening. But it was only tentative, for everything Roxey says is extemporaneous.

Photograph by Apeda

On the left is Doctor William Axt, the associate conductor of the Capitol orchestra. Radio fans know him as Doctor Billy. Below is Gladys Rice. And to the right is William Robyn, alias Wee Willie

Photograph by Campbell

We were interrupted by a flurried man who announced, "You will be on the air in one moment, Roxey."

"Dont worry, I could conquer the world in that time," he jested. Nevertheless we betook ourselves to the studio which is directly above the theater. There most of the singers were already assembled.

The long room with its crimson carpet and innumerable chairs possessed the tense atmosphere of a theatrical first night behind the scenes. There was a fervent kissing game going on among the women arrivals as if they had not seen each other just the week before. One of the sweet little dears whispered to the Grande Dame.

"I see you haven't your make-up on."

"No need making up for these radio concerts yet. Altho they have promised us for some time to perfect that invention so that listeners-in can see us as well as hear us."

"Lord forbid," remarked someone with a sense of humor.

A young man entered with a high pompadour.

Sibilant whisper, "Another tenor, my dear."

Roxey took his place before two standards surmounted by two round disks (the broadcasting apparatus is more simple in appearance than the telephone).

The piano player gave a last second twirl to his stool. A red light flashed on over Roxey's head.

"That means the concert is finished in the theater," whispered Finkey.

A green light blinked on next to its little red twin while a gentleman with a radio phone over one ear poked his head in the door, nervously.

"Gamby," as you probably know, is Mlle. Gambarelli, the ballet mistress and prima ballerina of the Capitol. Her inimitable delivery of Italian patter songs makes her one of the favorites of Roxey's popular gang

"You are on the air, Roxey, go ahead."

There was a general clearing of throats by the singers as Roxey spoke calmly into his instrument, as if indeed he were in the presence of very old and very dear friends.

Madame Stralia, a large woman in a red dress, then challenged the Heavens with "Life and Death Ecstasy." Apparently she won out, for the W. E. A. F. man appeared and frantically motioned Roxey to coax her farther from the machine. Roxey gently but firmly backed her away from the broadcasting device, thus her voice was not too loud to register correctly.

About this time Daddy Jim Coombs, and all radio fans know Daddy Jim, started getting nervous. He massaged his neck and worked his mouth in queer gyrations. Apparently Daddy Jim takes his work very seriously. Why shouldn't he. He is a big, kindly, serious man of dignified years and a bass voice.

But no matter how much he scowled or cleared his throat, or tugged at his collar, Evelyn Herbert, Gladys Rice and Doug Stanbury insisted upon giggling at Roxey's jokes and enjoying themselves precisely as if they were the audience.

Yes, radio fans, your Sunday night Doug was there and while he is neither short nor tall nor yet so thin, still he has the most whole-hearted laugh in the world and an entrancing profile and he sang "She's Ma Daisy" as if he meant every word of it.

By this time, Daddy Jim's collar was off and he was glaring about the room which had become

(*Continued on page* 88)

On the Camera Coast

With

HARRY CARR

Photograph by Shirley Vance Martin

In one episode of "Secrets," Norma Talmadge plays an old lady of lavender ribbons and lace kerchief and cap. And here she is rehearsing a scene with her director, Frank Borzage. While just below, Director Schertzinger consults Jane and Eva Novak about some bit of "business" in the script of "The Man Life Passed By"

DOMESTICITY has become fashionable in Hollywood.

It wasn't so many years ago that every married actress hid the children under the bed and kept her husband out of sight—not exactly like a disgrace—more like a blemish or a scar that ought to be covered up as a matter of good taste.

Now that they live in Hollywood bungalows, instead of hotels, husbands and wives are on display.

Conway Tearle never sends out any publicity in which his wife is not mentioned. Just at present it seems, according to the P. A., he is learning to play the piano in order to play accompaniments for his frau, who is Adele Rowland, the vaudeville star.

Tony Moreno is another sheik who is much married. All Tony's parties are home-made ones at his beautiful Spanish hacienda on the Silver Lake Hills.

Pat O'Malley's favorite press-agent story is that he practises all his studio love scenes on his wife at home and accepts her coaching for proper fervor.

Malcolm MacGregor has publicity pictures taken with his small daughter and heir, thereby closing the door of hope in the faces of the world's flappers.

But even in the face of this new frankness, it rather dazes one to find the press representative of a girl like Claire Windsor, who is the acknowledged belle of Hollywood movie society, sending out announcements about Claire's small son, who is now with her on location in North Africa.

She has a lively souvenir of a disastrous adventure in matrimony, and b'josh, she doesn't care who knows it.

It is the influence of that same Hollywood bungalow, by the way, that it is balking all efforts to move the movies out of Hollywood back to New York. Many efforts have been made before to close the studios here, but never such a determined and concerted one.

Already Hollywood production has been reduced from about ninety per cent. of the total to between sixty and seventy-five per cent. It looks as tho the rest will stick.

The chief crusader against Hollywood is Richard Rowland of the First National Exhibitors.

Mr. Rowland says it is nonsense trying to operate a studio three thousand miles from headquarters for no reason that he can discover. In so far as possible he will take all the First National activities back to New York.

Unluckily for Mr. Rowland's plan, the chief producing unit of First National is Joe Schenck, who controls the destinies of Norma and Constance Talmadge and Buster Keaton.

Heigh ho for Volstead days! At any rate the tragic amendment doesn't seem to worry Viola Dana or George Baker. This picture finds them lunching on location, and evidently milk is the *pièce de résistance*. "Revelation" is the picture in the making

An Interesting Résumé of Activities in the California Studios

Photograph by N. W. Steward

At the right is the roof of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. Blasco Ibañez, Mae Murray and Bob Leonard stopped here while the last two conferred with this eminent novelist over an original screen story for the inimitable Mae

They wont go back. It is odd that Norma, who used to hate California like poison, is now the sheet anchor for Hollywood.

The inducements in her case are the immense real estate and oil interests of herself and her husband in California.

The Famous Players-Lasky people are to do at least forty per cent. of their future producing in Long Island. Hearst will make practically all of his pictures in New York. He does not believe in Hollywood as a producing center.

Fox, on the other hand, is building a new studio in Hollywood's new studio center at Westwood. The Universal, Warner Brothers, Mack Sennett, Harold Lloyd, Hal Roach and other producers are absolutely sold to California as a producing center. Sam Goldwyn, who bade California an eternal farewell last year, with the intention of producing part of his pictures in New York, and part in Europe, has returned to Hollywood, bag and baggage.

The press-agent to the contrary, notwithstanding, I understand they had a terrible time making "The Eternal City" in Italy. Hereafter when Brother Goldwyn wants a European scene, it will be made to order right on the lot.

Joe Schenck says the reasons they can never move the studios away from Hollywood are the homes the actors have bought here. A trek to New York would mean financial ruin to half the actors on the screen.

Nita Naldi says that if people like to see her beaten up, the picture she is making now under the direction of Herbert Brenon is going to be the champion prize of Hollywood.

"My husband has already beaten me, and my tough brother has beaten me, and a couple of miscellaneous gentlemen have beaten me, and the picture is only half over. I suppose the rest of the cast will take a swat at me before it is done." The picture is from a story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Nita says if they keep on sending her back and forth between here and New York she is going to join a medicine show and be done with it.

Mat Moore, who is playing the lead in the picture, has received the first copy of the article written by the indignant poet, Sadikichi Hartmann, about the movies.

As I related in a previous letter, Mr. Hartmann, who is half Japanese and half German, retired somewhat precipitately from Doug Fairbank's picture "The Thief of Bagdad." He went out to Beaumont on the edge of the desert and proceeded to sharpen his deadly pencil and simply efface the wicked movies from the map.

(*Continued on page 76*)

Just above are Director Fred Niblo and that favorite of the press, Barbara La Marr. Count the day lost when Barbara doesn't get on the front page. To the left, Bill Hart and Phyllis Haver return from a location trip where the exteriors of "Singer Jim McKee" were made

Letters to the Editor

Every reader of the "Motion Picture Magazine" is invited to write to the editor. This page belongs entirely to the readers. It is an open forum. However, we cannot use any letters unless the writer's name and address is given. And if it is desired that only the initials be used in publication, this is quite agreeable if the writer requests that the letter be printed in this way

Exception is taken to the criticism of Lon Chaney's hunchback—and his performance is rated as one of the foremost portrayals of the year.

DEAR EDITOR: In reading the December issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, I came across Miss Fletcher's criticism on "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," on which picture I wish to take exception to several views expressed by the author in the letter in question. Having just recently seen this wonderful production, paying particular attention to the characterization of Lon Chaney as Quasimodo, I feel justified in making the following comments.

Miss Fletcher tells us that Chaney so exaggerates in his make-up that he is actually repellent. Does he, I ask? Having read Victor Hugo's book bearing the same name as the picture, I do not hesitate a second to answer in the negative, no—absolutely not. Does not Hugo describe Quasimodo as being a hunchback—lame and terribly ugly, possessing an enormous hairy chest, scraggy hair, and teeth which would be more suitable for a dog than a human being? He does. Well, then, does not Chaney's make-up agree in almost every detail with that of Hugo's Quasimodo? It seems to me it does. While it is true that this character is one of a repellent nature, the manner in which Chaney portrays it is so artistic that he unquestionably appeals inwardly to those who really appreciate good, clean-cut acting.

I am of the opinion that he gave one of the most artistic and most spectacular performances seen on the screen this past season, a performance which should rank him with the greatest living stars on the screen today. May I ask, who, among the thousands and thousands of moving-picture actors, could have handled this rôle as admirably, as artistically, as realistically, as successfully as Lon Chaney has done? I honestly think there is not a single one who could have interpreted this wretched individual as well as Chaney has done, and do themselves and the picture due justice.

Without a doubt, Chaney has proved to the world that he is not merely a movie actor, but that he is also an artist—an artist of very high standing. I have been fortunate in seeing him in every picture in which he has appeared since his performance in "The Miracle Man." In this film, altho seen only in a minor rôle, he was undoubtedly the outstanding star. Then again, do you recall "Shadows"? His interpretation of the Chinaman in this splendid production, to my way of thinking, was the most picturesque and most illustrious in that actor's broad repertoire. This colorful characterization will probably linger in one's mind for years to come.

I should like very much to hear the opinions of some of the other readers of your papers on this screen celebrity.

Yours very truly,
KENNETH MASON,
6 Brevoort Place,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

One reader writes, taking exception to the criticism we published of Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." He says, "I am of the opinion that Chaney gave one of the most artistic and most spectacular performances seen on the screen——I should like to hear the opinions of other readers on this subject"

Letters to the editor are read carefully by the stars, writes Wallace MacDonald, who ought to know.

DEAR EDITOR: I am sure your fans would like to know that their letters to you, which you publish, are eagerly read by the majority of the stars in Hollywood for tips. Tips on what the fans prefer. Clothes. Mannerisms. Whom they'd like to see this or that star play with. (Because many are free-lancing now and can pick their positions. Also the stars can give reference to the leading man or leading lady engaged if there is sufficient demand made by the fans.)

Also, the thinking ones are on the lookout for complaints as to story and cast, so that the error may not be repeated. The fan letters are a great help. No star is big enough to "buck 'em." If all the fans suddenly laid off of this or that star and wouldn't go to see any picture in which he appeared and said so at the box-office, this or that star would disappear from pictures in a short time. Business men have the reins of management and it isn't good business to displease the millions of fans, so you can see who has the strangle hold and can understand just how wise is a star who watches the comments of the fans as published in your column and who tries to cater to them.

The fans made Valentino. He knows it and he will cater to them to the best of his ability. The fans are behind Meighan and Fairbanks and Miss Pickford, Miss Talmadge, and no two laugh purveyors want to please them more than Harold Lloyd and Douglas MacLean.

So, on with your knocks and criticisms. They'll be taken in the right spirit. And on with your boosts and appreciation. The Lord and the movie player loveth the cheerful fan.

Sincerely,
WALLACE MACDONALD
Hollywood, Cal.

Praise for several players, Ramon Novarro last but not least.

DEAR EDITOR: A short time ago you honored me not only by printing, but also by agreeing with a letter I wrote in praise of several of our old "standbys." Since then, a few letters have appeared in this column, wondering why May MacAvoy was omitted from my list.

The only reason for such an omission was that I devoted my letter entirely to the male sex. Had I added the feminine players I admired, the length of my letter would have commended it to the waste-basket, rather than to the column. So . . . may I be permitted to write this letter "to the ladies"?

I agree entirely with the praise accorded Miss MacAvoy by several of her admirers . . . and . . . rereading the letters that appeared in the December magazine, I realize that they have left nothing unsaid in favor of one of our most talented actresses. They champion her far better than I could.

But . . . these are the actresses *I* want to see in more and better pictures: Ethel Clayton . . . Elsie Ferguson . . . and Bessie Barriscale.

It is a profound mystery to me why Miss Clayton is not seen oftener upon the screen. She possesses a rare personality . . . beauty . . . and is an actress of power and understanding. I have seen her in innumerable

(*Continued on page 93*)

It gives the nails a lovely rose brilliance

This new Liquid Polish won't peel off

The most famous manicure house in the world has perfected the ideal liquid polish—as good for a lasting brilliance as Cutex is for soft smooth cuticle.

One that won't peel off!

One that was especially formulated to spread smoothly and quickly and leave no ugly ridges or brush marks.

Try this perfect new liquid polish at the end of your very next Cutex manicure. You will be delighted with the lovely rose brilliance it gives your nails.

A brilliance that lasts and lasts, even a week's housework or dishwashing will not make it crack or peel or cause little dull places in the smooth glowing surface.

The dainty brush that comes with each bottle holds just enough polish to make one nail evenly shining. The liquid dries almost instantly. It is tinted just the rose shade everyone wants for her nails nowadays.

No separate polish remover needed

And another special convenience of Cutex Liquid Polish is that it needs no separate polish remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure just put a drop of the polish itself on each nail and wipe it off before it dries. This makes the nail smooth and clean, ready for the new application of its week-long lustre.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish and all the other Cutex preparations for 35c. And it comes in two of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

THE COMPLETE MANICURE

Send 12c for Introductory Set

The polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First shape the nails with the Cutex emery board. Then soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin with Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then comes Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails smooth and healthy with a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort).

Send the coupon below with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Dept. M-5, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

CUTEX *Liquid Polish*

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. M-5
114 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name _____

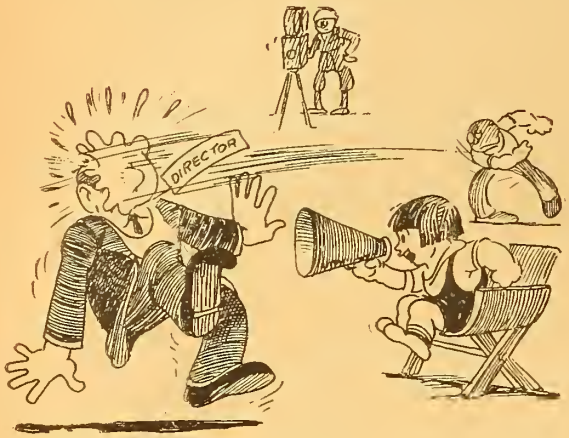
Street _____
(or P. O. Box)

City _____ State _____

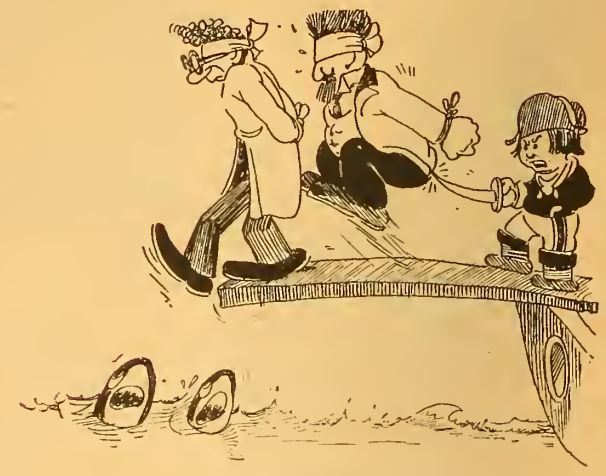
The Ambitions of a Juvenile Movie Star

By

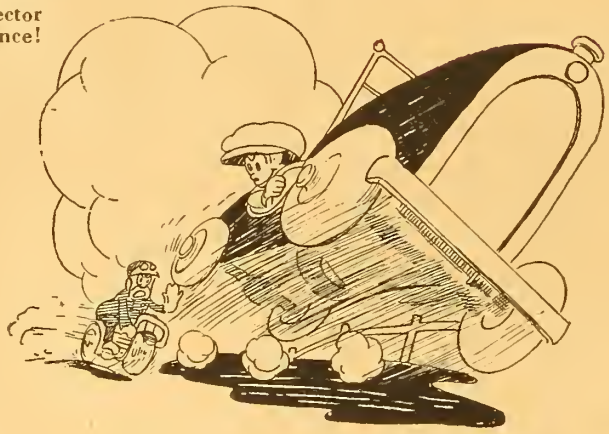
WALT LANTZ



Oh boy——If I could only direct my director in a comedy—just once!

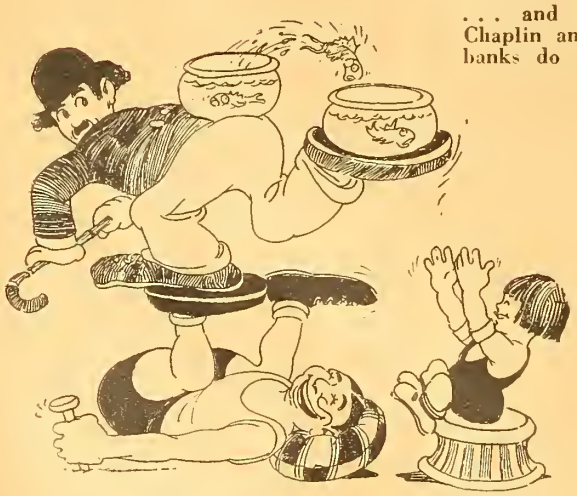


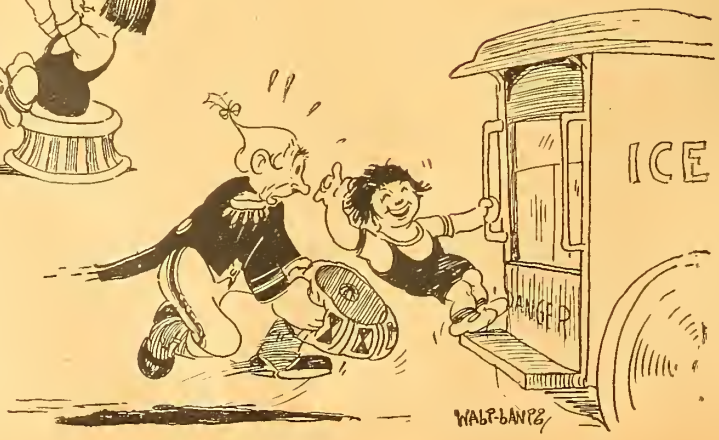
And this is what I think of censors



I'd like to drive my own car to the studios at one hundred miles an hour . . . and have Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks do tricks for me

And, above all things, I'd like to get even with my governess





It must be great fun to ride home on the back of an ice wagon . . .

The Way to Skin Loveliness according to Mrs. Hoyt

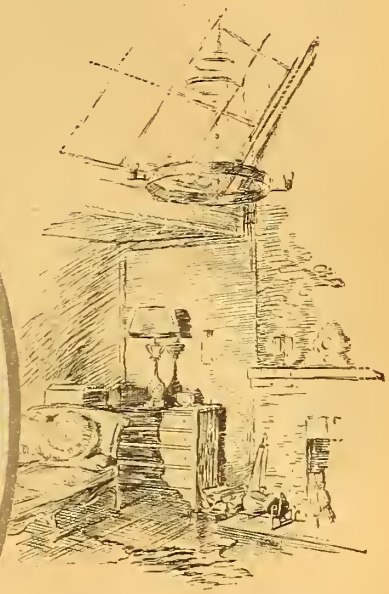
"The active woman today is expected to appear always fresh, always youthful, always exquisitely groomed. And the same loveliness of clear, smooth skin may be acquired by any woman through the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Julia Hoyt

MURAY

JULIA HOYT

Not content with her brilliant social success, Mrs. Hoyt has turned to the theatre, where her loveliness and artistic gifts are rapidly winning new laurels



Mrs. Hoyt's studio with its exotic blue greens and vermilions is an almost perfect setting for her dark beauty

THE door was opened by an impeccable butler, but another voice—a rather thrilling voice—said, "Come up to the studio, won't you, it's much easier to talk," and there was Mrs. Hoyt — unbelievably lovely.

The studio is a perfect setting for Mrs. Hoyt's startling beauty. Her small head — with its contrasts of dark eyes and hair and creamy magnolia petal skin—fairly shone against the subdued but brilliant color of the exotic room.

I asked her what she thought the most important factor in a woman's beauty.

"Her complexion, by all means," she declared emphatically. "It is the first thing you see. No matter how exquisite a woman's features, they count for nothing if her skin is not radiantly clear and smooth."

"And what," I asked her, "*what* produces a lovely skin?"

"Cleanliness," was the immediate answer, "is the first essential. Select first a soft pure cream that melts on the face and goes into the pores to clear away all impurities. Then, of equal importance is the proper finish—a preparation that provides a soft, fine surface on which the powder will go evenly and stay."

When Mrs. Hoyt says that rejuvenating cleanliness and an exquisite finish are the foundations of skin loveliness, she is speaking for thousands of distinguished and charming women who depend upon two creams that were developed for just these purposes.

EVERY *night, and after any exposure*, use Pond's Cold Cream. With the tips of your fingers, or a piece of moistened cotton, apply it generously on the face and neck. It sinks deep into the pores to remove all the impurities. Wipe the cream off after a minute with a soft cloth—with it will come the dust and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day. Do this twice. Your skin looks fresh and is satin smooth and supple again.

After every cleansing, before you powder and always before you go out, use Pond's Vanishing Cream for an enchanting finish. Smooth it in very evenly, just enough for your skin to absorb. Notice how smooth and velvety your face feels. And how incredibly young you're looking! The powder, moreover, will cling for hours.

When you get up in the morning, after a dash of cold water, rub in this cream. It will keep your skin fresh and untired for hours.

Learn from the distinguished women who have—and keep—lovely skins. Begin today to give your skin this exquisite cleansing and protection. The Pond's Extract Company.

POND'S TWO CREAMS - USED BY WOMEN WHO MUST BE EXQUISITE AT ALL TIMES

MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
145 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs —enough of each for two weeks' ordinary toilet use.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Photograph by Muray

Mrs. Richard Barthelmess under her maiden and stage name of Mary Hay, is one of Broadway's idols this season. She plays the lively name rôle in that musical comedy, "Mary Jane McKane." On the right are Natacha and Rudy Valentino with the pride of their household. Rudy brought the lovely animal home with him on his return from abroad

Greenroom Jottings

Photograph by International Newsreel

LOST, One Movie Congress! The grand assemblage of all the reform associations and organizations on the national calendar, that were called together for February 12-13, in Washington, for the purpose of whitewashing the movies, seems to have faded out even before it got itself flashed on the Good of the Public Screen. In fact, rumor has it that its place of exhibit was invaded only by Dr. Charles Scanlon, who called the congress, by Cannon Chase, and by a lost sheep of a man who wandered in out of a snow-storm, to complete the eternal triangle ever present in the movies. And that the congress was to have been graced, so 'tis said, by Will H. Hays representing the producers, Sidney Cohen the exhibitors, Mary and Doug the players, and various other notables. Possibly the reformers decided to retreat rather than to reform.

Lucy Stone Leaguers take note! Mary and Doug are on the New York Hotel registers as Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Also Mary's not going to let the Mrs. title on her passport cheat her out of her European trip. In fact, such a thing wouldn't enter Mary's head, and she's ready to tell the world so. They sailed immediately after attending the premières of their respective pictures: "Dorothy Vernon," and "The Thief of Bagdad." Doug, who is as much America's athlete, as is Mary, America's sweetheart, will not only attend the world's Olympic Games in official capacity, but has been asked to be the guest of Ireland during the Irish Olympics. Later he and Mary will visit France, Ireland, Sweden, Denmark, Soviet Russia, China, Japan and probably Australia, returning to America late in the summer. And Mary said she and Doug will not do "Romeo and Juliet." It costs Mary something to be America's sweetheart: America would never expect her sweetheart to grow melancholy and take poison, any more than they would countenance Doug's mooning around in the garden below her balcony, when with one small leap he could reach the fair Juliet. Certainly Mary and Doug will do a picture together, if they can get the right kind of a picture, but they are not going to step out of character and shatter ideals. "Now, Lillian Gish,"

During the filming of "Icebound," Lois Wilson discovered a musical prodigy in little Marie Louise Bobb, who appears in the French episode of this story. Marie gave a recital at Carnegie Hall and was praised by Paderewski. Here we find her entertaining the company between scenes. Lois Wilson is on the left of the piano and Richard Dix stands in the foreground in a soldier's uniform

for Economical Transportation

Fits the Finest Homes or Most Modest Incomes

Consider the evident high quality of this all-year family car, and its remarkable price—then you can understand why it has been necessary for us to double our production facilities this year.

Many families already owning the highest priced cars, also own a Chevrolet Sedan or Coupé. They find it not only consistent in style and general quality with their social position, but also astonishingly economical to operate.

Those of more limited means take justifiable pride in the ownership of this distinguished car, which is nevertheless so easy to buy and maintain.

Thousands of pleased owners will tell you a Chevrolet offers the best dollar value of any car made.

Your own requirements for economical transportation will determine your choice of models.

Any Chevrolet dealer will explain their many points of superiority.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Superior Roadster	$490	Superior Sedan	$795
Superior Touring	495	Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Utility Coupe	640	Superior Light Delivery	495
Superior 4-Passenger Coupe	725	Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

Superior Utility Coupé

$640

f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

said Mary, "will make a charming Juliet, and one that the public will indorse—they are accustomed to seeing her in tragic rôles."

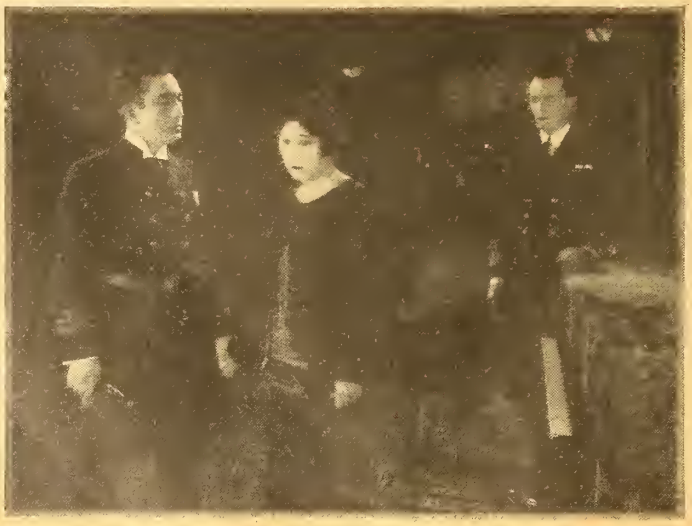
Shooting Stars—Betty Compson and Lois Wilson swap places in the movie firmament for the space of a picture—Betty to appear in "The Enemy Sex," for Paramount, and Lois to film "Another Scandal," for Hodkinson. It is a particularly happy arrangement for Betty, since James Cruze, her fiancé, will direct the filming of her picture. Incidentally, it will save quite a small fortune in telephone bills for Miss Compson and Mr. Cruze to be on the same lot, for while Miss Compson was in Florida making "Miami," and Mr. Cruze was in Hollywood producing, they talked across three thousand miles of wire nightly. Mr. Cruze and Miss Compson expect to be married this coming fall in the little town of Frisco, Utah. The town itself is said to consist of some old smelters, a few cabins, and, by courtesy, a street or two, but it is Betty's birthplace and so chosen for the important event. Afterward, Betty will return to reign over the Cruze estate and the rambling Spanish house in Flintridge, California, that she has already christened "The Hacienda." There are on the place the usual tennis-courts, swimming-pools, golf course, greenhouse, and billiard-rooms, with the distinction that comfort and good taste overrule exaggeration in luxuries. At one end of the billiard-room is an iron door opening into a barbecue oven, so that guests can dine *à la* barbecue indoors, or on the canopied tables outside. The special feature of the living-room is an arrangement that allows of its being speedily turned into a projection-room. Mr. Cruze believes in taking his theatrical recreation in domestic surroundings.

The picture above came to us from the French studio where Pearl White worked recently. Pearl is standing in the windows with her director and leading man

Gloria Swanson's director and Allan Dwan's star have a conference as Gloria leaves the studio for the day. And below are our old friends Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki Hayakawa in a scene from "The Battle," which they made in a French studio

Reversing the order of things—Ethel Shannon set a new pace recently when she discarded the wedding costume, in which she was robed for her rôle in the filming of "Maytime," and put on mifties to elope to Santa Ana where she was married to Robert J. Cary. Miss Shannon made her bow on the silversheet as leading woman to William Hart in "John Petticoats." Her most recent appearances have been in "The Hero," "The Girl Who Came Back" and "The Daughters of the Rich."

Photograph by Alex Steward



Everyone we know who saw "Big Brother" simply raved over Mickey Moore. So we thought it would be interesting to publish Mickey's favorite picture. Mickey wants it understood that he may be a movie actor but he is no ladies' man

Pearl White has flashed her last thrill—on the silversheet—now she is reaching out for the ultimate goal of the screen star—directorship. On the completion of "Terror," which was made in France, she decided to give some young and lovely actress a chance to build such a name as she now enjoys, and to do the directing herself. She will produce in France where she now lives.

Idle and pleasure-loving, so they say of the screen folk, but we ask you what t. b. m. can show the end of a more perfect day than can John S. Robertson. While he was

(*Continued on page* 78)

Even if your hair is as short as this

This wonderful new liquid will speed its growth—so you can soon do it up in full coiffure

Marvelous New Discovery

Grows bobbed hair back to normal *— in half usual time*

Milady! If you are tired of your "bob," but hate to think of waiting an eternity for your hair to grow out again—here is wonderful news for you—straight from America's leading dermatological laboratories.

Science has discovered a new liquid that will grow your bob back to full length again in an amazingly short time—giving you softer, curlier, lovelier hair than you ever had.

But this news is not only for "bobbed heads." It is for all women who would have gloriously beautiful hair, whether long or short.

If your hair is unruly and hard to keep in curl; if it is straggly, scrubby, brittle and dry; if it is dull, discolored, streaky or lustreless—do not despair. This new liquid will revitalize your hair as if by magic—giving you practically a new head of hair.

From the very first day, when you start to spray your hair and massage your scalp with this delightful liquid, you will *see* and *feel* new "life," new vitality in your scalp and hair. Hair growth will be apparent surprisingly soon. And if you have a "bob" to lengthen, you will find your hair extending down your back in an almost unbelievably short time.

These results are guaranteed. I want that understood. For it is only on such a guarantee that I can show my unbounded faith in this remarkable discovery.

Where There Is a Need, Science Finds a Way

Probably the women of America never needed any beautifier so suddenly and so urgently as they needed this one, for Paris has decreed that long hair must prevail.

Science has answered woman's call with this amazing liquid called Nitrox. Although Nitrox is so pure that you could drink it, it is the most powerful hair-growing product Science has ever known. As its name suggests, it is a fusion of Nitrogen and Oxygen combined and liquefied by a formula of my own. I have simply gone directly to nature and bottled her ozone and sunshine by a secret process of my own, mixing them with delightful balsams and emollients. The result, I firmly believe, is the most wonderful hair grower and beautifier the world has ever known.

In addition to promoting hair growth, Nitrox rids the scalp promptly of all dandruff; fluffs out dead and listless hair, and gives to it wondrous light and sheen.

One week after you have started the use of Nitrox, rubbing it into the scalp for five minutes each day, at bed time—your new hair will differ from your old hair as day from night. No more straggly, loose hairs blowing every-which way. Your hair will stay in place perfectly, with that delightful, natural lustre that can come only from perfect hair and scalp health.

Not For Sale But Sent to You Direct

McGowan's Nitrox is not offered for sale through drug or department stores, for the vital elements in this remarkable liquid evaporate when kept standing for any length of time. I distribute this wonderful product direct from laboratory to user, shipping, in every instance, the same day the liquid is compounded.

At first, we contemplated selling Nitrox through personal treatments only. But that method would confine the product to a very limited market. And since Nitrox is the greatest achievement of my laboratories, I am anxious to make this discovery known universally. It is no trouble to apply it. Indeed, it is very simple and delightful to use.

So I have decided to retail the first 25,000 bottles at only enough to pay the cost of production, handling and advertising—which I have figured down to just $2.47 per bottle, plus a few cents postage.

Whether your hair is bobbed or long, if you want to control its length and add to its splendor, don't delay another minute. There is no formality for you to go through. I do not even ask that you send any money. Just sit down and fill out the coupon and send it in you can pay the postman $2.47 plus a few cents postage, when he delivers the package.

M. J. McGowan

President

The McGowan Laboratories,
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 515, Chicago

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, on your guarantee, that Nitrox will grow my hair at twice the normal rate of growth, that it will thicken, soften and beautify my hair, ridding it of any dandruff or scalp troubles. You may send me a full size bottle, and I will deposit $2.47, the special introductory price, with the postman on its delivery (plus a few cents postage). This is with the understanding that, if I am not delighted with the results from the very outset, I can return unused contents of the bottle, within five days after its receipt, and you will refund my money.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

If you expect to be out when postman calls, enclose $2.60 with your order, and Nitrox will be mailed postpaid.

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter

TILLIE THE TOILER.—That's the way to get there. You see I did receive your letter. That was Ralph Graves in "Kindred of the Dust." Charles de Roche is thirty-six years old. Norma Talmadge is working on "The House of Youth," a flapper story with Frank Borzage directing. Eugene O'Brien will be one of the lovers.

EGNATZ.—Well I am fairly contented, but to be satisfied is to come to a standstill. So you recognized Carmelita Geraghty in "Black Oxen." Clara Bow was quite some flapper.

DOROTHY E.—That's impossible. Yes, I still have my whiskers and it will soon be time to put them up in camphor, so the birds wont build their nests. Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field," also in "For Sale."

AN ADMIRER.—Thanks for all the kind things you say about this department. But the greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Why, Kate Price was playing in pictures not so long ago. Yes, Harold Lloyd's "The Girl Expert" has been changed to "Girl Shy." Write me any time. I'm always at my desk.

TEXAS SHRIEK.—I thank you on bended knee, but as Emerson says, "A great man is always willing to be little." The only chance for an extra is to be at the studio, and be there regularly. No, dont believe everything you hear. Write to Metro for a picture of Jackie Coogan.

S. O. S.—Well, it is not well to leave too much to the imagination of woman. It is likely to carry her to extravagant lengths. You know that Martha Mansfield was burned to death while on location. John Bowers, Marguerite de la Motte, Robert Frazer, and George Hackathorne in "When a Man's a Man." You know Harold Wright's novel by that name had a sale of almost one million and a half copies.

LINA R.—Yes, Dorothy Mackaill played with Richard Barthelmess in "Twenty-one." Phyllis Haver, Mary Astor, Cullen Landis and Ernest Torrence in "The Fighting Coward."

WILDCAT.—I know, and the average man would rather barter the hair of his kingdom than apologize. Richard Talmadge, Truart Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York City. Dorothy Dalton in "The Moral Sinner." None can do a woman worse despite than to call her old.

ANO.—So you liked "The Covered Wagon," and James Warren Kerrigan is your favorite. He is thirty-six and not married. Do you remember him when he used to play with Pauline Bush back in the American days? Sylvia Breamer in "The Woman on the Jury," to be made by First National.

GERTRUDE L. H.—Come, cheer up, it may not be as bad as you think. Jealousy is an excellent fuel to passion's flame; still it is well to remember that too much of any fuel is apt to smother the flame. Corinne Griffith is with First National. Yes, you will see Rodolph Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Aren't you glad he is coming back? Eleanor Boardman in "Three Wise Fools."

CHARLOTTE S. C.—But to forgive a man's shortcomings is the woman's portion. To forget them, the man's. Oh, it would be out of the question to give you all the addresses you wish. See the list of manufacturers we sometimes print, or send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of producers.

POET.—Well, you surely sound like one. Thanks, indeed, for the verse. "Stephen Steps Out" was his first picture. Address him at First National Pictures, United Studios, Los Angeles, California. Gloria Swanson is twenty-six. Jack Hoxie in "The Red Warning." Write to me again, I like to receive mail.

DUMPS.—Cherio! The more a woman disapproves of a man, the more she wants him to admire her. Jane Mercer is her real name, and she is not playing in anything as far as I know. Tom Mix's next picture will be "Mixed Manners." Claire Adams, who has played in several of Mr. Mix's pictures, is again his leading lady.

HOWARD L.—She'll come back. So you like flappers, do you. No, I dont know what has happened to Lucy Cotton. She is not playing now. Myrtle Stedman is her real name and she has a grown-up son. John Gilbert and Renée Adorée in "A Man's Mate" for Fox.

ANDEE.—When I was a little boy, I remember someone once saying, "Look not mournfully into the past; it returns no more; wisely improve the present, and go forth into the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart." That was a great many years ago. John Bowers is six feet. Jack Holt in "A Gentleman from Indiana." Bessie Love in "Gentle Julia." Glad you liked "Strangers of the Night."

VIRGINIA.—Yes, Hope Hampton and her husband, Jules E. Brulatour, have sailed for a three months' cruise in the Mediterranean. No, I have no record of Bebe Daniels or Elaine Hammerstein's ever having lived in Philadelphia. Address Conway Tearle at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

FATTY AND NUTTY.—You sound like the Gold Dust Twins. Of course I drink buttermilk. The season is about on again. Try B. P. Schulberg Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California. Wesley Barry is with Warner Brothers, and Cullen Landis with Famous Players last.

SUNNIE.—Ben Alexander is twelve, Wesley Barry sixteen, and Douglas Jr., fifteen.

B. B.—The best way to win a woman's heart is to let her think she is reforming you, whether the proceeding is needed or not. Mlle. Andrée Lafayette, who played "Trilby" in the picture of that title, has completed work on "Why Get Married." Jack Gilbert is with Fox. Aileen Pringle with Goldwyn. Monte Blue is with Warner, Irene Rich is also with Warner. Is that all?

AN-DEE.—Hello! Why a man can so seldom be good without being "goody-goody" is one of the most inexplicable things of life. John Bowers is six feet. Eddie Clayton and his six Hawaiian dancing girls are in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." The girls have been dancing in Hawaii for two years and have only recently returned to this country.

BETTY.—I should say you do remember. Memory means a great deal to women. It fills spaces in their lives that would otherwise be desolate. Of course, I wont be angry with you. Fire away. James Kirkwood in "Ebb Tide." Robert Frazer in "The Love Piker." Henry Hull in "One Exciting Night." Rod La Rocque in "Slim Shoulders." William Haines in "Three Wise Fools." Edmund Lowe in "The White Flower." Agnes Ayres in "Souvenir."

J. A. D.—Yes, address Rodolph Valentino at Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, Long Island.

FREDA C. S.—Yes, Gabrielle d'Annunzio is an Italian poet, novelist and patriot. I showed your letter to Miss Fletcher.

MISS DENVER.—And just about one-half of the world's supply of sugar is produced in Europe from beets. No, no, Marion Davies is not married. Her right name is Marion Dourcas. She is twenty-seven. Shirley Mason's name was Leonie Flugrath. Agnes Ayres was Agnes Henkle. And Alice Terry's name was Alice Rodier. Anyway, what's in a name!

KATHERINE C.—Yes, Bebe Daniels opposite Rodolph Valentino. Marion Davies has bobbed hair, and barbara La Marr has been married four or five times. I dont know which.

F. M. W.—Keep busy and you wont get in trouble. A single silkworm has been known to spin four-thousand yards of thread. No

Your complexion needed the one thing you could not give it!

"Pore Control" was lacking—but now Princess Pat Twin Creams supply the need

A NEW factor in gaining complexion beauty has been discovered—a fault remedied. Science discloses this weakness in present methods—that after cleansing or nourishing, all known creams have so far *left the pores wide open!*

Now a five year search by Princess Pat chemists finds the way to retain the benefits of creams and add *pore control!* Princess Pat Twin Creams, alone of all complexion methods, leave the skin *with pores normally contracted at all times.*

Pore control advances complexion care to an exact science—in accord with Nature. For all time it puts an end to coarse pores. It banishes the menace to your skin of dust and dirt and infectious air germs.

Pore control is no new fad. It simply abandons outworn ideas — as does nearly every important discovery. Princess Pat chemists were free to think independently. They did not have to defend old fashioned creams established by custom, but unsupported by merit. They could be merciless in disclosing faults—and they were. But let the facts speak for themselves — first about disappearing creams.

The "Rubbed-in" Powder Foundation and What It Does

If open pores are a danger—as admittedly they are—what about the pores *distended,* pores forced open and *held open for hours?* Almost, the question answers itself. But Princess Pat chemists experimented for months and made the answer conclusive. Women were induced to make tests lasting days, using scores of disappearing creams. These creams vanished right enough from the skin *surface,* but the magnifying glass disclosed pores choked and gorged. Day by day, such pores weakened. Finally they lost power to contract normally. The inevitable result was *coarse pores.*

So much for disappearing creams. Princess Pat chemists discarded them—sought for and *found* a base for powder which not only leaves the pores *closed* but *nourished* throughout all the hours powder is used.

Why the Usual Creams So Often Disappoint

Next, all the familiar creams that cleanse and nourish were classified, analyzed and studied to discover virtues and faults. Practically all had merit—but only up to a certain point. They contained cleansing, soothing and nourishing oils which benefitted. But without exception such creams had to open the pores to do their work—and *left them open.* Consequently whatever touched the skin thereafter easily entered the pores and found lodgment. Princess Pat chemists considered this a grievous fault, of *incompleteness.* To it they logically traced complexion ills mysterious and unexplained. Such creams were not condemned—far from it. For countless complexions—at least temporarily—reap the benefits and escape the dangers of old fashioned complexion care.

But what a wonderful achievement for science if the pores could be closed and there be *no dangers to escape;* always *positive* benefits instead!

Pore Control Solved by Princess Pat Twin Creams

Almost at once the chemists were faced with a problem which seemed insurmountable. The indispensable oils for nourishing and vitalizing the skin relaxed and opened the pores. And every ingredient that could be added to close the pores *acted first,* offsetting the cleansing and nourisning. Then came enlightenment: *the double effect could not be secured in one cream. It would take two, each formulated separately but planned to combine on the skin!*

Thus Princess Pat Twin Creams came into being, bringing beauty possibilities beyond the fondest dreams of women, or scientists. And the use of these two creams that give *pore control* is so simple—and delightful. One is called Princess Pat Cream—the other, Princess Pat Ice Astringent. Princess Pat Cream is applied first and left on *temporarily!* Right over it, you apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent. With the application of this second cream, there comes a most delightful sensation of coolness and freshness. The pores at once contract and become *normally invisible!* They are *controlled,* closed against dirt, dust and germs.

That is the whole treatment! You then wipe all cream from your face—and find the skin as soft and pliant and clear as that of a child. You have not rubbed or massaged, because that is unnecessary. You have spent not to exceed two or three minutes. A remarkable feature of *pore control* is the fact that the nourishing action continues *throughout the day.* Closing the pores does not arrest it. So your skin never ceases to benefit during the entire twenty-four hours of day and night. The result is marvelously rapid—and permanent—complexion beauty.

As for powdering—you are ready without further preparation. For the exquisite softness and *naturalness* of the skin itself is the *best base for powder ever discovered.*

FREE!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Twin Creams (Princess Pat Cream—and Princess Pat Ice Astringent), to meet all calls, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a 10 days' supply without charge. Use coupon promptly.

PRINCESS PAT Ltd.
2701 S. Wells St., Dept. 25, Chicago

Entirely FREE, please forward me postpaid, a 10 days' supply of the new Princess Pat Twin Creams.

Name (Print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Creams—Ice Astringent—Princess Pat Tint—Lip Stick—Powder—Princess Pat Perfume

record of Lloyd Whitlock's whereabouts. Of course I think Gloria Swanson is wonderful.

RICHARD B. FAN.—Yes, and money orders paid at the New York post-offices average one hundred and twenty thousand a day, and thirty girls handle them. Dorothy Mackaill played in "Fighting Blade" and "Twenty-one" with Richard Barthelmess. Mildred Harris and Robert Frazer will have the leads in "The Dollar Mark."

HENRIETTA N. H.—Madge Kennedy you mean. Wallace MacDonald in "Leave it to Susan." Ah, for one to admire a woman merely for her beauty is to love the building for its exterior, but to love one for the greatness of her soul is to appreciate the tenement for its intrinsic value. Thank you, I'm on my way out.

KENNETH P.—Reginald Denny in "The Spice of Life." William Desmond and Laura LaPlante in "Perils of the Yukon." William Desmond and Louise Lorraine in "McGuire of the Mounted."

MUMPS.—Well, being the mother to the exclusion of the wife has wrecked as many homes as "the other one!" No record of Lewis Dayton. Edward Burns was born in Philadelphia in 1892, and he has dark complexion, hair and eyes. Weighs 135.

A HELLO GIRL.—Wires busy, please! That was Walter McGrail in "Suzanna." That was a clever letter. Well, I dont know, but when we get so sensible that we can give reasons for our emotions it's mighty little enjoyment we get out of them.

MISS MARION.—Ann Luther, Maurice Costello, Naomi Childers, David Powell, and Dagmar Godowsky in "Virtuous Liars." So you like Douglas, Jr. Beth Suily is his mother. See his address up above. No, you have me wrong. I'm not A. W. F.

STATION W. X. Y Z.—Of course I eat spaghetti. One of my favorite fruits. Harrison Ford is married to Beatrice Prentice. He is playing in "Janice Meredith" with Marion Davies. Betty Blythe in "The Recoil" for Goldwyn.

S. C. H.—You will have to write to our Circulation Department for the back numbers you desire. Thanks for your very interesting letter. I certainly appreciate all the nice things you say about me. Here's my hand, shake!

MOVIE FAN.—Dont say that's fate. Fate and opportunity are the most convenient and abused words of any language. You know that Conway Tearle is married—to Adele Rowland. He is forty-four. George Walsh is thirty-two and not married now. Tom Moore is forty and not married now. Write me again. I'm always here in my hall-room.

FULLA PEPP.—I'm with you. Just been out skating. On my feet, too, and not on my bald head. Oh, I always pin my whiskers so that I wont get icicles in them. That is May McAvoy's real name.

H. Y. C. B. LONDON.—All I can say is that "Whispering Chorus" was made by Artcraft some time ago, with Kathlyn Williams as Jane, Raymond Hatton as John, Elliott Dexter as George, Tully Marshall as H. P. Chumley, and Edythe Chapman as Mrs. Trimble. Sorry.

ANNIE MC.—Thanks for the card; I appreciate it. I'll have to get a new word.

SARAH G.—Oh, I always wanted to be an Answer Man. I can remember ninety years ago—oh, what's the use! No man can ever rise above that at which he aims. Mary Philbin is with Universal. Allan Forrest was Nikky in "Long Live the King."

ROSE.—No, I dont know who is credited with "The least drop in the world I do not mind; Cognac's a noun I never yet declined." All you have to do, Rose, is be natural. A natural rose. Mahlon Hamilton was the original "Daddy Long Legs." George Walsh was Don in "Rosita."

HAZEL P.—*Mauvais goût* means "bad taste." Gloria Swanson in "Manhandled" and "A Society Scandal." Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring, and he is about forty. Charles Jones in "The Vagabond Trail."

LEONARD P. R.—Well, I always pay as I go; then I dont get into trouble. If you pay what you owe, what you're worth you'll always know. Here are a few of the addresses: Mack Sennett Comedies, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California; Century Comedies, 6100 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California; Hal Roache Comedies, Culver City, California; Christie Comedies, 6100 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. You might try them.

HENRY D.—Too great confidence in success is the likeliest to prevent it. Ben Alexander is playing in "Boy of Mine."

K. C.—The speech of flowers exceeds all flowers of speech. Yours was a gem. How did you guess it, and you? Yes, that is Milton Sills' right name. Come, tell me more about you!

S. L. B.—Sowing wild oats would not be so reprehensible a habit in a man if he did not nearly always get a woman in their reaping. Roscoe Arbuckle is helping Buster Keaton with his scenarios. Write to First National for a picture of Conway Tearle. Charles Chaplin at 1420 LaBrae Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Sweet mother! You say "Conway Tearle is to me the embodiment of sophisticated manhood." Rise, Conway, rise. Selah!

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—Love your lover if you will, maiden fair, but when choosing a husband, see to it with surety that he loves you. Douglas Fairbanks is forty-one. He was born in Denver, Colorado. Brown hair and eyes, and at present working on "The Thief of Bagdad." Yes, "Richard the Lionhearted" has been produced. Thanks for your good wishes. The same to you.

RENAULT.—Some speed! Theodore Kosloff is with Famous Players, and Ralph Graves is not connected now. George O'Hara in "Listen Lester" from the musical comedy.

E.L.—Of course Mary Pickford is a citizen. Anyway, a foreign woman becomes a citizen if she marries an American. Myrtle Stedman is playing the part of Maizie, the gilded Lady, in Corinne Griffith's "Lilies of the Field." Ann Cornwall in "The Arizona Express."

MARGARITA.—Yes, and when a man asks your advice, he generally wants your praise. And you didn't like Monte Blue's wig in "Orphans of the Storm." He is six feet and two inches tall, and was born in Indianapolis.

MARGARET E.—The F. B. O. Studios are at 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles, California.

CURLS.—Read, read, read. An orphan is not the person who has lost his father, but he who has neither wisdom nor a good education. Mae Murray is married to Robert Leonard. Corinne Griffith, First National Pictures. Blanche Sweet is married to Marshall Neilan.

LASHES.—No, Richard Dix is not married. Maude George has an important part in Maurice Tourneur's "Torment," which stars Owen Moore and Bessie Love.

J. A. D.—The activity and soundness of a man's actions will be determined by the activity and soundness of his thoughts. Address Valentino at Famous Players Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

JAMES S.—*Cher ami.* A woman can more easily forgive a great wrong than constant little discourtesies. So watch out. Pauline Frederick was with Vitagraph last. The cast for "My Man" includes Dustin Farnum, Patsy Ruth Miller, Niles Welch, and Margaret Landis. It was made under the working title of "A Tale of Two Roses."

LOUISE E. A.—No, I dont know Fred McLean. Mahlon Hamilton is playing right along in an occasional picture. He's abroad now, you know. Madge Bellamy, John Bowers, Francelia Billington, and Hal Cooley in "Unguarded Gates."

FRANCES B.—Pola Negri is thirty and not married now. Address her with Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California. Lila Lee with Ince, Culver City, California.

ETHEL R.— Ivor Novello, the English player, is touring on the stage in London in "The Rat." Thomas Meighan in "The Confidence Man" with Virginia Valli. Yes, there were interviews in June, 1920, issue, September, 1922, and May, 1919, CLASSIC with Percy Marmont. I think he will send you his picture. Why dont you write and see? Metro Studios, you know.

MILLY.—Of course I answer all the letters I receive. Do you think I am a fake? Wish you could see the letters all piled up on my desk. I doubt whether "The Four Horsemen" will be revived. Ramon Novarro in "The Arab." Oh, I like them all; I have no favorites.

NAOMI DIB.—Why after completing "My Man," Pola Negri will play in "Montmartre," an Ernst Lubitsch production. Raymond Griffith is playing with Jacqueline Logan in "The Glorious Tomorrow."

TILLIE THE TOILER.—Oh, yes, the Lee children are back in vaudeville. One of them recently had the measles. Colleen Moore is married to John McCormick; not the singer, the publicity man. Lila Lee is married to James Kirkwood, and her name was Augusta Appel.

H. B. NEW YORK.—I should say I was glad to hear that you were down on the Mexican Border for nine months with Squadron A. No, you cant take me to lunch. Thanks just the same. Mary Philbin is not married, and she is nineteen. Address her at Universal, Universal City, California. Playing in "Fool's Highway." No, I dont think Mary Philbin has ever been on the stage.

MRS. F. J. C.—Ward Crane was Templeton Druid in "Pleasure Mad."

IMA SAP.—Mary Philbin is nineteen, and she played Margaret Schofield in "Penrod and Sam." Sorry, but I haven't little Ben Alexander's birthdate, but he is twelve.

ALBERTUS.—Bebe Daniels is playing with Rodolph Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire," and you can write her at

(*Continued on page 100*)

HE found her at last! She was sitting in the garden — just where she belonged.

She quickly raised her little mask up to her eyes as he approached.

"Oh, never mind, Fair Stranger—I know who you are. You are a rose disguised as a Beautiful Lady."

Do you know how to use powder effectively?

By MME. JEANNETTE

THE foundation of a successful beauty toilette is the correct and effective use of powder. It is of first importance to select just the correct shade of powder for your particular skin—and then you should know how to make your powder adhere properly.

Many women seem to completely disregard the fact that there is no such thing as an actually white skin. Therefore, if you are seeking for a natural effect a pure white powder should never be used in the daytime.

After determining the shade of powder that best blends with your skin, it is wise to give your powder a proper foundation. Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream of rare delicacy. It is particularly designed to act as a powder-base for normally oily skins. If you have a dry skin, use Pompeian Night Cream instead of the Day Cream.

The only correct way to powder is to use plenty of it. After you have completely covered the surface, take a clean puff or a bit of soft cotton and dust it off lightly and evenly.

After applying your cream-and-powder foundation, you blend over it your Pompeian Bloom, selecting the shade that best harmonizes with your skin—in the rose tones are Light, Medium, and Dark shades, while the warm red-gold of the Orange tint is exactly what is required by the ivory and the olive types.

Pompeian Lip Stick gives such a natural color to the lips that it cannot be detected. It also has a slight pomade quality that softens and heals lips that may be dry or rough, and prevents chapping.

▽

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

DAY CREAM *(vanishing)*	*60c per jar*
BEAUTY POWDER	*60c per box*
(Also in the new thin-model compact for purse or handbag. Price $1.00.)	
BLOOM *(the rouge)*	*60c per box*
LIP STICK	*25c each*
FRAGRANCE *(a talc)*	*25c per can*
NIGHT CREAM *(cold cream)*	*60c per jar*

Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples for Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7½ in. For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom (rouge), and Night Cream.

Tear off the coupon now

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Also Made in Canada

Pompeian Beauty Powder

© 1924, The Pompeian Co.

IS YOUR SKIN DRY OR OILY?

These are two generally accepted classifications of skin character—the dry skin and the oily skin.

A Dry Skin

The very fine-grained skins are the ones most liable to excessive dryness. The wind, the sun, or applications of drying lotions exaggerate the dry condition.

A dry skin needs quantities of cream to replace and supply the lacking natural oil.

Pompeian Night Cream is the ideal cream for a dry skin. It is excellent as a cleanser, skin-softener and as a powder base.

If the skin seems unusually dry, "pat" small quantities of Pompeian Night Cream into the skin till most of it is absorbed.

Pompeian Night Cream is also an ideal cream as a powder base for the "dry" skin before applying your powder.

An Oily Skin

An oily skin needs two creams. An oily cream for cleansing—a vanishing cream for a powder base.

The natural oil in abnormally oily skins sometimes becomes hardened in the pores and clogs them. The counteracting oil found in Pompeian Night Cream prevents this, and so prevents the real cause of blackheads. Use it generously, rubbing it vigorously about the chin and nostrils where greasiness seems to be acute. Then rub off thoroughly, and finish with a dash of cold water or a quick ice rub.

Pompeian Day Cream should be used on this type of skin before powdering. It is a vanishing cream that disappears as you apply it, leaving the skin smooth and clean, and removing shine. It is the ideal base for powder if your skin is oily, and forms a protection against sun and wind.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

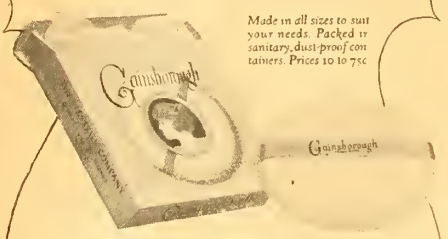
Address _____

City _____ State _____

What shade of face powder wanted? _____

NO dressing table, purse or compact is complete without its lovely dainty Gainsborough Powder Puff.

Such soft and rich materials—velour and wool. So attractively packaged. A better puff. At better dealers' stores.



Made in all sizes to suit your needs. Packed in sanitary, dust-proof containers. Prices 10 to 75c

Gainsborough POWDER PUFF

THE WESTERN CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK
WECO PRODUCTS CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

WECO Product ©

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
School and College Bureau

Offers You Its Specialized Services in Choosing a School

Last year the School and College Bureau of The Chicago Daily News saved many busy parents and questioning boys and girls both time and worry by sending them prompt, reliable information about just the kind of school they wanted—personal requirements as to location and tuition charges being considered in each individual case.

This year many young people will again be perplexed by the problem of finding the right school. Why not let us help you?

The Chicago Daily News maintains this service absolutely free of charge to you. No need to select a school hurriedly on mere hearsay when expert advice can be obtained by telephoning, writing, or calling for a personal interview at

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
School and College Bureau
15 N. WELLS ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page* 63)

The piece he wrote is printed on four pages and is entitled, "My Experiences in the Douglas Fairbanks Studio." The sum of the outrage seems to be that they made him wear a pair of red boots that didn't fit; cut out all of his finest and most elegantissimus gestures; that they wouldn't let him act the way he knew a real Chinese prince ought to act, but insisted upon the inefficient, base-born notions of a director whose ideas about Chinese princes were simply beneath contempt. Lastly some one in the studio made him a present of some poison bootleg hootch, thereby wrecking both his dignity and his tum tum.

Mr. Hartmann significantly closes his frightful blast with an advertisement of his forthcoming lyric drama—which seems to be as much as notifying the movies to step right out of his life.

Whew!

Walter Hiers is leaving the Famous Players-Lasky ranks this week to sail out on the troubled waters of free-lance comedy. Thus endeth the last attempt that will probably ever be made to create a star by advertising. The producers showed themselves gluttons for punishment in this regard; but they probably will never try again.

Stars cant be made by anybody except the public. Walter was rushed into the breach when Roscoe Arbuckle removed himself from the movies. Walter was a nice boy and funny; but apparently not funny enough. His pictures did not make money.

Rob Wagner, the artist and magazine writer who was drafted into a directorship to help Walter Hiers make the world laugh, is now directing Will Rogers.

His latest Will Rogers picture was shown the other night at the Writers Club, and Hollywood is wondering with some curiosity if it will ever be shown anywhere else. To tell the truth, the movie colony was shocked to the edges of their shingle bobs. The comedy proved to be a savage satire on the movies—at times more cruel than funny.

In it, Rogers plays the part of a ham Shakespearian actor, "induced" into the movies. He becomes a director and finally retires by getting his whole company out on a raft and drowning them. As he is leaving Hollywood, he meets a hand-organ grinder with a monkey on a string. He presents his movie contract to the ape as one admirably fitted for movie success. The Writers Club thought this was hardly clubby.

It looks as tho a new scenario genius had been developed out of the Writers Club. Willis Goldbeck, formerly an associate editor on the staff of the Brewster Magazines, is regarded as the writing "find" of the year. He left magazine work to go with Rex Ingram as a publicity man; but was pressed into service by Rex as a scenarist. He did such fine work on the script of "Scaramouche" that Lasky's drafted him when Rex Ingram went to Europe. He is now adapting a James Oliver Curwood Alaska story for one of the Lasky directors.

Paul Bern seems to have been entrusted with the responsibility of chaperoning foreign genius. Having been scenario writer for Lubitsch, the German, and Victor Seastrom, the Swede, he is the scenario advisor to Dimitry Buckowitzke, Pola Negri's new Russian director.

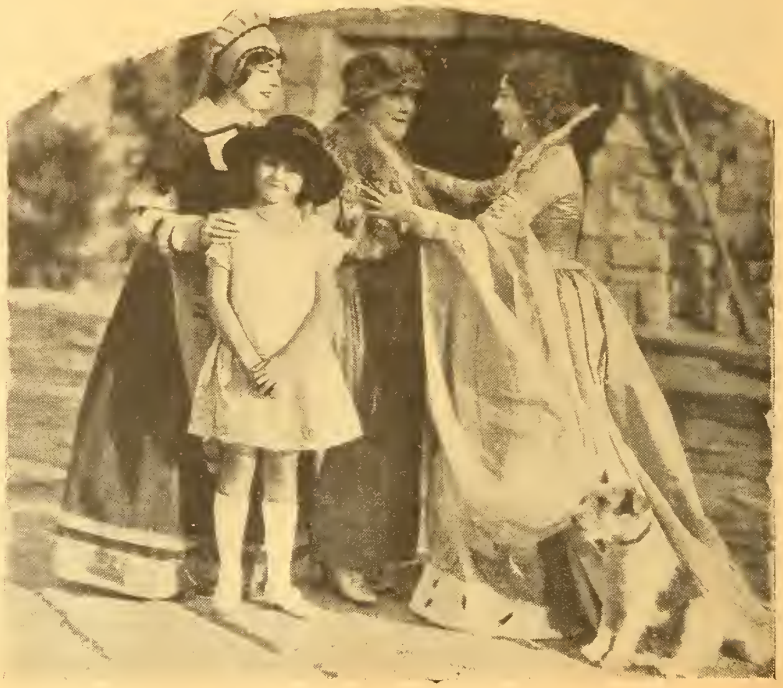
I have never seen Polo so happy since she has been in Hollywood.

"Nineteen twenty-three was the most miserable year I ever put in," she said. "Rotten pictures, cruel criticisms in the papers, and an unhappy love affair. I know it will be different this year. I have at last found my milieu."

If by "milieu" she means her new

(*Continued on page* 99)

There was a family party at the Pickford studio the day they filmed the last scenes of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Charlotte Pickford brought little Mary Pickford Rupp over to see her own mother, Lottie Pickford Forrest, and her own beautiful Aunt Mary, in their beautiful costumes



Is Your Personality Negative?

If it is, you leave a bad impression wherever you go—
Learn to be magnetic; to develop a personality—
You will be told how in the

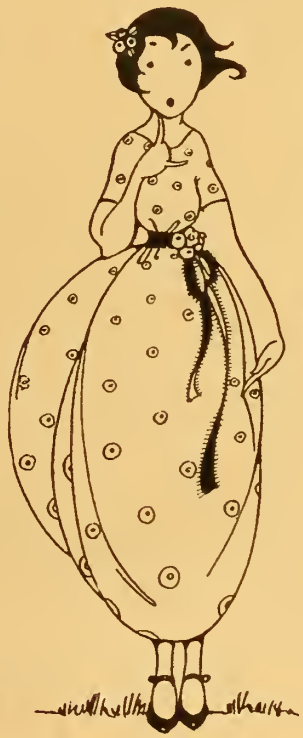
May Beauty

Getting Fit

You will be shown how to gain beauty thru health in a series of illustrated articles on practical physical culture by Mildred Smelker, Physical Training Director in the Public Schools of Washington, D. C. Beginning in this issue.

Every Matron's Business

An article for the older woman who is letting herself "slump." It will help her to Stop-Look-and-Reform.



About Roses

Four of the most beautiful of English girls, who came to this country with Charlot's Review, tell how they acquired and preserve the delicate texture of their skin and the rose-petal bloom that make cosmetics unnecessary.

Pavlowa's Time-Clock

An article in which the famous dancer gives her daily regimen for beauty, health and grace.

A Portfolio of Mothers and Children. "A woman attains perfect beauty only thru motherhood." Champions of the unmarried sisterhood might take issue with the statement, but the lovely mothers pictured are a challenge to their "Nays." The children, too, are exquisitely lovely and sweet.

Pertinent and Impertinent. A Southern sports editor, male, writes a satire on the bobbed and the unbobbed. Illustrated by Eldon Kelley.

Bargain-Counter Hound? An economic article, "The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing," shows how bargain sales often bar gain to the fair purchaser.

On News-stands April 15

Special Introductory Offer—5 Months for $1.00

Because we want you to know that BEAUTY is in reality the aristocrat of women's magazines, we will send you the next *five big numbers* upon receipt of the introductory price of $1.00. Put a dollar bill into an envelope and mail it right now before you have time to forget it.

Pin a Dollar Bill to this coupon and receive the next five big numbers of "Beauty" Magazine. Mail at once to BEAUTY, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Name.....

St. and No......

City..... *State*.....

These Madame,

Are the Heavenly Twins

Fashion's requirement for lovely nails

If you want lovely nails with just the sheen and lustre that Fashion asks, use Glazo.

Glazo comes in those adorable twin sister bottles.

There is Glazo, the Liquid Polish, which brings instant nail beauty *without harmful buffing;* gives nails that fashionable shell-pink finish everybody wants.

Then there's Glazo, the instant Polish Remover so essential to the successful liquid manicure. In a trice it whisks away last week's manicure and prepares the nails for fresh loveliness.

GLAZO BRINGS NAIL BEAUTY WITHOUT BUFFING

No need at all for the tiresome old buffer when you use Glazo! As you know, buffing is often injurious to nails, makes them thin and brittle. Glazo is a *liquid* polish—applied with a brush. It *protects* nails, preserves their natural beauty. And joy! Its lustre does not crack or peel.

Stop at your favorite counter today and ask the man in the white coat for Glazo. Then once and for all your manicuring troubles will be ended. You will have fashionable lustrous nails, the kind you've always wanted. Glazo, including instant Polish Remover, 50c at all counters.

ARE YOU PROUD OF YOUR NAILS?

GLAZO

KEEPS NAILS POLISHED LONGER —NO BUFFING

This coupon and 10c good for 1 Trial Size Glazo Manicuring Outfit

The Glazo Company
23 Blair Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio

I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) for which please send me one trial size Glazo Manicuring Outfit.

Name .....

Address .....

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 70)

making the concluding scenes of "The Enchanted Cottage," he was also editing the part of the film that was being titled, and for the evening's recreation was helping his wife, Josephine Lovett, in the preparation of the scenario of "Romeo and Juliet."

"Hedda Lind" may be poetic and romantic, says Edith Allen, who has the leading feminine rôle in "Virtuous Liars," but here and now, and hereafter, she intends to keep her bred-in-the-bone cognomen, Edith Allen.

Lionel Barrymore, who is starring in David Belasco's "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," on Broadway, has been coralled by Chadwick Pictures Corporation, as lead for one of their four producing units that will make twelve productions for release in the independent market this year. Barrymore will be starred in "Meddling Women," the outstanding production of the year for this organization. Ivan Abramson, a pioneer, producer, and Edmund Lawrence, a well-known producer, will be in charge of the filming of the picture, which will be done in the East.

On the West Coast, Mr. Chadwick is maintaining a stock organization of players in order to have stars on hand when needed. In "The Fire Patrol," the whole company appears. This set of players include: Madge Bellamy, Anna Q. Nilsson, Helen Jerome Eddy, Frances Ross, Johnny Harron, Gale Henry, Charles Murray, Spottiswoode Aitken, Jack Richardson, Hank Mann, Bull Montana, Billy Franey and Chester Conklin. Others will be added later.

Flora Finch, side-partner to John Bunny, deceased—delicious comic of early filmdom, is at her old side-splitting business again. When Mr. Bunny died, it seemed as if Flora couldn't pull in single harness, but now she has come entirely into her own, and besides registering laughs on the silversheet has drawn the rôle of the Princess Vronsky Mamaluke Pasha Tubbs, one of the leading characters of "Poppy," in which Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields are starring on Broadway.

Inherited honors are often questionable, but it is said that Phyllis Ward, daughter of the late Ernest Ward, and the granddaughter of Frederick Ward, has started a promising career on the screen. Carlo Duse, nephew of Eleonora Duse, the famous Italian actress, is also trying out his histrionic ability in a small part in "Romola," which the Gish sisters are filming in Italy.

"HEART TROUBLE," is Constance Talmadge's latest vehicle. The story is taken from W. Somerset Maugham's play, "Penelope," which was a great success abroad, but has not been produced here. Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joseph Schenck, after cruising about the waters of Palm Beach in Irving Berlin's yacht, with Sam Harris, theatrical manager, returned to the East to browse around the archives of New York, in hopes of finding a suitable play for Norma before going back to Hollywood.

Jack Pickford's wife, Marilyn Miller, isn't crying for Kid Boots. She's run off with the puddin' bag string that's been holding "Peter Pan" tight all these years, while producers waited for Maude Adams to return to the stage. Now Marilyn gets the assignment to revive the delectable Peter behind the footlights. The story of Peter's refusal to grow up, twines about the heart of every human, whether he's looking backward or forward. Miss Miller is Barrie's choice for the rôle, and will go to England this spring to confer with him. So much for the spirit of the production, as for the material side, it is said that the advance in stagecraft, since "Peter Pan" was last staged, is so tremendous

The Queen and the King of the screen! Marion Davies and Rodolph Valentino were awarded loving cups and this distinction at the Hotel Astor in New York after winning a recent contest

Photograph by International Newsreel

that the fairyland that will be created for Peter to enter into from Never Never Land will be exquisite beyond imagination.

In "Worldly Goods," a serial by Sophie Kerr that appeared in *The Ladies' Home Journal,* Leatrice Joy reaches the elevation of stardom. Her rise has been along the slow, hard road of persistence and endeavor—not the meteoric path of Lady Luck. Born in New Orleans, she was the victim of one of the fly-by-night film companies that from time to time have sprung up like mushrooms in the Crescent City. She later braved California, and met with the usual extra-girl discouragements. Finally, she secured a part in a stock company of San Diego, which gave her valuable experience, and won for her small parts in the films. She first attracted the attention of George Loane Tucker, and later that of Cecil B. De Mille. Her genius was established by her work in "Manslaughter," and thru her acting in "The Ten Commandments," she was assured stardom.

And Tommy Meighan gets the lead in James Oliver Curwood's thriller, "The Alaskan," to be produced immediately on the completion of "The Confidence Man." This will be a new departure in rôles for Mr. Meighan and will mark his first attempt in the great open spaces of the Northwest. Undoubtedly Tommy will fit.

Oh, ye picture fans, extend the glad palm to ye radio fans—Dr. Lee De Forest has invented a phonofilm, a process whereby the voice is recorded simultaneously with the taking of the picture. The invention is a clever device attached to the camera which records sounds by waves of light at the same time the picture is taken. The invention was tried out in one of the New York theaters with great success; the feature consisting of sketches from the life of Abraham Lincoln. J. Searle Dawley, who directed this talking picture, is now preparing a musical story-picture to be produced by the De Forest Phonofilm Company. Details were not to be had, but it is supposed that music, voice and action will be combined in the making of the feature.

If the screen stars take the advice of George Melford, who is at present making a picture for Lasky on the Coast, they'll all go in for voice culture. Mr. Melford holds that as talking pictures become perfected, stars of the footlights will be called upon to replace those screen stars who cannot make their vocal chords register, whereas screen stars who can both act and talk will be raised to yet a higher place on the salary books.

Robert Edeson has thrown Broadway into the discard. He's bought a home in Hollywood, and says he wont play on the Great White Way any more, so long as the sun shines in sunny California. For the past twelve years, he has spent most of his time on the New York stage, and only a part of each year in pictures, but at last the screen has wound her silver mesh securely around him. He is engaged in making "Triumph" at the present time.

The screen seems to have the fascination of a silver-spun spider's web. According to Cosmopolitan Corporation, it has caught Princess Marie of the Royal House of Bourbon, and the first cousin to King Alfonzo of Spain, a favorite at the Court of Madrid. For the past two years she has made her home in America, and in "Janice Meredith" she will play the rôle of Marie Antoinette.

The Great Foe

of all teeth is that film

HERE is something all should know and that children should be taught.

Teeth are coated with a film—that viscous film you feel. It clings tenaciously, and no ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

That film is the teeth's great enemy, the cause of most tooth troubles. It soon becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. Then teeth become clouded and are constantly unclean.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of other serious troubles, local and internal.

Ways to combat it

Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Very few escaped. So dental science sought for film combatants. After long research, two were found. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods by many careful tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists everywhere advise this method. Now millions of careful people of some 50 nations employ it every day.

Also acidity effects

Certain people, it was found, are notably immune to tooth troubles. The reason was traced to the eating of much acid fruit. So Pepsodent embodies this principle of mild acidity.

Every use multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva, which is there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

These combined results are bringing millions a new dental era.

This test will tell

Pepsodent proves itself, and quickly. Send the coupon for a ten-day tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will know in a week why everyone should use this method daily. Then tell the facts to those you teach. Cut out coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

1417

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 813, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.

1874 Golden Anniversary 1924

Warner's
WRAP-AROUND
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

The Corset Invisible

The slender silhouette is easily achieved by the woman of full figure who wears a Warner's Wrap-around. This model, for instance (style 172) is fashionably—and comfortably—full around the waist, provides perfect diaphragm control and assures an admirably flat back, all with perfect comfort. Two panels of elastic webbing take the place of lacings.

Style 172, $6.00

Send for folder of Warner's Wrap-arounds for stout-type, slender-type, average-type, and curved-type figures. Prices $1.50 up.

Wrap-arounds are made only by the Warner Brothers Co., 347 Madison Avenue, New York; 367 W. Adams Street, Chicago; 28 Geary Street, San Francisco. Made also in Canada by the Warner Brothers Co., Montreal

WARNER'S BANDEAU

Style 2788

—is skilfully designed to give a smart and youthful contour to the medium figure. An extension of material below the waistline holds it firmly in place. . . . $1.50

There is a Warner Bandeau for every Warner Corset

Broadway catches its breath — Lillian Gish is rumored engaged to one Pierre Frois, the second purser of the *Conte Rosse,* on which the Gish sisters sailed to Italy to film "Romola"—but as denial skips across the water Broadway breathes again. After all, it seems to have been a case of a charming girl, a handsome debonair youth, Italian skies, laughing waters and time to play at hearts. Anyhow, Broadway prefers to believe that Miss Gish will favor Charles H. Duel, motion-picture producer, with whom she has her present contract, and who accepted a divorce last month in Paris, presumably to marry the star. Broadway can better visualize Miss Gish as wife of the wealthy film magnate than of the dashing Pierre Frois, who since the Gishes sailed, has resigned from the ship to take charge of an antique shop in Venice—Lillian dusting antiques in real life would be too absurdly romantic.

Now would you like to be this poor little rich girl? Alyce Mills was recently engaged for a picture to be taken in the Maine woods — atmosphere — ice, snow, zero weather and Arctic winds winding down the spinal column. By the time Miss Mills had bought all the Navajo blankets, sealskin coats, and sweaters in sight, the producer changed his mind and decided to shoot his film in Florida—history doesn't say whether the story was rewritten—it only tells how the poor little rich girl has to make bathing suits and dancing frocks out of blankets and skins before she arrives at those exacting Palm Beach hotels.

We are glad May McAvoy hasn't said anything about retiring upon her marriage to Glenn Hunter—we are not yet hard-boiled enough to be always off with the old star and on with the new. Miss McAvoy is now being featured in the William de Mille's production of "The Inside Cup," an original scenario by Clara Beranger. Following this feature, she will appear in the lead of the Samuel Goldwyn production of "Tarnish," the stage success to be directed by George Fitzmaurice at the United Studios.

An acknowledged fact—Corinne Griffith and Oliver Morosco have admitted that they were recently married in San Diego. And more astonishing still, in the light of modern marriages, Mrs. Morosco has declared that she will make only three more pictures and then will retire to enjoy full measure of domestic happiness.

We friends never borrow, we friends never lend, that is unless it's first hand. For the past year Irene Rich, under contract to Warner Brothers has been loaned to several other producers. She has now come to the conclusion that she can lend herself around quite as efficiently as anyone can lend her, so she has announced herself a free-lance and open for engagements at the completion of "Cytherea," the George Fitzmaurice production in which she has an important rôle.

And after Lincoln, Roosevelt. The filming of the life of Theodore Roosevelt in episodic form, much as the story of the life of Abraham Lincoln has been told, has been begun and will be released before the end of the present season. The incidents will include Roosevelt's earliest school days, his college life, his political life as the Police Commissioner of New York City, Lieutenant Colonel of the Rough Riders, Governor of New York, President of the United States, and finally

(*Continued on page* 97)

Vignettes of the Studios

(*Continued from page* 41)

way can be seen the long row of dressing-rooms facing outward to the street.

To the right of the driveway similar small buildings house the executive offices of the two companies, while behind them, carefully shielded, the Spanish street sets for Mary's "Rosita," draw one back from the boulevard again, into the land of romance.

The Land of Romance. However, drab the surrounding country, which seems so eager to encroach, life remains picturesque and fascinating here.

But could life seem otherwise, I wonder, where Doug and Mary walk?

THE HERO

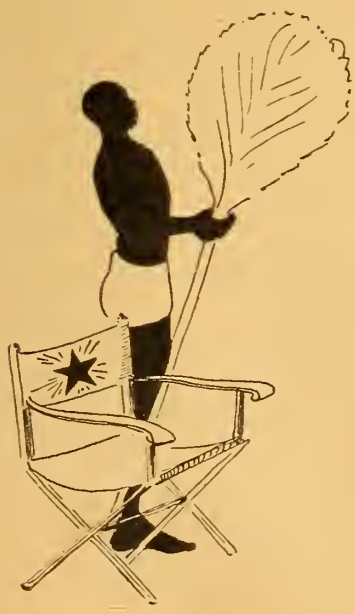
By Faith Baldwin

Oh, if a Super-man there be,
Of high, or low, or now, degree,
He is the Hero, dark or fair,
Who thrives upon the Screen's thin air.

A Galahad—but not *too* good,
A Lancelot—misunderstood,
A Samson, with his locks unshorn,
A Romeo, but not forlorn.

A dash of deviltry, a hint
Of principles, as hard as flint,
A monk, a rake—but no excess,
A business wizard for success——

The perfect Lover, debonair,
He thrives upon the Screen's thin air.



ONE DOLLAR

buys one of these two beauty-creating combinations:

Bourjois JAVA* Face Powder and Ashes of Roses* Rouge
Bourjois JAVA Face Powder and Rouge Mandarine*

(Ashes of Roses Rouge is the red of the heart of a rose. Rouge Mandarine is orange, oriental in effect)

Each in full size

THE American woman knows JAVA. The House of Bourjois, for fifty years, improved JAVA until it is the synonym for perfect adherence and consistency.

JAVA is made in White, Naturelle, Rose and Rachel and includes the new, already famous *Peaches** and *Peaches-and-Cream** powders. The American woman knows Ashes of Roses Rouge as the best made and the purest. When she prefers a brighter, oriental effect she chooses Rouge Mandarine. A *dollar bill* for JAVA and one of these rouges—is invested in loveliness.

Almost all druggists have them. If your dealer has not, ask him to order for you. If you are not in range of a dealer's services, enclose one dollar with the coupon below, send to us, and the combination you choose will be mailed directly.

(Postal orders are safest)

BOURJOIS PARISIAN

JAVA

FACE POWDER

A. BOURJOIS & COMPANY, Inc.

PARIS 41½ West 34th Street NEW YORK

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

A. BOURJOIS & CO., Inc.
PARIS 41½ West 34th St. NEW YORK
Send rouge-and-powder combination checked below, for which ONE DOLLAR is enclosed. ☐ Bourjois JAVA *and* Ashes of Roses Rouge ☐ Bourjois JAVA *and* Rouge Mandarine ☐ White ☐ Naturelle ☐ Rose ☐ Rachel ☐ Peaches ☐ Peaches-and-Cream
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____

Your Perfume Should Be "Becoming"

You choose a hat or frock for its becomingness. You select it because its style exactly suits you—brings out your best features—makes you appear more charming.

Your perfume should be as individually becoming as your loveliest gown. You should select it just as carefully. Clothes are soon forgotten, but a perfume may linger in the memory for years.

Florient, an exquisite bouquet fragrance, has a happy way of blending with widely varying personalities—seeming to take on a new meaning with each wearer. Or you may find your favorite among other lovely Colgate scents.

It is easy to select the right perfume with the Colgate Perfume Test—and lots of fun besides. Full instructions and materials for making the test, including three miniature vials of perfume will be sent you for a 2c stamp. Address Colgate & Co., Dept. 14, 199 Fulton Street, New York City.

COLGATE'S
Perfumes

A Very Odd Young Man

(*Continued from page 26*)

whoever happened to pass near where we were sitting. He is most meticulous in this. Carpenters, stenographers, electricians, each and every one got a greeting and by name. One feels that he would not, for worlds, be thought up-stage, tho his air was not that of the jolly good mixer. Distinctly it was *noblesse oblige*.

He did not seem particularly interested in revealing the pertinent facts concerning himself and his career, tho of course his pose of indifference would not permit him to appear interested in anything or anyone—even himself.

He was born in Chicago, he told me, in a tone that seemed to add "one must be born somewhere, you know," and is of French and Irish parentage.

He has been "on the stage a good deal" and "in a lot of pictures," he added for my further information, his film experience starting with Essanay, when he was fourteen years of age. During recent years he has appeared in several New York stage successes, including "Anna Ascends," "Thy Name Is Woman" and "Nice People." Tho he didn't say so, I fancy that he rather prefers the legitimate stage to pictures. There seemed to be a bare flicker of interest in his melancholy black eyes when he spoke of these plays.

Now if the Boulevard is to be believed, and not infrequently it proves itself a worthy prophet, Rod La Rocque is to be one of the most-talked-of personalities of the screen year. He's much discussed out here just now, and the consensus of opinion is that he's "going over big," if I may use that typical Boulevard expression. He revealed himself, in "The Ten Commandments," to be an actor and a confoundedly good one at that.

I'm inclined to agree with the Boulevard. I dont believe he's a one-picture man. Following the De Mille feature he played a small part in "Don't Call It Love," and practically walked away with that picture. He has every chance to distinguish himself in "Triumph" and I believe he'll take advantage of it.

No longer is he just a tall, dark-eyed youth, walking rather listlessly thru his rôles. A change has come over him. What caused it I dont know. Possibly it's the De Mille influence. Or it may be merely that he's really grown up at last. He has been on the screen so long that we're inclined to think of him as being considerably older than he is. He's still in the early twenties.

"Whatever you do," he requested, "dont say I'm in love. Success usually is attributed to the inspiration of love, you know." His tone was slightly sarcastic.

Hastily I reassured him.

"Marriage is a risk these days," he sighed. "I have my mother and sister with me. No one could take better care of me, in my home, than they do. Why should I look for happiness anywhere else?"

I had no answer for that one.

Mr. De Mille, surrounded by his aides and assistants, drew near as I was leaving. I gathered that a discussion was under way regarding the altering of a certain sequence in "Triumph." La Rocque joined the group, greeting De Mille with "Hello, papa."

"I dont want a restaurant," decided Mr. De Mille. "As soon as the people in the audience see a restaurant on the screen, they'll hold up their hands and say, 'What,

another one.' But how about having the action take place in a barber shop?"

This idea went over well.

"Yes, a barber shop," mused the czar of the Lasky plot. "The kind of a barber shop in which Solomon might have entertained the Queen of Sheba."

I shall look for that De Mille barber shop in "Triumph."

And for the dark-eyed Rod La Rocque, who, off screen, is determined to be so very, very indifferent to the haphazard fortunes of life. If he clings to his pose tightly enough, it at least will never be said of him that he's "just an ordinary every-day young man."

For which I promise I shall praise Allah, with many deep salaams.

There are enough ordinary, every-day people in the world already, goodness knows.

How Do You Talk About Books?

(*Continued from page* 33)

(by professional I mean not particularly artistic!) and order a home. He takes the order, and delivers the home so many months later. And that's about all the owner has to say about it. That's the way *they* did." And The Lady indicated ever so slightly the star and the graduation dress.

"Then the fun began. They knew nothing about architecture, of course, so they had to leave everything to the architect, and pay for his knowledge. And they pay for it, my dear. Then came the interior decorator. I happened to hear your Star telling the decorator what he wanted. 'I want the very latest thing in every room, nothing wrong, understand, I want to be sure that the most refined and cultured people will know I have the very best.' And so on. I felt sorry, but there was nothing to be done about it. His Royal Starness was amazed and delighted, when it was completed. He was delighted, too, with his grounds in which the landscape architect put every conceivable kind of flower, fruit, terrace, bird's bath and sun-dial that will live in the California heat."

Chairs scraped the floor behind us, and The Lady whispered to know if I wanted to meet them. I signaled that I did. The Lady looked up and smiled, they stopped, introductions, the waiter brought the extra chairs, and . . .

"My wife and I," said the scratchy voice, "have just been arguing about something, and I want to put it up to you." He turned to The Lady, but it was obvious that I was by no means excluded. I felt that he would have said the same thing had I known him for years. "You see the little wife wants to get into the Woman's Social Club here in Hollywood and they have a rule against 'movies'," he indicated by the inflection of his voice that he was quoting. The Lady broke in:

"My dear," she said, turning to the little wife, "you wouldn't like it at all. Here's something much more exciting right beside you, this is a Professor," and she marked me for life. A change which I could never describe came over them both, as tho a new liquid had started running in their veins. And then the Star turned to me and said in all seriousness: "Puhfessor, you're just the man for me, I want somebody who can teach us how to talk about books."

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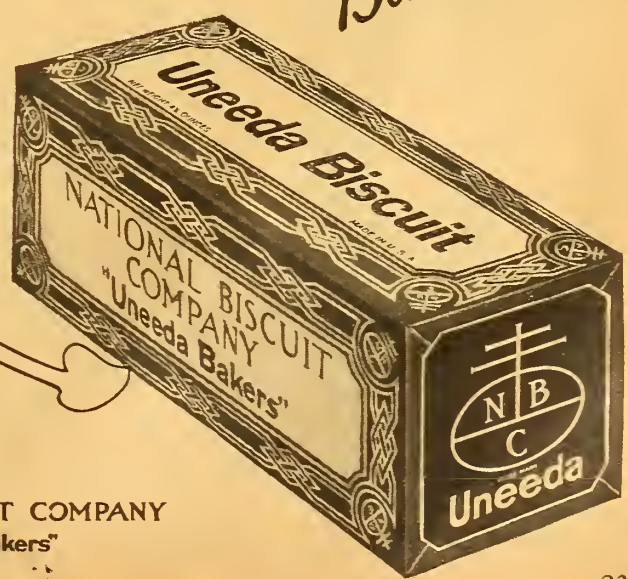

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"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"

— *all the difference* between just an ordinary cigarette and—FATIMA, the most skillful blend in cigarette history.

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I will tell you FREE Under which Zodiac Sign were you born? What are your opportunities in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings and many other vital questions as indicated by ASTROLOGY, the most ancient and interesting science of history?

Were you born under a lucky star? I will tell you, free, the most interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Sign you were born under.

Simply send me the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting. To cover cost of this notice and postage, inclose 12 cents in any form (coin preferred) and your exact name and address. Your astrological interpretation will be written in plain language and sent to you securely sealed and postpaid. A real surprise awaits you!

Do not fail to send birth date and to enclose 12 cents. Print name and address to avoid delay in mailing.

Write now—TODAY—to the
ASTA STUDIO, 309 Fifth Ave., Dept. 132, New York

The Bogey-Man of the Stars

(*Continued from page* 30)

like Gloria Swanson literally live at the dressmaker's. Every picture means a complete new wardrobe. These girls take one look at the part they are to play; then make a headlong dive for the modistes.

There results a more than normal deterioration. In some cases, the gowns are sold at second-hand dealers; in other cases they are turned over to the studios to be ripped up and made over into new clothes, salvaged for the cloth.

In the case of period costumes, of course, the loss is usually total.

They are allowed the cost of grease paint and all make-up; also the total cost of wigs.

In some instances they are allowed to figure in the salaries of valets and maids and secretaries — only, however, in the event that these employees are used solely as adjuncts in the business of acting. In other words, the government will make no deductions for house servants, but permits deductions for servants used on the sets as helpers in dressing for the scenes before the camera.

There is usually a grand row with the tax-collector over the provision whereby the actors are allowed to deduct the cost of advertising and publicity.

The actors always try to run in all kinds of expenses as necessary advertising. I have known cases where the tax-collector allowed deductions for trips to New York on the ground that the actor was slipping in the eyes of the public and needed to be seen in the big centers as a fame-restorer. It is getting more and more difficult, however, to get such allowances.

Mary Miles Minter, Roscoe Arbuckle and several other stars, it is said, have tried several times to enter in the cost and maintenance of beautiful and expensive cars as advertising—splashes made for the dazzling of the public. Every year the government is more strict in such matters. The cost of maintaining one car is now allowed if it can be shown that it is absolutely necessary to the business of getting to the different studios.

Commissions paid to agents are allowed as deductions. These commissions, being usually ten per cent. of the salary, are a main reliance of income-tax payers.

Another big deduction is that of fan mail. This includes both the cost of the photographs and the cost of handling it. In the case of very popular stars, this amounts to a terrific figure. It costs Mary Pickford nearly $50,000 a year to handle her fan mail; Mary sends out unusually fine photographs.

The Gish girls' fan mail is said to cost in excess of $20,000 a year.

Several actors are following the example of Jackie Coogan in forming themselves into holding companies. No doubt this results in a splitting of the income tax in that the salary goes to the various stockholders instead of just the star alone, thus slicing down the tax.

There is a probability of a change in the provisions of the California State law whereby wives and husbands will be permitted to render separate returns, dividing the family income between them.

Also there is an effort being made to secure a ruling from the government to the effect that, in the past, the government has wrongfully collected the tax as a whole from the husband instead of allowing the wife to claim half of the family revenue. Should this ruling be given, it will involve the return of millions of dollars to the suffering California taxpayers —including the movies.

Stand before your mirror and watch your wrinkles disappear in ten minutes' time

Wrinkles Wiped Out in a Few Minutes With New Spanish Cream

Spanish Chemist's Discovery Smoothes Them Away in a Few Minutes' Time Gives You Immediately a Glowing Complexion That Your Friends Will Admire

TINY crow's feet, ugly deep-seated chin wrinkles, disfiguring lines, caused by arching brows or frowns can now be wiped away within a few minutes' time by a pleasant, harmless vegetable cream called "Onamor."

This wonderful preparation is the discovery of the well-known Spanish chemist, Jacques Romano. Mr. Romano has lectured before many scientific bodies throughout the world and first made his remarkable cream for the society women he had met in his travels and who had begged him to give them a preparation that would quickly wipe away their age-revealing lines.

New Method of Treatment

Onamor is entirely different from anything that has ever been produced before. It gets at the real cause of wrinkles. With faulty circulation, the skin on the face and neck becomes flabby and takes on permanently the wrinkles caused by frowning, laughing, worry or care. Onamor stimulates the blood circulation, vitalizes and builds up the living tissue so that the skin becomes smooth and firm without regard to age.

See Your Wrinkles Go

You can feel Onamor bring the healthy blood to the surface with the very first application, and best of all, you can actually see your wrinkles go. You'll marvel at the wonderful freshness and peach-like glow of your complexion from the first application.

Onamor is highly beneficial to the skin and eradicates blackheads and quickly heals all blemishes. It tends to close enlarged pores and generally refines and beautifies the skin.

Don't allow wrinkles to add years to your appearance. Send for a tube of Onamor today. If you are not positively delighted with the very first application, return the remainder of the tube and every cent you paid will be immediately refunded to you without question.

SPECIAL OFFER—10-DAY TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

So that every woman who reads this magazine may have the opportunity of proving to herself the wonderful power of this new and remarkable vegetable product, we make this special introductory offer.

Send no money, simply mail the coupon below and we will send you in a plain, unmarked container a full-size tube of Onamor, for which many women gladly pay $5. When the postman hands it to you, simply pay him the greatly reduced price of $2 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. Use Onamor, and if the very first treatment does not delight you with the wonderful way it smoothes away your wrinkles, return the remainder of the tube of Onamor and we will gladly refund your money. Remember, no days or weeks of waiting for results. The very first application must delight you or you get your money back. Just mail the coupon—send no money. But act at once before this special offer is withdrawn

THE ONAMOR CO., Dept. 301
95 Madison Ave., New York City

Without money in advance you may send me a full-size tube of Onamor. When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only $2.00 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. I retain the privilege of returning the tube within ten days and having my money refunded if I am not delighted with the results from the very first treatment. I am to be the sole judge.

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(Please Print Name and Address)

If you wish, you may send money with coupon and save postage.

In the Dead of Night

In the dead of night a fire breaks out—the alarm must be given. A child is taken sick—the doctor must be called. A thief enters the home—the police must be located.

In the dead of night the American turns to his telephone, confident he will find it ready for the emergency. He knows that telephone exchanges are open always, the operators at their switchboards, the wires ready to vibrate with his words. He has only to lift the receiver from its hook to hear that calm, prompt "Number, please." The constant availability of his telephone gives him security, and makes his life more effective in wider horizons.

Twenty-four-hour service, which is the standard set by the Bell System, is the exception in the service of Continental Europe. An emergency may occur at any time. Continuous and reliable service has become a part of the social and economic fibre of American life.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

When They Went to High School

(*Continued from page* 50)

theatrical star and took part in all the school plays.

"We now realize that she knew more about acting than we did," said the high-school teacher. "But we didn't think so then and the battles were fast and furious.

"I remember one day that Louise was to take the part of a Gypsy girl. We wanted her to use an old costume which we had on hand; Louise insisted on having a new one. The conflict lasted a week. Finally Louise went to the principal of the school in tears—and won. Her tears were too devastating to be resisted by any man school-teacher. Nevertheless, Louise was a very clever girl—as smart as a whip and very shrewd.

"Juanita Hansen was a very dazzling beauty over whom the boys were all crazy. Juanita took no interest whatever in school. She was frankly bored to tears by her studies. Of course in these circumstances—it was not possible to teach her much.

"Another girl who was not among our shining students was Marie Prevost. Marie Prevost was a clever girl, but her mind was on other things. She wanted to get into the movies, and she was more interested in the swimming-tank at Mack Sennett's than in the Rubicon which Cæsar crossed."

Carmel told me that Marie came a little before her day and Billie Horton's. But Margery Prevost was there and she used to patronize them all in a fearful manner on account of her sister's being in the movies.

Sometimes they all come back to school for the big anniversaries and so on.

Every year the old high-school paper gives a banquet and Carmel never misses one.

She calls them all by their first names and kisses all the babies, and is just the same gay little girl as in the days when she almost wrecked the family reputation by that dreadful football editorial.

In spite of their intimacy and in spite of the fact that they have both been in the movies all these years, Carmel and Bessie Love had never been in the same picture until last summer when Carmel was the vamp and Bessie the wistful sweetheart in a picture made at Goldwyn's from Balzac's "The Magic Skin."

Diamonds Here at 60% of Market Price

This blue white perfectly cut diamond 7/8—3/32 ct. at $52.50 among bargains in recent list. Many other big values in our lists. Buy HERE! Prices based on loan values, not market values. This 75 year old *diamond banking firm* has thousands unpaid loans and other bargains. Must sell NOW.

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Beauty is skin deep

Remove the old skin with all its imperfections and you can have skin like a new-born babe.

Youth-Ami Skin Peel

The World's Greatest Discovery, enables you to find youthful and perfect skin beauty. No costly or painful operations. *Harmless, painless.* Removes all surface blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc.

An invisible, stainless liquid. Contains no acid, mercury or arsenic. Not an ordinary clay or cream. Quick, easy and sure way to have a healthy new skin. Results astounding. Ask your druggist or write for booklet "Magic of a New Skin."

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. DE, 30 E. 20th St., N.Y.

That's Out

(*Continued from page 52*)

actress. Yet, on the screen she has been a comparative failure, while actresses of less attractiveness and ability have known great popularity. Will some bright member of the masses kindly explain this?

A Suggestion to Producers

Why not give Shakespeare another try on the screen. Think of the money that could be wasted on it. To any producer wishing to make a venture in Shakespearian photodrama we wish to suggest "The Merchant of Venice" as a play that should make very interesting screen material.

A Place in the Sun

For Patterson Dial. This young actress, in the Rupert Hughes film "Reno," showed signs of dramatic fire, which merits the attention of directors and producers who are searching for talent capable of being developed.

Stealing Harold Lloyd's Stuff

Some screen comedians are apparently under the impression that the only acquirement necessary to make themselves uproariously funny is a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. This is no reflection upon Sydney Chaplin, who uses them to good effect in "The Galloping Fish." Syd, by the way, is doing great work in his silver-sheet come-back, and if he can give us some more portrayals such as the old British Tommy in "The Rendezvous," he will be a very distinct asset to the silent drama.

Putting the Hallmark on Sam de Grasse

When we recently classed Sam de Grasse as one of the screen's finest actors, our statement was greeted by much disapproval. Now that no less a personage than Mary Pickford herself has come forward and announced that Sam is one of her favorite actors, we suppose that makes everything all right and justifies our opinion.

Why Do They Do It?

The silent drama has progressed a great deal in the past few years, but movie characters are still able to write lengthy epistles in three or four seconds, and important notes and telegrams are still crumpled up and thrown on the floor where villains can find them.

Favorite Press Agent Yarns No. 24

The one which relates of how the young star's make-up was so real that even the gateman and the star's own mother didn't recognize her, and yet to the spectator of the film it was very plain exactly who she was as soon as she entered the scene.

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THE modern successful Commercial Artist dresses well, lives in a fine home, drives his own car and enjoys the luxuries of life. He is well paid for his drawings and is independent. Modern business firms spend millions of dollars annually for drawings and advertising illustrations. Present-day advertising literally could not exist without commercial art—it is a necessity.

Your Opportunity If you can draw, you have a talent which only a few possess. Then why compete with the crowd in ordinary occupations? Train your drawing ability for practical work, and take the surest road to success.

The Federal School Will Train You

by the most modern methods. This fascinating and easily understood home study course contains exclusive lessons and drawings prepared by many nationally known artists, Charles E. Chambers, Franklin Booth, Neysa McMein, Edw. V. Brewer, Charles Livingston Bull and many others among them. An *individual criticism* given on every lesson of the course.

We don't claim any trick methods. Any artist of standing will tell you there are none. We do, however, teach you correct principles and direct your training along lines that bring proficiency most quickly. The Federal School management is the same as that of the Bureau of Engraving, a large Commercial Art establishment which has for a quarter of a century successfully served modern advertisers. That's why the Federal School has become America's Foremost School of Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students and graduates are making good. Why don't you get into the game? Through the Federal Course you can prepare yourself in a fraction of the time it would otherwise take.

Send today for "Your Future"

This handsome book explains all about Commercial Art as a profession and how to secure a training in that line. It shows examples of our students' work—after all the only real proof of the worth of any school's method. Send 6 cents in stamps for "Your Future" now—while you have it in mind. Just write your name and address plainly in the coupon below, giving your age and occupation.

COUPON

Federal School of Commercial Designing

1470 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me "Your Future." I enclose 6 cents in stamps.

Name.....

Age..... Occupation.....

(Write your address plainly in margin)

America's Foremost School of Commercial Art

He Said Her Eyes Were Like Spring Flowers

AND so they were—round and soft and melting. Long ago she had learned the trick of accentuating their beauty and heightening their expressiveness by darkening their lashes with WINX.

Do you know this secret? Have you tried applying WINX to your lashes and seen the new lure in your eyes? If you haven't, there is a thrilling experience in store for you.

WINX is applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper of the bottle. It makes the lashes appear longer and heavier. Dries instantly, invisibly. Harmless, waterproof. Lasts for days, unaffected by perspiration or weeping at the theatre.

WINX (black or brown), 75c. To nourish the lashes and promote growth, use colorless Cream Lashlux at night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless), 50c. At drug, department stores or by mail.

Send a dime today for a generous sample of WINX. For another dime, you will receive a sample of PERT, the rouge that stays on until you remove it.

ROSS COMPANY

242 West 17th Street New York

WINX

CONGO DIAMONDS

Look Prosperous. This beautiful Congo Diamond is positively the nearest approach to the genuine on the market. Most fiery, brilliant and dazzling ever found. Two karat size. Only finest diamonds have blazing brilliance and dazzling fire of this gem. Latest handsome design mounting. Order your ring now! Today! This **low price** is for limited time only. **Send no money.** Pay postman $2.65. We pay postage. State size. Ladies or gents. If not delighted, we will return your money. Write now while this offer lasts.

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A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

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Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY Dept. 205 CLARINDA, IOWA

Voices in the Air

(*Continued from page* 61)

very full of performers and a crate of oranges. Whole-heartedly, Daddy Jim and a quartet sang "Merry Heart." Then as if the world had rolled from his shoulders, Daddy Jim replaced his collar while the fair Evelyn sang, "If My Thoughts Had Wings."

"Evelyn Herbert is in Fred Stone's 'Stepping Stones,' at the Globe Theater," Finkey informed us, "but she wears a black wig over her own beautiful hair, isn't that a shame."

We agreed but experienced difficulty in keeping our attention on the singer, for the door kept popping open every second to admit green velvet-jacketed musicians from the theater orchestra downstairs, or a famous cellist or yet another brilliantly clad singer.

The room was rapidly reaching its capacity when in breezed a little girl in a grey and green frock, her blonde locks bound by a broad silver ribbon and pink roses pinned over either ear. We recognized the pink roses as having been, shall we say, plucked from Mr. Rothafel's silver vase.

She was Mlle. Gambarelli, Prima Ballerina of the Capitol Theater and a sprite of spring if ever we saw one. Roxey announced her enthusiastically to his calm machine.

"Now folks, here's Gamby. She will sing for you."

Gamby drew her delicious little pink mouth into a pout and shook her silver-wreathed head, "no, no, no, Mr. Rothafel, I want to tell them a poem, just a wee, bit of a poem, but, oh, so *sweet*."

No mere male could withstand the accent she put on that "sweet," so Roxey made amends by announcing that Gamby would recite.

Gamby did. Someone in the room suggested that she better stick to singing. So Gamby sang one of her native Italian songs with a whoop at the end of it, and the same facetious person intimated that she had better stick to her dancing.

But Gamby was game and was received with real applause by the other performers.

Which reminds us that just because the beauty of Evelyn and Gamby was so intriguing, the profile of Doug so fascinating, and the collar of Daddy Jim so dramatic, we must not forget Wee Willie Robyn, a tiny chap who lifted his head high and sang his soul out to two unresponsive round instruments; a truly beautiful voice, that of Wee Willie's.

The red light and the green light flashed out on Roxey's Ford joke and the room became a bedlam of congratulations, and oranges tossed back and forth to the performers. Oranges which Wee looked at suspiciously and perhaps a bit hopefully at first, but which we learned came from an admirer in far-off Florida for the hitherto unknown Voices in the Air.

When Valentino returned to the studios he gave his entire company a luncheon party. Read what he said to them about the rumors of his unpleasant studio personality in The Editor Gossips on Page 43 of this issue.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 53)

well that the thing to do was take advantage of their star who cries so effectively.

Leon Errol of Ziegfeld fame is amusing in a humorous rôle.

Ralph Graves, it seemed to us, was an unsympathetic hero. Not for one minute did we believe he was Prince Maximilian of Styria. He had the atmosphere of a modern. And, if you are not in sympathy with the hero of this story, it negates most of the action.

The plot concerns itself with Princess Mary of Burgundy's endeavors to marry Maximilian of her heart and not the half-wit Prince Charles of France with whom her father seeks an alliance for reasons of state.

So far as expenditure went, nothing was spared to make "Yolanda" a great motion picture. We think, first of all, that it suffered in the cutting. Frequently we were aware of lapses in continuity. Here and there it interested us, but it failed utterly to stir us emotionally or to inspire us even slightly. All those material things which wealth bought for this production lie more or less ineffectual because they are not illuminated by the vitalizing spark of what we call imagination, for want of a better and more descriptive word.

* * *

We bring generous laurels to "America's" first episode, "The Sacrifice," after days of critical retrospection. For we doubt if any director other than D. W. Griffith would have had the courage to present what is, for the most part, a series of skirmishes and battles strung upon a comparatively unimportant and slim love interest. We are quite sure no other director could have done this with more effect.

Griffith plans to chronicle America's history upon the screen in a series of pictures. This, the first, deals with pre-Revolutionary days and those terrifying days of warfare itself. Robert W. Chambers furnished Mr. Griffith with the story, and we admit freely that it interested us infinitely more than most productions we have seen which have had their fiction in no way hampered by a necessity for facts.

Unfortunately for Mr. Griffith's dramatic construction and for his usual and never-failing formula of a race for life in the last reel . . . with the victorious outcome shadowed in the very fade-out itself, history has managed to be horribly anti-climax. The ride of Paul Revere is the most thrilling episode in this production . . . His cry "To Arms! The British are coming!" as his horse's hoofs strike sparks in their speed thru the streets of village and hamlet, still stirs our memory. It is one of the most thrilling things ever flashed across the screen.

Then follows an almost uninterrupted series of battles. Ordinarily, battles bore us unspeakably. We rest our eyes until some kind friend tells us they are over. This was not so when we saw "America." In the first place, the perfectly beautiful and unexcelled Griffith photography with the clever device of diffusing everything but the central character . . . and with soft tones always . . . is not a strain to behold. Outside of that we actually enjoyed the battle scenes. A friend whose acumen and intelligence we respect mightily insists that we enjoyed the battle scenes because seventy of our ragged forefathers stood up against twice that

Photograph of the hand of Miss Mildred McKamy before and after just four nights wearing of the Magic Gloves

MAGIC GLOVES
Whiten Hands Overnight

Astounding Scientific Discovery—Dr. Egan's Magic Night Gloves! Make rough, reddened, work-worn hands soft and white over-night!

Results Absolutely Guaranteed in Writing. Legal Guarantee Bond with Every Pair.

JUST think of it—putting on a pair of gloves for a night and finding your hands exquisitely white and soft! That is the magic of Dr. Egan's amazing medicated Gloves! Nothing like them ever known! These gloves of medicated fabric (not rubber) actually turn your hands white, as white as a lily and as smooth and soft.

No matter how red your hands, or how sallow or yellow or how deeply blotched with freckles or liver spots — no matter how rough or coarse or workworn your hands, the magic of these medicated gloves will turn them white and soft, fresh and young-looking.

Results in One Night

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Try the Gloves FREE

Try the gloves five nights free. Note the amazing difference in your hands in just five nights' wear. Mark how lovely your hands, how white and smooth. If five nights of wear of the gloves doesn't make your hands more beautiful than you ever dreamed possible, don't keep the gloves. Return them to us and you won't be out one cent for the free trial. You are the judge.

SEND NO MONEY

Just Mail the Coupon

Send no money now—just the coupon. Pay the postman only $1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. If in 5 days you are not more than delighted and amazed with the results from the gloves, just send them back and your money will be promptly refunded in full. We give you a written guarantee to this effect. You run no risk. Fill out and mail the coupon now or copy it in a post card or letter. If apt to be out when postman calls send $2.00 now. Our guarantee assures you of your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. Address DR. S. J. EGAN, Dept. 126, 220 South State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

DR. S. J. EGAN, Dept. 126
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Pert Rouge

CLASSIC

Pictorial of Stage and Screen

Pictorial Features

Sheiks All—
A page of sheiks, depicting three movie stars who have played this crushing rôle.

Celestials—
A group of screen stars done in cartoon from the peak of Decker's comic pen.

Rhythm—
A double-page spread of dancers, the lightest, the loveliest on fantastic toe.

Allurement—
A full-page photographic study of Irene Bordoni, who slays with her dark eyes.

"Out, Damned Spot!"

A story on the curse of the studio—Kleig eyes—by Dorothy Donnell, author of "Fortunate Misfortunes." No one is immune from this plague of light that carries waste and suffering in its wake.

"Love Has a Tide"

Lewis Stone writes most unexpectedly on love, showing that, after all, the tide must change.

FROM STAR TO STAR—Helen Ferguson interviews charming Barbara La Marr.

A SOCIETY SCANDAL—The fictionization of Gloria Swanson's latest screen vehicle.

MAY
CLASSIC

That "Different" Screen Magazine

many well-drilled and well-armed British soldiers . . . and that that in itself is thrilling. Maybe . . .

We think our interest was born in another reason. Griffith made those rebels human beings before he made them soldiers. He showed them to us as family men. One would drop his pitchfork in the hayrick to shoulder his decrepit musket . . . another would wave a regretful good-bye to children who toddled after him to fall in their frightened haste . . . another would wrench himself away from the restraining hands of a wife or sweetheart, anxious to follow the sounding fife and drum. This is what directors invariably fail to do . . . and the neglect for which we are eternally offering criticism. A few fragmentary shots suggest that the numbers of a mob are individuals. It's a pity to leave them puppets. When they are left so, the consequences of the drama are of no matter.

The story is born of the love of Nancy Montague, daughter of an old Tory and sister of a Rebel, for one of the most rebellious rebels of them all. Of course there is a villain . . . Captain Butler, under whose command the savage Indian warfare was waged in the latter part of this war. He covets the fair Nancy. All of this is as it should be, for the dramatic purpose of the story and history permits Captain Butler to be painted black enough to suit any novelist's plans.

Heretofore we have lacked any sympathy whatever for Carol Dempster. We have always granted that she was frequently lovely to look at and probably possessed of good-breeding. But that is hardly enough to carry the star part in production after production. However, her Nancy Montague frequently came close to our heart . . . we thought her infinitely improved.

And while we think Neil Hamilton's "Nathan Holden" will bring him an early fame, we believe that by far the most artistic portrayal in the picture was contributed by Charles Emmet Mack as the dandy Tory son, whose bejeweled and manicured hand was steady on his sword, and whose life was gladly laid on the altar of the Rebel's cause. His work shone with the brilliancy of a masterly cut diamond. Lionel Barrymore was a thoroly disagreeable and sinister Captain Walter Butler, which is, in itself, praise. . . . Louis Wolheim was so frightful as one of Butler's subordinates that we doubted his realism . . . and Arthur Dewey created a George Washington who would have dominated more of the production if he had been permitted to do so. As one New York critic aptly and caustically remarked: "George Washington is sacrificed to the wiles of Carol Dempster."

The stars find the answering of their fan mail a gigantic undertaking. There will be a specially illustrated article about this phase of a stellar existence in the June number.

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Icebound

(*Continued from page 39*)

cap for Ben," despite the family protestations. And Nettie had little tricks that were not of New England and that seemed to Ben so many bright oases in a dreary desert.

Jane knew that Ben went to see Nettie; that they met stealthily; even that Ben fancied himself in love with the girl. And she knew, too, that the worst thing that could happen to Ben would be to marry Nettie. Ben needed a lamp, a torch. He needed the fine, sleeping thing within him to be aroused by brave hosannas. Nettie was not capable of these. And Nettie did not love him. Nettie was "playing," largely because there was no one else at hand. Nettie *couldn't* love him with the fine, patient, passionate growth of Jane.

Between Jane and Ben a comradeship had grown up that had, at least, its compensations. He turned to her, brusquely at first, anticipating, it seemed to her, rebuff and rejection, and then, slowly, with something approaching eagerness and a dependence that sweetened Jane's days for her.

He needed Jane. But he needed play and color, too. Nettie gave him these.

"What does Nettie say," Jane asked him once, "about the Kimball matter?"

"You mean," Ben said, "that I still face jail, after all."

"Well . . . yes. . . ."

"She reminds me of it frequently enough," the boy said, bitterly, "it seems to be on her mind more than *I* am, really. But I tell her that many women have waited for men outside the walls of jails and I guess she can, too."

"That requires a certain type of woman, Ben," Jane said, "You cant expect *too* much of the Netties."

Ben looked at her; "I bet you'd wait, Jane," he said, unexpectedly.

Jane felt her color rise and she rose to clear away their supper things. "Of course I would—if I loved him, Ben," she said. She flushed still more because Ben was still looking at her when she came back with the berries and cream.

. . . . . .

Jane was giving a party. For her own birthday. But really she was doing it for Ben. She had festooned the parlor, now opened and made cozy and habitable, and she had, secretly, made herself a frock with lace at breast and sleeves. Such a frock as Ben had once described to her on a French girl he had met.

The night of the party came and Jane was ready to dress. The dress was gone. Running downstairs to see if she could possibly have left it by the ironing-board when she had pressed it in the morning, she beheld Nettie wearing it—and clasped in Ben's arms.

When they discovered Jane, Nettie ran over to her and said that she was only "trying it on," and would take it right off for Jane to wear. Jane shook her head before she turned to go up the stairs again. "You may have it, Nettie," she said, "I—I wont need it any more. And will you act as hostess at the party? I . . . my head hurts so . . . It's funny. . . ."

. . . . . .

It must have been ten o'clock when Jane hear the closing of the door and the last of the Jordan footsteps going down the walk. Her bag was packed and she supposed that Ben had gone the rounds to see if the stock was all right.

But at the bottom of the steps Ben was standing, looking up at her.

"Where are you going?" he said, and Jane had never heard his voice like that before.

"Away," Jane said, "I—to my father's cousin over Meadowville way."

Ben appeared to disregard this: "I told them tonight," he said, "that for *your* birthday you had given me the Jordan money and farmstead as belonging, so you said, 'rightfully to me' and also that you had arranged for me not to have to go to prison in any event. I told them that you explained to me that you were really 'only custodian of the money' till such time as I should have learned to work, and that I was, now, not only a free man, but a wealthy one. Nettie was there, too. When I had done talking, the entire Jordan family cast themselves upon my breast, with Nettie leading the procession. They began, in one moment to think of me what . . ." Ben paused, and Jane saw, to her consternation, that there were tears in his eyes and that his face was white and shaken. . . .

"What *you* have always thought," Ben said, thickly; "I—I ordered them out of the house, pack and parcel. The lot of them. Including Nettie. Now . . . now there's you and me . . . Jane, do you believe that a man could love a girl for a long, long time, down at the roots of his being, and never know it until . . . now . . .?"

Jane was never very articulate. She had frequently regretted it. But now she didn't need to be. Love can dispense with words.

ICEBOUND

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the Paramount production of the scenario by Clara Beranger, adapted from the stage play by Owen Davis. Directed by William B. de Mille. The cast:

Jane Crosby	Lois Wilson
Ben Jordan	Richard Dix
Emma Jordan	Helen Dubois
Nettie Moore	Vera Reynolds
Sadie Fellows	Mary Foy
Orin Fellows	Joseph Depew
Ella Jordan	Ethel Wales
Mrs. Jordan	Alice Chapin
Henry Jordan	John Daly Murphy
Hannah	Edna May Oliver
Judge Bradford	Frank Shannon

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 64*)

pictures, and I can remember no instance when she was not vividly natural.

Too seldom do we see Elsie Ferguson on the screen. She has given us many exquisite portrayals, and I trust we will soon again see her fragile beauty and deep understanding reflected in the Shadows.

Bessie Barriscale! Who remembers her? It is only a few years since she left the screen . . . yet I never hear about her. I have missed her vividly human characters from the screen.

Ever so many magazines assure us that the public is demanding new faces. Perhaps that is so, but I feel for none of the new faces that have come upon us as a deluge, the admiration and affection I felt for those I have already named, and Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, Dorothy Phillips, the Talmadges, and the wonderful Gishes.

Naturally, there are always exceptions to every rule, and in my case, they are Lois Wilson . . . and Pola Negri . . . whose genius was so great that it even shone thru the mangled fabric of "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat." There need be no other proof as to her greatness.

In conclusion, as refutation to the unjust criticism of Ramon Novarro, I think I need only to quote a critic, who reviewing "Scaramouche," wrote, "Ramon Novarro has developed into an actor of power and charm. He is ideal for the rôle. Praise of him in this production means even more because he is playing opposite such a splendid actor as Lewis Stone." To one who has seen Mr. Novarro in more than one picture, the suggestion that he is merely an imitator, is absurd. And that's all there is, there isn't any more.

Sincerely,
Rose M. Revere,
3836 Boulevard,
West Hoboken, N. J.

Are the screen stars really stars?

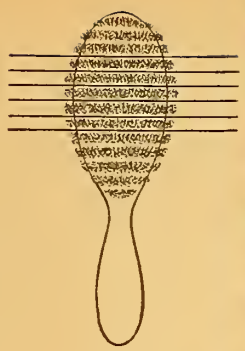
Dear Editor: Are the screen stars really stars?

This question has been the discussion of many of my acquaintances for some time past. Unfortunately, being a staunch advocate of the screen and its people, I was shown where I was wrong in many instances by answering "Yes" to the above question.

My friends based their arguments on the comparison between stage and screen. On the stage, they explained, one does not get by on his good looks and charming personality alone as he does on the screen eight times out of ten. He must prove, while on the stage, that he is a real artist, a finished product, a graduate of the "School of Life." He must possess the power of drawing his audiences to his particular rôle, whether good or bad. How? Not as the screen idol does, with soulful eyes, passionate close-ups, and heroic gestures and expressions. The man of the speaking stage cannot be uneducated. He must be well versed in the language, have a competent memory and at least know the elements of elocution and refinement of diction. All the make-up that he could wear wouldn't put over his rôle without his powers of oratory and expression.

And whilst I listened to these truths, I began to weaken.

They went on to say—"Fit the average leading man of the screen into the principal male rôle of any drama and we would soon learn how long he would retain his 'alias'



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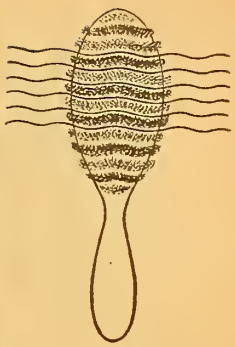
Bristled hair brush straightens the hair



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Waves the hair with every stroke! Every strand—every hair—is encouraged to curl as it ripples through the waving rows of bristles in this scientifically formed brush!

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If you want wavy hair, give Nature a chance. All you'll ever require for hair that ripples and falls into soft curl is the right brush. You'll soon have an effect that all the dressings ever made for hair could not duplicate.

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Soon the stores will be supplied with Wavex brushes, but you need not wait for yours. We will forward one brush to any address. Then you may see for yourself what a marvelous beauty aid has been found in the curling hair brush. What you save in beauty parlor fees makes the cost of Wavex insignificant. Send for yours now—pay the postman when you get it.

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of Matinée Idol. Why 'twould be a farce and a pity."

Is this really a truth?

They continued that the screen did claim and foster a great many personages to whom they thought really belonged the title of "Star." Some of these included the following: George Arliss, John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, Lon Chaney, Jackie Coogan, Harold Lloyd, Thomas Meighan, Eugene O'Brien, Theodore Roberts, Joseph Schildkraut, Eric von Stroheim, Henry B. Walthall, Theda Bara, Alice Brady, Mary Carr, Marion Davies, Lillian Gish, Mae Murray, Nazimova, Dorothy Phillips, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, and Lenore Ulric.

And then when so many of my favorites did not appear on the above list, which I acclaim very highly, I questioned them, and the following are some of the explanations I received: "*Gloria Swanson* and *Marie Prevost,* two painted butterflies and clothes racks, at one time dependent on the shapeliness of lower extremities for livelihood. *Rodolph Valentino* and *Ramon Novarro,* the former practically illiterate in our language, extremely un-American, and depending on his amorous close-ups and a slight knowledge of what might be called dancing. The latter of the same foreign type, taking off the former as best as possible without detection. *Colleen Moore, Patsy Ruth Miller,* and other members of "Our Club," who have no more knowledge of the drama than the average milk-fed high-school girl, and who happen to get by the unrestrained efforts of master directors. Let such as the members of "Our Club" go thru the mill of hard work before they acclaim themselves Bernhardts, Nazimovas, or Duses."

Finally they "GOD BLESSED" the many directors, without whose careful attentions and instructions, the vulgar, unlearned, and coarse mannerisms and actions of many of our "stars" would be a horrible example of decent and schooled Americanism.

Would that the above were a myth.

Yours truly,
L. J. V.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

This reader complains of stellar negligence in sending photographs, even when money is sent with requests.

Dear Editor: Having read your magazine for years, and being a dutiful screen fan, may I have just a word or two?

I'm not a kicker, excepting about one thing. I have written to several film stars, asking for photos, and have never received them. I enclosed quarters in every instance, and I haven't quarters to throw away. I know they were addressed correctly, too. I have waited nearly six months for an answer—but nix! It does seem as if they could get their mail attended to in six months. I haven't moved since then, either, so they just haven't sent them. I didn't write silly letters, nor did I write for them just to have a collection of photos. I only asked for those whom I really wanted and liked. There are five quarters I've only wasted. The five stars are: Jane Novak, Vera Reynolds, Claire Windsor, Mae Marsh, and Charles Jones. Do you think this is fair? Buck Jones is my favorite, but I got a grudge against him for keeping that quarter without sending me a picture. I think he is the best actor on the screen, but I guess that's the only place he is good! The four girls I

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do truly admire, but that same grudge is against them, too.

That's my only kick against the players. I know they're all good fellows, and they do their best for us. I enjoy every picture I see, and think Marion Davies and Mary Pickford are wonderful, great, sweet, etc., etc. Only, please, Mary, give us another little-girl part—just one more, wont you? And Marion—there never was, and never will be a picture again, as wonderful and beautiful as "When Knighthood Was In Flower." That was supreme. To my notion anyway. I dont know about the rest of the fans.

Forgetting grudges tho—I love every screen star.

Yours very truly,
HELEN GILLETT,
986 E. 52nd Place,
Los Angeles, California.

A letter from a boarding-school—

DEAR EDITOR: No doubt you will wish very fervently that I hadn't added one more "blah" note to your already overflowing mail bag, but that cant stop me from expressing my very deep-seated convictions.

I have watched your columns for a long while, and it seems that there is a decided lack of letters from young girls in boarding-schools. (You very probably get them, but dont publish them—quite sensibly, too). Therefore, I've appointed myself spokesman for thousands of movie-struck girls.

To begin with, the most popular men (in boarding-school circles) are, without a doubt—Richard Dix and Rod La Rocque—the former leading with quite a large majority. Mr. Dix is popular because he is so delightfully real, so absolutely possible. He is charming, attractive, a bachelor, therefore, the object of many a young girl's dreams. By the way, cant someone prevail on Mr. Dix to try blossoming out a little? He must be stunning in a dinner coat—wont he please try a rôle where he can appear once or twice in civilized clothes? Everyone is sick of shirts—brown woolen ones, especially—when worn as the outer apparel of a good-looking man.

Mr. La Rocque is popular because he is so attentive in manner—has such a fascinating profile—and is so well built. (Gentle hint to Richard Dix, "Mr. La Rocque wears a tux sometimes.")

Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Mae Murray, Viola Dana, Constance Talmadge, and possibly Alice Terry, are the most popular of the women—with Marion Davies leading the field since "Little Old New York."

Tom Moore is loads of fun—or rather looks as if he were—and is so jolly and good-natured that very few people can resist him. I'm very sorry that his matrimonial ventures have been so unsuccessful.

That's about all—except that the Valentino craze is almost dead—he shouldn't have left the screen as he did.

In closing I'll prove that I'm only sixteen by saying that Richard Dix is my absolute ideal—a positively adorable, big-brotherly sort of person, who gives me thrills up and down my spine whenever I see him—even on the screen. He must be simply wonderful in real life.

Sincerely yours,
J. S. K.,
Boston, Mass.

Regarding Marion Davies, Harrison Ford, Anna Q. Nilsson and Douglas Fairbanks.

DEAR EDITOR: With two pictures, or rather one picture and one characterization

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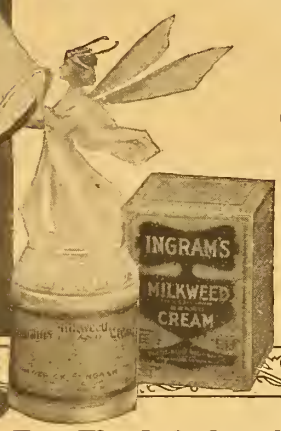

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recently impressed on my mind, I feel the desire to bestow lavish praise on both.

First, "Little Old New York" is, I believe, the best picture I have seen since "The Covered Wagon," and I have seen nearly all of the major productions. It would be impossible to lay a finger on all of the points which made it the charming picture it was, but of two at least I am sure. One was Marion Davies; the other, Harrison Ford. I never would have believed a year ago that I could so much admire Miss Davies as I do at present. Her portrayal of Pat O'Day proved her not only an actress of ability, which I would have doubted, but one of charm, which I would have emphatically denied—which shows how undesirable are intolerant opinions. Pat is delicious beyond words, and also decidedly more handsome than Patricia. So in tribute to Marion Davies, I pronounced "Little Old New York" a very fine picture.

But in tribute to Harrison Ford, I saw it a second and third time. Why this young actor has never been brought into the foreground is beyond my reasoning powers. It is an opinion expressed also by many of my acquaintances who have the same frenzied search of the newspapers weekly to ascertain where he is to be shown next, as his name is always in small type under the heading, "The cast also includes." He is the most earnest player I have ever seen, never seeming to lapse into lethargy while the star is in the limelight, as I have seen so many others do. He is good-looking, graceful, and attractive to a degree, and best of all, he doesn't seem to be conscious of it.

The characterization mentioned in the first part of the letter was that of Anna Q. Nilsson as Desmond in "Ponjola." Why are women who masquerade as men so delightful? The picture was mediocre, but Miss Nilsson was everything adorable. She looked a boy, and most wonderful of all, she acted a boy. I have always admired Miss Nilsson as one of the screen's most beautiful, but the charm of her personality and appearance was never so poignant to me until "Ponjola"—and it reached its highest mark when she evidently discarded all make-up near the end of the picture.

One or two more words of praise for others. I wonder how many have noticed the exquisite grace of Sam De Grasse. I first noticed it in "Robin Hood," but attributed it to the costume. However, "In the Palace of the King" placed my idea beyond the shadow of a doubt. His movements are faultless—and I hope he doesn't read this.

I was also quite fascinated by Ben Lyon in "Potash and Perlmutter." I should like to know where I can see him next.

Ivor Novello may have been only "decorative" in "The White Rose," but you have to admit that he was that to a marked degree.

Impatiently awaiting "The Thief of Bagdad," or anything else Douglas Fairbanks chooses to release, not even excepting the City Directory, I am

Very sincerely,

J. F. H.,
Louisville, Ky.

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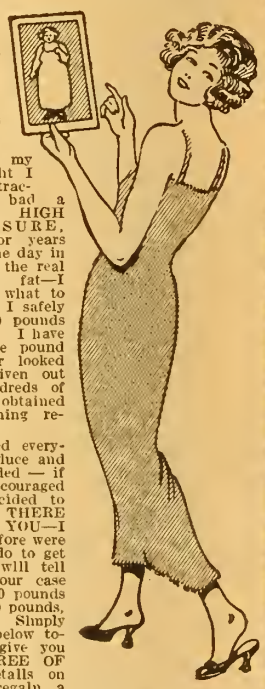

No one can ever believe that once I weighed over 180 pounds. Those who knew me then and meet me say I look ten years younger — I never could get clothes to fit me; all my friends called me FATTY, and even my own family thought I was a most unattractive woman. I had a WEAK HEART, HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE, RHEUMATISM—for years I suffered, until one day in Paris I discovered the real cause of excess fat—I found out exactly what to do to reduce, and I safely and easily lost 50 pounds in about 2 months. I have never regained one pound and never felt or looked better. I have given out my secret to hundreds of people who have obtained the most astonishing results.

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Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 80)

as explorer of the African and South American jungles.

Enter Monsieur Victor Varconi—another Cecil B. De Mille find, who will make his first appearance in "Triumph," adapted from a *Saturday Evening Post* story by May Edington. Varconi, tho a Hungarian, is said to have the same subtle technique as that of Sessue Hayakawa, the popular Japanese star. No lost motion here, the burden of expression is placed upon the eyes and the mouth.

Willard Louis has been selected by the Warner Brothers to play the part of George Babbitt in the Sinclair Lewis novel "Babbitt." Mr. Louis won his laurels in the production of "Beau Brummel," as the Prince Regent, afterward King George the Fourth, and his interpretation is said to be second only to that of John Barrymore's. He also registered strong in "Daddies." His character in "Babbitt" will be that of a typical American business man. He will be supported by an all-star cast.

They're off—"The Fast Steppers," a series of race-track two-reelers on the order of the "Leather Pushers," is being filmed by Universal. The stories are being adapted from Gerald Beaumont's turf stories titled the "Information Kid Series," and concern a racing enthusiast and a gambler. Most of the track scenes will be taken at Tia Juana. Billy Sullivan, the actor fighter who succeeded Reginald Denny in the "Leather Pushers," will play the lead. "The Empty Stall" will be the first story filmed. Duke R. Lee will play the part of Red Murdock, a redoubtable gambler.

His brother's keeper—that's what Syd Chaplin has been for a number of years as executive of Charlie Chaplin's organization—they had agreed that there should be no conflict about the Chaplin name. But recently Syd has registered such a hit in "The Galloping Fish," "Her Temporary Husband," and "The Rendezvous," that it is rumored he will soon star in his own company. Syd Chaplin acknowledges that he has had an offer from the Ideal Film Company of London, and from the Vita of Vienna. Mr. Chaplin does not say whether his answer has been yea or nay, but he vows that he will not tie himself down with any sort of a permanent make-up, as he knows his famous brother has found such a trademark costume has its drawbacks.

And now Baby Peggy's Mamma, Mrs. Montgomery, is broadcasting the fact that she's bought a beautiful new home for the young star in Laurel Canyon, California, in order that she might have plenty of space in which to play. She also wants it understood that Peg of the Movie Fan's Heart has plenty of time to play and never acts on Sunday—censors take note. Baby Peggy's second feature play will be a picturization of "Helen's Babies," by John Habberton, that delightful story of humor and human vicissitudes, that has withstood the onslaught of best sellers for seventy years, and is still head and shoulders above many. William Seiter, who has just finished directing "Daddies," will put the Baby thru her rollicking paces.

The tabloid form in everything is the twentieth-century complex. Now the

(*Continued on page* 119)

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The instructions you receive from such world **famous experts** as Lawrence Kalaluki, Walter Kolomoku, Frank Ferrer, Carl Seville and others are invaluable. **No other** Conservatory can **even begin** to give you the expert teaching and knowledge you gain through us. And remember, while it is conceded that the Hawaiian Guitar produces the sweetest music, yet its mastery by **you** will be simple and quick, since there are

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to learn to be able to play **any** music—popular, dance, classical, native Hawaiian airs, or old time melodies and hymns. Just think of it! **You need never have read a musical note** in your life! For that matter, even though you haven't the slightest knowledge of **any** musical instrument **we guarantee to teach you how to play** just like the Hawaiians!

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On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 76*)

director, then a milieu is a little fat man with snapping quick eyes and beaming grin.

Buckowitzke is one of the most intellectual men who have ever come to Hollywood. He has the background of culture and education that so many of our own directors lack. His people in Russia have been connected with literature and the theater for many generations. Most of his motion picture work was done in Berlin, where he directed "Danton," "Peter the Great," "Sapho," "Othello" and many other great pictures.

Frankly, I think they were all worried lest he should be too high-brow for the American trade. His first picture with Pola, however, which is now being made, is "Men," in which she plays the part of a waitress in a tough café on the French water front. There will be no height to the brow of this one.

Buckowitzke is a very frank admirer of Rex Ingram, who, he thinks, is the finest director America has ever produced.

Pola says that if they will not let her put on real stories this time, she wants to throw over the whole movie business and go on the stage.

"I dont want them to try to make me beautiful or what they call 'sympathetic.' But I want them to let me interpret real stories from life. I would like to do something like 'Rain,' or Knoblock's 'Lullaby.' If they are going to make me do these pussy-cat stories, I want to quit the whole thing and go on the stage."

By the time this appears in print, Mary Pickford will be on her way to Europe with Douglas Fairbanks and a retinue of servants, including a cook. They have engaged apartments in New York, London and Paris, and will forswear hotels.

Mary's plans are all up in the air. She has finished "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" under Marshal Neilan's direction, and it is reported as being a fine picture. She is due to make another picture with Lubitsch, but I doubt if it is ever done. Their ideas do not jibe well enough.

As a sort of farewell tribute to Mary, the Writers Club showed her old picture, "Stella Maris," in place of the usual preview. At the time, "Stella Maris" was one of Mary's few failures. It was made three or four years too soon. It would be a success if it were made now.

Cecil de Mille planned to give himself a near vacation by picking out an easy picture to follow "The Ten Commandments," so he picked out "Triumph," a story from the *Saturday Evening Post*. The result is he is having more trouble and grief than he had in "The Ten Commandments." He has had about a million re-takes.

Hal Cooley and Kathryn Clifford are both putting real-estate subdivisions on the market in Beverly Hills. Thos. H. Ince has just finished what is admitted to be the finest home in Hollywood. It is a mansion, built in the purest old Spanish architecture, and is said to have cost $300,000. Carl Miller is also building a home in Hollywood, and is insisting upon doing some of the plumbing himself.

Winifred Westover (Mrs. Bill Hart) is bringing suit against the six-gun star to set aside their divorce settlement, whereby she agreed not to do any more screen acting.

She says she has a screen offer.

Mignon Le Brun Landis is suing Cullen Landis for divorce.

Barbara La Marr's matrimonial affairs

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are so scrambled up that her attorney has advised her not to live with her most recent husband until he can look up the law and find out which one she is really married to.

Will Hays has been appealed to, to stop Al Jolson from continuing to crack some very smutty jokes about Mabel Normand and the shooting of Mr. Dines by her chauffeur.

The lovely Corinne Griffith has returned from a hurried "vacation"—admittedly a married lady. The bridegroom is Walter Morosco, once the rumored fiancé of Betty Compson.

Mr. Morosco is the son of Oliver Morosco, the theatrical producer, and has himself been in the movies. He has announced that, now he is a regular husband, he is going to retire from the world of art and take a job in a commercial business having to do with heating apparatus.

Miss Griffith, on her return from the honeymoon in Honolulu, staggered Hollywood with the announcement that, after making three more pictures, she would retire from the screen, become a housewife and have some babies. "Not the adopted kind," she said. "Regular ones—mine."

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 74*)

Famous Players-Lasky in Astoria, Long Island.

ANNA.—Yes, Winifred Greenwood was Mrs. Guy in "To the Last Man." Richard Dix is playing with Lois Wilson in "Icebound."

BUNNY B.—I'm afraid there's nothing I can do about it. Lillian Gish is scheduled to play Juliet to Richard's Romeo. I think you mean Edward Burns and not Ben Lyon in "The Humming Bird." Harrison Ford is married to Beatrice Prentice, you know.

STIFFY & MR.—Yours was very interesting, and I hope you'll write me again. Gloria Swanson is twenty-seven. Edward Phillips was Joe.

The stars are no longer frequenters of cabarets and other midnight restaurants. They spend their spare time studying real-estate and oil-well conditions. Read "Hollywood Has Married and Settled Down" in the June Motion Picture Magazine.

Every good scout brushes his teeth regularly after each meal and just before going to bed. Colgate's is the safe dentifrice to use.

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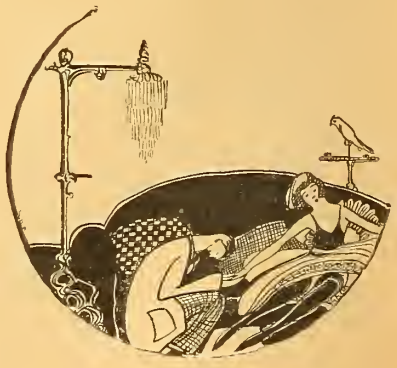

Comment on Other Productions

(*Continued from page 57*)

The idea is obvious, to be sure. It has been done a score of times, but never more deftly nor with more directness. We peer into a little drama of a soul in conflict—and in the broad background of the war, regeneration molds her character. A fascinating drama? Oh, most assuredly.

Jack O' Clubs

Ripe with the vintage of 1890 comes this creaking story, featuring a one-character plot built around a fighting Irish cop. The simplest formula known is that which revolves around a figure who has his fun where he finds it and fights his way to the top. This frail little idea has been stretched to the breaking point—and nothing is forgotten in coloring it with the paints from the hokum brush.

Look back. Did you ever see this type of hero out of character? Wasn't he always courageous? Didn't he face danger with a smile? Wasn't the girl a product of the neighborhood who only needed a comforting word and a strong arm to lift her to romantic heights? Wasn't there a tough gang for the hero to fight—and didn't he conquer them—one and all? And wasn't there a pot or three of geraniums on a tenement window-sill for atmosphere? Well, these characters and plot threads are all true to the author, Hoyle and the Bowery melodramatists of yesterday. Herbert Rawlinson is out of his part in the title rôle. Still he is more of a Lambs' Club policeman than one from the West 47th Street station-house. The truest type is the roughie played by Eddie Gribbon. The picture is sketchy and very much "studio."

Pied Piper Malone

Just because Thomas Meighan went on a sentimental cruise several months ago, with a picture called "The Bachelor Daddy," which was pronounced fair-to-middlin' entertainment by discerning writers, there is no reason why he should continue to frolic around with a flock of fledglings. Yet here he bobs up with a parental complex in a thin, spineless story written by Booth Tarkington—a story said to be the author's first attempt in writing directly for the screen.

The Indiana novelist has adopted old Dr. Hamelin's idea, but examining it closely the resemblance stops with the title. The children follow Meighan at a respectful distance and their idolatrous worship compels their elders to relent in their persecution. He is ostracized for being painted a drunkard; he is advised to leave town hurriedly because he helps an elderly inebriate home from a "blind tiger," just at the moment that the church is releasing its congregation. A most foolish thing to do—and which destroys the logic and ruins the only outstanding scene in the picture.

It is so frail, so devoid of balance that the obvious is always emphasized. Mr. Malone impresses us as insincere. He is not so crazy about these fledglings as the author would have him. He is not a playboy, nor does he pause to indulge in their childish pastimes. Evidently Tarkington tries to establish the w. k. fact that the juvenile brain with its snap judgment is able to read character correctly. If the kids idolize him—well, he cant be so bad after all. Isn't it possible, tho, that these same kids would be forbidden by their elders to associate with him? Yet, they strut forth in their Sunday best—and

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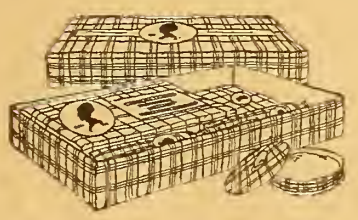

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a sigh is registered by the heroine who has condemned him without reason.

The location is a fishing village up Maine way. Meighan gives a wooden performance. For contrast look you upon George Fawcett, whose portrayal is lifelike and mellow. Lois Wilson has nothing to do except look wistful.

The Stranger

John Galsworthy's gift for expressing dramatic lights and shadows—for pointing vivid contrasts, has been appreciated by the sponsors of his story, "The First and the Last," which for screen purposes has been renamed "The Stranger." You may not expect much "sweetness and light" when this author deals in his familiar vein of tragic sacrifice. He treats here of a background of wealth and poverty in English high and low places and plunges us into a morbid tale of a scrub man who saves a K. C. (King's Counselor, not a Knight of Columbus) from ruin and a pair of lovers their happiness by assuming the blame for the death of a convict. Galsworthy's idea has not been maltreated here to make a director's holiday. The man of sacrifice is sentenced to be hanged, but he dies on the scaffold of a weak heart.

It's a picture of vivid character drawing; it's a picture gripping in its conflict which engenders so much sympathy for the downtrodden. Galsworthy is ever the champion of the under dog. There is a place for everything here—and everything is in place. Such a story needs depth of interpretation; it has received it. Tully Marshall's portrayal of the scrub man is a haunting study—one marked by feeling and understanding. Richard Dix and Lewis Stone, usually dependable, contribute forceful characters.

A logical, well-told tale—convincing in plot and characterization—and atmosphere. Occasionally the sentiment becomes syrupy in its thickness—and once in a while you catch Galsworthy preaching, but even with its faults (many of which are found in the subtitles), it still remains one of the better things.

Chastity

Back to the back-stage life with the usual picturey way of treating it—back to the decrepit plot and its creaking hinges which grate upon the nerves in flashing the time-worn, threadbare argument that an actress, to succeed on Broadway must listen to overtures—or, in the vernacular of the big street, must be "propositioned" by the gross and sensual producer, goes the sponsor for Katherine MacDonald. It never once leaves its familiar groove. The conflict between the disciple of virtue and the apostle of lewd suggestion has its place. And to give it an atmospheric dressing, there is much background featuring the theater and a cabaret. They throw a melodramatic sop—when the misguided actress takes a plunge over the cliff while motoring after her understudy. It is all hokum. There is nothing of appeal anywhere. Miss MacDonald's frigid performance (no warmth nor vitality here) helps place it in bad grace. A very stilted interpretation all around. And why the close-ups of the star? If they serve in emphasizing her beauty they also serve in emphasizing her lack of color and animation. "Chastity?" What a title! Good old virtue on parade! Only Grundys will like it.

Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln

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martyred President in a new way. In selecting Lincoln, they have taken our greatest American and humanizing his life they have achieved the first film biography. The effect created is that of reading a biography of his complete life in the space of two hours.

However, Lincoln's life, as recorded here, is not moving drama, because the producers, to reveal it from birth to death, have been obliged to take the salient chapters—which of course, makes the picture sketchy. It would have been more dramatic to follow the Drinkwater plan—develop the chapters which immediately preceded his nomination and follow thru his momentous years in the White House. Up to the scene where he calls for volunteers, there is scarcely an episode which grips with any dramatic intensity. Still these episodes have their place in acquainting the uninformed with facts of his life which have become obscured. Especially fine is the romance with Anne Rutledge—and the pathos which came into his life at her death.

But the picture is sketchy. There are times when a mere flash is depicted that is supposed to cover a vital period of his life. And because so much footage is devoted in showing his early years, the dramatic side of his life—when he saved the Union from disruption, is not given the emphasis that it should have. The adaptors have approached his character with great reverence. They have pictured him accurately—and their effort shows painstaking research.

It is a good picture—more than that—an excellent picture, but we thought it would be much bigger, much more sweeping in outline. The details are correct—and nothing has been forgotten in showing Lincoln's humanity. But he is not the vital figure which might have been indicated—had he been painted as a man of destiny. The composition of scenes are sometimes at fault. And the war episodes are glossed over. It seems as if the sponsors were inspired to acquaint us with his intimate life, rather than his dramatic life.

It is a work dignified and impressive. George A. Billings gives a mellow performance—one quiet and repressed—and he is a good likeness, too. Where he fails is in indicating Lincoln's force of character. This is an unusually good production, one we advise you to see.

Loving Lies

A hectic, far-fetched melodrama is exposed here—one which has "nickelodion" written all over it. Since it features a triangle of sailor-folk, one may imagine that it stresses lurid action of an elemental character. It has been treated to furnish crashing climaxes—of men who go to sea—of wives who wait—and wait—and wait for them—of ships that go down with their precious cargoes—of sudden deaths and what not. A complicated tale, surely—with every point fashioned to provide a long and suspensive punch. But logic is never anchored here.

When a sailor lover dies, his friend takes care of the girl and her baby. The title finds expression in his effort to tell white lies to his spouse. He is sent to sea by some smirking superior so that the latter might intrigue the wife. Then the conveniences jump into the story. The dead man's sweetheart meets a sudden death—and with the adoption of the infant by the young skipper and his wife—the usual reconciliation is effected. There are several incredible happenings which insult the intelligence. And the acting is in harmony with the over-stressed action. None of the players have a natural mo-

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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

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Blue-jay

ment, tho Monte Blue tries to suggest repression.

When a Man's a Man

Harold Bell Wright has always been known as a writer who makes capital of the obvious. His vast army of readers need not expect to find him exploring in original fields of composition. He may appeal to the Babbitts of the country, but these are the people who flock to circuses, too. In other words, they are the people who live up to the conventions. Which leads us to state that Wright's story will interest the average filmgoer. It will even interest many who do not place him in the same class with Hugo, for the simple reason it tells a likely tale of an indolent man who goes to work to win a girl's respect. You inform us when this idea has failed to command attention!

It is a straightforward story—one embroidered with crisp incident—and it doesn't capitalize the heroics. The modest idler hops off a westbound train to see a rodeo—and remains to become a cowboy. He falls off a horse as easily as H. R. H.—he takes his knocks and comes up smiling. Coincidence enters here and there. The girl must discover him on the ranch and register the fact that she never really cared because she is attended by her husband. And after he is nearly lynched for being suspected as a cattle rustler he rides away into the dying sunset.

Mr. Wright surprises us with this finale—it is so unconventional. Mr. Hero has performed several sacrifices—and because of his modesty he inspires sympathy. But John Bowers is wofully self-conscious in the rôle. Ham is written all over his performance. The picture is much better than the average western. It releases a deal of human values—and carries balance in the bargain.

George Washington, Jr.

Even with Wesley Barry at the gawky age, his latest adventure in the films is a vast improvement upon some of his recent efforts. George M. Cohan may not have had a youth of his stripe in mind when he conceived the character (Barry plays the title rôle), but all things considered he is not very far out of character. Of course in its development it is plainly seen that the sponsors have enlarged upon the original—and tho we call it hokum, it suffices in rousing the risibilities of an audience. For high jinks we are presented with a water carnival, the episode of the cherry tree—burlesqued rather amusingly—and some incident of a political character. It is indicated that Junior has to deviate slightly from the truth. Fairly lively—and likely to interest the children.

No More Women

Some may regard this innocuous little excursion into romance as all "apple sauce." It is all of that if one wants to analyze it. It is so slight that it scarcely holds together—and its tiny bubble of plot is punctured early. Yet because it is developed with repression the picture takes on a value which will please the romanticists. Now what is it? Merely a fine silken thread of a tale centering around a girl determined to win a bashful woman-hater. It is amazing how the director, Lloyd Ingraham, has kept the thread from breaking. But this same Ingraham knows how to dovetail comedy incident. He demonstrated his talent in "Going Up."

The youngsters find themselves "babes in the woods," with a pair of wily rascals for spectators. She feigns illness; he feigns indifference. They eat their lunch

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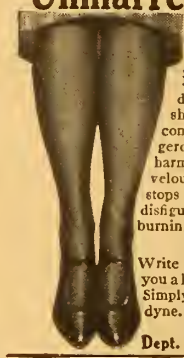

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and travel back to the altar. When it shows signs of faltering, along comes a sparkling title—and some capital "business" introduced by Matt Moore and Madge Bellamy. It's a nursery yarn put in celluloid—but there is a charm about it.

Roulette

They've crowded this picture with one of those "all star casts," in order to give it the ring of the box-office. But since it is a story with one situation—and very little characterization, the parade of the "all star cast" looks out of place. Several of the players do their stuff as atmosphere and then disappear. And their personalities are valueless in projecting any form of emotional talent. Among those who come on the set and walk right off again are Flora Finch, Henry Hull, Diana Allen, Dagmar Godowsky, Effie Shannon, Mary Carr and Montagu Love.

The real story (a weak one, at that) is enacted by Edith Roberts, Norman Trevor, Walter Booth and Maurice Costello. The title gives it away. A gambler and a son of wealth play the game—the stakes of which are the girl. The typical poker face comes into expression time and again. Everyone is tense—and unnatural. A lurid melodrama of a sweet young thing who avenges the death of her father at the hands of the unscrupulous gambler. You'll have a better time at home in a game of your own.

The Breathless Moment

There are very few directors able to record small-town impressions. Most of them labor under the idea that village life is governed solely by hokum exaggerated to the breaking point. The figures must be caricatures—and the things they do must be burlesqued *à la* Sennett.

"The Breathless Moment," is the newest sample of aiming at small-town character and missing it by a wide margin. It is a story which suggested at the start a mystery melodrama, but after the crook is advised to hit the tall timbers and settles down as a clerk in a general store, it loses all its vitality and becomes an absurd slice of outraged hokum. The crook must needs have a foil—a foil who overplays, and Albert Hart is a poor choice, altho he looks like an oldtimer doing a long stretch. The customary villagers group themselves for atmosphere. And the romance lifts up its pretty head.

There is but one surprise. William Desmond does not reform because of the love spark. He was on the straight road long before he found mud on his shoes. There was opportunity to make this picture human and humorous, but the director has spoiled it.

Phantom Justice

This crook melodrama might have kept its illusion if the dream situation had not been employed. When an author or director becomes entangled in his own skein, he resorts to this ridiculous premise to find his way out. The idea is plausible enough until the protagonist wanders into dreamland. And the good effect established is utterly spoiled. Being a criminal lawyer, he surprises us with a conscience. He sleeps—and then he dreams what a mistake it would be to free all the criminals he defends. But in putting him to sleep the author lugs him to a dentist's chair—and the gas, strangely enough, makes him a moralist. He dreams a wild rarebit type of nightmare—one in which he discovers a body buried in his backyard, that his sweetheart is shot—and that the long arm of the law has slapped him

AUG. 11

NOV. 2

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on the back as much as to say: "Go to your cell!"

It's a fairly original idea up to a certain point. We will accuse the author of being a lazy writer by employing the dream situation—or the director as lacking in imagination. They have worked the easiest way. Instead of sending the lawyer up the river to join his crooked clients, they send him into dreamland. It serves in planting a code of ethics, but not good melodrama. Played with a certain abandon by Rod La Rocque.

Heritage of the Desert

The sale of Zane Grey's books has reached figures which sound like bills tendered for services rendered when the lawyers for the Tea Pot Dome crowd get together. There is little excuse to detail the plot of this Grey story—which carries us again into the vast, open spaces. It is Zane Grey at his orthodox best. It is a tale of the efforts of early settlers to exist in the Tonto Basin of Arizona—in spite of the machinations of land pirates who would control the water supply. It is one of those "up-and-at-'em" melodramas—a picture of sharp contrasts and conflicts. It is a picture of leering expressions and vivid scowls. Why not—with Ernest Torrence and Noah Beery at their vengeful best?

It is all very obvious—but it is also very much outdoors. And the backgrounds—highly picturesque—offer a perfect setting for Mr. Grey's puppets. He pulls the strings and presto! Torrence, the man of righteousness, triumphs over the scowling Beery. The kidnapping of a girl brings in the inevitable pursuit. A picture rich in atmosphere and characterization. The panoramic settings enhance its melodramatic values. We pronounce it one of the better westerns.

Not a Drum Was Heard

Damon and Pythias in the guise of cowboys are on view here in a story which travels its orbit without raising any undue excitement. It looks to us as if the sponsors took liberties with Ben Ames Williams' magazine yarn, since the author incorporated a different ending than what is flashed on the screen. The cowboys play the "Alphonse and Gaston" act—each being willing to sacrifice romance and everything else that the other might be happy. So when the girl chooses the more educated one (not the hero), the latter steps gracefully aside without wearing a hurt dog look to extract sympathy.

When the husband, in an attempt to cover a financial embarrassment, steals from the bank where he is employed—with his buddy holding up the bank to cover the theft, the picture develops a melodramatic vein which is unconvincing. The hero is captured—and a court trial is subsequently held, for the unscrupulous banker has been killed. He willingly offers to sacrifice his life—and perjures himself on the stand, but the wounded weakling who won the girl stumbles into court and makes a dying confession. A rather queer way of bringing the logical lovers together. The hurried finish carries gaps—and spoils the story. Heroes, who would perform the great sacrifice, are becoming a trifle *passé*.

On Thomas Alva Edison's birthday the motion-picture industry gave him a party at the Ritz-Carlton All manner of movie people were there. Read about it in "The Editor Gossips" on Page 43.

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SCREEN MOTHERS

By Jane Cuthrell

Two types; the one the poor and burdened
one who moves
Thruout the tale, a patient slave of love,
Who in the story's general routine
Protects her child from Father's drunken
spleen,
And weeps, arms flung across the bed, or
prays—
(A flashback proves she has seen better
days.)

The other, stately, diamonds on her hands,
White, marcelled hair, an eye that understands
Its power, clothes from Paris, and cold
ways,
With liveried butlers—yet she, too, oft
prays,
With streaming tears, for errant child or
spouse,
And sets the tear ducts itching thru the
house.

Two more; the mother, country born and
bred,
Cheerful and fat, a mob cap on her head,
Or spry and thin—a light hand for a cake
(The audience can almost smell them
bake)
And given like the rest to fervid prayer,
And happy endings in bucolic air.

The other, cruel and grasping, sells her
child,
(A girl of course) to some rich Ancient,
wild
With greed . . . a match for grim, maternal ways,
We tremble—yet at last, she also prays
For pardon, and our hearts are light once
more,
Screen mothers being sisters at the core.

THE VILLAIN

By Hugh Elsworth

Alas, the villain in the plot,
Who stalks his prey across the screen;
Brief triumph only is his lot,
In palace or in peasant cot,
Immaculate and lean.
He smokes betraying cigarets,
And, with impassive features, slakes
His thirst for villainy; coquettes
With sudden death; and, careless, sets
His very soul as table-stakes.

Alas, the villain of the show,
For whom our hearts in terror beat,
That cultured, polished, mustached foe
Of innocence; of whom we know
That he must soon attract defeat,
As trees the lightning; he must fall
A victim to the author's whim,
And slink away, bowed down and small,
Which is not real life, after all!
Alas, the Villain! pity him!

BEBE DANIELS

By Lucia Trent

You love to frolic, laugh and sing,
To be a child at play,
A pretty bird high on the wing
That flashes far away!
But then again the shadows steal
Into your tender eyes,
And that's when I begin to feel
I've come to Paradise!

Be Careful

Lest your breath offend

In every close contact be sure of sweet breath. Many a cause may make it offensive. And a foul breath kills every charm.

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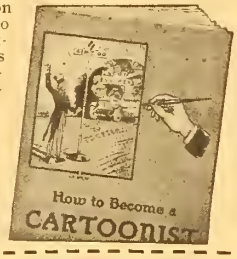

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The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page 43*)

invention of the motion picture. And I shall remember, always, his advice about dedicating your effort to those things in which you believe."

As Mary stood to make her speech, everyone in the large gathering rose as one man, thus silently paying her homage. And almost before she was thru with her sincere and direct address, Mr. Edison left his place of honor in the center of the long table and went to her. As he bent a trifle to take her hand, Mary raised his hand to her lips in a gracious and impulsive tribute. It was a charming tableau . . . something we felt privileged to have seen. Youth and Age so evidently impressed with a mutual admiration. Then on Mary's menu-card the Great Inventor wrote: "To America's Darling, Thomas Alva Edison."

It was about four-thirty when Anita Stewart and we left the Edison birthday-luncheon, but we had a few minutes together down in the smoking lounge before we had to go our separate ways. Certainly Anita has come thru. In spite of the trying and serious interims of illness she has known . . . at times leaving the screen altogether for months . . . she is today financially independent, barring cataclysmic things, for the rest of her life even if she never makes another picture.

"Now," she said, "I dont want to do pictures that have no excuse for existing. I want pictures that are worth while. I dont want to sign any starring contract. I want to do good work in good pictures. When I come back from California I'm hoping to play in the Peter B. Kyne story, 'Never the Twain Shall Meet.'"

Her trip to California is for the purpose of selling some property . . . and particularly to visit the acres of oil lands she owns at Ventnor with an authority on such lands.

To see Anita flitting about the lounge of the Ritz, beautiful, charmingly feminine, stopping to greet an acquaintance . . . now a movie magnate . . . now Thelma Morgan Converse, the society matron with screen aspirations, . . . you would not be apt to credit her with business acumen. However, she is granted this in a generous degree by everyone who knows her. And there is something splendid to us in a woman who manages her own finances, with gain.

Rudolph has come back!

Let those who traded upon his enforced absence from the screen to promenade in characters imitative of Valentino turn pale. But let those other Latin Lotharios who have established their personalities with definite and individual artistry to their credit continue without fear or qualms. The screen is a broad field and has room for everyone with sterling things to give.

The cameras are actually grinding in the Famous Players-Lasky Long Island studios. "Monsieur Beaucaire" is in the making and litigation between this organization and The Valentino is now only a reality on the legal records.

Naturally the studios were in a state over his arrival. Studios are chaotic gossip factories anyway. And all manner of rumors of the Valentino temperament and "up-stage" attitude had percolated from the California lots.

The Valentinos were not insensitive to

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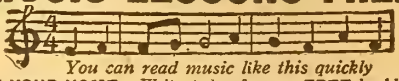

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this. So before Director Sidney Olcott ever called "C-A-M-E-R-A!" Mr. and Mrs. Valentino set about to correct this impression. They knew it would undoubtedly work havoc in his company if it were permitted to thrive. Therefore, every member of the "Monsieur Beaucaire" company from the featured players to the electricians and property boys were invited to a catered luncheon given in the studios the day before the first scene was scheduled to be shot. Some of the cast who were there were Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Lowell Sherman, Helene Chadwick, Paulette Duval and Flora Finch.

Valentino, so we were informed, told them how much he regretted any impression they had received from rumor that he had an unpleasant studio personality. He went on to say that only their daily intimate association in the weeks of work to follow could disprove that rumor if they had chosen to give it credence. He asked them to be free with suggestions during the progress of the filming. . . .

"Let us," he said, "make 'Monsieur Beaucaire' a fine production before and above anything and everything else. This common purpose will hold us together and cement the camaraderie of our entire company."

We rather admire this attitude of Mr. Valentino. Certainly it is a direct answer to any evil whisperings . . . and its effect was evident on the day when the first scenes were shot, for we were then present at the studio and a fine spirit permeated the stages where lords and ladies in the brocaded satins and the flowing laces of the Louis XV court were playing.

We spent practically the entire day in the studio watching the filming of Beaucaire. The costumes of the principals were designed by George Barbier, the famous French illustrator, and were executed by one of the leading ateliers of Paris. They are really ravishing and made us long for the day when colored photography will be perfected. . . .

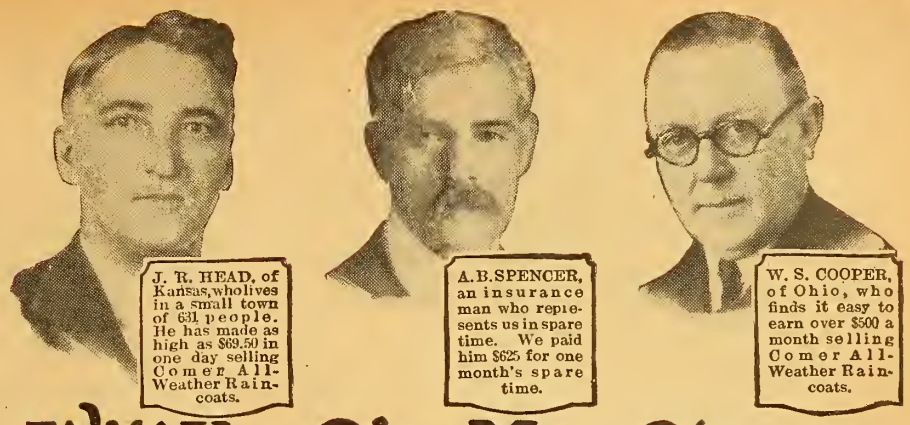
Brilliant satins and pale silks, threaded with flamboyant threads and with gold and silver . . . diamond garters and extravagantly embroidered stockings . . . fragile lace flounces and cuffs . . . embroidered slippers with jeweled buckles . . . and powdered ringleted wigs. . . .

The floor shone like a mirror and every time a scene was shot a stage-hand would run forward and polish it furiously with a mop so that no dull footprint marred its shining splendor.

Mrs. Valentino sat in her chair outside of the cameras' lines. During their recent sojourn in Europe, she did extensive research work and she is at the studios every minute of the day.

Three or four stringed instruments tinkled soft love motifs . . . candles flared above the crystal chandeliers . . . yet beneath the gay and beautiful masquerade of the court life, you sensed the lurking intrigue invariably born of monarchies . . . even while the ladies coquetted behind ridiculously tiny fans . . . and gallants swept plumed hats to the floor. . . .

We couldn't help but observe that even Lois Wilson and Bebe Daniels were swayed by the complete essence of all of it. They didn't step entirely out of character between the scenes. And it was hard to believe the beautiful, imperious Queen was the naïve Lois Wilson, whose modern sport suits often proceed us thru the revolving door of that rendezvous, the Algonquin . . . her scarf a bright blue



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splash. . . . "And we couldn't reconcile Bebe, a disdainful lady in her billowing brocades, to the impetuous harum-scarum who terrifies Los Angeles traffic cops.

All of this reminds us of a story we heard about Forrest Halsey, who did the scenario of "Monsieur Beaucaire." The script was given to Mr. Valentino for an O. K. before it was put into work. He returned it to Mr. Halsey with the suggestion that some of his scenes be cut down and others be cut out entirely. Needless to say, Mr. Halsey was unprepared for this. He had anticipated its antithesis. The only other actor who has ever come to him with such a criticism, so he said, is George Arliss.

When we told a layman friend about this, he thought it was professionally generous of Valentino not to usurp the entire production. However, we do not agree with him. Valentino himself would not agree with him. It is smart of Valentino, however. And, in complimentary passing, we do say that this would seem to indicate that Valentino is more than an idol . . . that he is also an intelligent business-man with foresight . . . and that the overwhelming homage and popularity have not caused him to lose his perspective. Altho, goodness knows, it would not be strange if they had.

Selah!

A star dropped in to see Dorothy Donnell, one of our staff writers in California, the other day. And she wrote us of it amusingly. It seems he complained that his company was so stingy that they quibbled about a mere matter of four hundred dollars *more* on his weekly pay check.

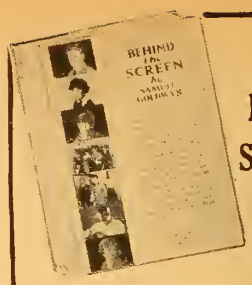
She writes: "I laughed a short and bitter laugh. Says I, 'It's difficult for me to weep with you, friend!'"

We'd like to know how it feels to be a star and complain casually about a mere sum of four hundred. It must be a grand and glorious feeling.

Harold Lloyd drove over to Brooklyn to see us when he was in New York. Everybody in the editorial rooms has a large and extremely ripe spot in her heart for Harold. He's so real and sincere and warm and human. There's nothing of the *nouveau riche* about him, altho he is one of the wealthiest stars in the affluent motion-picture colony. We marvel over the sane perspective he has maintained. He's exactly the same unassuming boy today he was when we met him and fell captive to his charm years ago . . . before his name vied with the greatest box-office attractions in the world.

There's something in Harold that appeals to your maternal instinct. It doesn't matter if you're newly married . . . engaged . . . a man-hater and chronic misanthrope, you "fall" for Harold, if we may lapse comfortably into the expressive vernacular.

We know little or nothing of Freud, but we think it's the maternal instinct he appeals to. He's a young man with as many ideals and dreams as an erstwhile Knight of the Round Table. And somehow you feel that he's hoping all the time that he wont be a fool over the fame and wealth which he has won. He asks you almost pleadingly for advice . . . begs you in a coaxing tone to write him about this or that . . . and all of a sudden you feel



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If you could say: "Oh, come on. Act like a regular person," it would be all right. The chances are they would do just that. But instead you sit in equal frigidity and a most miserable time is had by all.

But this preamble has nothing whatever to do with Lois Wilson. Lois, like Harold Lloyd, is human. Suzanne Brady, the editor of the CLASSIC (Pictorial of the Screen and Stage) and we lunched with Lois at the Algonquin after she had finished her work in "Icebound."

At first she was a little formal . . . we had neither of us met her before and we could feel that she was putting out conversational feelers. Finally meek Lois determined to take the bull by the horns.

"You know," she said, "motion-picture people are just terrified of magazine and newspaper people . . . particularly when it's an interview."

We told her that interviewers often confessed in our editorial ear that they were terrified of the stars.

And with the conversational and proverbial ice now broken, the talk was interruptive and interesting for the remainder of the luncheon.

Miss Wilson said, and with truth, too, we think, that interviews find you at a disadvantage. "You know that you are being summed up," she explained. "And how can you project your personality definitely enough during a luncheon or a tea for the writer to really know you. Unless you're a pronounced individual it is up to the writer to fill in all the gaps you have left empty. Of course, we're terrified of interviewers. You would be too."

And this other side of the question is quite as interesting as the other side of any question always is if you take the trouble to think about it.

Lois Wilson has a definite personality even if it isn't so colorful or spectacular as others. That is why she isn't greater than she is today. Take her Lula Bett, the inhibited and repressed drudge of the Deacon household whose every expression of beauty was trampled upon by the heels of her clod brother-in-law . . . remember her brave heroine in "The Covered Wagon" . . . see her now in "Icebound," in which the critics agree she gives a performance marked by a rare understanding . . . expressing the character of the girl by something beyond the externals of her plain hair and unimaginative clothes.

There are any number of actresses on the screen today with far less artistry to their name who enjoy richer fruits of success than Lois Wilson, even tho her name is considered to enrich a cast. Her success, like her personality, is not spectacular. But perhaps she paints her career with surer, firmer strokes . . . in true colors that time will not efface.

A.W.J.

Earle E. Liederman
as he is to-day

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Thistledown

(*Continued from page 48*)

fix up a little something that shall help that poor foot like magic."

But as quick as old Anna's headshake came Hi's own refusal:

"No, thanks, Leon, I dont need anything. Good-bye."

He did not yet obey the doctor's injunction and turn homeward; he headed again toward the De Bossert place, now deserted and forlorn. Possibly he hoped to find some overlooked token, some little message or farewell.

But at the familiar trysting-place he found nothing but desolation and ghostly memories. The chill November wind sang a mournful dirge for vanished hours. The birch-trees and the pine-trees grew thick on the hill, but they were sad and spectral, and held no companionship.

Big and smoky red the sun dropped in the west, without warmth, and stabbed by naked boughs. The rustling carpet of leaves lay colorless and dead. And up on its lonely ridge the shut doors and shuttered windows of the cottage mutely called its dreary emptiness.

Why is it the least remembered touch of one girl's hands can claim ascendency over whatever throbbing present in which she does not share? Other problems claimed Hi's interest, surely—yes, and other girls, just as pretty, grew thick as violets and close at hand!

But what are the many if we lack the one? . . .

The gloomy dusk, closing down over the flitting bright day, seemed symbolic of himself—symbolic of life. Life was not brightened with its illusions, aspirations, dreams. Life was crude, and stark, and drear. Illusions were fallacies. Aspirations turned into dead fruit. Dreams became mockeries.

When he returned home, Hi was in a poor mood to meet his sister. He did not yet know the turn in his affairs, which, already rumored, was setting more than one dinner-table in Fairfield agog that night; but he saw at once that his sister, even for Julia, was peculiarly agitated.

"Well, you're not in jail, at least," she greeted him. "If it weren't for outsiders, I shouldn't have known even that much."

"Sorry, Julia—I've had a good deal on my mind."

"It had nothing to do with your business, evidently. Simpson tells me you haven't been at the office all afternoon."

"If he's been in touch with you he's told you things are being taken care of. He and Judge Light got my bond fixed up O. K."

"I know," tartly. "Well, after getting you and your bond fixed up, Simpson found rather important need for seeing you. He has been trying frantically to reach you. A special directors' meeting was called this afternoon."

"I guess they didn't miss me particularly," said Hi, who contributed little to these dull official sessions beyond his physical presence. "What was up?" he asked apathetically.

"Plenty was up! Something terrible's happened! Some notes of some kind held by the Chemical Loan and Trust Company—I dont quite comprehend it, but anyway they're going to foreclose those notes. Simpson says it means disaster—the beginning of the end!"

She spoke in broken, excited phrases, and Hi gave a sharp whistling intake of breath.

He knew how disastrous would be a foreclosure on those notes. But why had the Chemical Bank taken this sudden,

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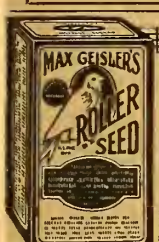

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decisive step?—it was like a blow in the face! True, the Daggett Company had been slipping steadily down hill for some time, for several years now; no appreciable change from the outside, but a gradual slow-down in meeting obligations, that stealthy lessening and withdrawal of credit, a slackening of the sinews of the organization and little faint signs of slipshod decrepitude in the workshops themselves. Hi had been well enough aware of these facts—had not the decreased dividends each year, less and less, informed him? And had not old Simpson consistently complained to him, and old Judge Light rasped at him, and all the other old foozleums snapped or barked or wailed, according to their natures?

But he hadn't listened to them much, had tried not to listen. He hadn't wanted to hear tales of gloom, had turned to things brighter, more exciting. Else, in moments of despondency, had almost wished some cataclysm would indeed sweep down, engulfing the Daggett fortune—and himself with it!

That had been before he met Dolly, before he began, idiotically, to wish and to dream. . . .

He changed the tide of his thoughts, swung back to the present: why this sudden and ominous move on the part of the Chemical? They had made disagreeable complaints before this, but old Simpson or somebody had always talked them over. Old man Loft was the big gun in that concern, George's old man, the old plumber-millionaire—as shrewd and clever and hard-boiled as they made 'em.

Julia was wailing on:

"It's terrible—I cant comprehend it—Simpson says the company may actually go smash. Any day! Of course I knew things were not going as they used to, in father's time—I knew money was getting shorter, and slower. But I never dreamed a thing like this could happen! Simpson says the company's been riding for this fall a long time, but he hoped to stave it off. The blow fell this afternoon—right on top of that other disgraceful mess! I wouldn't be surprised," she charged bitterly, "if your arrest didn't have something to do with bringing this down on our heads."

"Nonsense!" Hi said, sharply. "Banks dont operate from such motives. Besides, they wouldn't have had the time—this move has been some time in the brewing, you may depend on it."

"Well, it's probably your doing just the same," she accused. "That arrest is just a symbol—your whole behavior, flighty, disgraceful, irresponsible—was it what one would expect from the head of a big business? Would any bank care to continue relations with any business that had such a head?"

Hi didn't answer; his lips were twitching. His sister continued her plaint:

"And Simpson says it'll just serve to start the other creditors. *That's* what'll bring down the collapse—it may mean the end!"

The fact that he recognized the truth in her words did not make it easier to hear them. And he was already tired and strained and sick—he felt actually sick, with a beating in his head and a growing heavy ache thruout his body; he snapped out, irritably:

"Well, Simpson seems to have had a good deal to say. Did he, by chance, *do* anything?"

"I'm actually surprised at you," she retorted at that. "You know Simpson as well as I do, his faithfulness and patience. And it isn't as if he wanted to carry the responsibility—he said as much to me this afternoon. He's an old man, and realizes

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his job's getting too much for him. He'd like to get out of harness, only he has known the business would go smash completely—with *nobody* at the head."

She paused a minute, then added:

"To think that you, after your own criminal negligence, should presume to depreciate Simpson, a faithful employee of your father's since before you were born! I'm actually astonished at you!"

Then she demanded:

"Where have you been all afternoon? Been calling on your lady friend, I presume," caustically. "It wasn't enough to get your family name dishonored—you must go rushing off again to your common sweetheart——"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Julia," Hi burst out, "lay off till tomorrow, wont you? I'll see Simpson in the morning, and try whatever I can do—if you'll only lay off tonight."

But Miss Julia would not lay off.

"It's always 'tomorrow' with you, isn't it?—well, my only fear for tomorrow is that you'll find some new mire to drag your family name thru!" Then suddenly her wrath broke to tears, helpless, angry, bitter tears. "What would poor father say?" she sobbed. "Thank heaven, he didn't live to see this day."

"That's old stuff, Julia—I've read it in books," Hi answered wearily. "Anyway, I doubt if he could rail at me for my sins any better than you."

"Sh!" said Miss Julia, as a maid entered to announce dinner.

"I dont want any dinner," Hi said. "I'm going to bed." And he limped from the room.

The next morning he could not leave his bed; his wound was feverish, a heavy cold caught from exposure in the rain had settled upon him, and an unbelievable weakness seemed to press him down. The doctor came and barked reprimands and imperative orders. Old Simpson appeared, and tried to hold something resembling a business conference, but it was only a futile and wretched pretension.

Hi tossed and fumed thru a miserable day. That evening his sister brought him up a telephone message.

"That woman at the roadhouse—that Thiebaud woman—just called you up."

Hi quickened to attention. "What did she want?"

"She wouldn't say. When I told her you couldn't come to the phone, she demanded to know why, and I told her why. That was all—except that I made her tell who she was."

Hi, whose brief eagerness had not altogether subsided, grumbled: "It's the devil to be tied up like this. Dont you think I could make it to the phone?"

"I certainly do not. The doctor says you're in luck to have escaped blood-poisoning, as it is; and pneumonia as well. I'm afraid you must get along without communication from your ordinary friends for a few days."

But later that same evening she brought him another communication of sorts.

"Here's something that may interest you," she said. "A magazine I found downstairs, one of those affairs filled with pictures of moving picture actors. I dont know whether it belongs to you or one of the servants."

Miss Julia's manner betokened malice, and considerable curiosity, too, as she held forth the magazine. Hi took it disinterestedly, but the instant his eyes fell on the opened page, they riveted.

For there looking back at him was the pictured face of Dolly!

Yes, it was unmistakably Dolly who smiled back at him, with those bright and teasing eyes. But what was her picture

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doing in a photoplay magazine? Feverishly he read the caption:

"DORIS CLAIBORNE, Samuel King's captivating discovery, who is shortly to be featured in a new production of which the title has not yet been announced."

"Are her features familiar to you?" Miss Julia was asking, with her blended inquisitiveness and malice.

Hi, his eyes ferreting the reading matter in a vain search for information beyond that meager caption, did not answer.

Miss Julia suddenly demanded:

"Well, if she's a movie actress, why did she pretend to be a servant—why did she try to make me think she was somebody else?"

Hi could not answer that question, but he didn't care to have his sister know he could not. His silence irritated her.

"Dont for a minute think I've altered my opinion of her. It's only strengthened. And it's no great surprise to me to discover her vocation—the women in that calling are, of course, cheap and flighty and ordinary. I haven't changed my opinion one whit," she repeated. "Only to her flightiness and tawdriness the girl has added a petty kind of deceit which is not amusing."

"I dont know that anyone has asked you for your opinion," was Hi's only answer to her tirade.

Obtaining nothing from him beyond sullen and obdurate silence, Miss Julia finally left him alone. And Hi lay tossing with a new admixture to his seething thoughts. "Samuel King"—of course! He remembered that name! But why had Dolly tricked and misled him? However, it would be comparatively simple to trace her thru this clue: tomorrow he would start on the trail of Samuel King. He would have liked to start tonight, but he'd give this accursed foot, this damnable weakness, that much leeway—till tomorrow!

In the morning, too, he would talk to Anna. He must see Simpson, of course; and maybe old man Loft—the crisis at the factory demanded imperative action. But, first of all the things he must attend to tomorrow, he would telephone Anna and ask her reasons for calling him—it could be nothing else but something touching Dolly.

His plans, his speculations, his bewilderments and fears became an excited, incoherent jumble. The shaded light seemed to move far away, he himself seemed to float far away. . . .

He saw strange visions, which he couldn't determine were real or fancied. He saw Dolly with the fat, flashy stranger; they were standing before a minister being married; he rushed forward to rescue her—and then suddenly the scene shifted and he saw a man lying stiff and cold in a hospital bed—dead! . . .

He saw Dolly a prisoner at the bar—she was standing with drooping head, while the judge harangued her wrathfully—the judge had the face of the traffic cop, O'Sullivan, and wore his uniform, and then shifted in some mysterious way into the guise of Julia. Dolly raised her drooping head and regarded himself, Hi, with sad, reproachful eyes. . . .

Then he himself seemed to be on trial—the jury was multitudinous and hostile—the multitude of them eyed him condemningly and all seemed to be talking at once: there was old Simpson jabbering about "credit," and Julia prating of "ruin" and "disgrace" and "family honor," and old man Loft waving mortgage-notes and yellow-backs with fiendish hilarity, and old Leon, friendlily offering him a drink, saying a curious phrase over and over, "These are matters which one must decide

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for oneself—these are matters which one must decide for oneself." . . .

And amongst the myriad jurors sat his father, not talking, which was strange, but sitting with a silent and questioning look which would have been anxious had it not been his father, who was never anxious, but rock-bound in his authoritativeness.

The shaded light danced farther and farther away, sometimes approaching, but always receding, while he must strive to follow. It guided him far away to France, and to the war. . . . While he was fighting the war again, amidst experiences horrible but grotesque, the lamp which was his beacon receded so far he could scarcely see it—he could not see it at all—everything was dark, and quiet. . . .

In the morning, at dawn, he awoke, quite clear-headed. The house was yet silent and unstirring and, aided by a stealthy but mighty resolve, he managed to get to the telephone. He managed to hold the phone, clinging to the wall for support, until from the inn he got the answer:

"Mr. or Mrs. Thiebaud are neither one at home."

"Where did they go?"

"I do not know. They left last night, suddenly."

"When will they be back?"

"They did not say."

"Well—will you tell them——"

But before he could finish his message Hi dropped the receiver, and fell to the floor in a faint. When a maid discovered him, some time later, his delirium had returned and he was babbling of foolish things, as people do in a fever.

Up at the inn Anna had spent the preceding day in gloomy preoccupation, but so little were her thoughts selfish that she paid scarcely any heed to the conduct of the hostelry. Finally she had gone to the telephone and called the number of the Daggett mansion. Her brief talk with Miss Julia did not appear to cheer her any. For an hour she sat alone in her little sitting-room, her arms tightly folded and her eyes frowning into space.

When Leon sought her out, to tell a startling bit of news which had just come to him, she decided to unburden herself.

"I called up that Mr. Hi a little while ago," she began. "I thought it but fitting to inquire after his predicaments. But the old maid sister was the one I found on the wire," dourly. "And Mr. Hi, he is confined to his bed with the injury to his foot, and with a fever."

"Ah, is that so!" exclaimed Leon. "That is bad, and mounting upon his other troubles! Just now have I heard a new and dark report. There goes a rumor that the Daggett Company has been unable to meet certain obligations—it may be forced to fall into a sudden bankruptcy, that big Daggett Company."

"What, that big company—so quickly?" cried Anna, staring at him aghast.

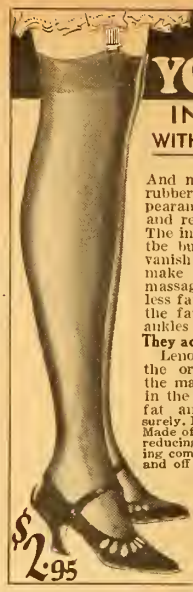
Leon nodded. "So goes the rumor." Then: "That poor young man, with his sickness and all, I should send him something perhaps; a little——"

"You should send him nothing," she interrupted harshly. "There are sicknesses and troubles that liquor does not heal."

She folded her arms more tightly and sat staring somberly again ahead of her.

"Anna," Leon said at last, in a tentative entreaty, "all this day and all of yesterday you have carried a burden in your breast and a lock on your lips. You heard Mr. Hi announce boldly his love for Miss Dolly, and you exhibited no surprise. What is it you know of this so strange and sudden affair?"

Then Anna confided what Dolly had told her in this same room two nights



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before, while Leon's eyes popped with their interest and astonishment. "She, too, has fallen in this love," she concluded dolorously. "With that young man of such wildness and improvidence."

"He is not that to her," Leon answered, "not if she loves him." He went on, too earnest to sound sententious: "Love is not blind, my Anna. Love is an extra eye, given to the heart of man by God. And it is with the eye of the heart that one sees most truly. Is this not so?"

He had placed one plump hand gently on her shoulder; Anna let it remain, but shook her head.

"Always he gets himself into scrapes—this last one the worst of all."

"Perhaps," Leon admitted. "But will there be so many scrapes when he has Miss Dolly's eyes to draw him another way? It is the good woman, the loving wife, who lifts a poor man up, my Anna, and leads him to the Promised Land he dreams of, but does not of himself know how to find."

Anna was silent but she touched, for a moment, that plump gentle hand on her shoulder. Then Leon asked:

"Where is she? Where has she flown off to, that bright, unresting, fluttering little bird?"

Anna raised her eyes, revealing new perturbations. "She has flown back to that Mr. King, Leon."

"Ah, tst," sharply. "That Mr. King and all the bothers *he* has created must withdraw now from the scene. This young woman's problems are now otherwise centered."

"There is one other thing I have not told you, Leon. Miss Dolly was in Mr. Hi's car the night of that bad accident. He brought her here that night, and I hear they seek a woman who was driving his car when it occurred. Now has come his arrest—and she does not know. His sickness, moreover, and these factory troubles——"

Leon gazed at her.

"Miss Dolly should know," he said. "At least she should know."

"Yes," said Anna, "she should know."

Leon and Anna took a night train to New York, their impatience would not let them rest overnight without acting.

When they sought out Samuel King's office the next morning, as the quickest route to Dolly, they found themselves uninvited guests at quite a little gathering.

Shortly before the Thiebauds arrived Mr. King had received two callers; one was small and dapper while the other was tall and thin, but equally dapper, and their age indeterminate — two youngish - oldish gentlemen of the urbane world.

Sam King sat at his desk, a plump, fastidiously dressed man; he had a round face which was shrewd, yet kindly.

"Good morning, Mr. Claiborne," he greeted the smaller of his visitors.

"Good morning. This is my friend, Mr. Van Antwerp Reeves."

The long lean gentleman languidly shook hands.

"Your niece hasn't yet arrived, Mr. Claiborne," said Mr. King.

The little man replied, irritably: "Where is she? You're not trying any nonsense? I warn you——"

But his warning was never uttered, for at that juncture the door swung open and a bright, light voice interrupted:

"Hello, everybody!"

Dolly, standing there in the doorway, looked as brilliantly lovely as a butterfly wafting in from the month of June, and about as casual as such a gauzy-winged entrant; her manner would never have indicated that these people had gathered to settle her affairs.

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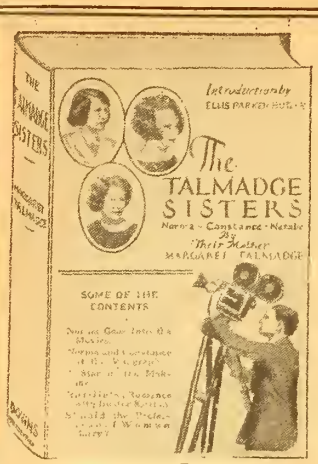

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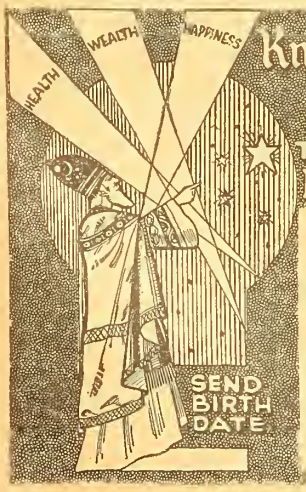

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Let me tell you, **FREE**, the most interesting interpretation of the Zodiac sign governing you. Send me **AT ONCE**, the exact date of your birth, **IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING** and 12c. to cover cost of this notice and postage. Astrological interpretation, in plain language, will be forwarded securely sealed and postpaid. You will be greatly surprised and delighted. Name and address should be carefully **PRINTED**. Be sure to send birthdate and enclose 12c. to avoid delay. **ACT AT ONCE—NOW!**

PHARI STUDIO, 1658 Broadway, Dept. 5-A, New York

Her advent, tho awaited, seemed to bring a moment of awkwardness. Rising from his chair, Mr. Van Antwerp Reeves advanced to shake hands with her; his face had that look, peculiar to some men, of having been treated with wax, with its stiff emotionless expression, and the stiff precision of its little moustaches.

Dolly carelessly touched his proffered hand and then, with her light vibrant movement as of wings invisibly astir, walked to the table and perched on a corner of it.

"Well, what's all the row about, old dears? The atmosphere strikes me as a trifle electric. You haven't changed much, Uncle Percy—you look as if you were about ready to explode."

"Now, now, Doris," the small dapper gentleman spluttered, "I haven't gone to all this trouble to find you to be patronized by you! Have you no conception of the worry you've given me—the thousand-and-one conjectures?"

"I wrote that you had no occasion to worry, Uncle Percy."

"But you didn't let me know where you were hiding—what you were up to!"

"Haven't you 'washed your hands of me?' Anyway, I wanted to be let alone until I could make a success of—of——"

"Of what?" sharply, as her voice trailed off.

Then Dolly made a gesture that was impatient, but strangely baffled.

"That's what I didn't know myself, Uncle Percy. Not at first. I only knew I wanted to do something—*must* do something—that wasn't utterly piffling and silly and useless."

"Nonsense!" snorted Uncle Percy.

"Oh, I know you wont understand," with another restless gesture, "but I was sick of trying to act rich when I was poor, sick of the eternal sponging. If I was any use in the world at all, I could earn a decent living *some* way. And earn some self-respect, as well!"

"I scarcely see the need of these melodramatic statements," said Uncle Percy, with thin acidity. "You were never in any dire want that I know of; I spent my own money on you, and more than I could well afford. Moreover, an honorable man, an esteemed friend of mine, stood ready to gratify your whatever luxurious whim. Why did you flout *him?*"

Mr. Van Antwerp Reeves' countenance, at this point, flushed saffronly thru its emotionless vencer. He shifted his feet uneasily and looked uncomfortable, but could not hold down the eagerness from his voice:

"I still stand ready to do that, Doris. I'll forgive you for your unkind treatment—it is not yet too late. I've assured your uncle of as much. Give up all this nonsense—we'll forget all about it—and I promise you shall live like a princess."

The girl looked at him.

"No," she said, shaking her head. "I'm not as bad as that."

Her answer seemed to startle her hearers. There was a little hush. Then Uncle Percy broke it, violent in his angry disappointment, for he had greatly desired this match.

"Well, anyway," he shouted, "I forbid your going on with this movie business!"

"I'm of age," the girl said calmly.

"I forbid your using your name—my name—for such notoriety!"

The girl, then, got down from the table and moved over beside Sam King and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"I haven't hurt the family dignity, Uncle Percy—not while I've been under the guidance of Mr. King." Sam King reached for her hand, and she went on: "This is as good a time as any to tell you Mr.

When Grandma Was a Girl —and Now!

The Modern Woman Needs More Money —*and Gets It!*

The modern woman needs more money than her grandmother did. The demands of her every-day life are far more complicated, involve expenditures undreamed of "when grandma was a girl." And, unlike the women of past generations, the modern woman can—and does—go after whatever it is that she wants.

Extra Money *for* Extra Things!

How much more interesting and enjoyable life is when we can bring color and variety into its prosaic routine, by indulging an occasional whim.

Yes, of course, whims are apt to cost money. But that need not worry you.

To show you why it need not, we have taken the time and space here to tell you about a little booklet called "The Open Road To An Independent Income," which will tell you how you can easily earn from as little as $5.00 to as much as $100.00 extra each month.

We can use representatives at once to collect renewals and solicit new subscriptions for the **Motion Picture Magazine, Classic** and **Beauty,** and we stand ready to pay you liberally for either spare time or full time work.

Motion Picture Magazine is one of the most firmly established magazines in the country, and now has a serial novel in addition to all its other splendid features. **Classic,** which has been combined with **Shadowland,** offers a more diversified and cosmopolite appeal than ever before. **Beauty** is the only magazine published which caters exclusively to this subject, so all-important to women, and because of its unique appeal, is acclaimed with enthusiasm everywhere.

"The Open Road To An Independent Income" will prove an open sesame to success for you. It will be sent to you absolutely free. Just fill in this coupon and mail it to us, to-day.

— — — — CUT HERE — — — —

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I am interested in having more money and would like you to send me full particulars of your plan.

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King has done me the great honor of asking me to be his wife."

Mr. Reeves gasped, and Mr. Claiborne ejaculated:

"Great Scott! You refused Van because of some tommy-rot about love!—d'you mean to say you're in love with *that* fat old fish?"

He expected his niece to fling back some cutting rejoinder, and her muteness, and the sudden look in her face, was far more startling. Over her face flamed a tide of color so rich and so beautiful that all he could do was stare.

Dolly's hand flew up to her cheek as if she were aware of that hot flaming and sought to arrest it; she looked helplessly down at Sam King, who had turned very sober and who again reached for her hand.

And at this juncture the door burst vehemently open and old Anna Thiebaud entered, pulling old Leon in after her, and hurling backward expletives at an office-urchin who sought to detain her.

"Ah, there you are, Miss Dolly! Once they told me you were here they could not retard me!" she cried victoriously.

(*To be continued next month*)

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page 97*)

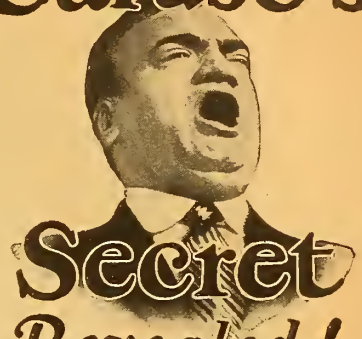
Edward-Small Company, in association with Lewis & Gordon, booking agents, announce that they will produce a series of tabloid dramas and comedies in which motion-picture stars will be featured. The productions will open on the Coast and work their way East. Robert Edeson will stage the plays.

Johnny Fox, Jr., is thinking of having his freckles insured. They are his jewels, and have just won for him a contract to play leading parts in educational juvenile comedies. Johnny needs no make-up; in fact, he cant be made up, as freckles are most difficult to imitate, so, free as a bird without even a smear of grease paint, he sails thru his parts. He's been in pictures three years, and his hobby is dogs—freckles, legs and dogs, that's Johnny Fox, Jr.

A doggone honeymoon — that's what Strongheart thought about his recent stay at the McAlpin Hotel, when he brought Lady Julie on to attend the Dog Show in Madison Square Garden, and incidentally to be present at the première of his play, "The Love Master," just like the other stars. He'd much rather have spent the time on the ranch and he plainly told you so with his thundering bark and those expressive and pleading eyes of his.

William Farnum and Adolphe Menjou have been bagged by Jesse L. Lasky, for long-term contracts. Farnum is considered a sure pull for box office receipts, and Menjou's work in Charlie Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris," and other recent releases, in which he has shown subtle art, pulled the contract for him. Accompanying Mr. Farnum to the Coast is Edward Peple, author of "The Littlest Rebel," one of the actor's most successful stage vehicles, and altho it is not said what will be Mr. Farnum's first picture under the new contract, the type can be guessed. And speaking of the stage, Mr. Farnum's contract allows him to appear part of each year in legitimate productions on Broadway. The comedy-drama, "The King," in which Leo Ditrichstein appeared on Broadway in 1917, will be one of Mr. Menjou's vehicles.

Caruso's



Secret Revealed!

A post-mortem of Caruso's throat showed a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle—the basic reason for his tremendous vocal power.

Strengthen your Hyo-Glossus

-and YOUR Voice will be Powerful, Rich, Compelling

YOU have a Hyo-Glossus muscle in your throat. But you never use it because the nerve center in the brain controlling this muscle is dormant.

This great vocal secret was discovered by Eugene Feuchtinger, A.M., famous European musician-scientist, who has now made his simple scientific method of voice development available to everyone. It is ideally adapted to correspondence instruction. The exercises are silent. You can practice them in the privacy of your own home. The results are sure.

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You will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying this book "Enter Your World." It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay. Mail the coupon today.

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Please send me FREE Professor Feuchtinger's book, "Enter Your World." I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligation whatever.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering ☐ Weak Voice

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Address.....

.....*Age*.....

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7 Out of 10 Women Need This Beauty Treatment

Real beauty is often marred by blackheads, oily skin and enlarged pores.

Helena Rubinstein, acknowledged world authority on beauty, recommends this treatment to clear the skin: Wash the face with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste to penetrate and rid the pores of impurities; follow with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood to stimulate the skin's activity, clear and beautify it. Close the pores with Valaze Liquidine, which removes the "shine," refines the skin texture and forms a base for powder. Order today. Combination Treatment, $4.00. Ask for "Secrets of Beauty" and Beauty Chart.

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Helena Rubinstein

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Fallen Arches, Bunions, Foot Pains are caused by misplaced bones. Artificial supports may, for a time relieve, but cannot correct these ills. You can bring back health to any part of your body only in nature's own way and not by use of mechanical devices. Nature does not required artificial support. Don't use rigid devices that act merely as "crutches." **Help nature and nature will help you.** Discovery of Chinese Scientist, in nature's way, revitalizes muscles, brings bones back into place. Actually making your feet smaller. Send ten cents for illustrated booklet. **Ching Wong Co., Dept. S-5, 151 5th Ave., New York.**

Only $2.00 down and $1.00 per week for this platinum fin., finest hand pierced ARTEX ring with two French cut blue sapphires on sides. Guaranteed full 1 Ct. perfect cut stone of blue white diamond radiance and beauty. For a flawless diamond of this cut and size, you would pay, elsewhere, upwards of $150. Our special price only $12.00—and ten weeks to pay it. Send for yours now. State whether ladies' or gents' desired, giving finger size. Our guarantee protects you.

ARTEX CO., Dept. 89, 1133 B'way., N. Y. City, N.Y.

TO LEATRICE JOY IN JAVA HEAD

By Blaine C. Bigler

Oh, little lotus blossom from the land of
  far Cathay;
  You came to dreaming Salem town all
    on an autumn day;
You brought the gleam of China silk, the
  lure of China gold;
  You brought the spell of Chinese life—
    of customs ages old.
You came to dreaming Salem town all on
  an autumn day;
  You felt the lure of shaded streets where
    flitting shadows play;
But not for you the harbor nor the wharves
  so bare and brown;
  You've gone unto a fairer place than
    even Salem town.

TO DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN ROBIN HOOD

By George F. Dell

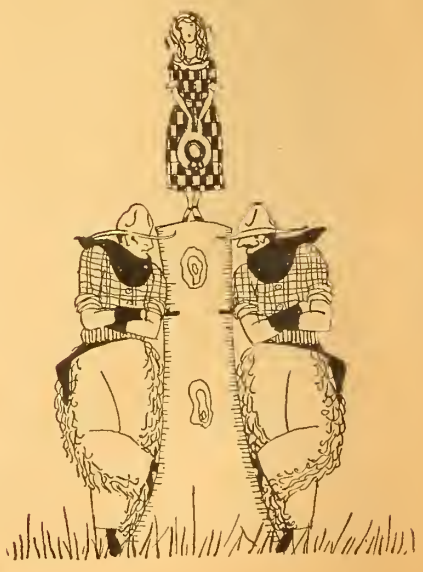
Of old we found this treasured heritage
Inscribed alone upon the printed page;
But now, O Robin, you have brought your
  men
To swarm the glades of Sherwood once
  again.
Thru all the quilted countryside they
  throng
Avenging innocence, and righting wrong;
Would you much mind it, Robin, if you
  knew
That with your motley band we journey
  too?

For we, decreed by drabest destiny
To know the tedium of toil alone,
Envision in your matchless pageantry
A lovely beauty we have never known.
Life's truth for beauty we would gladly
  trade
If beauty could fulfil this promise made.

RIGHT THIS TIME

The girl stood in the babbling brook
  Clad only in her nightie,
The moon shown down on her bosom
  bright

—CENSORED.



COUNTRY MAIDENS

By Diane Green

Either

A slender witch with bare, pink toes,
Sunbonnets, ginghams, and a rose
Tucked deftly in one golden curl,
An innocent, enchanting girl,
Who flies the City-Rake's bold charms
And seeks the Sturdy Farmer's arms
Tho tossed and tempted, simon-pure,
(Close-up of haystacks; Girl, demure.)

Or

A lanky maiden, splay of feet
Who gapes upon some city street,
Who leads a tame duck on a string.
Perhaps a pig—or anything,
Who visits in the Gilded Town
And wears a high-necked nightie gown,
Whose hair is tortured off her brow,
(Close-up of Fords, bewildered cow . . .)

SCREEN ANIMALS

By Faith Baldwin

I wonder what they think, the clever dogs
And silken cats that move across the screen,
Part of the plot or setting; dogs have such
Play-sense, stage-presence always; they have been
Versed in the make-believe of childhood, but a cat
Is such a scornful creature, is so wise
In ancient guile and reticence, one reads
A green contempt beneath flat lidded eyes. . . .

I wonder what they think, wild creatures, that
Are prodded to their parts, the jungle crew,
Lions, with padded paws, that stalk and slink
Theatrically, to thrill the crowd anew.
How strange it seems, with safety bars and whips
To make an actor of a tawny king,
To give him grease paint scent instead of blood,
And tame his threats to stagy simpering!

Barbara La Marr now starring in the new Metro production "Thy Name is Woman."

"Keep your secret treasured behind your mysterious door, if you must"—

Beautiful Barbara La Marr found that this fragrance added a new note to even her exquisite personality

"My dear Mons. Vivaudou:
"I have tried so long to find what you have discovered! Mai d'Or—definitely possesses the power to attract others!
"Here at last is a perfume exquisitely suggesting a loveliness and endearing appeal that creates an unforgettable memory. It is as you yourself have said, so much 'more than merely a fragrance.'
"Keep your secret treasured behind your mysterious door if you must—but never let me be without the compelling charm of Mai d'Or.
Sincerely,"
Barbara La Marr

The Mysterious Door
—it guards the most fascinating secret in the world

Perfumers have spent their lives seeking in vain the secret which Vivaudou has at last found and keeps beyond the famous door of mystery. You can never know what marvelous secret it jealously guards, but you can have the bewildering appeal of this new perfume quality in the Mai d'Or products.

PARFUM $1.00, $2.00, $4.00 — POUDRE 75c — SAVON 25c
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CREME $1.00 — ROUGES 50c and $1.00 — EAU DE TOILETTE $1.50, $2.50

At the better shops

Send only 20c to Vivaudou (Dept. 7-D-5), 469 Fifth Ave., New York, for a tiny bottle of Mai d'Or, a bit of powder in a new pat-a-cake-puff and booklet "The Story of the Secret Door."

Creator of exclusive toiletries—Mavis—La Boheme and the famous Ego Beauty Treatments

They Said It Couldn't Be Done!

—BUT THESE SCREEN AUTHORS DID IT!

ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON
Author

"JUDGMENT *of the* STORM"

HAROLD M. SHUMATE
Author

"THE WHITE SIN"

(formerly announced as "Unguarded Gates.")

WILL LAMBERT
Author

"LOST"

(Working Title—Release title to be announced later.)

THE three authors whose photographs appear in this announcement have demonstrated that "It Can Be Done."

Friends and relatives said, "You are foolish to dream of writing for the movies. Only professional writers with a pull can succeed. You aren't a professional writer, and you have no pull. You will just be wasting your time."

But creative imagination, not mere writing ability, produces photodramas. These authors had creative imagination. What they needed was knowledge of photoplay construction.

Through the co-operation of Palmer Institute of Authorship, that knowledge was obtained.

The result was another defeat for the sceptics who say "It can't be done." Today the authors pictured above are accepted photodramatists. Their plays produced by Palmer Photoplay Corporation and distributed by Film Booking Offices of America, are being shown in thousands of theatres throughout the United States and Canada. They accomplished what sceptics said could not be done.

Many other men and women are today similarly successful because of Palmer training. Through Palmer co-operation they have learned how to harness imagination and to teach it to express itself in dramatic terms. And they have learned in spare time study in their own homes. Their work is in demand. They form a trained body upon which the motion picture industry, as a whole, is leaning more and more.

Screen Plays by Palmer Authors

Photoplays now on the screen, in preparation or purchased for production, written by authors succeeding through Palmer co-operation include, besides those listed above, "Trusie Stoops to Conquer," "Love's Whirlpool," "Hollywood 1900," "Robes of Redemption," "Next, Please," "Crepe de Chine Gordon," "Light Fingers and Toes," "Tangled Lives," and "The Night Hawk."

Announcing The Palmer Scholarship Foundation

Palmer Scholarship Foundation has been established by Palmer Institute of Authorship for the purpose of bringing recognition to men and women whose fresh and virile stories might otherwise be lost to the screen and general publication field, but who need only training in the new technique of authorship in order to succeed.

Two Major Awards, each carrying a prize of $500 cash and the Palmer Medal of Merit, will be made by the terms of the Foundation to the authors of the best short story and the best screen play, respectively, submitted each year.

Forty-eight Free Scholarships will be awarded annually upon a basis of earnest effort rather than originality or brilliance.

Thus both Genius and Industry receive equal opportunity to share in these awards.

RUSSELL DOUBLEDAY
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)
Chairman, Committee Short Story Awards

FREDERICK PALMER
(Palmer Photoplay Corporation)
Chairman, Committee Screen Play Awards

Almost without exception every person ambitious to write is faced at the beginning with ridicule and discouragement. Many struggle long years unguided before eventually gaining the heights. But how much smoother the path would have been, how much more quickly the heights would have been scaled, if the writer could have had, at the beginning, the guidance and encouragement of *someone who knew.*

Such guidance and encouragement Palmer Institute of Authorship proffers. Palmer Course and Service teaches photoplay writing, short story writing, and dramatic criticism. Instruction is individual, confidential. The student studies at home. Each receives the personal guidance and supervision of a member of the Advisory Bureau, a brilliant staff selected for studio and magazine experience and teaching ability. When the student's creations become good enough for sale the services of the Sales Department are placed at his command for marketing both screen plays and short stories.

New Literature, New Methods

Palmer Institute of Authorship recognizes the arrival of a new day in American letters. The screen has created a public taste for dramatic action and strength of plot. This has reacted upon the magazines. There has come into being a new technique of writing. New times demand new methods and Palmer training is worlds away from out-worn methods of instruction. It is abreast of the current and growing demands of the screen and magazines for stories written in the modern dramatic technique.

Just as photodramatists find that Palmer co-operation helps them to recognition and success on the screen, so do fiction writers find that Palmer training aids them to success in the magazines. More than three hundred authors of recognized standing have been or now are enrolled. Letters from many attribute their first success in the magazine field to Palmer training. Their success carries conviction.

Imagination is king. World thinkers like Wells voice the growing realization that imagination and not will-power is the basic moving force of life. Palmer Institute of Authorship bases its training on that fact. It develops imagination just as certain forms of training develop the muscles of the athlete. It teaches the imaginative how to harness their imagination and put it to work—profitably.

It inculcates that facility of expression which one must possess before he may hope to play an important part in social or business life. It inspires the habit of thinking *creatively*—an ability that carries men and women to the most envied positions in the world's affairs. It energizes and revitalizes the mind and generates the power that leads to greater success in all lines of human activity.

For those who lack confidence in their own abilities and wish to ascertain whether they possess natural talent for writing, Palmer Institute offers the Palmer questionnaire, a test for determining the presence or absence of creative imagination. It will be sent free on request.

Free—"The New Road to Authorship"

But for those who believe in themselves and who want to know more of the revolutionary Palmer methods, a fascinating book has been prepared entitled "The New Road to Authorship." Success stories of many men and women who have won recognition on the screen and in the magazines through Palmer co-operation are contained in it. A bulletin, likewise, has been prepared containing full details of Palmer Scholarship Foundation and its broad and unique service to writers. Mailing of the coupon below will bring "The New Road to Authorship" and the Scholarship bulletin free.

Palmer Institute of Authorship, (905)
Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me without cost your book "The New Road to Authorship" and your Bulletin containing details of Palmer Scholarship Foundation.

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All correspondence strictly confidential

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EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

But underneath everything that was said, or wasn't said, seemed a thrumming of wings. The air was so thick and a-flutter it seemed hard to breathe. "Am I falling in love?" she wondered, and was terrified

Are You Fooling Yourself?

ARE YOU ONE OF THOSE THOUSANDS of girls who run away from home each year—or who want to run?

DOLLY CLAIBORNE WAS A REBEL, TOO—she thought she showed character by running away to the movies.

WHAT DOLLY REALLY WANTED WAS THE SAME thing you want—adventure—excitement—young love.

DOLLY GOT ALL SHE WAS ANGLING FOR, and more—then she found out—she was soft and weak inside.

SHE HAD MISSED THE GREATEST THING in life—she tried to turn back. But wasn't it too late?

Read the Story for Yourself—You Cannot Afford to Miss it

"Thistledown"

DANA GATLIN'S SERIAL STORY

In the

June Motion Picture Magazine

On the News-stands May First

Palm and olive oils —nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

"Let's Both Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion"

The lovelier the mother, the more she rejoices in the beauty of her baby girl. How anxiously she guards this budding beauty, fostering it, protecting it with tender care.

Her first concern, of course, is the little one's skin, that the exquisite texture of infancy may be retained through girlhood days.

That this proper care is based on mildest, gentlest cleansing she has learned from her own experience. For most young mothers of today were brought up on Palmolive.

Protects natural beauty

Palmolive plays the part of protector when used as baby's soap. It soothes while it cleanses, through the gentle action of its mild, lotion-like ingredients.

Baby's delicate, roseleaf skin is kept smooth and perfect, protected from all injurious irritation.

The smooth, creamy Palmolive lather develops this beauty year by year, until it bursts into the bloom of a radiant schoolgirl complexion.

Rare oils the secret

The emollient qualities of the Palmolive lather is the secret of its beautifying action.

It is the scientific blend of palm and olive oils—the same rare oils that Cleopatra used in the days of ancient Egypt.

These cosmetic oils, so lotion-like in their action, make Palmolive the mildest of all toilet soaps.

Thus, while it is a favorite "beauty" soap, it's the best of all baby soaps, too. For certainly your own finest, mildest complexion soap is most suitable for baby, for the same reasons.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c

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A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

MOTION PICTURE

THE QUALITY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

JUNE

MAGAZINE
25 CTS

Mary Pickford

ALBERT VARGAS

Hollywood Has Married and Settled Down

The Business *of* Fan Mail

Missing! — the "middle aged woman"

Now, women grow young—not old

Certainly, the middle aged woman is disappearing, in this golden age of youth.

To be fading at 30, middle aged at 35, old at 40—no longer does this dreary prospect confront womankind.

The reason?—simply that women have learned that age is judged by appearance, not by years. If you want to be at your best in maturity, just keep that schoolgirl complexion!

How this is done

Most surely by protecting the beauty nature gave you.

Girlhood's skin is fresh and smooth. Learn how to keep this smooth freshness.

Simple cleansing is the secret—cleansing which is thorough without harshness. The problem is—which cleanser? Solve this by using Palmolive.

The emollient soap

Palmolive is blended from palm and olive oils, the lotion-like, cosmetic oils discovered in ancient Egypt.

They impart their soothing, healing qualities to the mild, creamy Palmolive lather. Its action is as gentle, and as mild, as the royal oils themselves.

Use Palmolive freely, and with confidence. It makes washing your face a real beauty treatment. It penetrates the minute skin pores, removing all accumulations of dirt, excess oil and perspiration. But never does it irritate or dry the skin.

If your skin is very dry, apply cold cream after washing. This supplies the lack of natural oil.

Then—your favorite powder, and perhaps a touch of rouge. Modern cosmetics are perfectly harmless when applied to a clean skin.

Cleopatra washed her face this way

Cleansing with palm and olive oils in crude combination was the great queen's beauty secret. Certainly she kept her youth for a lifetime. She was at the height of her fame and power when other women were considered old.

But—palm and olive oils kept her skin fresh and smooth throughout maturity. And so will they keep yours. To attain the beauty, the radiance of girlhood days, through the years of womanhood, you need the help of Palmolive.

Since Palmolive is only 10c a cake, you can afford to use it for every toilet purpose. Remember that complexion beauty extends to arms and shoulders, and increase yours by bathing with Palmolive.

Palm and olive oils —nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

10c

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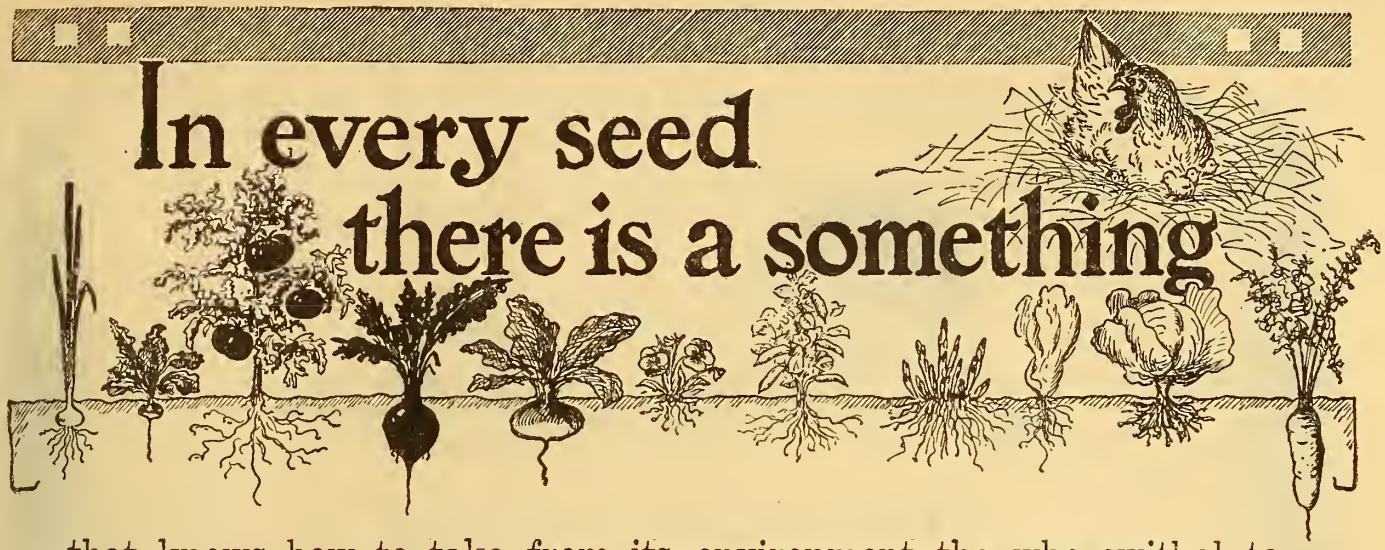
In every seed there is a something



that knows how to take from its environment the wherewithal to build the body of the organism it animates. From the little seed you place in the ground this **something** sends roots into the earth, blades or branches into the air, and takes **from** the earth and the air that with which it builds.

Within the egg this **something** is wooed to life by the warmth of the brooding mother's breast.

CHIROPRACTIC

teaches that this **something** knows the secret of converting food into flesh and blood, and carries on all the processes of life, in the human body, by means of impulses sent over the nerves. It teaches that when a nerve is impaired by a vertebra becoming misaligned, these impulses do not flow over the nerves normally, and the result is what we call dis-ease. To get the dis-eased member to function again it is necessary to adjust the vertebra that is pressing on the nerve, to normal alignment, thereby permitting the normal flow of impulses over the nerve.

To adjust the vertebra to normal alignment is the work of a competent chiropractor.

A trial will convince the most skeptical of the correctness of these principles.

DEFINITION

The practice of Chiropractic consists of the palpation and adjustment, with the hands, of the movable segments of the spinal column to normal position for the purpose of releasing the prisoned impulse.

Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the

Universal Chiropractors' Association
Davenport, Iowa, U. S. A.

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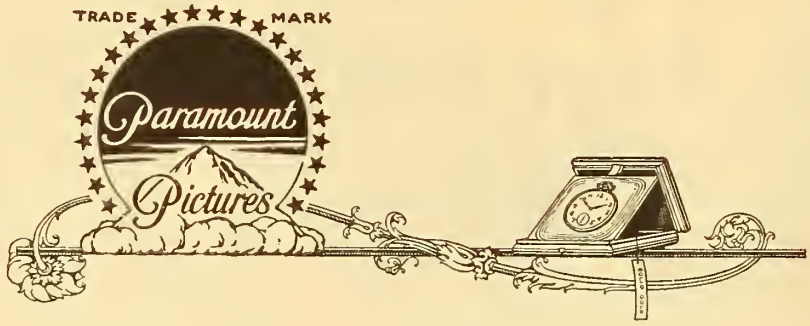

THE label or price tag on a watch may claim that the watch is gold, but the shrewd buyer looks for the carat mark.

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MAY -6 1924

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Motion Picture Magazine

The Quality Magazine of the Screen

JUNE

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Mrs. Carpenter states that she made this wonderful reduction solely through Wallace reducing records; that she got thin to music and did nothing else—no Turkish baths, no patent foods or drugs, no punishing diet.

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61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	135
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	145	153	159
70	145	147	155	163

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Motion Picture Magazine
(Trade-mark Registered)
Founded by J. Stuart Blackton
JUNE, 1924
Vol. XXVII No. 5

Rubber Stamp Pictures

THERE is such a thing as motion picture lore. The directors who depart from it are the exceptions rather than the rule. And this, in spite of the fact that its traditional premises are foreign to life.

For example: Heroines must be as pure as the new-fallen snow, molded in a pleasing form and compounded of sterling qualities. Villains? They are mustached foreigners, minus one human instinct. And mothers are never-failing in their sacrifice and nobility. They are as tho poured from an angel mold.

So it goes. . . .

But life is not so. It is varied. Contradictory. Paradoxical. These are the only inevitable things about it. If people were cataloged by types and circumstances, labeled by unmistakable signs, then living would be simplified indeed. But, alas! Heroines are sometimes not the perfect golden creatures. Villains have been known to be direct antecedents of our presidents with grandsires who signed the Declaration of Independence . . . one hundred per cent. Americans, clean-shaven. Mothers are sometimes unworthy of the high estate they enjoy. And social outcasts have been known to possess hearts of the purest gold. You never can tell about life.

Surely it is more interesting and infinitely more dramatic this way. Yet in their zeal to agree with motion picture traditions, directors are wont to let life pass them by without stopping to heed the lesson it has to teach them. The lesson of the good in the worst and the bad in the best. The lesson of the law of average. The lesson of the eternal paradox.

Charlie Chaplin was a crusader after Truth with his "A Woman of Paris." & The Marriage Circle.
He loosed some of the binding shackles when he threw all preconceived notions into the discard and dared to portray human human beings . . . a hero who was fifty per cent. a villain, and a villain who was seventy per cent. a hero. There are other directors, too, with vision . . . if that name is applicable to common sense and an observation of life. But the additional names we might enumerate are all too few.

Let the voice of the multitude be raised against rubber stamp pictures. Let the cry of the people be for the Truth. Then, and only then, will the truth be given to us.

"WITH a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion"—The rest of this treatment is given in the second column below.

Blackheads *can be overcome by the right cleansing method*

TWO BOYS, just out of college, were riding down Fifth Avenue on a bus top. They were watching the stream of women—women of every age, every type of costume and appearance, who fill that brilliant thoroughfare at four o'clock in the afternoon—the fashionable hour.

"They look all right from up here," remarked one of the boys, "but get down on the sidewalk, and just about one woman in ten really has a good complexion. With the rest it's a matter of make-up."

These were real boys—and a real conversation.

THERE is no way of successfully disguising a poor complexion.

But by using the right hygienic methods, you can overcome its faults!

Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. If you give this new skin the right treatment, you can gain a complexion so fresh, clear, radiant, that there will be nothing you *need* to conceal.

To free your skin from blackheads

Blackheads are a confession that you are not using the right cleansing method for your skin. Use this treatment, and see how quickly blackheads will disappear—

EVERY night before retiring apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

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OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY

Photograph by W. F. Seely

LENORE ULRIC

. . . heretofore an infrequent guest in the studios, may come to the camera more often in the future. This is because of two things. First, her "Tiger Rose" has been universally popular . . . and, secondly, David Belasco, whose professional protégée she is and to whose stage productions she has given most of her effort, threatens to abandon production entirely with the Equity holding sway in the world of the theater

Photograph by Freulich

PRISCILLA DEAN

. . . another star who now combines her business acumen with her acting. Miss Dean has formed her own company and, by the time this appears in print, she will be at work on her first picture under her own hanner and supervision. Just what this will be has not yet heen announced

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

MAE MARSH

. . . who isn't doing anything just now . . . anything, that is, comparatively speaking. Her days are spent mothering her adored little Mary, paying social obligations as Mrs. Louis Arms, and searching for another screen story. Everyone rejoiced when Mae came back to the screen in "The White Rose," and just recently in "Daddies." There never was another Mae, or anyone else quite so sensitively sympathetic and so wistful

Photograph by John Ellis

MYRTLE STEDMAN

. . . who is charmingly frank about her years, which are fulling into maturity. She has the good taste and intelligence to play matrons, thus finding herself in demand and her name invested with praise . . . while other actresses of her years, in a frantic endeavor to remain young heroines, have gone down into obscurity. Bravo, Myrtle Stedman!

Photograph by Mandeville

MAE BUSCH

. . .stepping from one characterization to another with little or no time in between to readjust herself—and with a far hail between the portrayals to which she gives shadow life. "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and "Broken Barriers" are the next vehicles which bring her to the screen

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

AGNES AYRES

. . . whose beauty acquires a new note—cameo-clear—framed by the high Elizabethan ruff. At present Miss Ayres is busy in a screen version of the Pauline Frederick stage play, "The Guilty One," having recently completed her work with Antonio Moreno in "Bluff"

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

BLANCHE SWEET

. . . a name of which the screen will boast perhaps in dim, future days to come. Her Anna Christie is one of the finest portrayals given the drama of the shadows in a long, long time . . . Now she is creating the name part in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which her directorial husband, Marshall Neilan, is producing

Photograph by G. Maillard Kesslere

VIRGINIA VALLI

. . . who returned to California to begin work on "K," the Mary Roberts Rinehart story of hospital life. Miss Valli came to New York recently, ostensibly for a holiday. But when the cinema lords knew she was here they besieged her with offers to make pictures . . . until she succumbed to one of them and played opposite Thomas Meighan in "The Confidence Man"

Photograph by Bird

MILTON SILLS

. . . a name which has survived all manner of cataclysmic things, cinematically speaking—shut-downs, readjustments, Latin vogues and all the other upheavals and exaggerations to which the celluloid drama is prey. That is praise which needs no emphasis. Now he is playing in the Sabatini story of "The Sea Hawk," for which great laurels are prophesied

"Monsieur Beaucaire" Presented By Pencil and Lens

Photograph by Russell Ball

Drawings Exclusive to Motion Picture Magazine By J. W. Golinkin

The Prodigal Returns

It is a fetching picture of Bebe Daniels at the top of the page . . . Bebe in her rôle of the Princess de Bourbon-Conti. And the little, informal group sketched between the two pencil studies of Valentino, show Bebe accompanying a studio musician while Lois Wilson, cast as the Queen of Louis XV in the story, sings an old French ballad to their soft music. Below is one of the early scenes in the story . . .

Rodolph Valentino, for over a year the prodigal son of the cinema, has come back. The months of legal warfare have been forgiven and forgotten. And the fatted calf, figuratively speaking, has been killed in his honor. For all the extravagances of production which movie potentates ever dreamed of are being employed to make "Monsieur Beaucaire" a screen classic . . .

Photograph by Russell Ball

Sometimes in a white wig—and sometimes in a black wig—but always in gorgeous silks, laces, velvets and jewels, and always gay and romantic and debonair, Valentino is playing Beaucaire. He reaches the studios at something like seven o'clock mornings so that he may have his fencing instruction before getting into his make-up and costumes

On the left is a kingly head of Lowell Sherman as Louis XV . . . the Louis of whose beautiful ladies, Du Barry and Pompadour, the latter of which is also in this story. And on the right is Bebe or the Princess de Bourbon-Conti, whichever you will, for it would be difficult to disassociate them these days

"As you will," grants Rodolph with a grandiloquent gesture, when Director Sidney Olcott and Natacha Rambova Valentino make a decision regarding a bit of subtle byplay

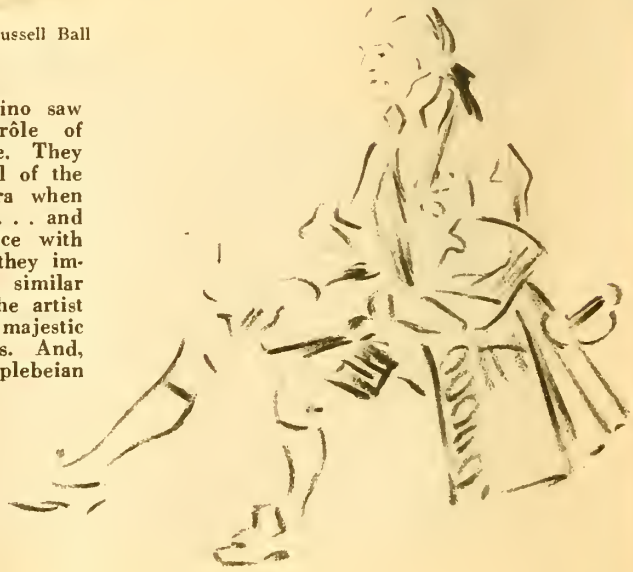
Mrs. Valentino, by the way, is constantly beside the cameras. During their holiday in Europe this winter, she did much research work for "Beaucaire" and her chair is always beside the director's. Incidentally, see the clever way in which our artist has caught her beautifully individual features in the simple line by which he suggests her nose . . .

Above is one of the scenes in the French court sequence showing Valentino, Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson and Lowell Sherman in a highly dramatic moment . . .

Photograph by Russell Ball

If you read the Booth Tarkington novel or saw the stage play of this story, you'll remember that the Monsieur was once a barber. And here, to the left, is Valentino in the costume he wears as the person of that humble station

Last season, Mr. and Mrs. Valentino saw Lowell Sherman in the title-rôle of "Casanova," on the New York stage. They were so impressed by his portrayal of the philandering gentleman of that era when men affected frills and furbelows . . . and so impressed by the natural grace with which he wore the costumes that they immediately thought of him for the similar rôle of Louis XV. On the left the artist has caught him as he stood in majestic dignity before the grinding cameras. And, on the right, as he enjoyed a plebeian Camel between scenes . . .



Miss Taylor Believes the Trouble With Our Young People Today Is That They Have No Vision. They Have Ceased to Worship and Revere. Today is Enough for Them . . . Tomorrow Doesn't Matter

Laurette Taylor As Seen

By

GLADYS HALL

THERE are so many people who are *nearly* great. Gods with the well-known feet of clay.

The little-big.

There are a great many people who have not even the vision of being great. They go along, these unenlightened ones, amœba-like, dividing and sub-dividing among themselves, unaware, never reaching out. . . .

Nietzsche once said that "beyond pain there is pleasure," and also, beyond fame there is greatness.

Laurette Taylor is reaching out beyond Fame. She may be said to have that. But, for her, it is not enough. She has the vision. . . .

I talked with her while I was in Hollywood. Before I talked with her I saw her a couple of times; once at the première of De Mille's "Ten Commandments" in a party inclusive of her husband, J. Hartley Manners, and Charlie Chaplin; another time at the Montmartre dancing. And looking, as young, if not younger, than she looked ten years ago.

I thought: She must *have* something. A secret. She has that look in the eyes, that calm covering passion that one sees in the face of a very few.

Well, she has. Her secret is that of a vision. Of groping. Of striving to attain what the merely mediocre would be content without, or would call the unattainable.

I saw her in her dressing-room at the Metro Studio where she is making the picturization of "Happiness." She makes pictures, she told me, more for the sake of having a perpetual record of her plays than for any other purpose. The fact that she gets treble the money she does on the stage is rather an irritation to her than otherwise. It isn't fair, she thinks. . . .

I found her changed. That is, I found her changed from what she had been when last I talked with her some three or four years ago. That time, four years ago, I had a sense of constraint with her. She bordered perilously on the verge of being what is commonly referred to as "up-stage." At that time, while admitting her indubitable charm, I thought: She knows that she is great and is proud of it. She has a superiority complex and hasn't learned to hide it.

But now, her horizon has widened and stretched away. Limitless. And one is lonely when one stands on the edge of a far horizon. Lonely. Humble. And a little bit afraid.

"It seems to me," she said, in her dressing-room at the studio, "that the trouble with our stage and screen today, our young stage and screen, and with our people, our young people, is that they have no vision. They have ceased to worship and revere. Today is enough for them and tomorrow they are content to let it be problematical, if that. . . .

"I must have a symbol to illustrate what I mean. Greatness . . . well, Bernhardt was great. I may never be a Bernhardt, but I should like to be. When I die, if I should die tomorrow, I should be only one of many fairly competent actresses who have come and gone. Merely that. But at least, now, now that I have begun to revalue myself, at least I have a goal in view. What matter, really, if I never attain it, so that I have glimpsed it? It is what we know in our hearts that matters, really. Isn't it?

"You see, Bernhardt was not merely an actress, an artiste. She was world wide. She was identified with a city. She was Paris. She is become a legend, a tradition, an artistic and tremendous religion. She was a gigantic personality. A great human being. All that is so much more than being merely an actress, identified only with the stage.

"In the case of Duse, when Duse came back, out of her seclusion, she came on to the stage, there in New York, little, pitiful, mutely asking for pity. Bernhardt defied pity. She flung scorn into the teeth of possible defeat.

"Perhaps it is largely a matter of vitality. Or will-power. But to be so very great one has to give so much of one's self. That is what Bernhardt did. Not only in her work. She had wide and catholic interests. She not only *met* things, but she invited them. She was dauntless. In her last years, with her poor, maimed, still splendidly untired body she gave more of an illusion, more of a sense of great adventure than any other actress half her age can give today."

"Do you mean," I said, "that you have to live all things in order to portray them?"

Laurette Taylor makes motion pictures for the sake of having a perpetual record of her plays. Her appealing heroine of "Happiness" is depicted to the left, and on the right is a new portrait

"Perhaps not. Not necessarily. But you have to be open to all things. You have not to be afraid. *Of anything.*"

"Do you think that an actress is born, not made, as the saying goes?"

"I think that the germs of greatness are born in one, but that *the courage of cultivation* is a matter of conscious effort. The instinct of self-preservation must be, in a measure, killed, and the sense of giving substituted for it."

"Have you any specific ambition?"

"I believe that I should like to have a repertoire theater in New York, comprised of some six of the best actors and actresses of today! I should like to do the thing on a fine and worthwhile scale, or not at all. It would be a means toward the end of reviving the fine old traditions of the theater, of doing something that would survive, that would rebuild dramatic tradition. Each artist would do the thing that would make the production on hand the most worth while. Of these several elements a great whole might result. But this is merely projectural and in my mind."

"And the screen," I said, "has that nothing to do with your ambition?"

"Ah, yes . . . yes . . . if I wished to look at it from the mercenary aspect, which, after all, cannot be denied in the world we live in, I might say that I have ambitions of wealth in connection with the screen. But to do myself the justice I am so fond of, that is not it. I said when you first came in that I am interested in making pictures because they give me a perpetual record of my plays. 'Peg O' My Heart,' 'Happiness' . . . they will not fade away in the *potpourri* of the memoried mind . . . not now. They will live on. They have the splendid chance of immortality. *And so have I.*

"It is one thing, and a great thing, to have one's name immortalized. But it is even greater, is it not, to have one's visual self, all one's gestures, all of one's actual dramatic achievements there before one's eyes when one grows very

(*Continued on page* 93)

Earnestness. Vision. Fearlessness. These are some of the compounds of Laurette Taylor. In the oval above she was snapped with Pat O'Malley, her leading-man in "Happiness" and his daughter Eilien . . . three Children of Erin. At the left is another portrait of the Laurette Taylor of "Happiness" and, on the right, an interesting camera-study

Photograph (right) by Abbe

The Two Generations

A rarely lovely camera painting of Louise Fazenda and her mother

Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

I remember that Mammy and I were bathing Baby when the 'phone rang. I had been feeling so happy as I watched her kick and laugh in her tub. She was so perfect and so . . . baby-pink, you know. Her bath was always one of the high lights of my days

and Settled Down

and Daughters Are Responsible Citizens

CARLISLE

Now the stars have entered into the community life of the neighborhoods in which they built their homes. In almost any real-estate office you'll find them discussing their sub-divisions and their apartment buildings

Ah, those were landmarks of filmdom's earlier days!

One night a week, at practically every one of these places, some motion-picture celebrity presided as "host." A silver loving-cup was presented to the couple winning the dancing contest, the feature of the evening's entertainment, and usually the star felt called upon to give a presentation speech which was applauded in lively manner.

At The Ship was a table known as "the Captain's table." It stood alone, the most conspicuous spot in the room, and the film stars of those earlier days fought to reserve it. Fame was something rather new and wonderful. One quite enjoyed being stared at and pointed out, and one's frock and jewels showed to such advantage there.

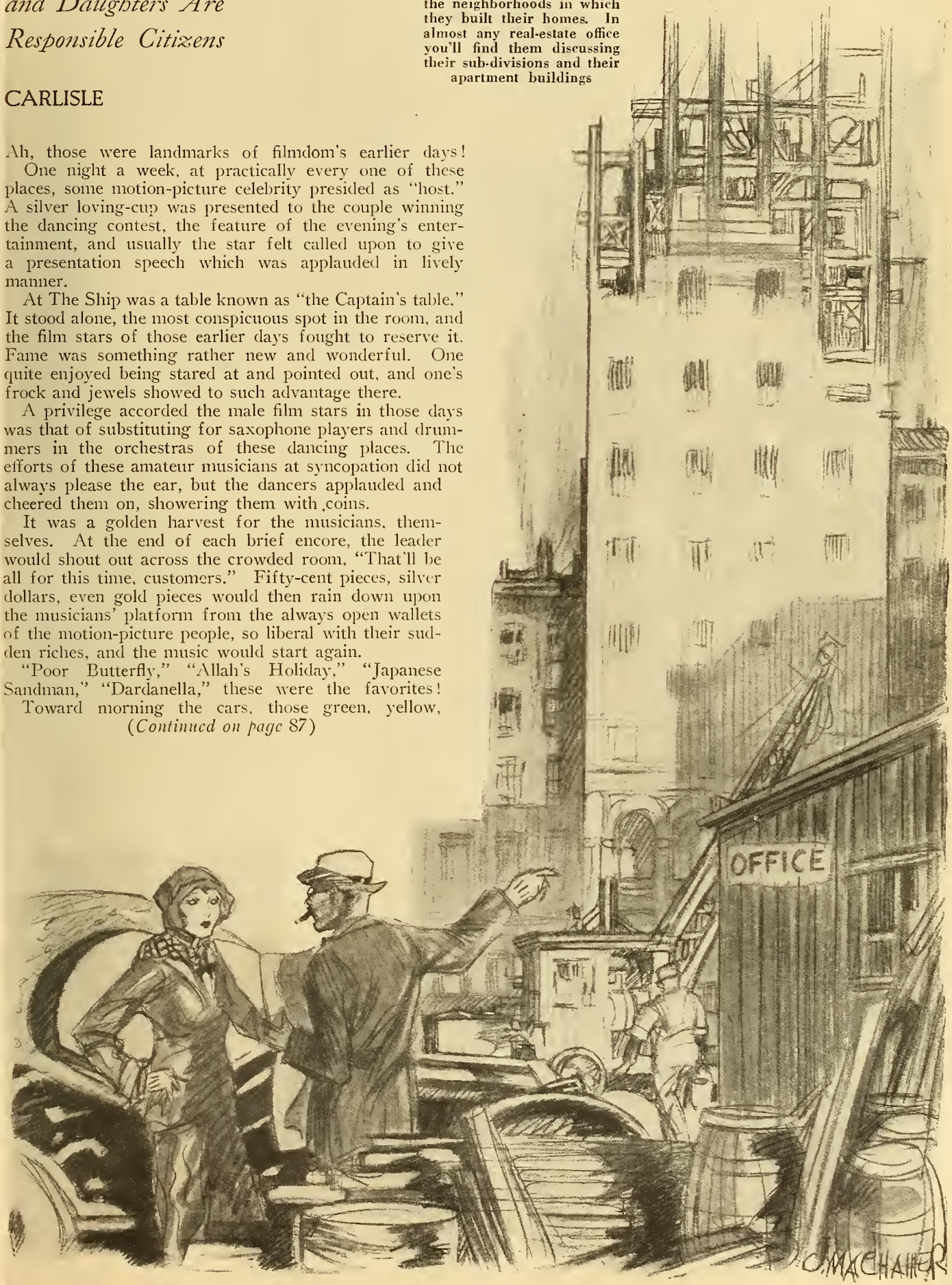
A privilege accorded the male film stars in those days was that of substituting for saxophone players and drummers in the orchestras of these dancing places. The efforts of these amateur musicians at syncopation did not always please the ear, but the dancers applauded and cheered them on, showering them with coins.

It was a golden harvest for the musicians, themselves. At the end of each brief encore, the leader would shout out across the crowded room, "That'll be all for this time, customers." Fifty-cent pieces, silver dollars, even gold pieces would then rain down upon the musicians' platform from the always open wallets of the motion-picture people, so liberal with their sudden riches, and the music would start again.

"Poor Butterfly," "Allah's Holiday," "Japanese Sandman," "Dardanella," these were the favorites!

Toward morning the cars, those green, yellow,

(*Continued on page 87*)



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

May McAvoy: the Starry-Eyed

A Dour-Looking Baby

Is How His Wife Described Ernest Torrence to Grace Halton

It goes without saying that when Ernest Torrence built a bome, after twenty years of wandering around tbe globe, be built a beautiful one. It is of English architecture with a walled-in garden. Mrs. Torrence is seen with him below in tbe arched doorway

Photograph by Richee

OBSERVE the excellent Mr. Ernest Torrence, sitting upon a creaky camp-stool that seemed far too frail to support his mighty frame, and following the progress of a scene in which, for the moment, he had no part.

I lounged stylishly beside him in a very good chair. It had arms, this chair, and no creaks. Painted across its canvas back was the name, Mr. Ernest Torrence. It was his chair. But gentleman that he is, he insisted upon my occupying it while he sat upon the camp-stool.

The scene under way was for "Magnolia," a Booth Tarkington story, released under the title of "The Fighting Coward," and James Cruze in a handsome golf outfit was directing it.

Mr. Torrence was all dressed up, too. He wore a ruffled white shirt, a blue vest and striped trousers. (The period of the story is about 1840.) As a final delicate touch, he adjusted a black patch over one eye.

"You'll kindly notice that my hands are whitened," he remarked, exhibiting them. "I play a killer in this picture—but a refined kind of killer," he added pleasantly.

"When I signed my recent contract with Lasky, it was with the understanding that I'm not to be confined to one type of thing. I want to do some comedy, and some heavy rôles. And I told Jimmy Cruze the other day," but it is possible that Mr. Torrence said this tongue-in-cheek, "that sometime I was going to walk out in front of the camera in a dress suit."

We are due to see the screen's super-villain in a variety of rôles, it would seem, and if he adds a dress suit to his wardrobe the flappers will all desert Valentino, probably, to rally 'round the new sheik. Well, girls, I'll lead the way.

Mr. Torrence enjoys doing comedy very much indeed. How well he is suited to it he revealed in "Ruggles of Red Gap." For many years on the musical comedy stage he played comedy only, as you probably know.

"When my friends first saw me on the screen, as a villain, they refused to take the picture seriously," he said, referring to his initial screen appearance in "Tol'able David," in which he was a wicked lad indeed.

"My wife went home and cried. She said everyone would hate me and she couldn't bear it."

Now Mrs. Torrence is a charming lady,

years, in this country and in England. Possibly some time I may wish to return to it, but not now.

"I was stranded once, right in Los Angeles, too," he added. "My wife and I came out here with a musical comedy company and one night, in the middle of the performance, the star was taken ill and the show closed. A fine place to be stranded it was, three thousand miles from New York. No, I cant say that I long to return to the stage.

"It's possible for me now to have a home. I love Hollywood."

He was called for a scene, and when he returned his thoughts were on that new home which was recently completed.

It goes without saying that when Ernest Torrence built a home, after twenty years of wandering around the globe, he built a beautiful one. No pink stucco Spanish-Egyptian residence for him, such as dot the Hollywood hillsides. His new home is of English architecture, dull red brick and cream-colored cement, many windowed and sunny.

There is a garden, walled in, in the English manner, tall eucalyptus trees that have stood for many years in this part of

(*Continued on page* 89)

The dour-looking baby with a hymn-book in the picture above is Ernest Torrence at the tender age of one year. To the left, as he looked eleven years later when he wore the plaid of his family's clan. Witzel made these photographs for our exclusive use from the two prized and treasured portraits which belong to Mrs. Torrence

but a poor prophet. Instead of hating her husband, critics and movie fans alike fell for him with one resounding bang, and last year he startled and amazed them again with his performance in "The Covered Wagon," scoring the greatest personal hit of the screen year.

"The only sort of rôle I dont like to play is that of a mean man," he says. "For a bad man there is hope, but for a man who is petty and mean——" he shook his head.

One paints him with sweeping strokes, this Ernest Torrence. A giant of a man, with a great amount of magnetism. Someone has aptly said that "where Ernest Torrence stands is the center of the screen," and off screen he loses none of his individuality. Rugged of features, he is, with fierce black eyebrows and intent, compelling brown eyes.

But a man of remarkable personal charm. Sincere. Kindly.

I asked him if he ever felt that he'd like to return to the stage.

"No," he said, "I was on the stage, in comic opera and musical comedy for twenty

On the left Mr. Torrence is seen as General Orlando Jackson "a killer—but a refined kind of a killer"—his rôle in "The Fighting Coward"

This is one of the older studios. No catering to public taste here. No blending of studio architecture with that of homes in the neighborhood. No putting up a good front. Fox's is a film factory and doesn't care who knows it

Vignettes of the Studios

VIII. The Fox Studios

By

SALLY STEELE

AND this is Fox's!

No photograph can give more than a suggestion of its atmosphere.

It lines both sides of Western Avenue, one of the main arteries of travel between Los Angeles and Hollywood, for the length of two city blocks. It advertises itself thru a succession of enormous bill-boards. It climbs toward the skies on stark, towering scaffolds. It spills into Western Avenue.

Oh, you cant miss Fox's.

This is one of Hollywood's older studios, and like the others of its time was built for film manufacturing purposes only. No catering to public taste here. No blending of studio architecture with that of homes in the neighborhood. No putting up a good front. Fox's is a film factory and doesn't care who knows it.

I fancy that the Hollywood newcomer finds Fox's a rather harsh experience. Gatemen and office boys waste no time on courtesy. State your business and make it snappy. If you haven't any business, you'll find yourself back on Western Avenue in record time.

When Fox's is going full blast, tho, it proves a great boon to the extra people. Ten or twelve companies working at a time require a good many five and seven-fifty-a-day supers.

Western Avenue, then, at the noon hour, resembles a carnival thorofare. Street-cars clang as they force their way thru the colorful throngs. Motor-cars start and stop, crawl forward cautiously, as they dodge cowboys and bathing girls, fat men and dwarfs, ingénues and stars on their way to the near-by cafeterias and lunchrooms.

Hollywood in the rush of its growth has swept up around Fox's. The studio now stands near the center of the film town, tho ten years ago its thirteen acres of territory were laid out in lemon and orange groves on the estate of Thomas Dixon, the author. The Dixon home now serves as a scenario office.

(*Continued on page* 89)

Motion pictures are made in the different California studios. But here their similarity ends—as you know, if you have been reading these colorful and concise vignettes we publish every month. Miss Steele knows these studios as you know your church—your clubhouse—your neighborhood. She is a habitué of these hothouses where some growths are cultivated and matured with skill and care and where others are forced to bloom too soon

All Photographs by Richee

Attention, June Brides . . . and Everyone Else Who Loves Beautiful Clothes!

Leatrice Joy's suggestion for a wedding-gown would cause any woman to yearn for the wedding-circle and the Lohengrin march. It is fashioned of white crêpe chiffon ruffles over a flesh-colored metal cloth slip. The front of the skirt is caught with clusters of rose-buds. And the bodice of shimmering white satin is edged at the neck with smaller crêpe ruffles. Her head-dress is a cap of orange blossoms and a Russian coronet effect from which a soft lace veil drops in folds to a spider-web train. Her slippers are white satin and her hose of white chiffon. And the shower bouquet she carries is a profusion of orange blossoms and orchids

Here Comes the Bride

The traveling suit is always a consideration. Miss Joy's choice is one of the two-piece models in henna charmine. The sleeves are embroidered gayly in shades of henna, rose and green. The collar of the jacket is cut out so that the soft white collar of the frock underneath stands out in bold relief. With this costume, she wears a small felt hat of an almost tailored simplicity. Then when the weather grows warmer the frock of this suit may be worn with a fur scarf and a small white felt hat, perhaps. The scarf shown here is of the soft platinum color

A négligée . . . for the lingering honeymoon breakfasts in sunny windows . . . and for the afternoon siestas with a new novel. Delft blue, a pretty color, and so rarely used in this age of new-fangled tints and tones, solves the color problem of both the under-slip and the over-slip. Tiny shirred ruffles of the same webby crêpe decorate the flowing sleeves and the slashes in the skirt . . . while underneath you glimpse medallions of pastel beads

Leatrice Joy in Several Trousseau Suggestions

The evening gown is rather a creation. Its chiffon is tinted from a pomegranate to a flesh color and it is gracefully threaded with beads and sequins of corresponding hues, while panels of pomegranate chiffon fall from the semi-fitted waist at either side. Her wrap is ermine, bordered with the costly tails and lined with a flamboyantly embroidered crêpe

However, most of us ordinary mortals would be pleased to use the dinner frock Miss Joy suggests for almost every occasion. There is an indescribable charm in its soft black folds and its inserts of spider-web lace which permit a glimpse of the yellow crêpe slip worn underneath. The inserts, like the graceful neck and tiny puff sleeves, are edged with tiny widths of black velvet ribbon . . . while there is a graceful sash bow of black crêpe chiffon to fall at the left side

A Foursome

. . . of the Moods of Mae

A black wig and flamboyant Spanish shawls to fling in fiery abandon . . . these are the things Renée in "Mademoiselle Midnight" brings to Mae

Pale gold hair . . . beestung lips . . . flashing, dancing limbs . . . and there you have Mae Murray. She is reminiscent of no one . . . and a cinema law unto herself

Another sequence of her new story sent Mae scurrying around for a Godey's Lady Book before she set about designing the quaint, demure gowns and wraps of forgotten years

In truth, the moods of Mae make a lovely and picturesque foursome

The Sixth Instalment of the Dana Gatlin Serial

Thistledown

Illustrations by Harold Lund

It was the girl who spoke first. "Nanny!" she asked again, "what has brought you here?" Her voice was imperious, yet strained. As tho some unnamed fear were clutching her by the throat

Synopsis of What Has Gone Before

IN the rôle of waitress in the notorious road-house of old Leon, the Alsatian, Dorothy Claiborne, of royal lineage, meets young Hi Daggett, the millionaire rounder of the village of Fairfield, Conn., and the old story of the chase begins. Hi tags Dorothy, "Thistledown." Dolly, as she calls herself, has her own reason for the disguise—a wealthy fiancé from whom she is seeking surcease. Dolly accidentally meets Hi in Fairfield and brings the wrath of the law upon him for speeding, then penitent, takes the blame herself, and drives off into the dusk with him. Tipsy, Hi kisses her insultingly. She leaves his car. Hi later seeks Dolly at Leon's, only to find her gone. Rumor has it that Dolly has been seen on the silversheet, but he disregards it. Rumor also has it that a fast woman is an interloper on the De Bossert place. Intuitively, Hi drives there. He finds Dolly in the woods and apologizes for insulting her. Then follow many rendezvous. They are in love. Still accepting Dolly as a servant, Hi takes her to his home, believing his spinster sister away. She surprises them and insults Dolly. Hi declares his intention of marrying Dolly, but meanwhile Dolly has slipped out of the house. He follows her to her cottage and peering thru the window, discovers her accepting the caresses of a loud-looking stranger. Hi leaves furious, but after many days returns. Dolly confesses her love for him but tells him she is affianced to another, and begs him to drive her to Thiebaud's. He knows now that she is the mistress of the De Bossert place. Desperate with love and despair he drives like a demon. Dolly takes the wheel. There is a smash-up. As, seemingly, no one is hurt, Hi and Dolly drive on. Dolly tells Nanny secretly of her love for Hi, but adds she must go to Mr. King, her fiancé. Hi is surprised by a summons for arrest on the charge of manslaughter. A victim is dying. Dolly, too, is sought. Hi secures bond and hastens to warn her. She has escaped already. He inquires at Thiebaud's but gains no news of her. He returns home—Dolly gone—his firm faced with bankruptcy. Infection sets in in his foot, a result of the smash-up. He becomes delirious. But Leon and Nanny have befriended him. They trail Dolly and find her with Mr. King, her uncle, who has at last traced her, and the millionaire, that her uncle wants her to marry. As Leon and Nanny arrive, Dolly is telling her uncle that Mr. King is not only responsible for her success in pictures but that he is her affianced husband.

SIMULTANEOUSLY Dolly and her uncle cried her name. "Nanny! Why have you followed me here?" cried the girl, in reproach mingled with alarm. And Uncle Percy shouted:

"Anna Thiebaud! You dare look me in the face?"

Old Anna eyed the angry small man with extreme dignity. "It is no wish of mine that I do so, but why should I not?"

"You abetted my niece—you helped her to defy me!" shaking his fist.

Old Leon started forward, belligerence in his eye, but Anna halted him with a "*I* shall speak, Leon." Then, coldly, to Uncle Percy:

"Do you think by such a noise to frighten me? It is not that I am in your employ, Mr. Claiborne, or under your domination."

"You are an ungrateful woman! Is this the way to repay my dead sister who showered you with indulgence and trust?"

"For your brother's wife I hold naught but devoted and reverent memories," answered Anna, crossing herself piously. Then, austerely: "But for yourself, you may shout and stamp as you please; you will succeed in frightening only those young women who sit at their desks outside, wondering whether it is a madman in this room."

Mr. Claiborne glowered, shooting his glance from old Anna to his niece. Mr. Van Antwerp Reeves fidgeted uncomfortably. Old Leon blew his nose. Sam King cleared his throat twice as if to speak, but said nothing.

It was the girl who spoke first. "Nanny!" she asked again, "what has brought you here?" Her voice was imperious, yet it was strained, too, as if some unnamed fear were clutching her by the throat.

Anna went up to her and tenderly took her two hands.

Over the girl's head old Anna shot a singularly triumphant glance toward the uncle and toward Sam King. "There, you see!" it seemed to say

"Oh, my little Miss Dolly," she said, "I have come to take you back home—you are needed at home."

If any of the persons present noticed any incongruity in that word "home," the girl was not one of them; her face went white and her eyes looked frightened, beseeching.

"What has happened—it is Hi—has anything——" she faltered.

Over the girl's head old Anna shot a singularly triumphant glance toward the uncle and toward Sam King. "There you see!" it seemed to say. Old Leon again started forward but again Anna said, "*I* shall speak, Leon"; then to the girl, very gently:

"Mr. Hi is suffering much trouble—they have made an arrest for a grievous motor accident which occurred the night you came away; a man is like to die, and Mr. Hi's car was recognized, and Mr. Hi himself is held accountable altho it is said a woman was seen driving his car."

"Nanny, I was that woman!" Dolly cried. "They mustn't hold *him*—oh, why hasn't he told me of this?"

"Is Mr. Hi such a one to put his troubles upon the shoulders of a woman, you think? And how could he find you, even if he wished, when you vanished from him with such abruptness?"

The girl pressed her hands tightly together, and Anna continued:

"Moreover, Mr. Hi could search for no one, not now. His business is threatened with a bankruptcy, that big Daggett Company; and Mr. Hi is himself confined to his bed, with his injury and his sickness."

"Injured—sick! Oh, Nanny, what is it? Is it—dangerous?"

At that imploring, terrified cry Anna shot a second glance of triumph toward two of the listeners.

"Who is this 'Hi' person?" Uncle Percy broke in. "I demand to know!"

It was Anna who answered, briefly: "He is the young man who loves Miss Dolly and who is in return loved by her."

Then Sam King spoke.

"Dolly—is this true?"

What could Dolly answer then? Her hands were trembling and her eyes were piteous with a secret she could not conceal.

Sam King said to her:

"This morning we were to announce to your uncle—our betrothal."

Then she answered him, trying to meet his eyes.

"I have not broken my pledge to you, Mr. King. When I found out that—he and I loved each other—I came straight back to you. I know I must have acted wrong. But I tried to do right—in the end. I decided not to tell you—it seemed best. But now——"

Suddenly she seemed to calm herself, she lifted her eyes square to his and said with a strange, direct simplicity:

"But now I see I mustn't go on with it, Mr. King. I must go back to *him*. He needs me, and I must go back—it's the only thing to do."

Sam King rose and came and stood facing her. He had a singular dignity, the plump and sleek little man; the others were as remote spectators of this little drama.

"You love this man so much?" asked Sam King.

But the girl needed not to answer; her face was her answer.

"Why couldn't you love me, Dolly? Is it because I'm —too old?"

"Oh, no, it's not that, Mr. King." she replied quickly. "I dont love him because he is young—I dont think that's it. I love him because—he loves me, I guess."

"Dont I love you also?"

"No, not in the way *he* does," she answered simply. "If you did, then surely I'd love you in the way I love him."

He hesitated, then asked, slowly:

"Are you forgetting, Dolly, the things you are giving up? Your future's just beginning to look pretty bright —and I was planning to make it brighter."

"No, Mr. King—it would never be truly bright."

Thus, in a half dozen words did Dolly dismiss glamor and plaudits and the appurtenances of luxury; not till she stood to lose these glittering trappings could she strip life to its naked verities—and make her choice.

"I've done a good deal for you, Dolly," Sam King couldn't help reminding her.

"I know, Mr. King," her eyes bright with tears. "And I know an obligation is big, and a promise is big. But love is bigger, Mr. King. It's the biggest thing in the world. I belong to Hi Daggett. And I belong to him all the more now, because he needs me."

"Very well then, Dolly," Sam King said, very quietly.

But as the girl, her eyes wet, handed him back his ring, Uncle Percy blustered forward in a kind of panic. It was dreadful to him that his niece should marry a vulgarian like Sam King, but it was infinitely more dreadful that she choose some unknown upstart who had just lost his fortune.

"What's this all about?" he spluttered. "You cant make and break engagements at your whim, young woman! Who is this fellow you say you're running back to? I forbid it! I forbid such scandalous, loose behavior!"

Dolly scarcely heeded him. She turned to old Anna.

"Oh, Nanny! His injury —his sickness——"

Anna's glance toward Sam King was notably softened but she clasped the girl's hand protectively.

"They confine him to his bed, Miss Dolly, but the sight of you, that will be Mr. Hi's best medicine."

"We must go to him at once—how soon can we get there, Nanny?"

Uncle Percy thrust himself back into the picture.

"Who is this 'Hi' person? Am I to be treated as a nobody altogether? I insist upon knowing something about this fellow!"

Then old Leon got out his first speech of the morning.

"He is a fine young man, that Mr. Hi," said Leon. "I like him."

And Anna, for once, did not attempt to refute her husband: instead she nodded and corroborated:

"Yes, he is of that fine family, the Daggetts. All of Fairfield will tell you what that family is, and of what a glad lovability is this Mr. Hi. Come, Miss Dolly—come, Leon."

And, something in the wise of a mother-hen escorting her brood, she maneuvered them out thru the door.

That evening Miss Julia sat waiting near her brother's bedside, haggard and disheveled. A trained nurse now ruled the room, had been there since Hi was found lying on the floor beside the telephone. All day he had been in delirium. Towards evening he went off in a long stupor; suddenly he opened his eyes and spoke, and the young nurse was long in forgetting those words or that tone.

"Like Thistledown—so soft and so prickly and sweet —where has the wind blown her, I wonder. It blew her here—once—in October."

A knock sounded at the door. Miss Julia answered it and conferred outside with a maid, in low hushed tones. Then she beckoned the nurse to the door; she looked agitated and hostile, yet undecided.

"It's that girl he keeps raving about in his delirium—she's downstairs."

"Thistledown?" the nurse asked quickly.

"Yes. I dont mind telling you I dont approve of her —not at all. But I thought maybe—he's so very sick, and seems to have her so much on his mind——"

The nurse nodded. "Yes, I think it might be a good thing for her to come up. Just for a minute. It may excite him a little, but it will soothe and quiet him more."

"That's what I thought," said Miss Julia. Her face was set to a grim expression but she went to bring the girl she feared and detested to her sick brother's bedside.

So it came about that when Hi opened his eyes again, Dolly was entering the room.

Dazed, he lay in wide-eyed fascination, staring at the swaying apparition. For he knew this to be but a hallucination of his fever—was not Dolly vanished to some far place he knew not where? He ventured to wave his hand at the dear, teasing ghost, tho he feared it would at once fade like the figments of a dream.

But the apparition did not vanish, it waved back; and he ventured to say:

"Thistledown—you've blown back?"

"Yes, Hi, I've come back."

Dolly's own voice!—warm and pulsing for a ghost! But he mustn't let himself be too hopeful.

"But maybe you're going to blow away again," he said, cannily. "You're like that—you're a will-o'-the-wisp. And I'm in a fever—*I* know; if I'd shut my eyes a minute, when I opened them again I expect you'd be gone."

"No, Hi, I've come to stay—if you want me to stay." "Then come closer—let me take your hand."

He took her hand, it was throbbing flesh-and-blood, not a wraith's hand. But he clung to it tightly, as if fearing it might dissolve from his clasp. Holding her hand he went off to sleep. And from the hour of that deep and restful slumber he started to mend.

Dolly came to the Daggett mansion every day for nearly a week, Miss Julia suffering the visits with a mute repression that did her great credit, and Hi accepting each bright hour for the radiance it held—too weak, and too weakly timorous, to press the future.

Once he said to her:

The Bad in the Best of Us

That is the theme which Henry Albert Phillips has taken for his new serial, "The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad," which begins in the July MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

In every woman, however circumspect and virtuous, there is some slight strain of the siren . . . it is a composite of woman's make-up . . . it is as old as Eve in the First Garden.

Mr. Phillips is one of the new novelists. His "Other People's Lives" has just been published by Boni and Liveright. Therefore, we take pleasure in announcing the first instalment of his serial in these pages next month. THE EDITOR.

"Dolly, God bless you for coming back—but you shouldn't have come back just now. There was a motor accident—a kind of mess. Till I get better, for heaven's sake steer clear of that deputy sheriff, Voights."

"Oh, I've been to call on Mr. Voights," Dolly answered happily. "And he didn't even hand me a summons. That man in the hospital has kindly decided to get well."

There finally came a day when Dolly was granted by the nurse a private interview. It was November, but the outside air was thick with lazy golden sunshine and a bar of it entered and stole across the carpet toward the girl, like a blessing, as she told her story.

"There are a lot of things I want to tell you, Hi," she began. "I should have told you while I was up there," nodding in the direction of the De Bossert estate.

"I should have told you all about everything at the first—I blame myself terribly." She was speaking hurriedly, as tho she would crowd a lifetime into this short recital. "My name is Doris Claiborne—the name of Claiborne may mean nothing to you altho at one time it was one of the rich families of New York. But my mother was a De Bossert—she was the last of her family, which had owned that old estate up there for so many generations."

Hi gave a little gasp, but Dolly rushed on:

"The De Bossert money was gone and the place up there was going to ruin even before my mother inherited it. Uncle Percy wanted her to sell it, but she could never forget it belonged to the De Bosserts and that she was the last of the De Bosserts. Uncle Percy was my father's only brother, and he took care of my mother and me after my father died. If it hadn't been for him, I suppose we'd have starved. It wasn't too easy for him—we lived as tho we were rich, but we were not rich—oh, it's miserable and mean! The debts and the duns, the uncertainty and petty intriguing, of trying to live up to a position!"

Her voice had gone passionately hard, but she softened it as she continued:

"I try to remember that Uncle Percy did the best he knew, and was unselfish according to his lights. He sent me to an expensive school after my mother died. He saw that I was well dressed and that I had all the advantages of the girls of my set. He saw to it I could speak three languages, and dance and swim and ride. I had my coming-out party, and he even managed a trip to Europe. You may say I owe everything to him."

"He seems to have been quite kind to you," said Hi, who would have preferred disliking Dolly's uncle, because he saw she herself held something resentful.

"So kind," Dolly returned, her voice going hard again. "That he claims the privilege of choosing my husband as a reward of his kindness.

"It was because I had a pretty face he spent his money on me," she proceeded bitterly. "He considered me a good investment—he finally told me as much. In his charity he had been moved by no pity for his orphaned niece, never showed sympathy or affection. Once when I was quite small I fell off a horse, and he was terrified lest a cut on my cheek would leave a disfiguring scar; and my last year at school I had a bad fever, and my hair fell out and I was thin and ugly. When Uncle Percy came and saw me he couldn't hide his disappointment.

"'You've lost your looks!' he cried, and he sounded absolutely terrified."

"But you didn't lose them—you became beautiful again," said Hi, without the intention of paying a compliment.

"It was from that time, I think," Dolly continued, "that I began feeling hard toward Uncle Percy. I got sort of bitter inside—and restless.

"Then, not so long after that, he began talking about the necessity of my making a 'suitable marriage.' And it developed he had arranged a match in his mind, elected my husband. The man was a crony of his, belonged to the same clubs and all that; of impeccable family, criminally rich—and old enough to be my father."

"That couldn't be Sam King!" Hi interjected, because he couldn't see the sleek little producer in the rôle of Uncle Percy's club crony.

"No, it wasn't Mr. King—I'm coming to him later. No, I'm fond of Mr. King, but this man I wasn't even fond of—I detested him. Uncle Percy couldn't see that the way I

(*Continued on page* 83)

Dazed, Hi lay in wide-eyed fascination, staring at the swaying apparition. For he knew this to be the hallucination of his fever—was Dolly not vanished, he knew not where?

The Business of Fan Mail

Investigated

By

HELEN CARLISLE

The letters the stars see first are those containing intelligent criticism, whether flattering or adverse . . . also those suggesting stories for future production. Begging letters are ignored in most cases; to grant their requests would soon dissipate fortunes

WRITING letters to the film stars has become the favorite indoor sport of the nations. Everybody plays the game—Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, take the pen in hand to tell Mary Pickford what they think of her, quite as readily as do the Americans, the British, the French, and the Germans.

A snow-storm of mail descends upon each of the Hollywood studios daily. The Talmadge sisters receive as many as eight thousand letters a week! Mary, Doug, and Charlie Chaplin employ three or four secretaries each to keep from being snowed under with the rainbow-hued missives from their admirers.

Hollywood is every photographer's Mecca, for the movie stars order fan photographs in thousand lots. Where once the artistic triumphs of Charles Dana Gibson and Harrison Fisher adorned the boudoirs of young ladies of school age, portraits of Pola Negri, Claire Windsor, Harold Lloyd, Colleen Moore and a score of other stars now meet the eye.

The girls aren't the only ones. A young man of eleven years took me to his room one evening, when I was calling at his home, and showed me his gallery. Every one from Anna Q. Nilsson to Baby Peggy smiled out at me as my young friend swung wide the door. The effect produced was of one dazzling smile, stretching from corner to corner of the room, and liberally splashed with "yours trulys" in every imaginable sort of penmanship.

"But haven't you any particular favorite?" I asked, wondering if my young friend was developing sheikish tendencies.

Many stars find it necessary to employ three or four secretaries to keep them from being snowed under with the rainbow-hued missives from their admirers. Here is Monte Blue taking an epistolary haul home from his letter-rack at the studios

It is usually the secretary who determines what letters the star shall actually see. On the left, Selma Stein, secretary to Pola Negri, is standing by while some special photographs are autographed

"Oh, sure, Norma Talmadge is my favorite. But I write to all the others," he added largely.

That, I discovered, looking over the fan mail of one of the motion picture stars, is what everybody else is doing—asking not only for photos of their favorites, but for those of every other film celebrity as well. "I am making a collection of movie stars' photos" is the unflattering manner in which most of the writers preface their request.

Perhaps you are numbered among those who have written, or have contemplated writing to the motion picture stars. If you are, you probably wonder what per cent. of their mail the stars really see, whether they autograph their photographs themselves, and which ones charge for these photographs. If you are sincere in your admiration for some certain star, you may have wondered whether he or she appreciates your expression of that admiration.

Because I believe that a comprehensive article may be of assistance to you in answering these questions, I have devoted some time to finding out just what the attitude of the film stars is, on the subject of their fan mail.

The results of my investigation I am setting down here. I shall answer the last question first. The film stars do appreciate their fan mail. It is to them what applause is to the actor behind the footlights. A heavy fan mail is a certain indication of popularity on the screen, so you can readily see that no actor is indifferent to it.

However, fans are not always courteous in their requests for photographs. Such sentences as these: "If you dont send me a picture, I'll never go to see you on the screen again," and "What would you stars do if it wasn't for the

Photograph by Paul Grenbeaux

When you see the stack of pictures awaiting Colleen Moore's signature, it is easy to believe stamps are purchased in Hollywood in thousand-dollar lots. To the left, Adolphe Menjou undertakes the answering of some particularly important letters himself

fans behind the ribbon counters," sometimes occur in your letters. Persons suffering from an inferiority complex, that often demonstrates itself in an effort to wound or humiliate those whom the sufferer considers superior to or more fortunate than himself, occasionally send letters of a vindictive or sarcastic nature to the motion picture stars.

The stars' secretaries recognize such letters at a glance, and toss them into the waste-paper basket, unread.

Every film player of prominence employs one or more of these secretaries. A secretary with a knowledge of many languages is sometimes employed by stars receiving a heavy amount of foreign mail. In some cases a member of the star's family acts as his secretary. Harold Lloyd's father answer his mail. Carmel Myers' mother attends to hers, as does Betty Compson's.

It is the secretary who determines what letters the star shall see, and it may interest you to know just what type of letters she sets aside for the actor's personal attention.

The letters that the stars see are first, those containing intelligent criticism of their work, whether flattering or adverse, and those suggesting various books, stories or plays as being particularly suited to their talents.

In some cases a member of the star's family answers his mail. Carmel Myers' mother attends to hers, as does Betty Compson's. And here is Harold Lloyd's father, J. Darsie Lloyd, who superintends the colossal business of caring for Harold's mail. Evidentally the letter in question is amusing

Photograph (left) by Kornman

Film stars do appreciate their fan mail. It is their only applause. No actor or actress is indifferent to it. Ernest Torrence is seen above with his secretary, Miss Dawson . . . and below Viola Dana investigates some of her letters while she waits to be called for her scenes

Letters from invalids almost invariably receive the attention of the stars. Letters of a general form, if they are exceptionally intelligent and well worth reading, also are placed in their hands.

Begging letters are ignored in most cases. Every star receives hundreds of these each year, and fortunes would soon be dissipated if the requests contained therein were granted. Many requests are sent in for articles of wearing apparel worn by a star in a certain production. These, too, are necessarily ignored.

Requests for photographs are granted by every star with whom I came in contact while assembling material for this article.

(*Continued on page* 92)

Is the Old Pola Coming Back To Us?

We brought Pola Negri to America because there was a universal appeal in her elemental fires and passions——We hailed her as a great actress. Then we proceeded to temper her abandon—to whitewash her passions . . . and to make her neither the emotional, sophisticated woman nor the simple, trusting Pollyanna——

These new pictures of Pola as Cleo in "Men" encourage us. They suggest the temperamental star of "Gypsy Love" and "Passion." Buchowitzke was her director in this production—is it his Continental influence?—or has Pola defied the threats of our censors and dared to be her old self once more——? Is the old Pola coming back to us? . . .

That's Out

By

TAMAR LANE

Illustrations by Harry Taskey

There are no reasonable grounds for one to expect, or even hope to pick up the paper and read as a headline: C. B. de Mille to Make Film Without a Bathroom Scene . . . or, Charlie Chaplin Reported Engaged to Baby Peggy. Another favorite press-agent story is the one which tells how the star took a sentence of three weeks in jail so as to be able to give the proper realism to the rôle of the convict she is to play

A Glossary of Press-Agent Terms as Applied to the Movies

A HUMAN Document—Any film in which a poor old mother is deserted by her children.

A Classic—has two good actors in the cast.

Turning Them Away—even the complimentaries cant sit thru it.

Superproduction—over 150 extras used.

Dashing Juvenile—any actor under 40 years who measures less than 35 around the waist.

A Gigantic Spectacle—any film that is long on costumes and short on story.

A Stupendous Drama—any foreign film which the distributor has bought cheap.

A Revelation—six reels and not a single close-up of a jazz band or baby.

A Smashing Success—has scenes showing villain breaking chair over hero's head:

Million Dollar Production—any film that cost over $147,000 to produce.

Big Special—has some good fire and flood scenes clipped from the Pathé News.

Big Outdoor Drama—features several smooth-shaven cowboys from the Times Square district.

A Masterpiece—fairly good.

A Sensation—not so good.

A Triumph—Terrible, but must be sold.

A Candidate for the Hall of Fame

There are very few producers who are consistently giving the screen first-rate photoplays, and there are a great deal fewer who are earnestly trying to make a more worthwhile form of silent drama. It, therefore, gives us great pleasure to nominate for the filmland Hall of Fame a young producer by the name of J. K. McDonald, who, during the past few months, has presented the silver-sheet with two outstanding photoplays which are to be classed as among the best pictures of the year—"Penrod and Sam" and "Boy of Mine." The latter film is one of the finest and rarest photoplay gems that has ever flashed its brilliance from the screen, and the odd part of it all is that Mr. McDonald is a newcomer to the film business. Yet during his brief career in the studio he has turned out a tandem of photoplays which has not been surpassed by any of our self-heralded master producers. The silent drama needs more producers like J. K. McDonald.

Plays of the Hour

"Dangerous Curves Ahead," featuring Calvin Coolidge.

How to Succeed in the Movies. Lesson 1. For Heroes. Before even attempting to make a success as a film hero you must take a complete course in athletics. Hire a dress suit and a riding outfit. Have some pictures taken in a sport shirt and do some posing in golf togs

"Within the Law," a Henry Ford production, supported by chorus of flivver owners.

"A Gentleman of Leisure," sport travelog starring the Prince of Wales.

"Three Wise Fools," featuring Senators LaFollette, Borah and Walsh.

"The Hero," a tragedy with William Jennings Bryan in the title-rôle.

"Can a Woman Love Twice?" a heart-rending drama of a woman's soul, featuring Peggy Joyce.

"The Eternal Three," featuring Mary, Doug and Charlie.

"The Bad Man," featuring Magnus Johnson.

"The Adding Machine," psychological study of a man working out the income-tax problem, Secretary Mellon in the title-rôle.

"Kick In," a presidential campaign-fund melodrama, with an all-star cast.

When It's Night Time in Italy We Have No Bananas Today

Even allowing for the fact that strange things happen in the movies every day, still there are no reasonable grounds for one to expect, or even hope, to pick up the paper and read such headlines as:

"Charlie Chaplin Reported Engaged to Baby Peggy."

"Von Stroheim Film Passed by Censors Without Single Cut."

"Douglas Fairbanks to Play Hamlet on Screen."

"Larry Semon Voted Most Popular Film Comedian."

"Valentino Refuses to Take Salary Increase from Producer."

"C. B. De Mille to Make Film Without a Bathroom Scene."

"Bull Montana Will Make Screen Version of 'Dorian Grey.'"

"Girl Arrested Admits She Is Not a Movie Actress."

"Harold Lloyd Film Fails to Draw."

"Tamar Lane Confesses He Doesn't Know What's Wrong With the Movies."

Acting Ability *vs.* Personality

Bertram Grassby hit the nail on the head when he recently remarked "Acting ability, while in itself something to be strived for by every actor or actress, will never get a player into the front rank of favorites." While the public appreciates fine acting to a certain degree, its heart goes out more fully to the actor or actress of charming personal mannerisms and quaint individuality. The ideal, of course, is a combination of acting ability and personality, and, while we are on the subject, it might be mentioned that Bertram Grassby himself has these two qualities to a marked degree. Producers are overlooking something in not giving Grassby some of those big rôles which require an intelligent player.

While the public appreciates fine acting to a certain degree, its heart goes out more fully to the actor or actress of charming personal mannerisms and quaint individuality

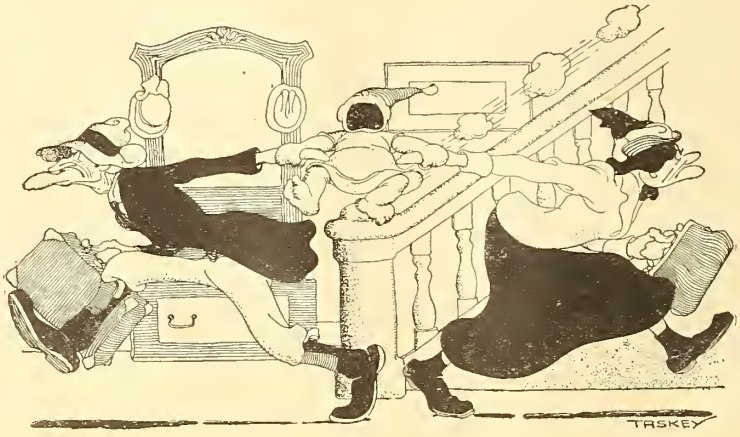
How to Succeed in the Movies in Five Complete Lessons

Lesson No. One—For Heroes.

Before even attempting to make a success as a film hero you must take a complete course in athletics. Dont bother about acting ability. The streets are filled with good actors, but it is a difficult matter to get good athletes. Hire a dress suit and riding outfit—never mind

(*Continued on page* 90)

Plays of the Hour . . . The Eternal Three, featuring Mary, Doug and Charlie



Film History . . . June 12th, 1909. On this day the first film was made showing how a mother and father were reunited in happiness by little Willie, who came down the stairs from his bedroom just in time to bring them together

One of the most interesting behind-the-camera stories we have ever heard is the story Jesse Lasky told us about "The Covered Wagon." From sacrifice, privation, quarrels and worries . . . and high hopes in a common purpose the picture was born. Its story below is almost as thrilling and inspiring as the drama of the wagon train itself

The Editor Gossips

THE things which happen behind the cameras are many times fraught with drama and interest. And one of the most interesting behind-the-camera stories we have ever heard is the story Jesse Lasky told us one day last month about the making of "The Covered Wagon." To us it seems almost as thrilling and almost as inspiring as the drama of the wagon train itself.

They planned to make just another motion picture from the Emerson Hough novel. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars—a mere bagatelle in cinematic currency—had been appropriated for its production.

Mr. Lasky, back from Europe and on his way to the California studios, read the scenario as his Pullman flashed over the long-effaced trail of the pioneer caravan about which he was reading. Looking over the infinite stretch of barren waste to where it met the vaulted dipping sky, he visualized covered wagons in a mighty train and it came to him that the picture, "The Covered Wagon," might be infinitely more than they had planned for it to be.

So, when he finally reached the Western studios, he gave the star and the director who were to do this story something else to do, and then he sent for Jimmie Cruze. He asked him to read the story overnight and report to him the next morning.

"I knew," Mr. Lasky told us, "that Jim was the man for that tale. He has some fraction of Indian blood. He knew the kind of people who shuttled the threads of that story. Sometimes I think Jimmie Cruze might have been born to direct this picture. It would have been an artistic crime to let anyone else touch it. They would have veneered it and it is a story of stark reality."

And so. The next morning Cruze came into the Lasky sanctum sanctorum.

"It's a darn fine yarn, Chief," he said. "One hundred and fifty thousand isn't much. That's too bad. But let me have one hundred Indians and one hundred wagons and get started."

At this point in the story, Mr. Lasky admitted that he had enjoyed the rôle he was playing.

"No, Jim," he said. "Not one hundred Indians, Jim . . . three hundred! Not one hundred wagons, Jim . . . three hundred! Not one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Jim . . . three hundred thousand!"

Then the work began. From sacrifice, privation, quarrels, worries and high hopes in a common purpose "The Covered Wagon" was born. For weeks the company camped on location. At day the sun beat down upon them in the desert sands. At night cold winds beat under their tents. Sometimes the rough drivers of the wagons would imbibe too much whiskey and revolt. Sometimes they threatened to use their guns in escapades not in the scenario. It finally became necessary to install a military régime. But the director had fired every man and woman with his dream of making this caravan chronicle one of the great motion pictures. They worked unceasingly without thought of self.

It was weeks after the last scene was shot that the cutting and titling was completed. Then Jimmie Cruze was ready to show the Powers his finished product in the projection-room at the studios. When they filed in, there was evident skepticism and doubt. And if it dispersed immediately it was only to reappear at the final fade-out. For the original scenario of "The Covered Wagon" ended where the train parted, some setting off for Oregon and others turning their horses' heads towards the gold fields of California.

It was Mr. Lasky who decided that what was a mighty and stirring story fell flat because the pioneers were never seen entering their Utopian wilderness. He was determined that there was more to the story and that it must be filmed.

By this time the company had disbanded. Ernest Torrence was with the Fox Company . . . J. Warren Kerrigan was with Universal . . . and Lois Wilson and Tully Marshall were busy in other productions. And every single, solitary wagon had been dismantled.

Their vision gave them resource. . . .

Cruze knew a location which would serve his purpose.

(*Continued on page* 116)

All photographs by Kirk

Honeymoon Days

Which Find Corinne Griffith on the Beach at Waikiki

Everyone was surprised when the marriage of Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco became known . . . for they had managed to enjoy their courtship without benefit of excessive publicity . . .

But recently, before beginning work on her next picture, she and Mr. Morosco sailed for the Hawaiian Islands, where they spent many glorious honeymoon days. David Kanokawai, regarded as a perfect physical man, and the brother of Duke Kanokawai, is seen here with them on the most famous of beaches—Waikiki. In his honor, Corinne wears a native skirt and the festive lai

Electric signs which cost enough to provide a decent living for an ordinary American family aren't unusual these days. Here is the huge electrical advertisement which tops almost a block of stores on Broadway, New York

The Movies Outdo Barnum

And Poor Pictures Make Money Because of Clever and Extensive Exploitation While Good Pictures May Fail Thru Lack of It

By

LAURA KENT MASON

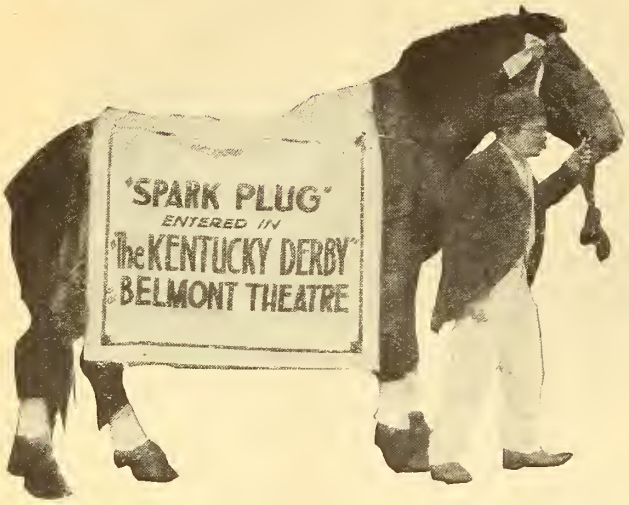
IN his day Barnum may have been right in his estimate of the birth-rate of fools. He may have done his best, too, in concocting fairly good publicity features to fool these one-born-every-minute members of the human race. Yes, in his day, Barnum got away with a lot. I'm glad he isn't living, now. He'd have to hide his head in humiliation and chagrin when he saw how far ahead of him others had got in the matter of getting away with almost everything when it came to publicity. Once again—the movies have done it. They already have Barnum beat, and they are just about getting full steam ahead.

Why do you go to see a particular picture? Is it because the picture is playing at a neighborhood movie-house, and your beau wants to go? Is it because you always go to the movies a certain number of times each week, no matter what picture is being shown? Or, do you go to see a particular picture, or a particular star? If you do go to see a particular picture, it is quite—well, at least, possible, that the latest publicity stunt about that picture has got you—that you have fallen, in some slight measure, perhaps, for some of the vastly clever things that the movie companies are constantly putting over.

Few people, outside of those actually connected with the film industry, realize how immense the actual popularization of pictures has become. It is an industry in itself. First of all, you who are interested in the picture "from the outside," that is, as mere audience, as onlookers, probably take it for granted, as a matter of course, that after a picture is finished, it will get a certain amount of publicity, that it will be written about in the papers, that your favorite motion picture magazines will have stories about the picture and interviews with the picture's star. You even take it for granted, these days, that your local stores will have "tie up" advertising, that there will be displays in front of the motion picture theaters, that special stunts will be arranged to give the picture publicity, and to give you amusement and, of course, to encourage you to go to see the picture. None of these things would happen if it were not for carefully arranged publicity. The picture would go silently into town, unheralded, and unknown, and—would probably go out again the same way. Everyone would lose—the star, the motion picture exhibitor and, not at all incidentally, you who enjoy good pictures.

Until three years ago, the motion picture companies were satisfied with the usual press-agents, like those the theatrical companies employ. Then, suddenly, one of the companies thought of a special exploitation stunt, a

Photoplay editions of books are a popular means of exploitation. On the left is a window display of this edition of "Little Old New York." And, on the right, is a lobby of a theater decorated in a way that carries out the spirit of the old South, emphasized in "Cameo Kirby"



In order to "pull the stunt" depicted above, it was necessary to secure the permission of the newspaper syndicate owning the rights to "Barney Google." Needless to say, this horse parading the streets caused much attention and impressed upon the public mind that "The Kentucky Derby" was playing at the Belmont Theater

feature that required more work than the average publicity writer could devote to it. Other companies followed suit. The result is, today each company has a fully equipped and elaborate exploitation department, whose whole duty it is to invent queer stunts, queer methods of attracting your attention to the picture. When you see an interesting street display, you needn't say to yourself, "How clever of Mr. Jones, our local movie-house manager!" No, indeed. Mr. Jones probably had very little to do with the display. It was probably all thought out for him by the exploitation manager back in the home office of the film company.

Exploitation is really circus ballyhoo, tho lately it is getting a bit more refined, and is even adding dignity. It is the sort of publicity that Barnum tried to do—tho he did not succeed in doing it nearly so well as the movie companies.

The way exploitation works is like this—and, here is a secret for you, so that, in future you may understand all of the clever publicity stunts which you will meet. Each of the big film companies employs a large exploitation department. At the head of it is a man wise in the ways of people, of newspaper work, and of the film industry. He is usually a man who has succeeded as a newspaper writer, or as a publicity man. His salary is large. The best known exploitation man today probably is Harry Rickenbacker, whose weekly salary is said to be in four figures. Other exploitation men are making large names for themselves, too.

Under the exploitation manager are a number of lesser employees, tho these men are clever, and highly paid, too. Some of these men stay in New York, or in Los Angeles in the home office. Here they spend all of their time thinking up clever exploitation stunts for the pictures that they are featuring, or putting these same stunts into actual practice. Now, each film company has a number of exchanges to handle the films for them. These film companies have men in "key cities," that is, large cities centrally located, and in each of these key cities there is an exploitation man to take care of the surrounding territory. Thus, if a film is booked in one town, the exhibitor is able to get in touch with the exploitation man who is in the key city nearest to him, and the exploitation man will come to the town and put on various exploitation stunts which will make the film succeed. So, when you see a picture that is being cleverly advertised and exploited in a new way, you will know that it has taken the combined efforts of the publicity department, the exploitation department and the advertising department of the film company, as well as the help of the local motion picture exhibitor.

The great idea in new exploitation is the "tying up" of local advertising with the film. Each company has its own way of accomplishing this, and all of them are clever and amusing—and all of them need the co-operation of the company's exploitation department with the local picture-house manager.

(*Continued on page 78*)

In England, the Universal company put on a clever exploitation novelty by offering a prize of thirty pounds for the cleverest imitation of Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." This contest was conducted thru the newspapers and resulted in much publicity. Betty Balfour, an English vaudeville star, awarded the prize to John Frederick De Franc

Famous Players-Lasky put over a number of amazing stunts when their "Manslaughter" was released. These consisted of everything from the showing of a wrecked car to "Drive Carefully" signs. This picture was taken on one of the main thorofares of Niagara Falls, New York

Across the Silversheet

"The Thief of Bagdad" and "Secrets" Pass in Review

By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

IT is one of the most wonderful and beautiful pictures we have ever seen, "The Thief of Bagdad," Douglas Fairbanks' latest contribution to the cinema stage. It is magic . . . photographic magic in an Arabian Nights fairy story that moves across the screen in an uninterrupted sequence of pictures so fantastic and so beautiful that they might readily be one of the lovely Rackham or Dulac illustrations come to life, sans their brilliant colors—toned down to soft browns and blues and greens, for it is seldom during the story's course that the screen is pictured in the flat photographic colors.

However, long before the picture had unreeled its legendary and allegorical story of the thief of old Bagdad who discovers that he may filch everything but happiness with his nimble fingers, we were optically satiated. And satiety is deadly. Our eyes refused to accept the new beauties constantly offered them. Our emotional nature asked for interest and this was wanting.

We believe that "The Thief of Bagdad" is the beginning of new motion pictures, but it failed to thrill us or inspire us except for slight esthetic thrills born of its sheer beauty.

Never was there a more perfect picture for children. It will spell a fantastic paradise to them when the handsome prince and the beautiful princess sail thru the sky on the magic carpet . . . while the twinkling stars of the night spell "Happiness Must Be Earned." They will be thrilled when the thief overcomes all manner of allegorical monsters in his journey towards happiness. There is the colossal dragon with the fiery nostrils in the Valley of Fire . . . there is a titanic sea monster that attacks him as he searches for the starry key in a chest fathoms under the sea. And how they will adore the winged white horse that flies with the thief thru the air to the beautifully fantastic Palace of

(*Continued on page* 94)

Norma Talmadge has not done any work in a long time to compare with her Mary Carlton in "Secrets." We have fulsome praise for her four widely varied portrayals. As for the picture itself, it is far from being great. But it has the sentimental charm of an old daguerreotype

It would enhance the rarely beautiful bag of tricks in "The Thief of Bagdad," the new Douglas Fairbanks' picture, tenfold to see it with a child. In it all the old fairy miracles come true. However, it leaves the adult optically satiated when the dramatic interest wanes

Comment on Other Productions

By
THE STAFF

The Fighting Coward

In screening this satirical Booth Tarkington story of ante-Civil-War days along the Mississippi, James Cruze has contributed another notable achievement to the screen, already enriched by his "Covered Wagon" and "Hollywood." A delightful, satirical picture is given of the hot-blooded young Southern gentleman who is ever defending family tradition and woman's fair name. Cullen Landis renders the portrait doubly pleasing and the director's treatment of the character is superb.

The backgrounds of the story are quaint and interesting. The romance is well attended to, as it is in all Tarkington stories. Mary Astor upholds her end of it with a charm that is sweetly fragrant. Ernest Torrence presents a humorous characterization that is a lineal descendant of the gentleman he played in the "Wagon" and almost as funny. And Phyllis Haver continues her dramatic career.

A Society Scandal

It is written in the records that Gloria Swanson flashed a real emotional talent in "The Humming Bird," displaying a gift for characterization that established her as something else than an animated "clothes-horse." We had hoped that she would continue to portray colorful figures—such as the *gamine* of Montmartre. Her newest essay will not carry her to the heights—for she assumes a rôle which could be played by any actress of poise who knows how to dress herself becomingly.

This excursion into smart society—telling a story of divorce gets away from the conventions. Indeed it is one of the cleverest pictures of its kind ever revealed. There is much ironic humor expressed in the subtitles—and the director has admirably taken care of the mechanics of the production. But the story is artificial in its development. The husband, suing for divorce, has a lawyer who believes in the sanctity of the marital vows. He tears the defendant's reputation to pieces. Yet the evening of the day when he wins his case, finds him falling for the charms of the heroine. An artificial touch, indeed. An unconvincing story—but excellently staged and directed.

"The Fighting Coward," in which Ernest Torrence, Cullen Landis and Mary Astor are shown at the top of the page, is a delightful, satirical picture of a hot-blooded young Southern gallant who is ever defending family tradition and a woman's fair name. Gloria Swanson is given no acting opportunities in "A Society Scandal." Any actress of poise who knew how to dress might have assumed this rôle. Nevertheless, it is a clever picture, despite a slight and often artificial story

Here we have Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood (or Lila Lee, if you prefer it so) in "Love's Whirlpool," which is a picture packed with crudities and the redeeming note of a fairly lively plot

Critical Paragraphs Which Serve As Guide-Posts to the Better Pictures

Love's Whirlpool

The long arm of coincidence and the equally long arm of convenience play a game of checkers here. They pilot a group of puppets over a checkerboard of weird and wild situations. It is a crook melodrama of redemption—with the making over of the hardened criminal, saved for the final soppy finish. His is a plan of revenge directed against a banker who refuses to lend his aid toward saving the crook's weakling brother from prison. The boy had "stuck up" a bank depositor in a ridiculous scene. Imagine getting away with that stuff in any up-to-date bank! So the crook with the aid of his sweetheart plots to effect his escape.

The coincidence enters when the crooks save the banker's daughter from a watery grave and use her for the purposes of blackmail. They open a clairvoyant parlor—and the hokum comes right out in the open and stays there. There are several gaps in logic and action—and were it not for James Kirkwood's sincerity and his effort to make the rôle convincing, the story would look terribly bad. As it is, it insults the intelligence in a number of its scenes. It is packed with crudities—the redeeming note being a fairly lively plot.

Thy Name Is Woman

If any doubt remained as to Fred Niblo's genius as a director, "Thy Name Is Woman" dispelled it, for here he has sustained interest in an eternal triangle theme, and sustained it at a great height, for ten thousand feet of celluloid, certainly an extraordinary achievement. In so doing he has been aided by the dramatic skill and remarkable appeal of Barbara La Marr, the romanticisms and boyish emotions of Ramon Novarro and the utterly finished ability of William V. Mong.

The action takes place on the mountainous border of Spain and France but the director seldom reaches out for atmospheric charm and such digressions from his theme. The walls of a simple setting provide most of the backgrounds, but it seems that "Thy Name Is Woman" could have been played before black velvet or cheese-

"My Mamie Rose," with Mary Philbin in the title-rôle and Pat O'Malley opposite her, is a story of the old days on the Bowery. In this respect it is fairly accurate, but it is a picture which carries little in substance. And we cant understand why the scenes were not filmed on the exact locations and not built in the studio. It would have been better

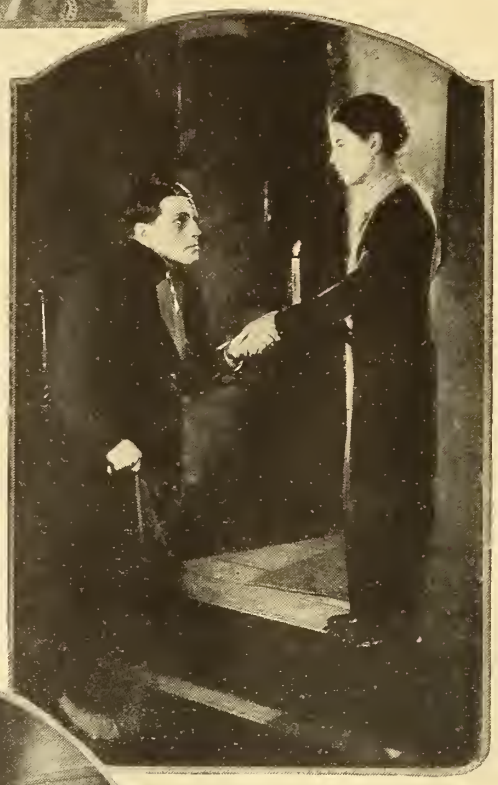
Ramon Novarro and Barbara La Marr are starred in "Thy Name is Woman," in which they are shown at the top of this page. There are minor faults in Fred Niblo's direction of this eternal triangle theme, but he has made a picture which pulses with life. "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," has come to the screen from the ten, twent' and thirt' days. It has everything crammed into it, but still it has a spirit to it. And Claire Windsor in the title-rôle lives up to the adjective expressive of her charm

cloth and been just as gripping. There are minor faults in Niblo's work, but he has made a picture that pulses with life.

Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model

Time has turned backward in its flight and out of the musty plays of yesteryear comes this ripe, old melodrama—which has been thoroly modernized to fit the atmosphere of New York as we know it. Nellie has grown up in poverty, reared by a benefactor who took her away from a cruel father. When the benefactor becomes ill, she gets a job as a model in a shop conducted by her mother's dissolute nephew. The rest of the story features Nellie's troubles in circumventing the plans of this bad boy who would seek the Horton fortunes.

The original play was of the ten, twent', and thirt' days and had everything calculated to make the gallery gods excited. As a picture, everything has been crammed into it—such as a fire, an auto crash, several fistic encounters, and the railroad scene when Nellie is saved from death by a hair's breadth. Hokum? Most assuredly. But there is spirit in it—and the element known as "punch." Claire Windsor plays the title-rôle and succeeds in living up to the adjective expressive of her charm.



Beau Brummel is a personal triumph for John Barrymore, who plays the dashing debonair Brummel with easy grace and charm. It is for him a portrait as compelling as his dual study, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, for he finally becomes a decrepit parody of his former self. Mary Astor is seen with him above. "The Enchanted Cottage" ranks with the best the screen has to offer. It is a picture the appeal of which lies in its simplicity, its humanity and its spirituality. John Robertson, the director, Richard Barthelmess, the star, and May McAvoy, the leading lady, walk in high places thru it

Fools' Highway

The Owen Kildare story, "My Mamie Rose," has a meaningless title in its new screen version—and the story itself is not so pretentious as its sponsors would have us believe. It has been said that the author wrote the tale around his own experiences on the Bowery in the early nineties. In this respect it may be called fairly accurate. But it is a picture which carries little substance.

Its chief ingredient is a sweet flavor of sentiment—which exudes a fair fragrance. But the plot takes considerably long to tell—and in its telling we are presented with a few colorful characters who are true to the type of the period—such as the ward-heeler, the Bowery ruffian who rules by his fists—and the winsome Irish maid who makes him over. We have some fights for atmosphere—and far too much romance. The backgrounds are appropriate enough, but they could have registered more accuracy had they been taken in the actual locations instead of in the studio. We see the "L" trains driven by steam power—and the saloon looks genuine. Ditto the Bowery characters attired *à la* vintage of 1890.

The picture will cast a sentimental spell if accompanied

"Wild Oranges" is adapted from the story by Joseph Hergesheimer. It answers the demand for something different. Charles A. Post as the brute lends a fine note of reality. We recommend this picture for jaded theatergoers

by the old songs such as "The Sidewalks of New York," "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," etc., and it is picturesquely played by Pat O'Malley as the Bowery toughie and Mary Philbin as the wistful colleen. William Collier, Jr., is in character as a humble Jewish youth.

Beau Brummel

This is a personal triumph for John Barrymore, who plays the dashing, debonair Brummel with easy grace and charm, lending a portrait which fits right into the popular conception of the English dandy. It is a portrait as compelling as his dual study, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The story guides the famous fop thru his youthful escapades when he wins the friendship of the Prince of Wales up to his death in a Paris almshouse—a decrepit parody of his former self. The transitions, the shadings, are equally as great here as those which Barrymore expressed in Stevenson's morbid story.

While the characterization is everything here, one is also mindful of the fact that it must be set off in a most appropriate atmosphere. Therefore the production is rich in color and detail. We will even say that it is a work of surpassing beauty from every viewpoint. The settings are magnificent and the technicalities—such as lighting and composition—are in perfect harmony. Barrymore's study is so colorful, faithful and absorbing that everyone who sees him will become Brummel—and climb to glory and to defeat with him.

The screen takes on again a suggestion of real art here. An absorbing story, vital characterization—and a fitting background — these coupled with splendid interpretation make "Beau Brummel" deserving of high honors.

The Enchanted Cottage

Here is a picture which takes rank with the best the screen has to offer. Its glow of sentiment free from any saccharine coating, its fine sensitiveness, its surging song of love that carries the illusion which colors drabness with beauty, its convincing logic that a lover can find loveliness and charm in his mate when transported by the divine song of the heart —these qualities make this a most vibrant romance.

Here is a perfect love story peopled by two unfortunates—living symbols, so to speak, that real beauty lies in the soul. Each finds a sympathetic bond in the other — each transcends earthly things in a perfect concord of expression. They see each other as beautiful, and a sightless comrade aids in weaving the charm of illusion. They have an inner

(*Continued on page* 100)

"The Uninvited Guest" finds beauty in the submarine scenes with their tropical undersea vegetation, fish and coral formations. Jean Tolley, a newcomer to the screen, is pleasing in it, even if her acting is immature. On the left is Laurette Taylor in "Happiness." This is an interesting picture possessing both smiles and tears and original touches. Pat O'Malley gives a performance here that is a credit to him.

No director is capable of fashioning more truthful slices of life as revealed in narrow communities than William de Mille. In "Icebound," with Lois Wilson and Richard Dix playing the leading rôles with capable understanding, he handles his theme with restraint

On the Camera Coast

With

HARRY CARR

When the snow is only a studio prop and the thermometer rises in the California sun, Patsy Ruth Miller finds a soft lacy frock quite all right. Matt Moore turned up his collar and sprinkled his suit with flakes for contrast, while Herbert Brenon, their director in Mary Robert Rinehart's story, "The Breaking Point," looks on amused. . . . Hale, Hale, the Hales are all here . . . on the family lawn, to be exact . . . Creighton and Bobbie and Creighton, Senior

John DeMille has been confined to his room with a sprained ankle. Mrs. DeMille is seen with him in the Beverly Hills home while Katherine and Cecilia and Cecil wave good-morning from below

VIOLA DANA has discovered that it is no use trying to be a Miss John D. Rockefeller unless you have a heart of ice.

Until recently, Viola never thought anything about being a Rockefeller; but about a year ago she was bitten by the real-estate bug. Her attack took the form of buying a big garage on Hollywood Boulevard. She didn't want the garage but she knew that the land upon which it stood was a bargain. So she bought it and waited for it to "jell."

Having a garage on her hands, she had to do something with it, however, so she decided to keep it going until the land price went up. She installed her chauffeur as manager and her secretary as auditor.

She got a whacking big offer the other day for the land. But she turned it down in silent misery. "It would have made me a young fortune; but how can I disappoint Walter, just when he has got everything going so beautifully." . . . Walter being the aforesaid chauffeur-manager. So the Viola Dana garage will remain on the job.

Viola is about to buy a big apartment house which she says will soon be filled up with impecunious relatives. "I know," says Viola in a discouraged tone of voice, "that every time a family moves into my apartments, the husband and bread-winner will proceed to die and leave the widow on my hands; she will never pay her rent and I will never have the nerve to put her out."

It is certainly tough when you want to be hard-boiled and your heart persists in going soft at the wrong moments. But now that we are on the subject of Viola Dana, let us relate this further astounding fact. Viola never sees her own clothes or her own hats until she owns them. The lady who runs the shop picks them all out; has them fitted to a "double" and sends them to Viola in a box. So Vi never has to bother about styles and try-ons. All she does is to pay the bill and the efficient managers of her garage dig up the money to pay the bills; so there you are.

She has gone back to comedies again, with Eddie Cline as director, after her brief flirt with serious drama in "Revelation."

To their mutual delight, Ernst Lubitsch is going to direct Pola Negri again. Altho it has not been formally admitted, I dont believe that he will ever direct Mary Pickford in another picture. "Rosita" was too far removed from Mary's own "stuff." The Pickfords realize that, altho Mary must inevitably resign herself to be "grown up," the public does not like her in European settings or high-power emotional plays. There is something about a Mary Pickford picture that is distinct as the taste of cloves. She realizes that she is

All the features women want

Won't peel off

Won't dry in ridges

Lasts a whole week

Gives a rose brilliance water will not dull

Needs no separate polish remover

The greatest authority on the manicure has perfected the ideal Liquid Polish with all these qualities. Try it at the end of your very next Cutex manicure. You will be delighted with the smooth, rosy brilliance it gives your nails.

Cutex Liquid Polish and the other Cutex preparations are 35c at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England. Or you can get it in two of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

CUTEX *Liquid Polish*

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Send 12c for Special Introductory Set

The Polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First shape the nails with the Cutex emery board. Then soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin with Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then comes Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails smooth and healthy with a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort).

Send the coupon with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Dept. N 6, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. M-6
114 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name_____

Street_____
(or P. O. Box)

City_____ State_____

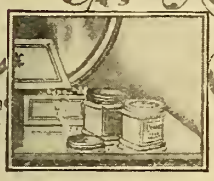
The great, luminous eyes above the black lace of the fan and the handkerchief mask proclaim Madge Bellamy . . . Madge as the camera caught her in "His Forgotten Wife"

Glimpsing "His Forgotten Wife"

Once again a layman has written the story for a Palmer Photoplay production. Will Lambert, a mechanical engineer, is the author of this new story which is soon to reach the screen. Mr. Lambert believes that the main thing for a person with writing ambitions to study is the psychology of the whole human family

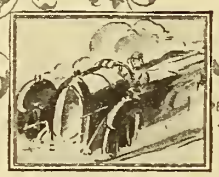
First, says Mr. Lambert, a writer finds a knowledge of the Three R's tremendously handy. But many writers have failed because they did not possess what might aptly be called the Three S's. They stand for sympathy, simplicity and a sane perspective of life

How the younger women are caring for their skin



On her dressing table the sure means of skin perfection

THE younger woman of today does not permit fatigue to mark her skin with tiny lines, or exposure to redden and coarsen it. She knows how tremendously important is a clear, smooth skin and the fragile loveliness that withstands her exceedingly strenuous way of life.



Out in the wind for hours, yet her skin hasn't coarsened

SHE whirls gaily through a crowded day, yet there is no end to her buoyant enthusiasm, her electric energy.

Look at her smiling over her morning coffee. She played eighteen holes of golf in yesterday afternoon's wind and danced until four on top of it.

But her creamy skin hasn't a trace of roughness or coarsening. There's not a line at the corner of her mouth or eyes—no lifeless look to tell of a skin improperly cared for.

For these lighthearted girls know how important a clear, fresh, smooth skin is, and they realize that their strenuous manner of life seriously threatens to destroy its fragile loveliness.

So everywhere they have now definitely adopted the new method of skin care—the method devised by Pond's and based upon the two fundamentals of skin perfection—Rejuvenating Cleansing and a delicate Protective Finish.

How the Younger Women Stay So

First—the all important cleansing that leaves the skin immaculate, supple, lustrous. For this, Pond's Cold Cream on the face and neck every night, and after any exposure. Rub it in generously, with the tips of the fingers, or on a piece or moistened cotton. The fine oil sinks deep into the pores to remove the impurities, the tiny particles of dust and powder that clog them.

With a soft cloth wipe off the cream—you will marvel at the dust and dirt that come with it. Your skin is deliciously clean and supple—and the tiny cells have a chance to breathe and function normally.

Next—the delicate finish that protects. Smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face after every cleansing—just enough to rub in easily. This exquisite, pure soft cream is absorbed instantly, giving a fine, normal texture, a smoothness and an enchanting pearly tone. Now with this perfect foundation, notice how evenly your powder goes on—and it will cling for hours.

After any exposure Pond's Cold Cream is especially soothing. Just feel your face relax as you rub the soft delicate cream in after a long drive or a morning of golf or tennis. The hungry cells drink up the oil they lack, the feeling of strain disappears, and the skin is soft and supple again. Follow this, of course, with Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering.

If you are entertaining or going out in the evening, use Pond's Cold Cream followed by Pond's Vanishing Cream for a smooth, clear loveliness.

POND'S TWO CREAMS USED BY WOMEN WHO TAX THEIR SKIN MOST AND KEEP IT LOVELIEST

Try the Famous Method that Keeps the Skin Young

With Pond's Two Creams and a little care every day, you will be astonished to see how clear and smooth, how soft and velvety your skin looks. And it will keep this charm of freshness and youthfulness for years longer than one would suppose possible. Buy Pond's Two Creams in jars or tubes from any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

Generous tubes—mail coupon with 10 cents today

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Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every skin needs.

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Our Reporter's Note-Book

Retailing the Gossip of the Studio Greenrooms

MATRIMONIAL vacations are becoming quite the vogue—some mere man in writing of them has suggested that the duration of such should be fixed according to age and looks, the younger and better-looking the wife, the shorter the vacation—you understand. Thyra Samter Winslow, the short-story writer, has stipulated the flat rate of a year, and is experimenting on it herself, but along comes Mae Allison and says a year's too long, anything might happen in a year to make it a life time. And Miss Allison should know, she went to the brink and peeped over, and if she and her husband, Robert Ellis, hadn't each lost a mother within a week they'd each have been going it alone by now. Not that they had taken a vacation. The trouble was that they hadn't taken one separately in the three years of their married life. They had lived too close, stepped on each other's toes too often, as it were, and what they needed was a wee small vacation. This they got while they were making arrangements for divorce, then the day before the trial they decided that they didn't want a divorce. As an antidote for future matrimonial breakers, Miss Allison will take up her profession again, and will go on the stage in musical comedy. Retiring, she said, was a mistake. A woman needs an outside interest to keep her from becoming bored.

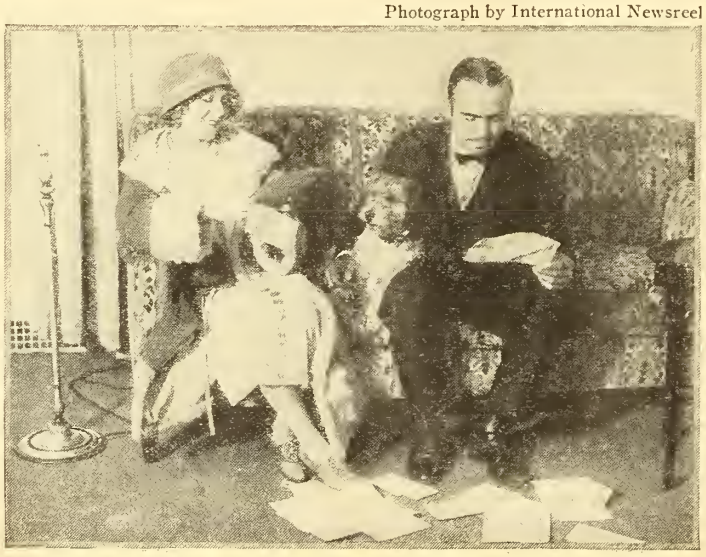
But Dagmar Godowsky doesn't seem to have solved the riddle so pleasantly—her career comes first, she says, and she and Frank Mayo, her husband, have no intention of letting the old ties hold. He is working on the Coast, and she has the feminine lead in "Meddling Women," in which Lionel Barrymore is being featured in the East.

It doesn't seem as if being separated is helping Mr. and Mrs. Cullen Landis to get back to Lovers Lane either. Mr. Landis has answered his wife's suit for divorce by a countersuit charging her with being infatuated with another screen star, and with trying to ruin his career by false reports. The average seems to be two matrimonial wrecks against one rehabilitation.

And the William S. Hart separation parleys continue—Mrs. Hart's lawyers have asked for an interpretation of the clause preventing her from working until after the termination of the present agreement by divorce on either side or death. It is believed that the two-gun man will stand pat on his trust fund settlement of $103,000 on his wife and $100,000 on his son, plus the stipulation against work. It promises to be a case long drawn out with red tape.

A conference during the filming of "The Enchanted Cottage." Director John Robertson, standing . . . his wife, Josephine Lovett, with her hat shading her face which is, however, reflected in the pier glass (Miss Lovett wrote the scenario of this whimsical drama, . . . and Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy, in character. While, right, Ramon Novarro in the name rôle of "The Arab" which Rex Ingram recently filmed in Tunis. Ramon is not a sheik . . . he is a dragoman. We understand there is a great difference

Photograph by International Newsreel



Mary and Doug never find a vacation in New York any rest. Nowhere in the world is there a quiet corner where you're not swamped with telephone calls, telegrams, letters and engagements. This photograph was taken at the Fairbanks suite at the Ambassador, where they were installed with several members of the family and a retinue of servants

Why Any Child Can Have Beautiful Hair

How to Keep Children's Hair Soft and Silky, Bright, Fresh Looking, and Luxuriant.

YOU see children with beautiful hair everywhere today.

Beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Any child can have beautiful hair.

The beauty of your child's hair depends almost entirely upon you—upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, their fine young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water, and even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, squeeze it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

* * * * * *

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

This is a particularly interesting studio photograph, inasmuch as it shows Director Sidney Olcott conferring with his assistant director and his cameraman. Cameramen are more important than they are ever credited with being . . .

In the company beyond the cameras Rodolph Valentino is at the extreme right. . . . Lois Wilson is standing next to him and Bebe Daniels is beside her. When Director Olcott calls his "C-A-M-E-R-A," another scene of "Monsieur Beaucaire" will be shot

Another house of cards seems to have fallen down—that of Ouida Bergere and George Fitzmaurice at Great Neck, N. Y. Their home, once the gay rendezvous of film folk, is for sale, and Ouida Bergere who was wont to write the scenarios for the stories that George Fitzmaurice, her husband, produced, has gone to Europe, declaring that she is heartily sick of writing scenarios and will never do another; she will visit Russia in search of material for a play which she will write when she returns. Mr. Fitzmaurice meanwhile has gone to Hollywood to produce "Cytherea." It was the scenario of this story that Miss Bergere worked last on, and which was scrapped as unsatisfactory to all concerned.

And Ann Luther and the famous Mr. Gallagher—Mr. Shean's side partner—have separated, but there will be no divorce, or so she *is said to have said* when she visited Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Chaplin on the Coast.

The art of persuasion—Griffith has at last fallen for it, and has gone to Italy to confer with a syndicate of Italian financiers for an elaborate motion picture production to be made in that country. The conference was arranged by Comm. C. Andrea Serrao, K.C.B.E., a government official of Rome, thru the services of his young nephew who lives here, and inasmuch as many syndicates of many countries have sought Mr. Griffith in vain, the accomplishment is considered quite a coup. The object of the undertaking is to rehabilitate the motion picture industry in Italy which was all but annihilated during the war. It is believed that Griffith, with financial backing assured, and with an American cast and perfectly appointed studios, can do just that. No story has been decided upon but it will be something as elaborate and enormous as "Faust," "L'Aiglon," "The Last Days of Pompeii," and "The Quest of the Holy Grail." And apropos of genius rewarded, Griffith has just been awarded honorary

(*Continued on page* 112)

Alice Terry and Rex Ingram were so fascinated in Tunis, Algeria, that they have purchased an old Moorish castle there where they plan to live for some months every year. Here they are seen with one of the little native girls who plays in "The Arab." The lady with the resplendent headdress of twelve enormous aigrettes on the right is Betty Blythe. And her director in "Chu Chin Chow" is seated upon the old stone stairs. Betty, so they tell us, is gorgeous to behold in this forthcoming spectacle

The pledge of the printed word

FRIENDSHIPS in ancient days were formed by pledges of blood. Medieval knights won mutual aid by pledges of the sword. But modern business forms friends in every corner of the world through the pledge of the printed word.

Advertisements are pledges made especially for you . . . pledges that advertised goods you buy are exactly as claimed.

When you buy an advertised phonograph, you buy one of established workmanship and tone. It has been tested by thousands before you. Its dealers, sure of its worth, invite the testing of millions more.

What is not advertised may be worth buying. What is, must be!

Read the advertisements to know which goods are advertised.

An advertiser's pledge can be redeemed only by your entire satisfaction

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter

ESTELLE B.—Spring is indeed here. Have you gathered any mayflowers yet? You want more pictures of Billy Sullivan and Art Acord—less of Ramon Novarro. Billy Sullivan, you know, is playing in "Fast Steppers."

MABEL.—How's the old room? So you think I look like Bull Montana. Wish I had his pocketbook. Pola Negri is playing in "A Woman of the Night." Her next picture after that will be directed by Lubitsch, her former director.

U. R. C.—You must be some pumpkins in your town. If you would be known, and not know, vegetate in a village; if you would know, and not be known, live in a city. No, Gladys Walton is not playing now, her next picture will be the mother of a little Gladys. Agnes Ayres in "The Guilty One."

WALLY.—Well, a moron is a person whose mental capacity has been arrested during development and who represents, mentally, the condition of a child of twelve years of age. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City and Anita Stewart in Brooklyn, N. Y. Ruth Roland is working on a feature length production, "Extravaganee." Run in again some time. I'm always here at the post.

HELEN H. S.—I'm sorry, but Robert Warwick was scheduled to play in "Drums of Jeopardy." Maybe the company made the change after it was announced.

ANITA.—You say, how can you expect a living wage when you know you are a dead one. Oh! bury me, Cæsar, bury me! All right for you. And you wish this magazine would come out oftener. How about a weekly? Why, Shirley Mason and Harold Goodwin in "The Strange Woman."

ERNICE.—Yes, I took off the old red flannels the 1st of May. Going to have the old whiskers mowed for the summer. Of course I drink buttermilk, whenever I can get it. Just address Ben Alexander at First National, United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. at that address, too. So long.

OMMES OMNIBUS.—Well, according to the New York *World*, they say "Mother Nature" is evidently determined to make New York City very quickly the greatest city in the world. Every eight minutes there is a death in this town, but every four minutes there is a new baby. And about every five minutes another inhabitant arrives by train or ship, inflow by the latter greatly predominating. I suppose soon I will be asked to share my hall-room with a Mongol. Mae Marsh was born in 1897.

LILLIAN R.—I see. No wisdom like silence. Kenneth Harlan is not married. At least he wasn't when I wrote this. You know you cant keep up to the players. That is Anita Stewart's real name. She is thirty years old and is now in California.

PELL.—Thanks a lot for that pretty card you sent to me. Yes, I, too, enjoyed "Seventh Heaven" and "Rain" about as well as any legitimate shows I have seen this season. You liked "Zaza." You know our Miss Fletcher was formerly associated with Vitagraph. Write to me often.

AVAVELL H.—That's where you put your foot in it. None can do a woman worse despite than to call her old. Barbara La Marr is an American. Yes, I liked "The Prisoner of Zenda." Laurette Taylor is working on "A Night in Rome." Virginia Valli is to star in Kathleen Norris' "Butterfly" for Universal. You're entirely welcome.

GLORIA G.—I should say I do love to answer questions. Yes, thank you, I had a delightful vacation of twenty-three days on the S. S. *Ulua*, stopping at Havana, Port Antonio, Kingston, Cristobal, Panama City and San José. There is only one man who answers more questions than I do and that is Bill Geoghegan, the Purser. And there is only one man whose job I envy, and that is Johnnie Love's, the Cruise Manager.

ELEANOR.—But in all my travels, the American Dollar is the only successful universal language. It can always be understood. Wallace Reid was born April 16. Why dont you write to Mrs. Reid, Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, California? F. B. O. stands for Film Booking Offices. Ring off, please!

A MOVIE BUG.—That listens well. One may understand like an angel, and yet be a devil. That is Bert Lytell's real name. Ramon Novarro is not married. Irene Rich in "Pal O' Mine." She has just finished "Yesterday's Wife." Why Louise Huff is playing on the stage in "The New Englander."

EDWIN H.—Yes, that was some hit, but the greatest homestretch I know of is the effort to stretch my pay check from one Saturday to another. Jackie Coogan was born October 26, in New York. He has a private tutor, and he made his first appearance on the stage at the age of sixteen months. He has brown eyes and light-brown hair.

HOMER W. K.—Queen Mary of England is said to be the best cook among the royal women of Europe. Cullen Landis has two daughters. He is playing in "The Fighting Coward," and after that in "One Law for the Woman," a Vitagraph Production. Matt Moore and Patsy Ruth Miller in "Fools in the Dark."

J. V. D.—No, no, no, that was a real giant in Harold Lloyd's picture and his name is John Aasen. He is over seven feet tall. Baby Peggy in "The Law Forbids," in which Robert Ellis plays the father and Elinor Faire her mother. Peggy is now working on "Helen's Babies." I'll be waiting.

J. M.—There are only four Moore boys—Colleen is not related. Her real name is Kathleen Morrison.

PITTSBURG BABY.—I wont say it, but I am thinking a whole lot. Rod La Rocque is six feet and not married. Born in Chicago. Yes, your face may be your fortune, provided it draws interest. Cash that one.

GEORGIANA.—What a wonderful letter. I read every word of it and looked for more. Of course I admire Sir James Barrie's works. You think he surpasses Shakespeare. Cant very well give you the addresses you ask for, because the players are not with any one company long enough. If you will send the letter to the players in my care, I will re-direct them. Do write me again.

JANETT.—I know, but they say it is in the eyes that the language of love is written. That is her right name. Alice Terry is five feet one. Charles Jones five feet eleven and three-quarters. Betty Compson has brown hair. Richard Dix is twenty-nine and not married. Madge Bellamy and Warner Baxter in "His Forgotten Wife," which was made under the working title "Lost." She wouldn't be lost for long—they always turn up.

PETER PEPPS.—So you are not happy. I'm sorry. Manual labor is sometimes trivial compared with the exertion of trying to be happy. Francis Ford is five feet eleven, born in 1882. Yes, he is a producer, player and director. Three in one. A brand of oil, but not Doheny. Joseph Girard in "The Voice on the Wire." Lew Cody is playing in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Write me again.

MARGARET S.—You want to see more of Bill Hart. I understand he isn't making a picture right now. Harold Lloyd's last was "Girl Shy," with Jobyna Ralson.

CAROLINE FROM MELBOURNE.—How's the weather down there? Thomas Santschi is not playing right now. Well, why dont you write to Lewis Stone and tell him you like his acting? He would be glad to hear from

Why Artists Want Their Models to Use Princess Pat Natural Tint

A surprising tribute from the profession in all the world most critical of women's beauty

ONE of the most curious and interesting side-lights on the virtues of Princess Pat Tint is its almost universal use in the studios of famous artists.

In explanation, a well known Chicago painter says: "Princess Pat Tint is the only rouge-shade I have ever found that gives my models an absolutely life-like color, one that I can transfer to my canvases without modification."

This tribute is even more remarkable than the mere words convey—for artists invariably paint in the clear, cold "north light" that is merciless in revealing false notes of color. And Princess Pat Tint withstands this test *without a single hint of artificiality.* Think of it!

Now, being a woman, you have tried to match odd silks. What a task it is. You can get *almost* the right shade, but *not quite!* With the usual orange rouges, you can get *almost* a natural color—but, ah madam, *not quite!*

And why? There lies the fascinating secret of Princess Pat Tint, the secret of the difference between it and all other rouge-shades known. Here is the explanation: Princess Pat Tint contains a certain ingredient—a so-called "variant"—which will change color on the cheeks instantly the Tint is applied.

Moreover this ingredient changes *differently* on every type of skin. Have you ever watched the play of softly colored lights with which such beautiful effects are achieved in a Belasco play? You have seen pure white shade marvelously into delicate rose, and deepen or diminish at the will of some one unseen.

This is exactly what happens with Princess Pat Tint—except that Nature herself is the *mistress of effects.* She takes the warmth of your skin, considers it with its texture and moisture. With these to give *control,* she permits the secret ingredient in Princess Pat to vary and modify and change until she has exactly the right coloring for your particular type—*and then arrests the change.*

No human skill can do this for you with the fixed, unchanging colors of ordinary rouge. That is why so many rouges which resemble Princess Pat Tint in outward appearance, but which lack the "variant," do not give Princess Pat *naturalness.* They simply *cannot.* Princess Pat Tint is made with a degree of care and skill which amounts to a fine art. It is a triumph in balancing delicate ingredients which has its counterpart only in the delicate color values Nature imparts to the most beautiful flowers.

Added to its other virtues, Princess Pat Tint is waterproof—so thoroughly waterproof that even a swim in fresh or salt water will not affect it.

So if you want Princess Pat effect—and naturally every woman does—you must use genuine Princess Pat Tint. There is no substitute.

And to enable you to know the startling difference, you may send for—and receive free—a miniature trial compact of the original Princess Pat Tint.

Princess Pat Lip Stick

Quite as delightful to the woman who loves true beauty, is the fact that Princess Pat lip stick has the same characteristic as Princess Pat Tint. It, too, becomes an absolutely natural color on your lips. Most dealers can now supply you.

FREE!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Tint to meet all calls for it, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a week's supply without charge.

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2701 S. Wells St., Dept. 26, Chicago
Entirely FREE, please forward me postpaid, a complimentary supply of the new Princess Pat Tint.

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Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Creams—Ice Astringent—Princess Pat Tint—Lip Stick—Powder—Princess Pat Perfume

you. He's playing in "Cytherea," you know. But while opinions should be formed with great caution, they should be discarded with equal care.

ICEBERG.—Whew! Write to Ruth Roland at 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Bebe Daniels is with Famous Players, Astoria, Long Island.

ELIZABETH H.—Well you go right on thinking of me as a gallant and handsome young man. I wouldn't disappoint you for the world. I nearly died when I saw your questions. Honest! You want a short biography of forty players. Keeper, open my cage and let me fly.

ROGER, PARIS.—*Je n'oublierai jamais.* I hope some day to visit Paris. Sorry I could not use your *nom de plume.* You write very good English. If you come to America you will learn English very quickly. Douglas MacLean is five feet nine and a half. Wallace Beery is six feet and weighs 200 pounds. Write me again.

GOLDEN GIRL.—So you want to see Lon Chaney on the cover. Yes, he is married. Nazimova is about forty-five years old. Married to Charles Bryant. Mae Murray does not give her age, but she is married to Robert Leonard. Huntley Gordon was born in Montreal and educated in England. He is six feet and weighs 170 pounds. He has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Selah.

FRENCHY.—Yes, I saw Douglas Fairbanks' "The Thief of Bagdad," the opening night when all the motion picture players and magnates were present. It was a beautiful picture, I mean "The Thief," with gorgeous photography. Mary and Douglas appeared on the stage and Douglas introduced Raoul Walsh, the director of the picture. Yes, Marion Davies in "Yolanda."

MERRY LIPS.—Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish were scheduled for "Romeo and Juliet," but I'm not so sure now.

PEREGRINO.—Guess you have named them all.

BETTY Y.—Pleasure is the flower that passes; remembrance, the lasting perfume. So it's well to remember. Norman Kerry is married, but I doubt whether Raymond Griffith is. Marjorie Daw is in Europe now playing in "The Passionate Adventure," for Selznick. She has finished "Maude Muller," from the poem.

CUTIE, JR.—All right, I know I am slow, you know Euripides says: "Have a useful and good wife in the house, or dont marry at all." Where you going to find them? Address Mae Murray at Tiffany Productions, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Pete Morrison is playing in "Stampeding the Truth," a serial for Universal.

ELIZABETH A. G. BLOOMFIELD.—That's right, but Dr. Johnson said: "If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons." Alfred Lunt is playing on the stage right now. Thanks for yours, it was mighty interesting.

B. A. D.—But you're not really bad? You just send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs. Be sure to paste it on the envelope too, my licker is not so good. Try Cuba! Hey, Professor, a little soft music here, please, as the audience passes out.

PEGGY.—Ah, ha, so Joseph Striker is your sheik. Address him at First National, United Studios. He played in "Painted People," with Colleen Moore. Tom Moore is to play the lead with Gloria Swanson in "Manhandled." That's a new one on me.

J. W. C.—So you think I am cold. Not now, the winter is over. Cold natures have only recollections; tender natures have remembrances. Yes, Priscilla Dean played in "The Storm Daughter." Estelle Taylor and Antonio Moreno have signed to play the leads in the adaption of the Spanish opera, "The Wild Cat." She will also play in "The Wise Son," for Metro.

BILLY B.—I'm sorry, Billy, but it is quite impossible for me to ask Tom Mix if he ever knew a family by the name you mention. I wish I could do all these little things that are asked of me.

ZAZA.—Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton welcomed the stork on February 3rd, when they were presented with another son. He will be Buster, Jr. Norma is playing in "Secrets." A man of silence is a man of sense. Sh——!

AUGUST. S.—Happiness must be earned, you know. Contentment consists not in great wealth, but in few wants. Ben Alexander is about twelve. Mickey Moore was Lance at four and his brother Pat was Lance at six. Edith Allen, David Powell, Naomi Childers, Dagmar Godowsky, Burr McIntosh, Maurice Costello and Ralph Kellard in "Virtuous Liars."

ILLINI.—Of course, I can eat anything. So you dont think I am over eighty years old. Well! Wanda Hawley was with Vitagraph last. T. Roy Barnes and Lucille Ricksen in "Relativity," in which Laura LaPlante is starring for Universal.

PATRICIA H. K.—All the way from China. Bert Lytell in "The Son of Sahara." That was good of you. You do not know but that every deed you perform will be remembered by some one, all thru eternity. You must write to me again.

FROG IN SPAIN.—Ah, sunny Spain. Guess the foreign mail is in. Write to Constance Talmadge at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. You are right, poets are born, but orators are made. That's why I write. Write me some more.

C. O'C.; FRANCIS C.; BARBARA M. J.; FLORA N.; NANCY C.; INDIAN GIRL; BETTY'S ADMIRER; HELEN H.; CLARICE P.; TERESA N.; MARGARET M.; VIRGINIA P.; SYLVIA; GLADYS E. P. and MARIE S.—Sorry to put you in the alsorans, but your questions have all been answered somewhere in this department.

TEDDY.—They do say he who looks after his wife and his house has enough to do. Yes, Marguerite Clark says she is thru with the screen. Richard Barthlemess in Bermuda at this writing.

PENROD.—Well, if there is anything you want to know, fire away. I get $12.00 a week to give advice. I dont mind it. Advice is like kissing; it costs nothing and is a pleasant thing to do. Ben Alexander was Penrod, and he was born in Goldfield, Nevada, about twelve years ago. He is playing in "Sundown" now. Call again!

KANSAS GIRL.—Well, I haven't the names of the young ladies Neysa McMein selected. You know we ran pictures of them some time ago.

JUSTA NUT.—All right, but dont be a knocker; just consider how a knock affects you. So you are going to mention me in your will. I suppose it will be honorary mention. Catharine Calvert was on the stage last. To fare well yourself; help along the welfare of others. You know my address.

JANET H.—I know, but never severely criticize a thing unless you can suggest something very much better. Earle Foxe in "A Lady of Quality." That was Ben Alexander in "Jealous Husbands." Address him at the United Studios. I think it was sometime in the year, 1817, that iron pavements were first laid in London. But that's aside from the subject.

PEG J.—Many receive advice, only the wise profit by it. We give advice by the bucket, but take it by the grain. Yes, John Barrymore is married to Michel Strange. That is her *nom de plume,* however. Mary Philbin was discovered in a contest, you know. Wish somebody would discover me sometime. The idea! You think Conway Tearle is a trifle passé.

HADYN.—Well, I am glad to hear your troubles, and I wont kick. Anyway, you couldn't hear me if I did. So you think Gloria Swanson has taken a turn for the better and you liked her in "The Humming Bird." Dont know much about Billy McDermott. May McAvoy is four feet eleven and weighs 94 pounds. Marie Prevost is five feet four and weighs 123. Yes, I believe I belong to that club.

PEGGY R. V.—That reminds me: "If a wish could make it sew," said the wife as she looked at her husband's socks. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-nine. He has dark hair and brown eyes. Try Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Francis Bushman is in Europe doing "Ben Hur." This will be Mr. Bushman's four hundred and fifth motion picture, the first one in which he has not been the star, and also, the first in which he has acted the rôle of a villain.

MRS. S.—Alfred Vosberg is not playing now. I have lost track of him for some time.

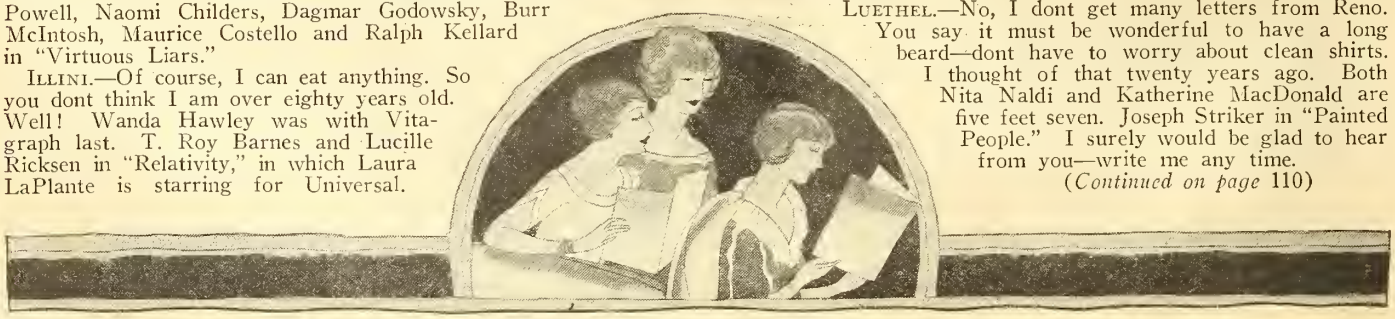
DON B.—Yes, I know people like that. To reject everything with a flaw, is as bad as excess admiration that swallows everything. I'm sorry, but I cannot tell you the name of the car Lila Lee and Thomas Meighan were riding in.

JO.—On bended knee I thank you. You know there never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate. Yes, I liked Jackie Coogan, too. Your letter fairly sparkled.

A NOVARRO FAN.—You know the old saying, practice makes perfect all right enough, but after loving the many, it is sometimes difficult to love much. Yes, Thomas Meighan is Irish. James Kirkwood was married to Gertrude Robinson. Barbara La Marr in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Jack Dougherty, Barbara La Marr's new husband, is supporting Eileen Sedgwick in a new serial for Universal.

LUETHEL.—No, I dont get many letters from Reno. You say it must be wonderful to have a long beard—dont have to worry about clean shirts. I thought of that twenty years ago. Both Nita Naldi and Katherine MacDonald are five feet seven. Joseph Striker in "Painted People." I surely would be glad to hear from you—write me any time.

(*Continued on page* 110)



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News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

An organization of theatre-owners presenting the finest in screen entertainment.

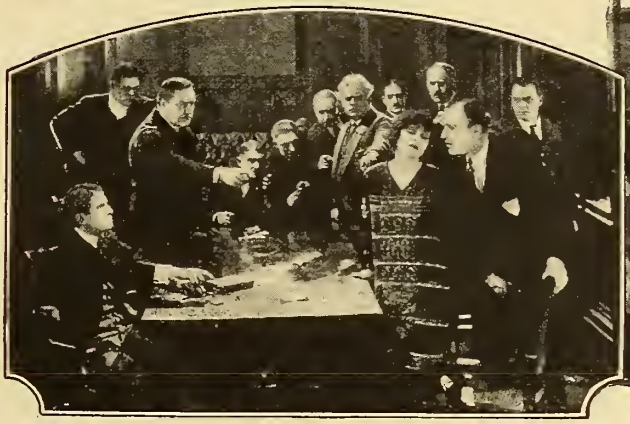
Eleven to One!

THE odds were against the woman on the jury—eleven to one. Her voice against the eleven who voted "Guilty!" How she cleared the name of the girl prisoner, yet condemned herself, is but part of the drama packed away in this unusual picture "The Woman on the Jury." The play was a Broadway stage success and the story has lost not an iota of interest in its screen telling.

And the cast! There's near a baker's dozen of them—each popular enough to star in his or her own picture. Sylvia Breamer is in the title rôle, and Frank Mayo plays the leading masculine part. Lew Cody returns to villainy and meets a deserving death. Bessie Love is the prisoner who causes all the trouble. Then there's Hobart Bosworth doing jury duty and Henry B. Walthall as the prosecuting attorney. Also Mary Carr, Myrtle Stedman (remember her in "Flaming Youth"), Roy Stewart, Ford Sterling (he has forsaken slapstick for a more serious rôle), Jean Hersholt, Leo White, Arthur Lubin and Grace Gordon.

"The Woman on the Jury"

The greatest court room scene ever filmed is promised in this unusual picture. The cold logic of eleven masculine minds, or the tender understanding in a lone woman's heart?



Bessie Love has one of her most appealing roles in "The Woman on the Jury."

"Those Who Dance"

JUST when the whole country is talking anti- and pro-prohibition, along comes Thomas H. Ince with a picture that serves up in entertaining form a visualization of the drama and comedy that's in the problem. Leave it to Ince to find live, up-to-the-minute stories to present to screen audiences.

This new picture is entitled "Those Who Dance" and there's a thrilling story of the underworld in it. In the featured rôle Blanche Sweet shines as brightly as in "Anna Christie"—in which she created dramatic history last year. Warner Baxter, always a favorite in the leading masculine rôle, is there and also Bessie Love, John Sainpolis and Lydia Knott.

The picture is an adaptation of a magazine story by George Kibbe Turner. Lambert Hillyer directed. Make a Maytime date when this picture appears on the screen of your local theatre. First National has all types of pictures on its program—and here is one of its finest melodramas.

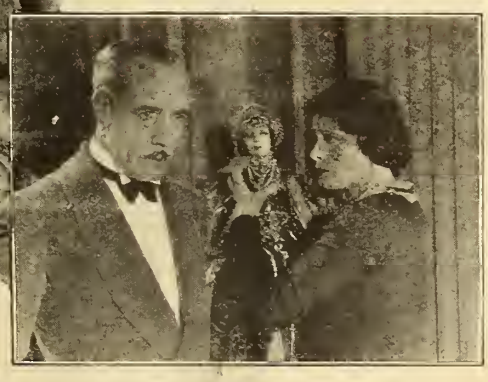
Touching the High Spots

A MOVIE fan has to keep both eyes open these days—hardly time for more than an occasional wink—in order to keep the good ones from slipping by. First National Producers have a high mark to shoot at, whether they are making comedy, drama, or costume drama. Take "GALLOPING FISH" for instance. Thomas Ince has crowded in the laughs until it is the most hilarious chaser of blues of the year. Then there's "LILIES OF THE FIELD"—society drama at its very best Gorgeous settings, dazzling gowns, beautiful Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle.

And so it goes. Richard Barthelmess in "THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE." The newspaper critics are still telling us how splendid is the acting and how delightful the story. And "THE GOLDFISH," in which Connie Talmadge takes your sense of humor out on a laugh spree.

First National is a co-operative organization of theatre owners and First National pictures are designed especially for the gorgeous theatres of its members. That is one reason that you can count on First National productions—they are made for the best theatres in the best possible way.

HAVE you met Sakra-el-Bahr, alias Sir Oliver Tressilian, as yet? So far he lives only between the covers of Rafael Sabatini's novel, "The Sea Hawk," but thanks to Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc., he will soon have a more vivid existence on the screen. Milton Sills plays this bold, virile, high-spirited adventurer of the sixteenth century in the picture which is nearing completion after six months' intensive work. Frank Lloyd promises the greatest sea story of all movie history.



"Cytherea"

"Cytherea" was a love goddess to the ancients. To moderns "Cytherea" is an ornamental doll. But to Lee Randon "Cytherea" is a woman who comes into his life to shake his soul from out the rut of conventionality. Joseph Hergesheimer's sensational novel has been produced by Samuel Goldwyn (not now connected with Goldwyn Pictures) and directed by George Fitzmaurice. Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Irene Rich (on right) are pictured above.

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On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page* 59)

pill and each taken a nibble and ended it all.

Like Lubitsch, Mr. Seastrom read libraries of books. Only he didn't find them himself. He left it to the scenario department to find them. His part was to take a weary look at them; pass them back with gloomy reproach and the single phrase, "Nothing in that." They never found out why or what was the matter. At length they wore him out; just about one lap before he wore them out. He has finally accepted an English story called "The Tree of the Garden." It is by Edward C. Booth. Mr. Seastrom also has a home-grown scenario writer, like Lubitsch. His name is Hjalmar Bergmann.

Seastrom is regarded by many critics as the finest director in the world; but his attitude of mind puzzles the producers. When they timidly venture an opinion as to whether some picture or story would make money, he answers sadly, "I have no desire to make money; just a little farm for my family and myself where we can be happy." After this, the producers dont like to say, "Hey there. How about us." So they just gulp and smile.

There is another side of this nose question. Having been duly bobbed as to hair and face-lifted as to jowls, the Hollywood girls have been having their noses made over. Helen Ferguson is now pure Grecian and gave a big party to the girls of "Our Club" to look at her new profile. Several others followed suit. Including Mrs. Sid Chaplin. To her grief. Something went wrong with the operation. Infection set in. Mrs. Chaplin says her nose has been wrecked instead of helped. It is full of puckers and strange canyons. She is meditating a lawsuit against the recreant specialist.

Barbara La Marr has shown that she isn't just a languid beauty. In "The White Moth," which is being made under the direction of Maurice Tourneur, she has a fight with another girl. Being an earnest young lady who loves her art, Miss La Marr wound up the fight with her dress on fire and a broken knee cap. She is now in the hospital. I dont know what became of the fragments of the young lady with whom she was fighting.

May McAvoy has returned to the Coast to play in a picture under the direction of William de Mille. She denies that she is engaged to Glenn Hunter—the old stuff about being "just good friends etc., etc."

Betty Compson, who does not deny her engagement to be married to James Cruze, has begun working on a picture called "The Enemy Sex" under her fiancé's direction. In the same cast are Percy Marmont, Huntley Gordon, Shaldon Lewis, Kathlyn Williams. If true love can survive discussions over close-ups, there is nothing that could wreck their matrimonial barque.

Frank Urson and Paul Iribe, art directors, are to be picture directors at Lasky's hereafter. They are to start with Leatrice Joy in "Rôles."

Jackie Coogan, having finished "The Boy of Flanders," is to make a picture from an original story written for him by Willard Mack. "Long Live the King" was a disastrous venture for Jackie. His public want to see him as a pitiful, wistful child in rags.

Irving Willat is making—or has finished—a picture for Lasky all in colors. It is a new process. Instead of the usual costume picture, he chose a plain Western tale—"The Wanderer of the Wasteland"—for the story. In the cast are Jack Holt, Billie Dove and others.

William Farnum, coming back to pictures under the Lasky banner, is to work only half of each year for the screen. The rest of the time he is to be on the stage, his first venture being Eugene O'Neill's "The Fountain."

Marshall Neilan narrowly missed an operation for appendicitis. His picture, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," being interrupted thereby. Blanche Sweet, who is Mrs. Neilan by way of permanent occupa-

(*Continued on page* 86)

With never one thought for calories . . . Florence Vidor called on Corinne Griffith when Miss Griffith was making "Lilies of the Field," and their conversation was punctuated by great, luscious bonbons

If You Draw The Reins Too Tight—

A Blooded Horse Will Break and Run—

Could A Girl of Spirit Do Less?—

IT'S A STORY OF A FLAPPER—she vows, "Yes, and the very first chance I get, I'm going to run away and be bad, *bad,* BAD!"

BUT WHO COULD BLAME HER—"she'd been led around by a halter all her life. Never been out of pasture. The prettiest ever."

THEN Fate loosed the reins——

A Discovery

For years Henry Albert Phillips has written for Brewster Publications. He has a versatile pen and has created a unique style—a distinctive mode of word pictures and characterizations. In the July issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE *will appear the first instalment of Mr. Phillips' "The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad," and simultaneously Boni & Liveright will release "Other People's Lives," Mr. Phillips' first novel. We congratulate ourselves on having discovered Mr. Phillips as a writer.*

Henry Albert Phillips, by Eugene V. Brewster

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HOPE BROWN WAS NAÏVE—her love was the love of youth and purity, yet in revolt, she bartered it—put it up for sale. Who'll buy?——

Adventure

HOPE BROWN WAS UNIQUE—she'd never been to a movie, never seen a one-piece bathing suit, never danced to jazz, never tasted liquor——

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HOPE BROWN WAS DARING—from a guarded life she invaded the underworld—one moment she was on the crest, the next, crushed——

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NEW YORK PARIS

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The Movies Outdo Barnum

(*Continued from page 52*)

The Goldwyn Cosmopolitan Distributing Corporation's exploitation department is most unusual. The men in this department have many years of experience as advertising men back of them. They have arranged an efficiency method which is working most effectively. Huge books are constructed full of clippings, posters, photographs and suggestions for publicity. Each of these books is mailed to an exhibitor who has booked the picture to be exploited. From the first page to the last, the book is full of ideas for exploitation. It shows you how to tie up the picture with the local news-dealer, the local department store, the local florist. He tells how to attract favorite attention to the theater lobby, how to get people interested in the picture in every possible way. One of the assistants are always ready to take a trip several days in length, if necessary, to assist the exhibitor.

The Fox Film Corporation is especially interested in "propaganda exploitation," such as the purchasing of more than a hundred big Stetson sombreros and having Tom Mix put his signature on the brims. Mix, the big Western Fox star, wears a Stetson and one of these, in a window, adds interest to the window—and to the Mix picture which is shown in a movie house at the same time. Fox also duplicated Napoleon's coach for "The Count of Monte Cristo," and, wherever this coach was displayed it received interested comment.

First National is interested in many an elaborate "tie-up," which the public does not know about, but which adds interest both to the film and to the article with which it is tied. Photoplay editions of books, talking-machine record tie-ups and song tie-ups, are all a part of First National exploitation. When "Trilby" was showing, window displays of "Walk-Over Shoes" were used. The "Penrod" suit was featured in local store windows, when "Penrod and Sam" was shown. The Hottentot collars, produced by the Lion collar company, were used in boosting "The Hottentot"; Packer's Tar Soap was used as a tie-up in "East Is West," because Constance Talmadge was seen with a cake of the soap in her hand.

In England, Universal put on a clever exploitation novelty by offering a prize of thirty pounds for the cleverest imitation of Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Betty Balfour, an English stage star, gave the prize, which was won by John Frederick DeFranc.

Famous Players-Lasky put over a number of amazing stunts when "Manslaughter" was released. These consisted of everything from the showing of a wrecked car to "Drive Carefully" signs, in the very shadow of the Capitol Building at Washington.

Kidnaping and stolen jewels, lost gypsy maidens, secret symbols mysteriously displayed and attempts at blackmail frequently turn out to be nothing but clever exploitation features, when they are tracked to their sources. Electric signs which cost enough to provide a decent living for an ordinary American family aren't even unusual these days. Lobby displays so elaborate that they rival the scenery in a modern stage drama, window displays almost unbelievable in their elaborateness, parades both expensive and arresting—these are just a few of the things that the exploitation departments of the film companies have added to our lives.

Living grows more complicated every day. Certainly the exploitation man of the modern film company is doing what he can to add to this complication. However, he adds interest to living as well. So, when you see an almost-murder, a near-kidnapping or a rather-real fire, dont scream or turn pale. Just shrug your shoulders in a bored, sophisticated sort of a way and murmur,

"What ever will these exploitation men think of, next?"

You wont know the answer. Still, you'll not be alone. Neither will anyone else.

It is sometimes practical to tie-up the showing of some film with an article of clothing. For example, "Trilby," with its heroine with the most perfect of all feet, did admirably for a "Walk-Over" shoe display. And that's the way it goes. No possibility of exploitation, however small, is overlooked

Lilies of the Field

(*Continued from page* 80)

looked upon such bitter things. If the lilies So anything at all to me, they taught me Spr much more than ever I wanted my Slu . . . what she means . . . To a she represents. . . .

And so, as you know, Maizie got me job in the modiste shop and I got myself this room.

"This is, perhaps, the only part of the story you haven't heard before. Thru all of this storm and stress you were so kind to me, so friendly. I had been so shocked by Walter's conduct to me. I had been so shocked at Ted Conroy. Suddenly men seemed bestial to me. I, who had trusted them so much. I felt as tho they were all become beasts of prey, without scruples, terrible . . . You seemed to stand out. I forgot the things I had heard about you from Maizie and the other girls. I seemed to associate you with your books. They formed a background for you that was safe and pleasant for me to think about. You were so friendly to me, so impersonal. I began to trust you. Unconsciously the sadly shattered remnants of all my illusions builded themselves up again—around you. Then—the day you took me to your apartment, showed me the sumptuous hangings, the things you had bought, told me that they could all be mine, that I need not work any more, that I could have more than Maizie . . ." Mildred broke off, with a shudder, "more than *Maizie*," she repeated, "poor Maizie, who has so little. That look in your eyes when you were talking to me. The touch of your hand on my arm. I had been fooled again. Wrong again. Things seemed to topple around me, finally, devastatingly. I ran out of the apartment and never wanted to see you again——

"I dont know why I have talked to you as I have today after—after that. Except, perhaps, because the earlier memory of your tactful kindness to me when things were so black and distressing still lingers with me. You *were* dear and sweet to me then, in the way I had dreamed a real man would be dear and sweet to a woman in sore trouble. I—I suppose I feel that I owe you this much before we—we say good-bye."

Louis Willing's voice was very low. "Did you—during that hard time—did you *like* me at all," he said, "personally, I mean?"

Mildred's pale face took on a faintly ermine hue. "That isn't a fair question—now," she said, "and I suppose I am running risk in answering you. But I have come to the point where I might as well tell the truth. After all, little more can happen to me now. Yes, I did like you. I was even ashamed because I liked you so very much. I felt—oh, I almost felt indelicate, indecent, to think of you so—so much as I did—so soon after Walter and all the trouble. I can tell you now—because it is all over."

Louis Willing rose and gathered up his hat and stick. If Mildred had looked up at him she would have read something in his eyes that could not be mistaken, no matter what had been his mistake in the past. But she didn't look up at him. She didn't because she was mortally afraid that *he* would read in *her* face what could not be mistaken either—a shamed, hidden, struggling sickness at his going. A deeper wounding because he had failed, who had come to mean so much to her.

"Some day," he said, as he opened the door, "we will meet again. Please re-

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member that—and wait—just for a little time——"

. . . . . .

Dusk. Two months later. The lights of the city opening like foggy chrysanthemums. Faint chill defying the fainting summer.

Louis Willing was sitting alone in his apartment. He sat there a great deal alone. But to bear him company a girl, the shadow of a girl, perched aloft on the ladder near his book shelves, came every night at dusk. Echoes of her voice, slightly slurred with richness came down to him, quoting favorite bits of this and that . . . questioning . . .

The door was flung open and Mildred came in. Not as Louis had dreamed that she might come one day, with gifts in her outstretched hands.

She came in brusquely. Her hair hung about her face in little strands. Her face between the strands was white and etched with blue. Broken with hollows. Her mouth was stretched in a grim line across her teeth.

She sank into a chair and her voice when it came was harsh and dry. "Rosie is dead," she said, "I—I've come to you——" she gave a laugh that hurt Willing's ears with its lost consonance, "I suppose this isn't the way for a lily of the field to come to you, is it?" she said, "I should have borrowed some of Maizie's finery, a gown, a hat, some rouge, some perfume . . . perhaps you wont want me when you see me like this. But I'll dress up very soon. You'll see! You'll be proud of me, yet. I can still be—be decorative—Rosie is dead—dead—they wired me——"

It took Louis ten minutes to stem the torrent of incoherent words that came from Mildred's taut lips. "Hush, hush," he kept saying, "dont say these things—I dont understand—it isn't possible—of course you can come to me, if you want to, dearest little love, but not the way you mean—wait, my child, wait, wait—tell me about the baby."

Mildred unfolded a slip of yellow paper. Ominous paper. A slip that had evidently been folded and unfolded dozens of tragic despairing times.

"I thought I had everything settled," Louis was saying, "I determined that last day I talked with you to get the baby back for you no matter thru what procedure. I—I have a little influence and Walter Harker has a very unsavory record. I managed to exhume the records and had got enough evidence on him to send him to jail for a considerable period of time. He was on the point, he had, in fact conceded the point of returning the baby to you if I would withdraw the evidence and not make any revelation when—why, I really cant believe this—it's incredible——"

Mildred didn't have time to speak before Maizie's Charley was announced. He came in very swiftly and his eyes sought Mildred's with a compassion and a joy that was nice to see. "You've been fooled, Milly," he said, "I've had a wire from Harker. He tells me that Doris sent that wire to you about the baby's death in a fit of jealousy. It isn't true, my dear, *it isn't true.* And Harker is sending the baby back to you, with Mammy, tomorrow. She'll be here at the end of the week."

. . . . . .

Maizie's Charley was gone back, to take Maizie out to dine.

The slip of yellow paper Mildred had brought with her lay crumpled on the floor. The one that Charley had brought in was clutched in her hands. She had had to read it as many times as she had read the one that had come before it in

order to believe, in order to staunch the pain that had been maddening her.

Louis Willing was calling her, his arm outstretched.

"And soon," he was saying, "after we are married, after we get back from a day or two at the shore, when the baby is settled here I shall come home at dusk and will find you sitting there, perched on the ladder, poring over some book . . . you will greet me as you did that first night, your dear, serious shining eyes looking into mine, *discovering* things—ah, Mildred, my dear, my very dear, how many times that dream of you has been with me here——"

Mildred's tremulous, smiling lips met his. She gave a little laugh, the first, surprising delightful little laugh he had ever heard from her. "Do you want me to get up there—now——?" she asked.

Thistledown

(*Continued from page* 42)

chanced to feel need make any difference—not when the man I detested was a desirable *parti!*

"It was over this matter my uncle and I finally came to an open quarrel," she went on. "He threw in my face his long kindness to me—and at last threatened to wash his hands of me if I refused to marry Van Reeves. Well—I ran away from home before he could turn me out; it seemed the best thing to do."

"And then you went into the pictures?" asked Hi, who had listened tense but curiously passive to her hurried narration.

She nodded, forgetting to wonder that he should have this information.

"Yes, I had long been restless, dissatisfied—and conjecturing ways to earn my own living. But there seemed nothing I could do, for all my expensive education. Only amateur theatricals—I'd been told I had talent there; and once I'd taken part in an amateur motion picture affair—those things put vapid ideas in vapid girls' heads. And I'd been lucky enough to meet Sam King on the boat coming home from Europe—well, I went to him and asked for a job! It sounds incredible that I got it, but I did—Sam King is a great producer, but he gave me a job, and took time to teach me and be kind to me."

"Because you had a beautiful face?" Hi could not help putting in, wryly.

She made a swift, protesting gesture.

"Oh, he was honestly kind! And for a while, working for him and making good, I was nearer happiness than I'd ever been. Too, I was sort of smug, I think. I thought I was strong, thought the fact that I had rebelled against Uncle Percy proved I was strong. But I was kidding myself—I was a rebel but I had no real strength of character, nothing firm or substantial or decisive. For I was thinking mainly how this new life would be a lark, the excitement, and being admired and successful, and having everything I wanted."

Her voice dropped, sobered.

"I did get some of the things I wanted. But I found that whatever I got, I was missing something."

"What?" he asked. "What were you missing?"

But she did not answer him, not directly.

"Sometimes I was happy," she said, "and then suddenly it would come to me that I wasn't; I should have been satisfied—but often I was miserable. I felt like a dual personality—two souls in one body. I kept telling myself I was strong and heroic—oh, yes, you may laugh at me! For all the while I knew the girl who'd

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That "Different" Screen Magazine

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defied Uncle Percy was, inside, still weak, soft and uncertain. I had found fault with Uncle Percy's scheme of things, but did not know the new scheme I wished to shape. Then Sam King told me he loved me—he promised me everything."

"Naturally," Hi said, in a harsh tone. "And naturally you couldn't resist the temptation to barter yourself—not the second time." His face was still a strained but rigidly held mask.

"Please! Please hear me thru. I *was* tempted—but I honored and respected him, too. I took his ring. . . . But I was more restless than ever. I begged to run away for a little vacation before beginning the next picture—my first big part. So I came . . . up there. To my mother's old home, where she had lived as a little girl. It still belonged to me—and Nanny was near by, Anna Thiebaud, who was my nurse when I was a child—I'd never lost touch with dear old Nanny. And up there I was almost happy—everything was so beautiful and still."

She paused. Hi didn't speak. She resumed:

"But part of it, my content, was due to the knowledge it was only an interlude, that when I got bored I could go back to where everything was exciting, and full of pleasant, glittering things. . . . But after a while—when I was up there—with you," she faltered, "I began to feel . . . to know . . ."

"To know what?" he couldn't help demanding.

She averted her head.

"I was afraid to stay. I thought if I went away quickly . . . I was afraid I might become dissatisfied, even with you—I wasn't yet sure of myself, was still weak and soft and uncertain."

Her eyes had been downcast, but suddenly they looked at him square, timid but terribly honest and sincere.

"Oh, I told myself many fine-sounding things, Hi. That I was duty-bound to Sam King, and honor-bound, and things like that. But that wasn't the real reason I ran away, Hi. I was a coward—not sure. Was afraid that what I gained might not be worth what I gave up!"

"Well, I guess you showed your wisdom." No one could have blamed Hi much that, remembering his own tottering fortunes, his tone went grim and bitter.

But Dolly arose then from her chair and moved to his bedside—the shaft of warm sunlight seemed to follow her, caress her.

"No, I've found my wisdom," she said softly. "I've found it at last—and it's brought me back to you. *This* is where I belong."

And she bent and lay her cheek against his hand.

Hi went white to the lips.

"You mustn't do that, Dolly!" almost frantically. "You must go away again—quickly. You've been telling me how much you prize bright and beautiful things and I—I'm a poor man, Dolly. The Daggett Company's gone broke."

She lifted her head, for a second, to let shine on him the full glory of her eyes.

"You stupid old dear," she murmured, "as if I didn't know that already! That's how I found—my wisdom. And learned what really mattered . . . all that I'd been vainly seeking . . . the bright and beautiful things . . ."

Again her face went down against the shelter of his hand.

"Dolly . . . I cant let you—I mustn't let you . . . Oh, Dolly, look at me just once again with that look. . . ."

Presently he laughed.

"To think that today I had a doctor—to cure me of love-sickness!"

(To be concluded next month)

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One Touch of Color—A provocative article on the kind and amount of rouge suitable for the particular type and age of the beauty seeker.

A Spread—Giving the prophecy of six universally known men and women, on what the American girl will be like in 2024 —one hundred years hence.

In the JUNE

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On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 76*)

tion, nursed him thru the attack and now claims the ice-pack championship of the world. Marshall is using a new kind of light in "Tess" for the close-ups of Miss Sweet. They shed a red illumination which enables the actress to look wide-open-eyed straight into the camera without squinting. It is an important departure in picture making.

Charlie Chaplin has found a new genius. She is a little girl about eighteen years old. He calls her Lita Gray, altho her real name is an old Spanish name famous in the annals of California history. She is very beautiful. When she was smaller and younger, Charlie used her in "The Kid."

Eric von Stroheim has lost his lawsuit to restrain Miss Georges Lewys from making a novel out of "The Merry Go Round." She has put the book out under her own name.

Clarence Badger is to direct Laurette Taylor in her next picture, "One Night in Rome"; King Vidor having returned to complete his contract with the Goldwyns where he has begun work on "Mary the Third."

Alice Terry (Mrs. Rex Ingram) has returned to Los Angeles to visit her mother after her trip to Algiers. Ramon Novarro has also returned. Rex is remaining in New York to cut his picture. He does not want to make any more pictures in California. He is "off place" for keeps.

And, as we go to press, Charles Ray returns to the Ince Studios, where he will again make the charming and human rural stories which brought him to fame.

He has put his studio equipment up for sale and declares he is relieved not to have further production worries and responsibilities.

There's much talk these modern days about women with careers sacrificing motherhood on the altar of professional success. In "The Editor Gossips" in this issue there is a paragraph devoted to Alice Joyce, who, it seems to us, is an example of the modern woman. Miss Joyce is vitally interested in her screen work, but she has never permitted it to slight her motherhood. She is a living contradiction of all this cant, because she is typical of any number of other women in the same circumstances

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Hollywood Has Married and Settled Down

(*Continued from page* 31)

purple and crimson roadsters, would tear back to Hollywood, over pavements slippery and dangerous in the heavy fog.

Few of the film stars owned their own homes in those days. They lived at the Hollywood Hotel, many of them, and in apartments. The L. A. Athletic Club was popular with the bachelors, and the Alexandria Hotel usually sheltered a few. Others rented furnished houses at enormous rentals, and were not infrequently the victims of unscrupulous landlords who, knowing that public sentiment ran high against the frivolous film people, often sued them without just cause, for damaging and defacing property. You probably know that at this time placards were placed in the windows of untenanted houses, stating that "No Dogs Nor Motion Picture Actors Are Allowed."

Two years ago I returned from a year's sojourn in the East, to discover that a change had taken place in Hollywood. The gaudy cars had disappeared from the Boulevard. The roadhouses were no longer frequented by the film stars.

The Ambassador had opened during my absence, and its Cocoanut Grove was now most patronized by the people of the motion picture profession. They sat in quiet corners, not at ringside tables for which they had so clamored, formerly. The girls looked younger and more charming. They weren't wearing paradise feathers and sequin frocks with low-cut bodices, any more. There wasn't so much carmine on cheeks and lips. Their skins showed an athletic tan. Talk was of golf, and horseback riding, and of real estate!

The film colony was just recovering from an immensely sobering experience. A few months earlier, almost without warning, or at least without warning that the gay, pleasure-loving motion picture people would heed, the studios had closed down flat. Salaries of contracted players had been halved and quartered. Free-lance players had found themselves with no source of income whatever. Cars had gone, jewels had gone, for living expenses and income tax. Oh, the sobering effect of that income tax, that must be met tho the income itself had been squandered!

Filmdom had had time to sit down and take stock of itself, and no amount of lecturing, or sermonizing, or warning would have accomplished the results that self-examination did. When finally, after black hours, the studios re-opened, the death knell of Hollywood's gay, imprudent era had sounded and a more serious, a more responsible people went back to their work.

The most practical step to take, toward securing future earnings, was to purchase a home, and one after another the film players moved out of hotels and apartments and into residences of their own. Los Angeles and Hollywood were experiencing a growth almost unequaled in real-estate annals. Property doubled, trebled in value over night, and the film people, quick to see the fortunes to be reaped in this field, invested heavily.

The amassing of substantial fortunes, with attendant responsibilities, sobered and steadied them, and a new dignity descended upon the members of the motion picture colony.

They entered into the community life of the neighborhoods in which they built their homes. Schools, churches, paved streets and water mains became as much their

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concern as were their close-ups and their theatrical billing. They lost their desire for vulgar display and showiness. Limousines of quiet color took the place of the flashy sport roadsters with wide open cut-outs, and the roadhouses one after another closed their doors for want of former patronage.

Oh, unquestionably, something has happened to Hollywood!

Now do not misunderstand me. During its most frivolous era, Hollywood numbered among its motion picture people many responsible citizens, and on the other hand, regardless of experience, some of its people will always flee from restrictions and responsibilities as they did in the earlier days. Every community furnishes such contrasts.

But Hollywood, the motion picture Hollywood, has changed with the passing years, and greatly for the better. Had you asked me, five years ago, where you could most easily catch a glimpse of our star-citizens, I should have advised you to go to the beach cafés and roadhouses.

I advise you now to go to the country clubs, the riding stables, and by all means the real-estate offices, where you'll usually find two or three of them discussing their sub-divisions and apartment buildings.

This advice may disappoint you. Hollywood, stripped of its tinsel, may seem as uninteresting to you as a denuded Christmas tree.

But that will be because you have not lived in Hollywood a long, long time. And have not loved it.

No man is a hero to his valet, so they say. Does the same rule apply to a woman and her modiste? Whether it does or not, the confessions of a modiste who dresses a host of the stars should make interesting and enlightening reading. And it does in an article we will publish next month.

A Dour-Looking Baby

(*Continued from page* 34)

Hollywood now throw their graceful shadows across the wall and the new garden, with its lily pond and bird bath.

Within, as well as without, it is one of the loveliest homes in Hollywood.

"I've hardly had a chance to become acquainted with it, tho," said Mr. Torrence. "Twice in the last six months I've gone to New York, there was another location trip to the northern part of the state, and 'Magnolia' took us to New Orleans. And I dont like to travel."

Well, he has traveled, and far, since the day he turned his broad back on the Gaiety Theater in London, and borrowed money for his passage to America.

The stage-director at the Gaiety watched him go with regret. "What does he want to leave for?" he demanded plaintively. "I always intended doing something for that boy."

That boy, however, being a Scotchman from Edinburgh, refused to change his mind, once 'twas made up.

America in time did something for him, and he in his turn has done a great deal for our screen. He has humanized the movie villain, and at the same time has given us an entirely new conception of what screen comedy may be.

But he won his fame with a scowl, and it is likely that we'll never let Mr. Torrence forget that first and foremost he's a villain.

His wife showed me, not long ago, some pictures taken of him when he was one year old. They reveal him standing virtuously enough, with a hymn-book in his hand. But he was frowning straight at the camera, even then.

As she remarked, with a despairing shake of her head:

"He was a dour-looking baby!"

Vignettes of the Studio

(*Continued from page* 35)

Theda Bara started the film vamp toward fame here on Western in the early days, but now Tom Mix, the cowboy star, is the great attraction. Buck Jones, Shirley Mason and Jack Gilbert are the other Fox luminaries of today, and usually a comedian or two is at work turning out the slap-stick.

Western splits Fox's in two. One lot is referred to as the "dramatic side" and the other as the "comedy side."

But which is really the serious, and which the funny side of Fox's, I'm sure I'll never know.

Something has happened to Pola Negri. She knows it herself. And one day when she was out driving in the California hills with Harry Carr she became confidential and told him some of the obstacles she has had to surmount since she came to America. She is really a brilliant and charming woman . . . see her as Harry Carr paints her in his story in the July MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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THE outdoor exposures of summer hold no fears for the girl who uses PERT ROUGE. For the delight of PERT is that *it stays on*—even in spite of perspiration and constant powdering. Only cold cream or soap and water will remove it.

Pert may be had in orange—which changes to pink when applied—or in the deeper shade of rose. Its cream base acts as a protection against enlarged pores. At drug, department stores, or by mail, 75c.

Use the Pert Waterproof Lipstick

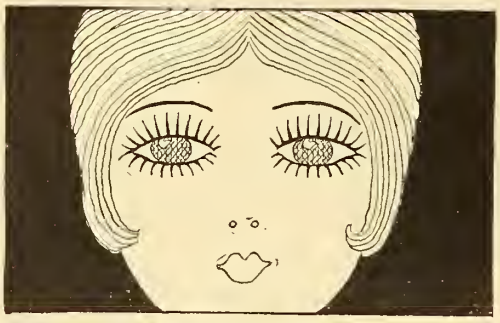
Like Pert Rouge it changes to a rich natural color as soon as applied. Moreover, it has been designed to harmonize with Pert Rouge, and thus secures an unusual naturalness of effect.

Send a dime today for a generous sample of Pert Rouge. (State shade desired.) For another dime you will receive a sample of Winx, for darkening the lashes.

ROSS COMPANY
242 West 17th Street New York

Pert Rouge

Long Dark Lashes will make your Eyes Alluring



NO picture is at its best unless it is in a suitable frame. And no eyes are as beautiful as they could be unless they are veiled by dark, lustrous lashes. Lovely lashes add mystery, depth, enchantment —without them your eyes lose half their expressiveness.

Make your eyes attractive by darkening the lashes with WINX. Applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper, WINX makes the lashes appear longer and heavier. Dries instantly, invisibly. Harmless, waterproof. Unaffected by perspiration, swimming or weeping at the theatre.

WINX (black or brown), 75c. To nourish the lashes and promote growth, use colorless Cream Lashlux at night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless), 50c. At drug, department stores or by mail.

Send a dime for a generous sample of WINX. For another dime you will receive a sample of Pert, the rouge that stays on until you remove it.

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WINX

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During the past 17 years thousands have added to their captivating glory of womanhood by using
GROWDINA
for bust, neck or arm development
Great Discovery of Parisian beauty expert. Harmless, easy, certain results accomplished quickly. Marvelous testimonials of efficiency. Confidential proof and literature (sealed) on request. Write now. **Mlle. Sophie Koppel, Inc., Suite 911, 503 Fifth Ave., New York**

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THEN he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any *other* man would have been equally helpless in *her* hands. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just your name and address on the margin of this page with 10c for packing and mailing will bring you our free booklet (in plain wrapper), outlining these amazing revelations. Send your dime today. **PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 12-F, 117 So. 14th St., St. Louis, Mo.**

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EMPIRE INSTITUTE, 1478 Broadway, New York

That's Out

(*Continued from page* 48)

about the horse, you wont have to ride one. Have some pictures taken in a sport shirt and do some posing in golf togs. Be sure to have your hair shined like a patent-leather boot at all times, and above all things, remember that heroes are always smooth-shaven, even when portraying tramps and backwoodsmen. During the first four reels remember that you may kiss the heroine only on the hand. In the last reel, however, it is permissible to kiss her wherever you choose. The most popular heroes have individual ways of making love. Try to start one of your own.

Lesson Number Two, for Heroines, next month.

Those Screen Business Men

Maxwell Bodenheim, who sometimes writes poetry, took his pen in hand recently and threw a few lampoons into the "realism" of the flicker-plays. Quite pertinently, Bodenheim suggests: "When the scene is in a business man's office, it might be advisable to portray him in the act of doing a little work now and then. Instead, he sits at his desk, triflcs with some papers as tho he were rehearsing for a juggling act in vaudeville; frowns conceitedly at an image concealed by the atmosphere; presses a button under his desk and calls a subordinate with whom he accomplishes the marvelous task of issuing instructions in one second. It would be a relief to see him bending over the desk and writing for a while, or spending more than two seconds on the long letter that conveys the news of his ruin or good fortune."

Righto! Maxwell, I agrees with yer.

Favorite Press-Agent Stories No. 34

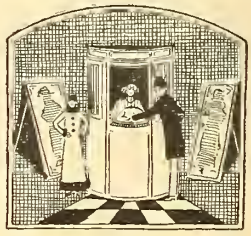
The one which tells the gripping story of how the star took a sentence of three weeks in jail so as to be able to give the proper realism to the rôle of the convict which she is to play in her next production.

Famous Days in Film History

June 12th, 1909. On this date the first film was made showing how a mother and father were united in happiness by little Willie, who came down the stairs from his bedroom just in time to bring them together. The picture faded out, of course, on the title "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them."

Suggestion for a Good Scenario

For the sake of originality, why doesn't someone write a story about a young bachelor who has to borrow a wife so as to satisfy a wealthy old uncle who has promised him a large sum of money if he likes the looks of the nephew's bride. The idea hasn't been used for several weeks past.



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Advanced Motion Picture Corp., 1493 Broadway
American Releasing Corp., 15 W. 44th Street
Arrow Film Corp., 220 W. 42nd St.
Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 W. 45th Street
Ballin, Hugo, Productions, 366 Fifth Ave.
Community Motion Picture Bureau, 46 West 24th St.
Consolidated Film Corp., 80 Fifth Ave.
Cosmopolitan Productions, 2478 Second Ave.
C. C. Burr Prod., 135 W. 44th St.
Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Ave. (Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St.)
Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Export & Import Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave. (Studio, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.)
Film Booking Offices, 723 Seventh Ave.
Film Guild, 8 W. 40th St.
Film Market, Inc., 563 Fifth Ave.
First National Exhibitors, Inc., 383 Madison Ave.
Fox Studios, Tenth Ave. and 55th St.
Gaumont Co., Congress Ave., Flushing, L. I.
Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 469 Fifth Ave.
Graphic Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.
Griffith, D. W., Films, 1476 Broadway. (Studio, Oriental Pt., Mamaroneck, N. Y.)
Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 469 Fifth Ave.
Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave.
International Studios, 2478 Second Ave.
Jans Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Jester Comedy Co., 220 W. 42nd St.
Kenna Film Corp., 1639 Broadway
Mastoden Films, 135 W. 44th St.
Metro Pictures, Loew Bldg., 1540 Broadway
Moss, B. S., 1564 Broadway
Outing Chester Pictures, 120 W. 41st Street
Pathé Exchange, 35 W. 45th St.
Preferred Pictures, 1650 Broadway
Prizma, Inc., 110 W. 40th St.
Pyramid Picture Corp., 150 W. 34th St.
Ritz-Carlton Prod., 6 W. 48th St.
Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
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Topics of the Day Film Co., 1562 Broadway
Triangle Distributing Corp., 1459 Broadway
Tully, Richard Walton, Prod., 1482 Broadway
United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave.
Universal Film Corp., 1600 Broadway
Vitagraph Films, East 16th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn
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West, Roland, Prod. Co., 236 W. 55th Street
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There, among this magnificent grandeur and multitude of beautiful women, was born France's fame for beauty. A fame destined to live forever. In the midst of this splendor, Gouraud's Oriental Cream played its part, a beauty secret, closely guarded for the chosen few. When gathering clouds foretold the doom of this spectacular reign and scattered its attachés, this secret found its way to the chemist shop of Dr. T. Felix Gouraud. From there its popularity quickly spread to all parts of the world.

GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM

is today the cherished beauty secret of many women. Let it be yours, as well. Know the wonderful, fascinating complexion and soft, velvety skin it renders. An appearance glowing with radiant beauty. Gouraud's Oriental Cream exerts a strong astringent, antiseptic action. Blemishes, wrinkles and other complexion ills are greatly discouraged by its use. It gives beauty to the skin instantly. No messy treatments or periods of waiting. Its use is going to open a new world of beauty to you that will mean added joy and happiness. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

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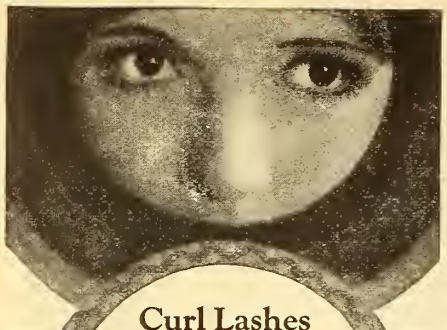

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Only Opposite Post Office **Pittsburgh, Pa.**

For Weddings, Anniversaries, Graduations, etc.

The Business of Fan Mail

(*Continued from page* 45)

These photographs, in most cases, are autographed by the stars themselves, but the work of mailing them is left to their secretaries. Photographs range from postcard to 8 x 10 size.

No charge is made for these photographs, in most cases. The stars appreciate the sending of stamps to cover mailing costs, but even this is not insisted upon.

Occasionally a motion picture fan complains that he has sent money for a film star's photograph, and has received no reply. In almost every case the fan holds a grudge against the player thereafter. If you are numbered among these disgruntled ones, please believe that the star is never responsible for such an omission. Money sent carelessly thru the mails sometimes goes astray. Unless you are certain of the address of the film star to whom the money was sent, the letter itself probably never reached his secretary.

Usually an exceptionally attractive portrait of the star is sent to the fans who enclose money in their letters, but the responsibility of sending money is entirely with you. No motion picture actor of whom I have any knowledge, demands it. When money is received, I was told that it is turned over to some local charity.

Some indication of the importance attached to the fan mail is contained in the following statement from the offices of the Norma and Constance Talmadge productions.

"Several years ago the Talmadge sisters began classifying these letters, according to countries, states and cities. A 3 x 5 inch card is made for each person and these cards are filed alphabetically with a cross-index to the letters which are filed according to locality.

"When it is found that a certain district is overwhelmingly fond of one of the stars, on the basis of percentage of letters received, an inquiry is made as to the why of this popularity. And in the same fashion, when certain districts are found to be lukewarm, in comparison with other cities or states with virtually the same population, steps are taken to remedy the situation."

Mary Pickford always has taken her fan mail very seriously. A young society débutante of Los Angeles told me that she had written to Miss Pickford fourteen times, requesting photographs, and had received a personally autographed portrait after each letter. Personally I think this is a distinct imposition on the part of the young lady, but perhaps her absolute devotion to Miss Pickford pays for it!

A statement from the Pickford studios says that "Mary Pickford abandoned her plans for producing 'Faust' as a direct result of the letters received by her, protesting against her appearing in the rôle of *Marguerite.*"

So you can see for yourself, what a powerful influence you may wield thru your fan letters, if those letters are intelligent and sincere.

The fan-letter situation has its amusing side, of course. The actors who enact the rôles of villains, on the screen, sometimes receive highly uncomplimentary letters from the film fans. Eric von Stroheim, tho he has been directing now for years, still receives bitter letters from the fans who witnessed his wickedness in "Foolish Wives."

The Japanese write very amusing letters. In their attempts to use flowery English, they sometimes produce mirth-provoking results. A Cuban admirer assures Jackie

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Simple, Easy Way Is Explained to You Free

"At last I kissed good-bye to the ugly rolls of fat which burdened me for years—today I am a new woman filled with pep and energy. No more tired feeling, backache—pains nor ills—no more puffing from a weak heart—no more trouble getting clothes to fit me—from a 'wall flower' I became one of the most popular girls in my set; now I have friends galore and every one admires my looks and envies my health. I am convinced from the results I have obtained and from the cases of several people I know that any man or woman burdened with ugly, unhealthy fat can now easily, safely and surely lose it all, regain a slender figure and at the same time improve their health 100 per cent. with this marvelous new French discovery. For years I had tried everything known to reduce, without success. One day, I met Madame Elaine. She explained to me what I should do to reduce; the result was that in less than 7 weeks I had lost 43 pounds—I DID NOT HAVE TO USE DANGEROUS DRUGS—WEAKENING EXERCISES OR DIETS—I DID NOT RUB MYSELF WITH ABSURD CREAMS NOR DID I WEAR PAINFUL REDUCING GARMENTS. This discovery is simple, easy, safe. With it you can either reduce certain parts of your body or you can lose 10 pounds or 100 pounds. All you need to do is to use the free coupon below, and by return mail you will receive complete directions on how to reduce—remember that Madame Elaine lost 50 pounds in 2 months with her wonderful secret. I have lost over 43 pounds in 7 weeks and I know of hundreds of women in America and Paris who are now keeping their figures slender and attractive with this most wonderful discovery for the reduction of excess fat."—(Mrs. G. B., N. Y. C.)

MAIL FREE COUPON

With this coupon I request Madame Elaine, Dept. 32, of 350 West 31st Street, N. Y. C., to send me, free of charge, her personal and confidential information on the French discovery to reduce fat.

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TRY IT

Coogan that "since I write this letter I dare to forward you with all my jovial life according to my natural condition." He got a photo of Jackie.

The cost of sending out fan photographs is enormous. It cuts heavily into the earnings of the motion picture stars each year. At one of the studios I was told that stamps are purchased in thousand-dollar lots. And of course the stamps are the smallest item. Photographs and photo-mailers are expensive, as you know. Secretaries' salaries range from $35 a week upward.

But the stars consider this outlay of money a good investment. It is their only way of reaching you individually, of making you feel that they appreciate your interest in them. And, as I said at the beginning of this article, they really do appreciate it. Motion picture stars are only human beings, after all.

Laurette Taylor As Seen by Gladys Hall

(*Continued from page 24*)

old and also before the eyes of succeeding generations, assuming that they will care to look.

"It is an indubitable fact that Caruso's name would never die. But thanks to the phonograph, Caruso's voice will never die either. And the screen does for dramatic work much what the recording machines do for the human voice.

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Earnestness. Vision. Fearlessness. These are some of the impressions I had from Laurette Taylor. I can think of no more constructive contact than of seeing and talking with her every two or three years.

She is cultivating with practised hand and earnest hope the germs of greatness.

Who could know more about the women stars than their modiste? Who could better understand their vanities . . . their generosities . . . their real natures . . . than the modiste who sees them behind the scenes of both their professional and social lives? Helen Carlisle has talked with a modiste who designs clothes for a host of screen stars and the confessions, which we will publish next month, will be sure to interest you immensely

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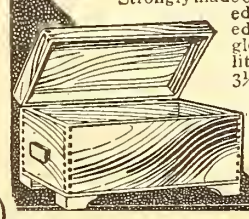

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 53*)

the Moon where he finds the Magic Chest wrapped from sight in an invisible carpet . . . the same carpet which later takes him into the Princess' palace despite the Mongolian hordes guarding the portals. The casket itself holds the realization of every wish. One tiny pinch of its powder and the shabby beggar prince is clothed in silk and fine raiment. Another pinch and a charger in gorgeous trappings stands waiting for him to mount . . . another pinch and a white army, ten hundred thousand strong, bides the prince's bidding.

However, between these screenic miracles there are interludes when the story needs reinforcement . . . when the interest lags unfortunately. The story, lacking dramatic suspense to any great extent, is far too slim for the production's length. For there isn't any vague, imaginative symbolism to the fantasy which holds adult interest. . . .

Douglas Fairbanks is the thief who takes what he wants until he chances upon the beautiful sleeping Princess, only to learn that he cannot woo her because he is an outcast of society and that society matters, even in old Bagdad. In this rôle he has sacrificed his own personality to the production as a whole. He is not the extremely consequential Douglas of previous pictures. And it would be difficult to say whether he has done this purposely or whether the magical and fantastic magnificence of the production swamped his personality by the very law of proportions.

And if we kept wondering why Mary Pickford hadn't been persuaded to play the Princess, this does not mean that Julanne Johnson is not really lovely in the rôle. She is, actually, the princess of a legion of fairy tales come true. However, if Mary and Doug do want to make a picture together, let us suggest one of the beautiful old fairy legends. Mary would be the golden-haired Princess and Doug the brave, bold Prince. So their names, already legendary in the motion picture, might be immortalized.

If we were to see "The Thief of Bagdad" again, we'd most certainly go with a child. It would be rather wonderful to see all the old fairy miracles come true with his eyes. It would enhance the rarely beautiful bag of tricks which Douglas Fairbanks has presented to the screen, tenfold.

* * *

Norma Talmadge has not done any work in a long time to compare with her Mary Carlton in "Secrets." For her comprehension of the old Mary Carlton, with withering hands, unsteady gait, slightly impatient children, speaks surely of age. The illusion which she creates is hampered only by her eyes, which shine to belie the years she otherwise suggests thru make-up and characterization.

Then there is her Mary Carlton . . . the maid in her 'teens . . . who lives in an age of hoopskirts and parents' dominion. She has wrought her skilfully, too—a gay Mary, a romantic Mary and a brave Mary, because she does not dream of the aches which life can crowd into the human heart and the worries with which life can beset the human brain.

After that is her Mary Carlton . . . the wife and mother in the outlaw West, where she and her husband eloped from their native England. Here Miss Talmadge proves that she has a fine concept of a mother's love and grief—and as fine a concept of a true aristocrat's thorobred spirit.

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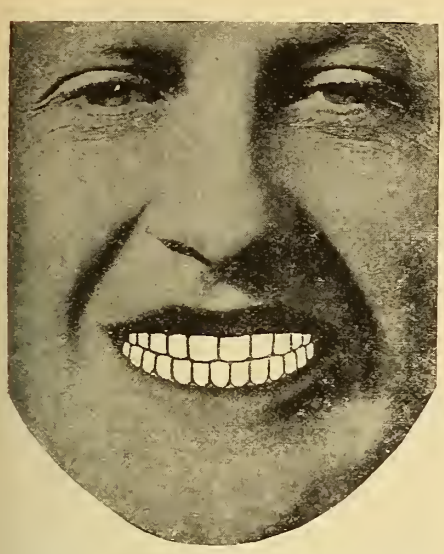

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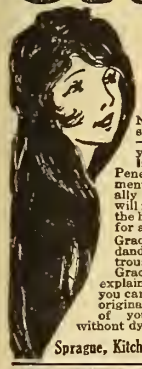

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loved her Lady Mary Carlton, with her hair stranded with grey . . . her children adolescent and her husband, successful and wealthy, trying her spirit more than it was ever tried by hardship and poverty. There was a beauty, intelligent and understanding, in her matronly portrayal.

These three story episodes follow the fragmentary inscriptions in a diary, which old Mary Carlton fingers as she waits outside of her husband's sick-room. It was adapted from the stage play, with skill, by Frances Marion. And while it is far from being a great story or an epoch-making production, it has, in its essence, the sentimental charm of an old daguerreotype or a treasured family album. Secrets —a wife's rosemary . . .

Frank Borsage has directed this picture with his human touch. You do not leave the theater inspired by any theory or pondering over any problems or enlightened by any brilliancies . . . but with more tolerance, or acceptance, at any rate, of humanity's frailty.

Eugene O'Brien plays John Carlton in the four corresponding stages of his life, in an adequate manner, but there is no time when his story dominates the wife's. Really, his performance backgrounds Miss Talmadge's.

So, when we concentrate upon Miss Talmadge in our review of "Secrets," it is because her portrayals are the mainstay of the entire production. We have fulsome praise for her four widely varied portraits, all of them sympathetic and intelligent. But we also believe that she is potentially a greater actress than even her rôles in "Secrets" proclaim her to be.

Rupert Hughes has just produced a motion picture which finds its story in the modern business woman. It is a story which is especially interesting at this time . . . and because of this timeliness we have secured the novelization rights of "True as Steel" for publication in the July Mo PICTURE MAGAZIN

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The Enchanted Cottage

(*Continued from page 63*)

"Even if they have exaggerated slightly," said Mr. Smallwood half willing, "any change would be remarkable."

"I wonder——" said the mother. "Call them down."

Ethel banged the gong and two tremulous young things awaiting the sound upstairs started down.

On the top step they paused for another breath-taking look at their own loveliness. Laura wore a yellow frock, palest rose and yellow like a Maréchal Neil rose, that floated out from her slender graceful body like smoke wreaths in a windless sky. Her tawny hair escaped its net in little curling tendrils, spiraling upward in a triumphant crown. Her little hands pink-tipped reached up and covered her slate-blue eyes flecked with the high lights of dancing sunbeams. "It cant be true," she whispered to the clean-limbed youth at her side.

"It *is* true, my beautiful," he reassured her for the hundredth time.

Step by step they went down and Oliver leaned more heavily on the arm he had taken in his, and began to stoop a little Laura felt. Her frock suddenly hung limply around her, hampering her step, making her awkward. At the foot of the stairs they paused, waiting for the exclamation.

A stony silence met them, the silence of horror not ecstasy. Oliver smiled fatuously into their blank faces. Major Hillgrove smiled a tired happy smile. Mrs. Minnett beamed a bit anxiously. Ethel laughed, a short ugly laugh. Oliver himself broke the silence.

"Rum go, this, isn't it? Laura suddenly getting beautiful and me being all straight and fine again. I dont wonder you stare." As he spoke he leaned heavily against the table and his face began to twitch a little, the old familiar nag. "Well," he continued a bit shakily, "why dont some of you say something?"

"You are mad, Ollie," spoke up Ethel gently for her, "quite mad."

"Oh my poor boy!" cried Mrs. Small-
...rsting into tears.
...d!" said Mr. Smallwood
...vith compassion on the
...g maniac I'd love
... said his mother
...neck."
...ntly away.
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...do

over the pinched little face, with its prominent teeth and impossible nose. He tried to run his fingers thru her hair, but it was drawn back tight and lifeless as before. He shook his head sadly. "The day—the day of miracles is not yet here——" he said and bowed his head on his breast.

"No, dear," she said as if to Oliver's imploring outstretched hands, "leave me alone for a little while—you must take Major Hillgrove home."

With his heart torn and bruised with not understanding, Oliver guided the blind man across the meadow. "Poor children," Hillgrove said, "we have all been under an illusion—only an illusion."

"Illusion — illusion," repeated Oliver. "No. They are all wrong. Cant *I* see?"

Hillgrove winced but answered gently, "Yes, as *I* see. Perhaps the truer vision is that of the soul, dear boy."

"Poor little Laura," muttered Oliver, "all her happiness gone——"

Back in Honeymoon Cottage he consulted Mrs. Minnett still incredulous. "Mrs. Minnett," he said gravely, "have you—have you noticed any change?"

"Not outwardly, sir."

"Not outwardly," echoed Oliver, beginning to understand.

Upstairs a heart-broken girl lay asleep on the big four-poster, the sleep of hopeless exhaustion. One thin arm lay across the plain little face as if to hide it from the light. Oliver sat down gently beside her and tenderly lifted the arm away. "My beautiful," he said, "what do we care what other people see? You are beautiful —beautiful to *me*."

Up went the arm around his neck and white cheek lay against white cheek. "And you will always be strong and straight and wonderful to me—and if——" He held her closer. "And if there is a—a child, a girl child, there will be a chance at beauty for it—wont there?"

Oliver lifted the little face and kissed it passionately. "And if it's a boy he'll be the rippingest kid that ever grew."

Twilight spread its cool grey shadows thru the room darkening the corners. On the foot of the big bed a little girl appeared, a dream child as beautiful as an English day in June. Putting a tiny finger to a rose-bud mouth she beckoned silently. A little boy appeared, a sturdy manly little lad. For a moment they hung there in the soft half light, looking lovingly at the sleeping couple.

"My mother," whispered the little girl, "is beautiful."

"Well, my father's pretty fine, I tell you," ...dly answered the boy.

...a stirred in her husband's arms and ...n vanished in the air as gently ...me.

...d the lover.

... the beloved.

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HIS SCREEN STAR'S SONG

By Lucille La Vigne

Oh, to my mystic audience
I give all they desire:
The sparkle of my wondrous eyes,
My soul's divinest fire;
The magic of my sudden smile—
Of these they never tire!

And you? You have my listless hands,
My languid, tired eyes;
The sadness of my drooping mouth,
My mind—too serpent-wise.
To you I give my weary heart—
My love. . .
Which has the prize?

SLOW MOTION

"I think I'll go into the movies," mused the office sheik, after he had chatted an hour or so with the pretty steno.

"You'd sure make good—in a slow motion reel," spluttered the indignant boss, as he passed by.

AT THE MOVIE SHOW

By Blaine C. Bigler

The villain grabs her by the throat—I try to shout—
But then the gink in front of me decides he must go out.

I see some high society—some gilded dens of sin;
I try to look, but cannot see—some girls are coming in.

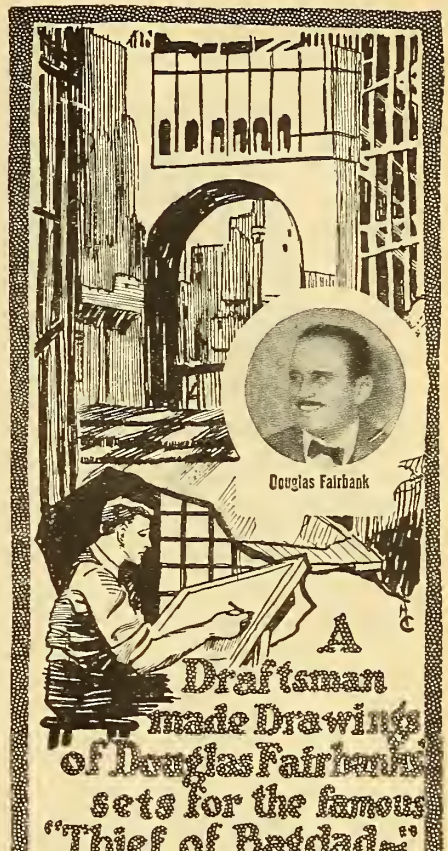
I see a cowboy racing over plains so wide and flat
And I get somewhat excited till he hides behind a hat.

I see a bathing beauty where the wild waves toss and beat;
I only get a glimpse of her—some guy is on my feet.

I see some shy brown maidens on the beach 'neath swaying trees,
But straightway I forget them—"Let us thru. Excuse us please."

I see the hero swimming—he will rescue her all right;
He dives behind a flapper's head and disappears from sight.

You bet, I love the movies, with their smiles and with their tears,
And tho I've never seen a play, I've seen milady's ears.



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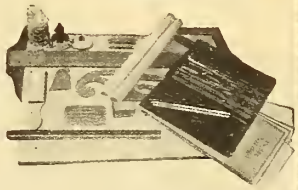

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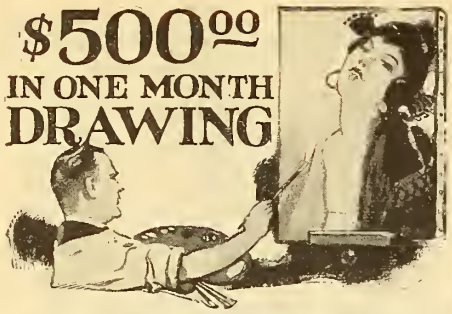

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TRAVEL PICTURES

By Faith Baldwin

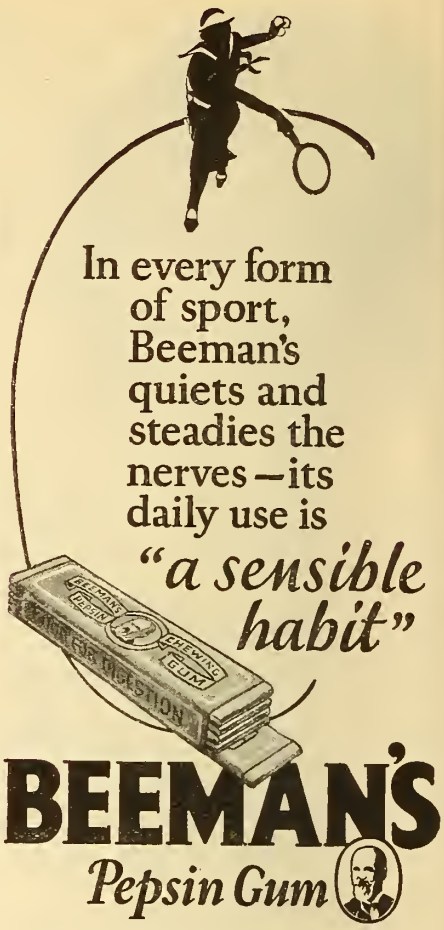
They sit among the audience and idly watch the play,
Are swiftly touched to smiles or tears, yet inwardly blasé;
But when the travel-pictures glow across the silver sheet
The wistful heart of each of them is burdened with defeat. . . .

The clerk, who from a down-town pane, has seen the ships go by
And knows he'll never tread their decks, he watches with a sigh;
The obscure sales-girl in a shop, the mother, dull with care,
They buy their tickets at the door to Lands of Everywhere. . . .

The places they shall never see, the streets they'll never tread,
Strange temples, mosques and minarets before their eyes are spread;
The desert, like a bud of gold, unfolds beneath their eyes,
They watch a snow-topped mountain rise against amazing skies. . . .

Oh, Life has no such ports for them, they'll never know or see,
The coral reefs, the slender palm, or plains immense and free.
Yet for a cruelly little while, among indifferent men,
They're foot-loose on the highways of a world beyond their ken.

You'll know the July Motion Picture Magazine is out when a beautiful head of Norma Talmadge looks at you from the brilliant array of colors on the news-stands. We're particularly proud of our July cover. We think it is not only a beautiful picture, but also an individual portrait of this lovely girl actress



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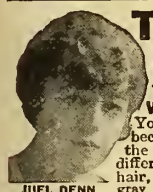

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THE PERFECT OUTLAW GENTLEMAN

By Ruth Overton

(An Explanation to DON MARQUIS—A propos—The New York Tribune, March 27, 1924, given parenthetically below.)

(We suppose that the male sex which is the childish, artistic, credulous, romantic sex, will always cling desperately to the illusion that there exists somewhere the Perfect Outlaw Lady—a creature who is at one and the same time and in one and the same person sweet as an angel, tough as hell, beautiful as Helen, harmless as a dove, dangerous as a wildcat, refined as Mme. Récamier, athletic as Hercules, companionable as Falstaff, spiritual as Aurora Leigh, exactly as chaste as her man happens to be feeling himself at any given moment, witty as Voltaire, gullible as Simple Simon and a darned good cook. If she is religious, so much the better; she will be respected for it.

Men may not always want to marry her, but they always want her to want to marry them; and they are always ready to feel sorry about her broken heart when they tell her she cant. Not being able to secure all these attributes in one person is perhaps what leads so many men into polygamy.)

Is your sex the childish, artistic,
Credulous, romantic one? I wonder!
. . . . . .
Since paleolithic ages have WE not
Dreamed like visions of OUR MAN?
. . . . . .
He must have the bold, worshipping eyes
Of Ramon Novarro;
The towering physique of "Lefty" Flynn;
The intellectuality of John Barrymore;
He must be as bold, as daring as Bill Hart;
As primitive as Louis Wolheim;
He must have the mirth and grace
Of Douglas Fairbanks; and
In courtliness even Lewis Stone
Must yield him homage!
He must have the clean, boyish adoration
Of—let us say—Glenn Hunter;
He must have the burning passion
Of Lowell Sherman; still
He must have the homely faithfulness
Of Thomas Meighan; more,
He must place us queen o'er many thrown aside
As coldly as Adolphe Menjou.
And—he must have the sensibility of "Charlot"!
. . . . . .
Where we win out, Sir DON, lies in the fact
That e'en in face of *everything*, WE KNOW
OUR MAN in his dear human frame holds
All these mystic qualities—and *our whole world beside!*

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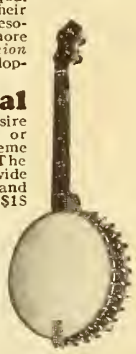

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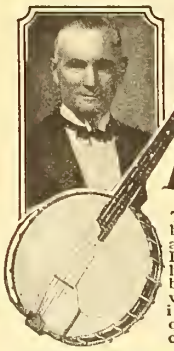

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Comment on Other Productions

(*Continued from page 57*)

sight which colors drabness and beautifies ugliness.

It is a picture the appeal of which lies in its simplicity, its humanity, and its spirituality. It sends forth a comforting glow and a kind thought!

Josephine Lovett's adaptation of Pinero's play is compact with humanities, and she sticks to the theme. It is told simply and forcefully with no digressions from the plot. The principal setting is a snug little English wayside cottage—as unpretentious as its story, yet as redolent of charm.

John Robertson, who directed this picture, has climbed to the high places. He has used discretion and repression. He demonstrates a fine sensitiveness, without which no director can scale the heights. And the sensitive Barthelmess reaches the zenith of his art in an admirably limpid portrait. It is a portrait which registers with cameo clearness, and as he draws on his emotional reserve, he also scales the heights. A different Barthelmess surely. May McAvoy may walk on the high places, too, in her study of the girl. She sacrifices intervals when she becomes radiant in the eyes of her lover. There are few actresses who would perform such a sacrifice. These two players have submerged their personalities in their respective rôles. It is an earnest on their part to record faithful characterizations—and by recording them they establish themselves as sincere artists. It is an enchanting picture. And it will transport you!

Wild Oranges

One will find a lot of appeal in this picture, adapted from a story by Joseph Hergesheimer. In the first place, it answers the demand for something different—even tho its plot skeleton is nothing, but frank melodrama. What we like about it is its compact action and its clearly defined characterization. Because there are only five characters, there is no beating about the bush in reaching climaxes. The situations as a result have a meaning. Novelty enters in the locations—the backgrounds being Georgia swamp land—as well as maritime shots along the shore.

That the plot carries tense action may be appreciated in the conflict when a seafaring man puts in to a remote spot on the Georgia coast. He comes in contact with a strange family of three, a girl, an aged man and a homicidal maniac, wanted for murder. Several of the scenes offer spine-shivering incidents—especially in the sailor's vivid fight with the madman.

One forgets that it is all fiction in the manner in which the scenes grip the imagination. Charles A. Post as the brute also aids in lending this note of reality. His work approaches the villainous types made famous by Ernest Torrence. If you want a picture of punch, here it is. We recommend it for jaded goers.

The Uninvited Guest

Down to the sea in a diving suit goes Lefty Flynn to fight off sharks, an octopus or two—and to rescue the heroine. It is frank melodrama, the appeal of which is found in its novel background. The novelty enters in the submarine views being developed in natural colors. And the beauty of the tropical undersea vegetation, fish and coral formations furnishes a colorful touch which must be seen to be appreciated. The backgrounds are much more vital than

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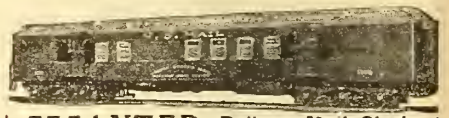

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, published MONTHLY at Jamaica, N. Y., for April 1, 1924. State of NEW YORK. County of QUEENS. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the VICE-PRESIDENT of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Editor, ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Managing Editor, ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Business Manager, DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR., 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. CARLETON E. BREWSTER, BAYSHORE, LONG ISLAND. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, thru the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is . . . (This information is required from daily publications only.) DUNCAN A. DOBIE, JR. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1924. E. M. HEINEMANN. (My commission expires MARCH 30th, 1924.)

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the plot—a thing of little consequence in so far as making screen history is concerned.

It deals with the fortunes of a young girl who is a castaway. The ne'er-do-well sponge diver rescues her and aids in establishing her identity—and his reformation is effected eventually. The story is at its best in its tropical scenes. When the figures return to civilization, it becomes just another movie. The picture serves in introducing some picturesque settings, also a newcomer in Jean Tolley, a much-photographed girl of the bill-boards and the magazine covers. Her personality is pleasing even if her acting is immature.

Happiness

On the stage Laurette Taylor followed "Peg O' My Heart" with "Happiness" and now she duplicates the order in pictures. Hartley Manners is also the author of this work and he very obviously tried to duplicate the success of the first opus, and in some instances duplicated the situations. However, the screen "Happiness" is an interesting picture, possessing both smiles and tears, and King Vidor has supplied some original touches in treating the story on the screen.

Miss Taylor is charming, but at times displays a tendency to overplay her rôle of the errand girl who is befriended by a bored society woman. This tendency is to be noted among other members of the cast, notably Cyril Chadwick and Edith Yorke. Pat O'Malley's performance is a fine credit to him, and Hedda Hopper is also worthy of praise.

Icebound

A prize play hasn't been made into a prize picture by any means here, but it has been made into a sound interesting study of small town smugness—thus carrying on in its shadowy form what the author conveyed in the original. No other director is capable of fashioning truthful slices of life as revealed in narrow communities with half the dramatic flair of William de Mille. Here he shows us a story of a young New Englander's revolt against the puritanical conventions of his environment. It is a frigid atmosphere which is revealed here—an atmosphere which refuses to thaw. And the hero, a returned soldier, cannot reconcile himself to work after a hectic adventure on the battle-fields of Flanders. He is an idler, but he is the favorite of his mother.

The director strikes a note of ironic humor when at the scene of the old lady's death, the other children are parked in the traditional parlor (finely detailed this parlor) awaiting to see how they fare in the will. The young scapegrace is ordered to work for the orphan of the homestead who is left the estate. And eventually takes up his duties willingly when the spark of romance is manifested.

It is drab in places—but it soars with vitality—and is intelligently treated. Sympathy for the characterization—and an appreciation for its values marks de Mille's work here. The picture is played with capable understanding by Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and Alice Chapin. What we recommend is the direction. William de Mille sticks to his theme—and handles it with restraint.

Love Letters

That ancient bromide—Be Careful What You Write, It May Be Used Against You—will come to mind after one has witnessed this picture. It features a packet of letters carried around by an ancient "sheik"—who has the goods on a silly

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married woman and a girl about to jump into the matrimonial yoke. The s. m. w. penned her letters before the marital knot was tied. There is nothing moving about this story—but the melodramatic urge must be obeyed. So a climax is introduced—with the "sheik" expressing the old stuff—"If you dont meet me at midnight, I'll show the letters."

Comes the familiar complications resulting in the murder of the "rake" by a man of mystery who is dragged in for the purposes of suspense. It transpires that he is the brother of the woman the "rake" has discarded. The good features of this picture are its short length and a fairly compact action. Shirley Mason is the indiscreet correspondent—the engaged girl, while Alma Francis has more to worry about, being a dutiful wife.

My Man

Here we have the capitalization of the self-made man who forges ahead by sheer will-power—and a dominating personality. It is one of the last stories written by the late George Randolph Chester—and reminds us of the days when political dramas were extremely popular. Being a one-character study, there is nothing of suspense nor surprise revealed. It is planted very early that the political boss is a diamond in the rough, but the sponsors have wisely refrained from making him a caricature of the familiar ward-heeler. He crushes his enemies and wins the girl—after a mild conflict. It lacks movement, originality, incident and action—and is wholly conventional. But on the credit side is its suggestion of restraint—and a performance by Dustin Farnum. He plays the self-made man with fairly good authority.

Poisoned Paradise

With Monte Carlo—here referred to as "Poisoned Paradise"—as a background this adaptation of Robert W. Service's work possesses a lively interest and a sustaining degree of suspense that make for a most enjoyable entertainment. The story is deftly handled and tho exceedingly melodramatic, furnishes surprises and thrills thruout its length. Acting honors belong to Clara Bow who, in less than a year, has gained a name for herself that promises to be big indeed before long. As the girl of the Paris underworld, she contributes a characterization that is both truthful and alluring. Kenneth Harlan, Carmel Myers and Ray Griffith perform nicely.

Ride For Your Life

Question: If all the wild and woolly Western films were placed end to end, how many times would they encircle the globe or would they reach to Mars? "Ride For Your Life" inspires such a query because it has nothing particular to distinguish it from hundreds of others which have preceded it. In fact, it isn't so good as hundreds of others. It has big holes in its story and the scenario certainly wasn't constructed by an expert or if the writers were experts they were having bad days.

Hoot Gibson appears as an indolent rancher who poses as a bandit to win the girl—Laura LaPlante. For our part, we much prefer the semiburlesque Westerns that the Gibson has been appearing in and which were initially contrived for him by that most skilful scenario writer, George Hull.

The Vagabond Trail

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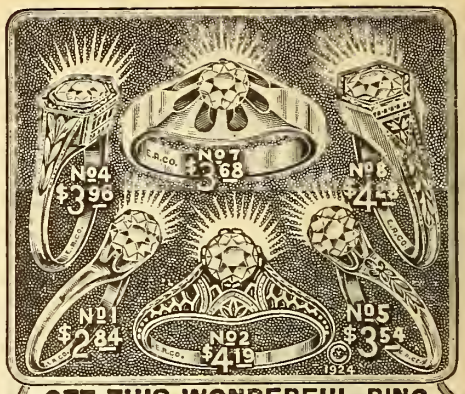

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him with a strong right arm—and left. He bobs up like Frank Merriwell and Fred Fearnot to rescue the damsel in distress. Charles Jones, who stars here, takes himself and the plot seriously. As a result, his effort to appear convincing acts as a boomerang. Such a story should have been burlesqued. There is every indication that it was "plotted" as it progressed—and the plot is exposed in the last reel—exposed thru a subtitle—announcing the villain as the long-lost brother of the hero. The latter had turned vagabond to find him. A picture which never gets anywhere.

Flowing Gold

Speaking of oil, here is a melodrama concerning a Southwestern rush which, tho not so exciting as the Washington melodrama, is nevertheless interesting and at odd moments thrilling and amusing. Rex Beach, who wrote it, tried to duplicate the success of his Alaskan story, "The Spoilers" and didn't quite succeed. The yarn is of a conventional pattern. We are treated to another dose of overnight millionaires trying to live up to their new wealth. Probably every amateur writer would inject just such incident in just such a story.

The picture was made "on the spot" and concludes in a terrific storm in which the oil derricks are struck by lightning. This is thrilling stuff, but when hero and heroine emerge from the episode they appear as if they had just stepped from their dressing-rooms. Anna Q. Nilsson, Milton Sills, Alice Calhoun and Crauford Kent render convincing performances and lift up the action.

Fair Week

For a long time "Fair Week" reposed in the producing company's vault where it had been condemned to die, unseen by the American public. It has been brought out now, probably, in a last attempt to realize on whatever investment it represents. It was made in that day when Paramount was trying to make a star of Walter Hiers, and in this effort to do so the boy was surrounded by a distinctly inferior cast.

The story concerns honest country folk and crooks from the city, a theme which, if memory serves aright, has been employed consistently in pictures and plays for the last fifty years. The balloon ascension, the highlight of Rome, Missouri's Fair Week is done in miniature and fails to thrill. The citizens of all the Romes in the States have seen better stuff.

The Phantom Horseman

Western melodramas have become such conventional, orthodox patterns that the majority of companies which produce them operate on the theory that they are always in demand. Most every other form of dramatic idea has shown some signs of progress. Not so the Western, except when Hoot Gibson or Tom Mix see something in it that could be burlesqued or satirized. This one lacks ingenuity of plot and bears all the earmarks of being written hurriedly and just as hurriedly produced. It features a mysterious night rider, a loan shark who holds the ever-present mortgage on the girl's home, and a galloping sheriff. There is the absurd romantic note of self-sacrifice—which is in vain here because of the outlaw's ultimate confession.

An indication that it has been haphazardly produced is noticeable in the settings. The locale is a mining camp of crude huts and shacks—yet it boasts a bank that could fit a town the size of Poughkeepsie. Jack Hoxie is the star. Exteriors are so easy to capture nowadays that Westerns must feature story values as well

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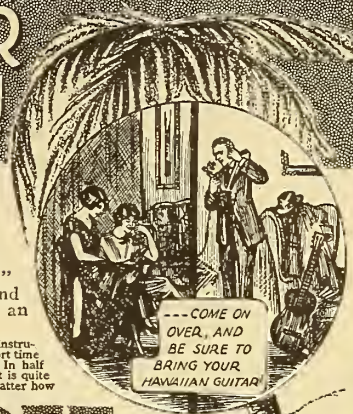

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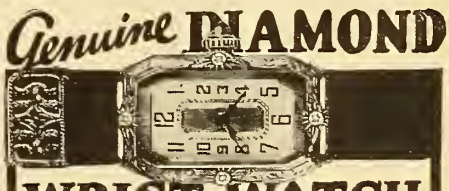

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When Lincoln Was A Barefoot Boy—

EVERY scrap of printed paper that came to his hands was a treasure trove. He read it eagerly—conning every line—getting every worth while word.

What a harvest he could have garnered from a modern publication! And not the least interesting to him would have been the advertisements, with their stories and their pictures of products, appliances and services that have smoothed the course of life to a degree unknown and unbelievable in the rough pioneer days.

Nowadays new comforts and conveniences slip into our lives almost without our realizing it. We are liable to be rather matter-of-fact about it all. And advertising that has made it simpler to make and distribute profitably innumerable products at reasonable prices, has played a leading part in making our life so eminently easy to live.

Read over the advertisements and try to think what the things you see there would have meant to our forefathers. Then you'll realize what a service and what a convenience advertising is to you.

Read it. Make use of it!

as pictorial values. This little excursion into the cactus country is interesting in its views of the open spaces.

Daughters of Today

The mirror is still being held up to the younger set—which basked a short time ago in "Flaming Youth" and others of that design. Their wild parties are still being exploited on the screen, tho the stage has discarded the flapper as antique. If these pictures could be seen uncensored, they might carry less artificiality. As it is, they serve principally in acquainting us with some director's idea of what constitutes giddy life—with the throttle wide open. So we have the hokum—and because the settings are bizarre—and the jazzy youngsters vie with one another to publicize themselves thru a series of incredibly wild happenings, we swallow the bait, hook, line and sinker—and pronounce it entertainment.

The story is still the thing. But it is usually forgotten in this type of picture—for stress is laid upon evolving the giddy whirl. The flapper and the drug-store cowboy are in their element here. There is a lot of petting, considerable wild parties, much toting of flasks and what not. And to dress it up with sentiment, a white-haired mother advances at the finish with a jar of preserves for her erstwhile suppressed daughter. The picture is well cast, the players carrying out the demands with good authority. The appeal here rests in the round of frivolity lived thru by the worshippers of jazz.

The Wolf Man

There are faint suggestions of Stevenson's "Jekyll and Hyde" and Sir Gilbert Parker's "Right of Way" in this vehicle that Frederic and Fanny Hatton have constructed for Jack Gilbert. The suggestions however are very, very faint. Every episode in the borrowed theme of dual personality reveals obvious mechanics. It is as if the authors were on view pushing their melodrama thru to its finish and not caring much what happens to it so long as it arrives at that finish.

The classic-featured Gilbert is a mad brute when under the influence of "likker" and a gentleman when sober. Norma Shearer provides an attractive love interest and the hero's ultimate salvation after a wild ride down swirling rapids. Yes, there is a fight that the press-agent would describe as hair-raising between the hero and a villainous half-breed. It must be terrible to be born a half-breed and do nothing but nasty things all one's life.

Do you know how many motion picture stars are mothers? Really the majority of women, prominent on the screen, have known the glory of motherhood. And next month we are publishing scores of pictures of these beautiful stars and their children. They are exclusive pictures to the Motion Picture Magazine and are sure to delight everyone

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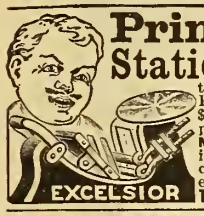

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HOLLYWOOD IN FICTION

By C. B. Orwig

In Hollywood town—or so I've been told,
The natives are awfully fast:
Wild studio parties are common as pies
And everyone has a dark Past.

Their homes are great castles set up in the hills,
With chefs, maids and footmen galore;
Their butlers are H'English in accent and looks
And one stands behind every door.

Strip-poker is known as their favorite sport—
To the limit they go, as a rule;
Another delight for the dead of the night
Is to splash in a dark swimming-pool.

The women are all of the type known as "vamp,"
Their lives are incredibly gay,
Each one takes a husband and then if she likes
She gets a divorce the next day!

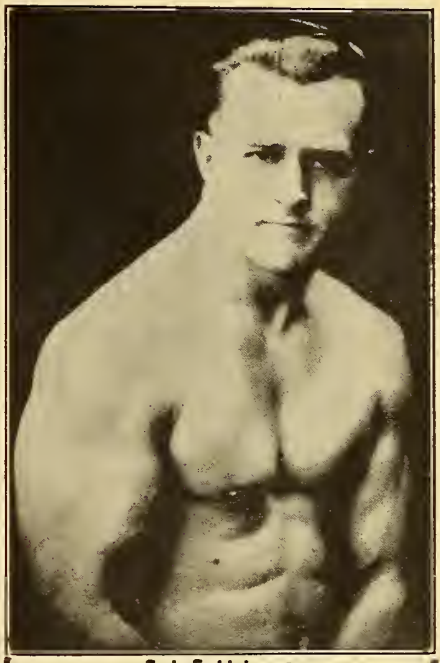
They're named Josie, Sarah, Gladys or Renee,
They consume crates of bootleg and dope,
They smoke cigarets every hour of the day
Only stopping to sleep, let us hope!

A star holds receptions to gentlemen friends
Prostrate on her pet tiger skin,
Surrounded by orchids and lilies and ferns,
As pictured by Elinor Glyn.

. . . . . .

This marvelous picture of Hollywood life
In popular fiction is found.
When you catch the "wild party" who started the tales,
You'll find *him*—a newspaper hound!

Are motion picture stars where they are in their profession because they have business acumen and a commercial instinct? There is an interesting commentary on this phase of their success in "The Editor Gossips," in this issue. You'll enjoy reading it, whether you agree or disagree with the side it takes



Earle E. Liederman as he is to-day

How Do You Look In A Bathing Suit?

The good old swimming days are here. Oh boy! But it's great to rip off the old shirt, into your suit and—SPLASH!! But what a shock to some of the poor girls when they see their heroes come out with their flat chests and skinny arms, instead of the big husky frames they expected to see.

You Are Out Of Luck

Don't try to make excuses. You are just out of luck. It's your own fault. You can't blame anyone but yourself. What are you going to do? She is going to find you out.

A Physique To Be Proud Of

It's not too late. Snap into it and I can save you yet. It means hard work and plenty of it, but wait till you see the results.

The Muscle Builder

My job is to build muscle. That is why they call me the muscle builder. In just 30 days I am going to add one full inch to your biceps. Yes, and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that's only a starter. I am going to broaden out those shoulders and shoot a quiver up your old backbone. I am going to put a man's neck on you and a pair of legs to balance the strong, sturdy body they support. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye, radiating the dynamic life within you. Before summer is past you will never recognize your former self. You will have a strong, sturdy, virile body to be really proud of. You will be admired for your perfect manhood—while others are given glances of pity and scorn. This is no idle prattle, fellows. I don't just promise these things. I guarantee them. Are you with me? Let's go. Time is short, and we have a job to do.

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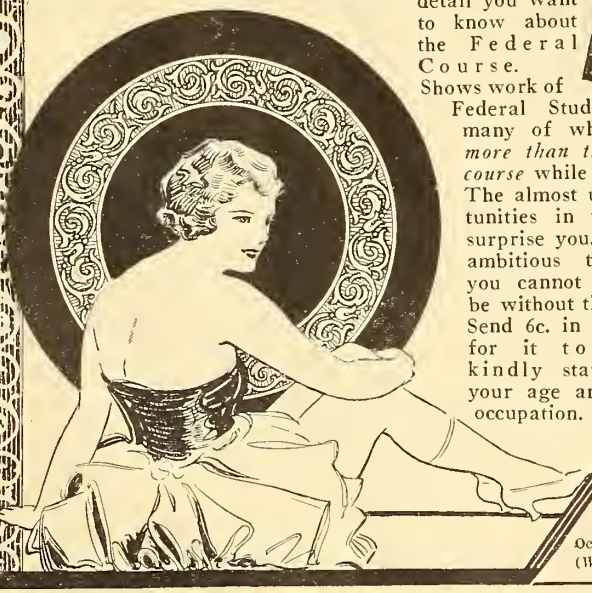

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IMPRESSIONS

By Helen Chandler

(Mae Murray)

A terpsichorean butterfly,
Sweetheart roses and pink sweet peas,
Oft kissed lips, languorous eyes,
Alluring fragrance.
White alabaster, and thistledown,
Gentle, sleepy Angora kittens;
Fluffy golden locks
Many dainty frocks
And the charm of a stray moonbeam.

(Gloria Swanson)

Bobbed hair and permanent waves;
Wild music and tangoes;
Trailing gowns, Spanish heels.
Bizarre grotesques;
Golliwog perfumes;
Gaily colored bits of Georgette;
Expensive jewels;
Wrecked automobiles;
House parties, proms, tea dances
And the never ending whirl of life.

(Mary Pickford)

Her smile; sun shining thru rain,
Fresh dew on smiling rambler roses,
Fuzzy pink and white peaches,
Pussy willows in freshly fallen snow,
Yellow roses and pink ribbon,
Lullabies crooned in summer twilight
The smile in a baby's eyes.

PICTURE MAGIC

By Julia Birk

I am the soul of the motion picture;
I am everyone's dreams.
I am youth and love and idealism;
I am life as it seems.

In my laugh is a cure for heartaches;
Listen, and weep no more.
In my light is a path to Romance;
Steal thru the open door!

I hold the heart of all mankind
Here in my silvery beams,
For I am the soul of the motion picture;
I am everyone's dreams.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 64)

Objecting to the inevitable gum-chewing and slangy telephone operators in motion pictures.

DEAR EDITOR: Having a grievance against the movies, or should I say, directors? I hope you will do me the favor of publishing my letter, with the hope that the offender will read it.

It is this:

Why, oh, why, do they show telephone operators chewing gum and using slang? Now, I'm a telephone girl and know what I am talking about. It simply is not done; in other words, it is not allowed. Besides, of all things I detest, is chewing gum and slang.

In Gladys Walton's picture, "Cross Wires," she is shown reading a book at the switchboard—that, also, is impossible. Things like that are what cause the public always to slander our service. However, I dont blame Miss Walton for this slam on us (for slam it is), for Miss Walton is a sweet little actress and I always enjoyed her pictures, heretofore.

But it seems some directors should change the style if they must show operators. I would gladly give them a few hints on the subject, as they seem to know so little about a central office.

I feel quite justified in my criticism, as there are numerous fans among the telephone people.

Just to show I'm not all grouch, speaking not only for myself, but a number of other girls, we want to say that Richard Dix is our favorite actor. He is not a foreign prince charming, but a fine looking American boy, like the late Wallace Reid. No, I'm not accusing Mr. Dix of imitating Wallace Reid (as so many fans delight in that line), but he has the acting ability, good looks, and wholesomeness that puts him in that class. We think he is a wonderful actor, and extend our best wishes to Mr. Dix.

Sincerely yours,
TECY VENABLE,
Southern Bell Tel. Co.,
Sanford, Florida.

Harsh criticism for Pola Negri and "Shadows of Paris."

DEAR EDITOR: I shall dispense with all preliminaries, because it is only "apple sauce" after all, and get down to "brass tacks." The other day I saw Pola Negri in "Shadows of Paris," and of all the poorest excuses for a picture, that certainly takes the prize. It was the first time I had ever seen Pola Negri, and without a doubt it is the last. The only redeeming feature about the picture was the fact that Adolphe Menjou and Huntly Gordon were in it. The best thing Pola Negri did in it was to smoke, and, let me tell you, she sure has a mean drag on cigarets. As for Charles de Roche, well, if I were Rodolph Valentino I should be highly insulted to think that he was to take my place. Of course Valentino isn't so much himself, but then he couldn't be worse than Charles de Roche.

Of course Adolphe Menjou is always good, but you certainly can tell the difference in a man's acting by his director. In "A Woman of Paris" Menjou was superb. In "Shadows of Paris" he was good and that's all. Here's hoping that Charles Chaplin will direct him again, and soon, at that.

Huntly Gordon is always good. I always enjoy him. Who couldn't? As for the plot of the story, it was a deliberate take-off on "The Humming Bird." And let me tell you, it suffered considerably in comparison; however, let me add that "Shadows of Paris" is no worse than some movies we see. I wonder what makes the movie so poor as it has been lately. Is it the censors? Is it the public? It must be something. I have only seen two good pictures worth my time, and they were "A Woman of Paris" and "Scaramouche." But then look to the directors. I think that just about solves the problems.

But just one more word. Hark, ye flappers! If ye would learn how to smoke like a veteran, see Pola Negri in "Shadows of Paris."

Very truly,
R. FOX,
Toledo, Ohio.

Indorsing our criticism of "Under the Red Robe."

DEAR EDITOR: The criticism of "Under the Red Robe," by Adele Whitely Fletcher, is just. As to the picture, its excellencies abound. But its duration! It calls to mind the remark attributed to the "Merry Monarch" on his death-bed, that he was an "unconscionable time dying."

"Famous sayings," tho, by B. C. Bigler, page 84, mention Nebuchadnezzar with reference to the "writing on the wall." Daniel V, and also Lord Byron's fine poem, make it clear that it was Belshazzar. True the higher critics deny that Belshazzar was king, and records so far confirm them. But Nebuchadnezzar is out of the question. Critics, too, are sometimes wrong. Sir E. Durning Lawrence says that Shakespeare was Bacon. Even Brisbane, writing for Hearst's press, gave Charles I Thomas More's beard. A memory of Vandyke's picture should prevent such a mistake. However, 'tis human to err.

Being a minister, I do not care to see the Bible misquoted, for as that fine old sceptic, Huxley, said, it is the Magna Charta of the Poor.

May I take this opportunity of giving expression to my mind as to the high and entertaining quality of your magazine?

Yours truly,
(REV.) O. CONGDON,
San Francisco, Cal.

With praise for Elsie Ferguson.

DEAR EDITOR: I am very much interested in the fan letters published in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. May I add a few words to those of other fans?

Why dont the admirers of the stars all boost for their favorites? In all the letters I've read there is very little said about some of our leading stars. What has happened to the followers of Elsie Ferguson? I am sure there are a great many who admire her. Then why not let the world know it?

Elsie Ferguson is my ideal. She represents the woman of true culture and refinement, dresses in excellent taste, and possesses dignity and reserve. Her graceful manners are both natural and charming. With her beauty, charm, and appeal is it any wonder that she is beloved by all who have seen her? Is there anyone who does not like her? If there are any such, let them tell why.

This is a challenge. Write and tell what you think of Elsie Ferguson.

An admirer of CLASSIC and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

MARY E. PERRY, Warwick, R. I.

(*Continued on page* 118)

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"SETS"

By Faith Baldwin

A mining town, a Western camp,
A palace, that Aladdin's lamp
Most surely conjured from the djinn,
A gilded "banquet hall of sin,"
A humble hut, a ship, a home,
A desert where the Arabs roam. . . .

A boudoir, rosy, and the nave
Of some old church, austere and grave,
The walls of China, mile by mile,
A shop, a porch, a country stile,
Jerusalem or Babylon,
By moon or storm or blazing sun. . . .

They built these things of wood and paint,
That in them sinner, knave or saint
Might play for us a little space
And show us young Adventure's face,
Frail buildings reared to house a dream,
And—for the moment—all they seem.

VAMPIRE

By Jane Cuthrell

She sits, demurely still—a mouse,
A shadow, in the crowded house,
Unpainted, upright, prim;
Her eyes are quiet eyes and cool,
(I think perhaps she teaches school)
Her gloves are darned and trim——

The play is one of purple sin,
Of décolletée, silk stockings, gin—
A sloe-eyed woman slinks
Across the screen with feline grace
Her mouth's a wound, her lovely face
Proclaims the girl a minx!

The little mouse beside me sighs,
A tiny flame grows in her eyes,
Her longing has no name,
She lives! She lives! for one brief space
She wears that other woman's face
And knows her splendid shame.

People, if they are honest with themselves, will admit that there have been times in their life when they experienced a great desire to break loose from the bonds holding them. It is this urge which Henry Albert Phillips treats of in his new serial, "The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad," beginning next month. You wont want to miss it

BACK TO EARTH

By Blaine C. Bigler

When I am feeling mean and blue
  I like to see a movie show;
I lose myself in dreams, that's true,
  For I am in the long-ago.
But when a mob of ancient Rome
  Expose the hero to the breeze
It brings my truant thoughts back home
  For he is clad in B. V. D's.

I see the lotus-bordered Nile;
  The lazy barges swinging past;
I thrill at Cleopatra's smile
  But dreams like these can never last;
For when fair Cleo wants a slave
  She beckons him—that does no harm—
But here's the thing that makes me rave—
  A wrist watch on her dainty arm.

The pirates sail the Spanish Main,
  The cruel, dashing buccaneers
Who fill so many hearts with pain;
  Whose path is strewn with blood and tears.
And when they swarm aboard a ship
  I give a frightened little gasp;
The captain has—oh, awful slip—
  A modern rifle in his grasp.

FILM JUDGMENT

By Clarence E. Flynn

The man who reads the titles,
  The man who tramps our toes,
The man who holds the end seat
  Whatever comes and goes,
The man who laughs so loudly
  That all the house can hear,
The man who with his snoring
  Outrages every ear.

All died, and took their journey
  Where the unseen begins,
And stood before the judgment
  To answer for their sins.
They got a common sentence.
  Each one was ordered flat
To sit and fume forever
  Behind a picture hat.

To know the stars as their friends know them . . . as mothers, wives, husbands, fathers, friends . . . read The Editor Gossips. It features the little intimate things which are never related elsewhere . . . and the popularity this department already enjoys, has proven we were right in feeling our readers would like it

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 74)

MARION E.—No indeed, Bobby Harron was never Mae Marsh's husband. She is married to Louis Lee Arms. You certainly know a thing or two. You say "Men are reminded that it is not necessary to rub the bloom off all the peaches in the basket to make a selection." And well said.

L. E. W.—I know, but a weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas. She is five feet four, weighs 120 pounds. Has blonde hair and blue eyes and she is playing in "For Sale." I'd be willing to bid a few dollars myself. How about you?

JUMBO.—So you are all excited about Freeman Wood. He played Eris in "Fashion Row." Lita Gray, who is a young woman of Spanish type, has been chosen to take the place of Edna Purviance as Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady. Miss Gray played a bit in "The Kid." Run in again sometime, Jumbo.

AROLINE H.—Oh, I dont mind. To receive an injury is to be wounded; but to forgive and forget it, is the cure. I've forgotten. Ivor Novello is playing on the legitimate stage in England. Carol Dempster was Gypsy. W. J. Ferguson, her father, and Ralph Graves was Spike in "Dream Street." Henry B. Walthall with Ruth Roland in "Dollar Down."

PATSY ANN.—I forgot who said "Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love." After all, it is a wonderful quality. George Hackathorne was born in Pendleton, Oregon. He made his first stage appearance at the age of nine. He is five feet seven, weighs 130, dark-brown hair and brown eyes. One almost must be a mathematician to keep track of these heights.

TAP.—Thanks for your suggestion. Richard Barthelmess' address up above.

M. A. L.—Come, cheer up, you're not alone. No soul is desolate so long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence. Thanks for yours. The picture no doubt was made in Sweden as the players were all Swedish. You write a mighty fine letter.

MABEL E. K.—I always understood that the country was made for the pleasure of people born in town, but now you come along and want to leave your beautiful country home to join our noisy city. Alas, alack, that I cannot change places with you. Richard Dix was Billy, Helene Chadwick was Poppy, James Kirkwood was Neill, in "The Sin Flood." It was fictionized in February, 1922, CLASSIC.

A SINNER.—Really! How many periods in a bottle of ink—you tell'm my lips stick. Ha, ha, brilliant! You say your favorite pictures were "Scaramouche," "Potash & Perlmutter," and "Penrod and Sam."

JACK B.—No, I have never been married. You say ignorance and bungling with love, are better than wisdom and skill without it. I dont know about that. Anna Q. Nilsson is married to a millionaire—Mr. John Gunnison. Gloria Swanson is American. Last time I heard from Lillian Walker, she was playing in vaudeville.

MANLLY.—Ah, so it is Richard Dix. Well, you are not the only one. Ormi Hawley is not playing now, so I cannot give you her address. No, I'm afraid you will never know what I look like.

BARNEY'S GRUDGE.—Mrs. Wallace Reid is considering an offer to tour England and France in connection with her picture "Human Wreckage." Be patient and you will soon see Rodolph Valentino on the screen.

MARIE C.—So you have written a play and you would like to have Mae Murray play in it. I'm afraid there is no chance.

CONWAY TEARLE FAN.—You say you want to see Conway Tearle in "The Sea Hawk." You wont, you're going to see Milton Sills.

BRITANNIENS.—But there is no weariness so vast, so entire as that of jaded emotions. No I have never been to London. Why, Robert Frazer is playing opposite Pola Negri in "Men." You remember him with Mae Murray in "Fascination."

KITTY, SCOTLAND.—And all the way from the land of the heather. Horrors, no, your friend is right. Mary Pickford is only thirty years old. Perhaps you refer to Marguerite Clarke.

EUGENE O'BRIEN FAN.—Yes, every failure teaches a man something, if we will learn. So you saw Eugene O'Brien in "Steve" and liked it. John Barrymore is busy making "Beau Brummel." "Buster" Collier is playing opposite Billie Rhodes in "Leave it to Gerry."

MARIA TERSE.—You must overcome jealousy. It's a bad disease. Jealousy—tormenting yourself, for fear you should be tormented by another. Yes, Mrs. Thomas Meighan was once an actress. He is playing in "Woman Proof." Marguerite Clarke is in New Orleans with her husband. So you think I ought to join one of the long-beard contests. I sure would take the prize, ness pa? Well "David Copperfield" has been filmed once and I am not sure it will be done again soon. Run in again.

MISS SYLVIA—.Of course I live alone in a little hall-room. But then I have my phonograph which keeps me company. Gloria Swanson is playing in "The Humming Bird." Mrs. Wallace Reid at Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, Cal.

LLOYD B.—I'm very sorry. You refer to Jackie Coogan in "Long Live the King." Henry B. Walthall, Irene Rich, Ben Alexander and Rockcliffe Fellowes in "Misunderstood" from the Tarkington story. Monte Blue is playing in "Daddies."

AMATEUR.—Youth is the period of happiness, but old Age is aware of the fact. Andrée Lafayette is only nineteen and you can address her at United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

EMILY B. O.—Balzac says "To speak of love is to make love." I dont agree with the gentleman. No, Marion Davies is not married. I liked "Little Old New York" very much. She is twenty-seven. Her next picture after "Mary of Burgundy" will be from the book "Janice Meredith" by Paul Leicester Ford.

MELLO DEE.—Welcome to the throne. Without women, man would be rough, rude, solitary, and would ignore all the graces, which are but the smiles of love. Yes, Mary Pickford's name was Gladys Smith. Ernest Truex is to play in "The Vegetable" by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

MRS. L. B.—Last I heard of Edna Wallace Hopper she was in California playing on the stage, and last I heard of Fannie Ward, she was living in Paris. I hear one of her old pictures is to be reissued. Watch for it! Write me again.

D. N. K.—Fire away, I'm glad to know. No man is the worse for knowing the worst of himself. Claire Windsor at Goldwyn, Patsy Ruth Miller at Vitagraph, Pauline Garon at C. B. C. Pictures, and Phyllis Haver at Famous Players-Lasky. You're welcome any time.

BUSINESS.—Every man stamps his value on himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us. Man is great or little by his own will. Pearl White is making a picture in Paris, and I believe Theda Bara expects to start in soon again. Yes, Antonio Moreno is married to Mrs. Daizy Canfield Danziger.

BUBS, TORONTO.—Rod La Rocque was born in Chicago, and educated in Nebraska. He played in stock and in vaudeville, also on the stage. He is six feet, weighs 175 pounds and has dark hair and eyes and is playing in "The Ten Commandments." Cant you give me the name of the character in that picture? You see I dont know who the artist was. You certainly are invited to come again.

EMTEEBEE.—I see where you get your name now. No, we dont use that article any more. I should say you are about twenty-five. You want to see Norma Talmadge sans beauty, sans gowns, just herself in a real tragedy: Why a tragedy? Mrs. Lydig Hoyt has gone to California to play in Laurette Taylor's "Happiness."

NATURAL BLONDE.—I hope so. Yes, that was Sessue Hayakawa and Eileen Percy. Blanche Sweet and Malcolm McGregor in "The Human Mill."

BETTY.—No, I have no steady physician. Happy are physicians, their successes shine in the sunlight, and the earth covers their failures. Norma Talmadge is twenty-eight and no children. Address her at United Studios.

DOTTIE MAC.—You know Justine Johnson is married to Walter Wanger and she is a blonde with blue eyes. She is not playing now. Ruth Stonehouse and Walter McGrail in "Lights Out."

JOY'S FRIEND.—Address Leatrice Joy at Famous Players Studio, Los Angeles, Cal. Thomas Meighan, at Astoria, L. I. Leatrice Joy is playing in "The Stranger."

FAITH.—And you want to know what has happened to Louise Glaum and whether she is coming back to the silversheet. I hope so. Louise where art thou?

SKI FIEND.—Vivian Martin was on the stage last. Ramon Novarro at Metro, Los Angeles, playing with Barbara La Marr.

Pandora writes us:

San Francisco, California, October 11, 1923.

Monsieur le Answer Man,
Motion Picture Magazine,
175 Duffield St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

OMNISCIENT ONE:

I do obeisance before thee. On the stones at thy feet I bow my most worshipful head, and bump my forehead thusly—thump! thump!

Of all the gods dear to my heart thou, Most High, art the best beloved. I drink at the fount of thy wisdom as one athirst for knowledge. From thee I learn. I marvel at thy divine humor and tremble at thy wrath when besieged by driveling phools and phatuous phishes. There is naught which thou dost not know, for thou communest with the Stars. Of thy unnumbered votaries I am thy most devoted follower, and beg thee to accept this small oblation from thine humble handmaiden.

These many months that I have done thee homage I have never ventured to address thee, but at last thou hast intrigued my curiosity. Prostrate before thee, Lord, I speak.

Thou hast said to one, "Maud W.," these words: "I am quite happy, thank you, but I am deprived of the greatest pleasure that life has for the human soul."

Ah—there thou openest the door to thine most inner sanctuary, and thru it have I glimpsed the still, white cloisters where dwell thy dreams. What is it that thy spirit longest for, my Lord? Has life been miserly with thee? Then, truly I am sorry, for I too have known hunger of the soul. Sometimes it is illusion that we crave; sometimes we starve for love or understanding, or the touch of children's hands.

I do not know what joy hath been denied thee, but because thou givest of thyself to feed the insatiable inquisitiveness of the many, I do ask for thee that the Higher Gods may fill whatever void there be. Thou hast given pleasure in unstinting measure—I pray that it return to thee, as come the soft-eyed doves to rest upon the minaret at nightfall.

Blessings on thy venerable beard.
Selah!

PANDORA.

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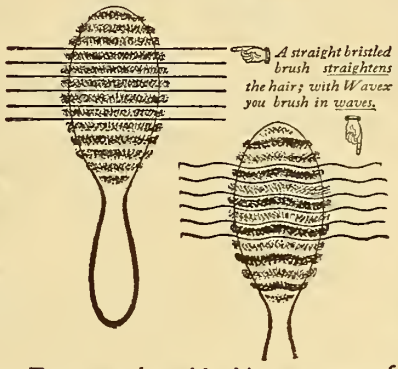

Every stroke with this new type of hair brush imparts a gentle wave. Every strand—every hair—is encouraged to curl. If you want wavy hair—that really waves, with a real, natural wave—use the Wavex curling hair brush!

The scientific principle of this new design is effective on any head of hair; the most stubbornly straight hair yields to the rippling strokes of Wavex. Every woman is invited to prove this by her own test; read the offer!

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For years women have done everything and anything to make waves in their hair—only to brush them out! The hair brush with straight rows of bristles straightens the soft hairs; how could it be otherwise? But now, those who wish wavy hair may have it. Your hair will be straight if you brush it straight; it will wave if waved in the brushing

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Pay the postman, or send $3.00 now and save postage; either way, the trial is *free*, with money back if not *delighted*. Use coupon *now:*

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Please send me one Wavex curling hair brush for a week's free demonstration which must sell me, or my money is to be returned. I will pay postman $3 and postage. (*Or enclose $3 now and get brush prepaid.*)

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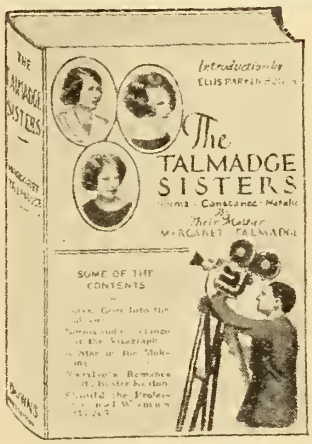

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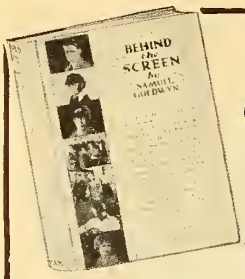

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Our Reporter's Note-Book

(*Continued from page* 70)

membership in The Minute Men of Lexington, for his work in making "America." It is the oldest military organization in this country and members are direct descendants of the men who fought in the battle of Lexington.

"Romeo, Romeo, where art thou Romeo?" Rumor again has it that Richard Barthelmess will not play Romeo to Lillian Gish's Juliet; for the simple reason that Mr. Barthelmess has severed his connection with Inspiration Pictures, the company that was to produce Shakespeare's love tragedy in Rome. Now once again Valentino's name is being broadcast for the part.

Meanwhile Mr. Barthelmess is building sand castles in Bermuda. If the opinion of his counsel that the Inspiration Pictures breached its contract holds good, his castles will stand; if not, Mr. Barthelmess is apt to have a law entanglement on his hands, when he returns to New York, that will make Valentino's erstwhile disagreement with Famous Players look pale. Mr. Barthelmess contends that his contract entitled him to a share of the gross profits of his pictures as well as a salary to be paid to him by the distributing company—First National. This payment, he claims, was made to Inspiration, instead of to him. It is said to be Mr. Barthelmess' plan to tie up with some other organization and wait for Inspiration to begin the fireworks.

It's an ill wind—it looks as if the Ritz-Carlton Company and the Famous Players are going to play in each other's yards considerably, since Valentino is dividing his attention between them. It is now said that Valentino will make more than one picture for the latter company, and that J. D. Williams, president of the Ritz-Carlton Company, and close friend of Harold Lloyd, will star the comedian for his company, when his contract with Pathé is ended. Boiled down it reads: Mr. Williams has made arrangements with Famous Players for release of the Lloyd pictures.

"The Outline of History"—the story of the growth of civilization, as told by H. G. Wells, to be told on the screen! Certainly nothing is too great nor too small to attempt on the silversheet.

Jackie Coogan, philanthropist! For ten weeks this summer Jackie Coogan will lead a "Children's Crusade" thruout the United States, in an effort to gather together a million dollar load of food stuffs for the destitute orphans of the Near East. Not only that, but he will impersonate little Giant Kindheart like a cavalier, for he will visit Greece, Palestine and Syria, and himself deliver the gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Coogan will go along and will pay all the expenses of the trip. The undertaking is being sponsored by the Near East Relief. Papa Coogan says he is glad to have Jackie represent the American children in such a worthy cause and, furthermore, that he thinks it will be a good moral lesson for Jackie—kindness to all mankind, you know. Well, we know there's plenty of sob stuff over there, but we hope Jackie gets a laugh or two in on the trip. As soon as Jackie finishes his work on "Little Robinson Crusoe," he will start the campaign with a series of condensed milk appeals in the Coast cities, and extend them across the continent. Welfare organizations thruout the country will assist in the campaign and the Boy Scouts, besides helping to raise the cargo, will act as a personal escort in every city which the appealing little comedian visits.

And now Baby Peggy, as one delectable half of "Helen's Babies," has begun taking her daily dozen on her screen uncle's chest, and shooting his valentine to his lady-love full of holes. The other delightful half of the baby team is little Gene Carpenter who supported Jackie Coogan in "The Boy of Flanders." Supporting these two infantile stars are Clara Bow, once removed from infancy, Edward Everett Horton, Claire Adams, Crauford Kent, Tom Reed, and Mattie Peters.

And now we have Dinkey Dean Productions, Inc., to feature that pert and perfect five-year-old youngster, who starred in "A Prince of a King," and romped over Charlie Chaplin in "The Pilgrim." Thru his guardians he has just signed a four-year contract to produce sixteen pictures.

Ben Alexander, that twelve-year-old irresistible, has drawn down the featured rôle in "The Goof," with Lloyd Hamilton taking the title rôle. Other players in the cast are, Mary Carr, Norma Shearer, Sam De Grasse, Dan Mason, Chuck Reisner, and Vic Potel. The story is an original by J. K. McDonald. It concerns an old lady, played by Mary Carr, of course, and a hotel keeper, who tries to cheat her out of her medical springs. The goof, the boy and—his dog—do the hero act, with a laugh every minute.

Salute Colonel Davies! Honorary Colonel of the Twenty-sixth Infantry. The title was conferred on Marion Davies on the historic parade grounds of the Plattsburg barracks, during the filming of "Janice Meredith," in recognition of the patriotic work she has done in pictures, and also because of her charming personality, and the true American spirit and enthusiasm she has displayed while making "Janice Meredith," in which the Twenty-sixth took part. The story includes Washington's surprise attack on the Hessians in Trenton. Soldiers from Ft. Ethan Allen also played the part of the patriots of 1776. A characteristic city of Trenton was built to the minutest detail. Miss Davies' next picture will probably be "Buddies," one of the musical comedies that Peggy Wood made famous on Broadway, and Holbrook Blynn, who played the part of a spy in "Janice Meredith," will have a part in the new production. Mr. Blynn, a newcomer to the screen, tho a footlight idol, registered strong in "Rosita," "The Bad Man" and "Yolanda."

You know the old one about holding the thought and getting what you wish for, well—everybody's been doing it. What? Wishing that Charlie Chaplin would direct our Mary in a picture, and it looks as if it were coming to pass. There are whisperings that Charlie will join Mary and Doug on the other side to take up the megaphone for Mary. On top of this comes word that Mary will go to Ireland especially to look about for a story. It has been long a cherished wish of hers to play the part of a colleen, and since she's mentioned it, we find it our wish, too.

Another much wished for agreement is about to be consummated—there will be a Lubitsch-Negri picture. Mr. Lubitsch

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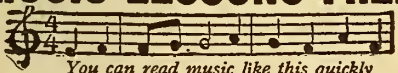

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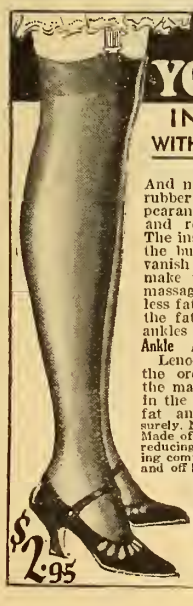

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directed Pola in "Passion," and "Gypsy Blood," her two great Continental successes, and he has for some time had a picture on his mind that was suitable for Pola alone. Other contracts, at the time, prevented his directing her, but the courtesy of Warner Brothers has at last made the team work of these two brilliant cinema workers possible. Lubitsch will begin work on the picture in the Lasky studio as soon as "A Woman of the Night," the picture in which Miss Negri is at present being filmed, is completed.

Leatrice Joy (Mrs. Jack Gilbert) is going to have to take a vacation, just as she has been promoted to stardom—the reason being that the stork is hovering about her chimney top. The lead in "Roles" will be her last part until after the event. Rumor has it that four other film stars will follow Mrs. Gilbert into the happy hunting ground of motherhood—of such domesticity is the kingdom of Hollywood, at the present writing.

What with influenza on one hand and dare-devil stunts and auto accidents on the other, the movie hospital rostrum can usually rake up a daily dozen who need our sympathy. Dorothy Phillips and Frank Keenan are victims of auto accidents—separate exhibits each. George Fitzmaurice, directing "Cytherea," and Josie Sedgwick have fallen for the lily-white couch with flu, the latter case contracted thru exposure while taking scenes for Maurice Tourneur's "The White Moth," and Marie Prevost is only a lap or two ahead of them. She has weathered the flu and is back again starring in "How to Educate a Wife." Marshall Neilan is nursing a bad side and praying that he'll not have to be operated on for appendicitis, and Theodore Roberts, that grand old man of the screen and stage, has succeeded in gathering strength enough with the aid of nurses and stretchers, to get back to California and its sunshine. For months Mr. Roberts has been desperately ill at the William Penn hospital in Pittsburg. His departure was kept secret to avoid undue excitement, but Mr. Roberts left behind him messages of appreciation for the many kindnesses that had been shown him during his illness.

And here's a new one, a movie somnambulist—star, Garrett Fort, scenarist for Richard Talmadge of Truart. Mr. Fort had been working on "In Fast Company," and tho he was safe and sound in his own home bed, he attempted to enact the story he had been writing and dived thru a second story window one night. The result was a three weeks' sojourn in aforesaid bed. More romantic and less dangerous, tho quite painful, was Sidney Chaplin's fall from a ladder, while he and Colleen Moore were filming a mock "Romeo and Juliet" scene in "The Perfect Flapper." For some time afterward Sidney advertised the lover's limp. A sporting chance nearly cost Lloyd Hughes his life. Mr. Hughes refused a double for his part in "The Sea Hawk," and insisted upon taking the punishment of being thrown over the side of the frigate himself. It was necessary for him to swim several yards under the water to escape the range of the camera, and in doing so he swallowed so much oily water that poisoning and pneumonia set in. He is now convalescing and receiving the glad hand on being a good sport. And Tommy Meighan just would smash a looking-glass with his own patrician hand, and in consequence had to lay up for two days. Tommy's not superstitious—what?

Some people, as we have said before, are literally pushed into the movies. Take

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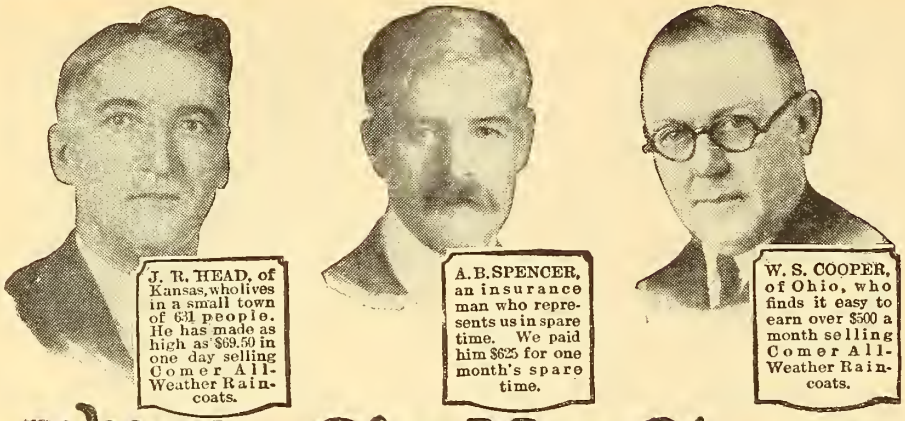

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Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what J. R. Head did in a small town in Kansas. Head lives in a town of 631 people. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer. I gave him the same chance I am now offering you. At this new work he has made as high as $69.50 for one day's work. If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned $243. Inside of six months he was making between $600 and $2,200 a month. W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him $2.00 a day, but this wonderful new work enabled him to make $9,000 a year. Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it? Do you want to earn $40.00 a day?

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Andre Daven, for instance, a newspaper and magazine writer in Paris, who went with a bunch of scribes to interview Valentino, when he was overseas. Valentino, with the eye of an artist, spotted him and two minutes later had his promise that he would act for the screen. You'll find Daven in "Monsieur Beaucaire," as the Duc de Remours. Daven is said to look like Ramon Novarro.

John Bull does love to laugh at his American cousins, but so long as it's clean humor and American made, we're on. The Ideal Films, Ltd., has just arranged, over a $500,000 note, for the exclusive English rights of the Douglas MacLean comedies so far made, and yet to be made. "The Yankee Consul," we take it, made as great a hit with the Tommys as it did with us.

Fashions for Men—is the rage for sheiks passing? Bull Montana evidently thinks so. He's withdrawn his mug from the silversheet, where it hit you squarely between the eyes, and taken it behind the footlights to park it beside that of Annette Kellerman and other singers and dancers, beauties all. He's to be one of the stars in "Smiles of 1924," to be produced in Los Angeles this spring.

When Will Hays cuts, he scorns the gentle shears of censors—nothing less than an axe will serve his purpose. Recently he used one on "The Yoke," cut it right off the Warner producing program. When "The Yoke" was published several years ago, it caused quite a sensation and school children were forbidden to read it. The Warners are wondering, now, whether to delete all the excitement out of it, or let the whole story go by the boards. Hays also wielded the axe over some propaganda prepared by Goldwyn for advertising "Three Weeks." The company had to get out a whole new line of stuff.

Gasnier has been elected to direct "When a Woman Reaches Forty," the original story by Royal A. Baker, motion picture censor of Detroit. We reckon Will will take along his axe at its première, and we know producers and directors present will each have his own axe handy and—it wont be the domestic variety.

NAZIMOVA

By Faith Baldwin

Exotic creature, straight and slim as flame,
Like flame a wonder and a wild desire,
Like flame white hot . . . oh, surely there's no name
For human flowers born of earth and fire.

The long, slim throat, the hungry Slavic eyes,
The curled back mouth, the scarlet mouth and sweet,
The small, pale face so veiled and yet so wise,
The pull of earthways at the little feet——

The innocence of knowledge; and the slow
Beat of the senses thru her finger-tips,
And strange, long kisses that like roses grow,
Ungranted, on the carving of her lips.

SUPERS

By Grace Hanks

Gypsies and tramps, guests at a ball,
Ladies in waiting in royalty's hall,
Diners and miners and winers *élite*
Mere passersby in a grey crowded street.

Robbers and ruffians, peasants and friends,
Sailors and soldiers—the tale never ends;
Here a bit, there a bit, glimpsed once and, swift,
Vanished again as the screen shadows drift.

Supers to help with a smile or a sob,
Part of the picture and part of the mob,
Hoping and working and playing their part,
Nameless, these acolytes, serving their Art.

A FRIEND in need—according to the newspapers, Florence Turner, former Vitagraph star, is destitute in London. Miss Turner was featured in the early days of the cinema when an artiste gave her art and the best that was in her for art's sake—stupendous checks and bulging pay envelopes did not exist for stars in that period of cinema history. Hence it is not improvidence that finds Miss Turner in need but the lack of a fortune she never had. This magazine was practically the only one in existence and so the only one in a position to publicize her during her stardom, and we believe she is still capable of fine sympathetic work.

Hollywood, it is said, is planning a benefit for her.

The World Famous
YORK SAX
Sent to YOU on 6 Days'
free
trial

The Easiest Instrument to Play

Even if you have never played any musical instrument you can make great progress with a York Saxophone. Don't doubt your ability. You will be delighted. And you can have the York Saxophone sent to your home for 6 days' absolutely free trial. Play on it in your own way. Note the superb tone, the clear voice, the workmanship and the quality. And then if you don't want to keep it simply send it back and it won't cost you a cent.

THE NEW TRUMPET

Here is the latest York Creation. Brilliant, snappy new model trumpet. Easy to blow without tiring. Permits all those new jazz effects. Also sent on 6 days' free trial. In fact you can get any York instrument for examination and 6 days' trial. Send today for full details of this free trial offer, and illustrated literature with prices, etc. Send Coupon.

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Instrument.....
(Mention Instrument interested in)

Gray Hair Unnecessary
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I proved it many years ago by restoring the original color to my own prematurely gray hair with the same Restorer I now offer you. This time-tested preparation never fails, as hundreds of thousands of gray haired people since have learned.

There is not space in this advertisement to tell my story. Send for Free Trial bottle and learn all.

Trial Bottle Absolutely FREE

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy, restored color perfect, in any light. Faded or discolored hair just as surely and safely restored as hair naturally gray.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for special patented Free Trial and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock. If possible, enclose lock of your hair in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON
Please print your name and address
MARY T. GOLDMAN
196-H Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....
Name .....
Street..... City.....

Every good scout brushes his teeth regularly after each meal and just before going to bed. Colgate's is the safe dentifrice to use.

If Your Wisdom Teeth Could Talk They'd Say, "Use Colgate's"

"Be good to those teeth of yours, my boy, and they'll be good to you.

"Good health is a blessing—you'll find that out as you grow older—and good teeth are important to good health."

* * *

Sound advice that, for every one to follow.

Colgate's Does Not Scratch Enamel

It is the safe dentifrice to use because it contains no grit—it "washes" and polishes. Grit is dangerous,* because tooth enamel, once marred or worn down can never be replaced. Neither can its natural beauty be restored.

*The U. S. Public Health Service in its book "Good Teeth," Keep Well Series No. 13, 1921, warns against grit in dentifrices.

The Colgate habit is a health and beauty habit, easy to form and safe for a lifetime.

Large tube, 25c—at your favorite store.

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page* 49)

While he got some of the wagons together and engaged other extras, Mr. Lasky personally saw the Fox and Universal executives about the arrangement of activities so that Torrence and Kerrigan would be free the following Saturday. He did the same with the director under whom Miss Wilson and Mr. Marshall were working.

At daybreak that Saturday, these principals were raced over two hundred miles in speed cars to the location where Cruze awaited them. It was late Saturday night when they reached their destination but they went over the action of the scenes to be filmed and rehearsed them that same night. And at the first adequate light on Sunday they began to "shoot." They worked ceaselessly thru Sunday, which emphasized their difficulty by being cloudy. They started work again early Monday morning and rushed one player after another back to Los Angeles as soon as their scenes were finished.

In this emergency, Jimmie Cruze accomplished what has never before been accomplished and something which, according to Mr. Lasky, is not ever likely to be accomplished again. The amount of work done in this limited time is unbelievable. What seemed a miracle came to pass because artists, united by a dream, submerged themselves. Their dream is now a shining reality . . . a memorial to their flaming, tireless labors.

And this is the story . . . Mr. Lasky's story . . . of how one of the greatest of all motion pictures came into being.

We have always heard that the people of the theater and studio were lacking in business acumen. It is a legend which laymen tell. We have found it largely untrue. In the majority of instances the stars are generously endowed with business ability, not to say commercial instincts. We're not sure that this isn't one of the reasons they are stars.

Life consists largely of buying and selling. You buy or you sell. If you are not selling material things—bales of cotton, houses, bonds—then you are surely selling your ability to do some definite thing—to teach, to sell material things, in turn, or to portray life in words, paints or acts. It is the best salesman that goes the farthest, who makes the most money, who wins the most fame.

An actor or actress has one of two things, or both, to sell. An ability to create shadow portraits or a popular appeal born of their personality. Others have the same thing in about the same measure. Therefore, it is natural that those who win a star's estate are, with the everpresent few exceptions, those who have the ability to sell themselves. The chances are that if they had fallen heirs to far less beautiful exteriors with imagination the least of their mentality, that they would not have known failure.

Count over the golden names of the motion picture. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Lillian Gish, Rodolph Valentino, Richard Barthelmess. The business acumen of these people is renowned among their business associates. And the same is true of a host of others. Either they themselves are capable in affairs of business and finance or their husband or mother or father, who manages their affairs, is.

The new biography of Sarah Bernhardt, which she authorized for publication after her death, bears out our belief in this regard. Even the glorified, immortal name of Sarah Bernhardt might have been lost

to the world if the birth of her son, Maurice, had not fired her with an ambition which transcended the obscurity and handicaps surrounding her at the time.

We shudder to think how many immortals went down to death sans laurels because they lacked commercial instincts . . . because their inspired flames were not enhanced by a salesmanship for their gifts.

It would seem that art and business instincts are highly compatible.

Alice Joyce has sailed for Europe, where she is returning to the drama of the Kleigs in "The Passionate Adventurer." And this means she is returning to her career in earnest. Her children are growing up . . . they are babies no longer . . . and her place has ceased to be the nursery of the Regan house.

She told us about her plans when we lunched with her one day before she sailed. And it was at this same luncheon that, punctuating our gossip about everything and nothing, that she told us of the course she was taking at Columbia University—a course in elocution—because for a time she considered devoting herself to stage work. And she told us, too, about another course she was taking at the Art Students' League. And we couldn't help making the mental reservation that she was, in these things, trying to satisfy her desire for a creative interest.

We admire Alice Joyce tremendously for the sane way in which she has balanced her life. She has never allowed her desire for glory in her career to slight her wifehood and her motherhood. Both times that a child has come to her she has left the screen for no mean length of time . . . for two and three years. And there is never any proof that an absence of this duration isn't going to prove fatal.

It's knowing Alice Joyce and several other women like her that keeps us from lending a serious ear when they clamor about race suicide in connection with careers. We believe the healthy, normal woman wants children far more than she ever wants extravagant wealth or the fanfare of fame. We have watched motion picture stars give years out of their full and fascinating lives to their children . . . and we have not the slightest doubt that they would abandon these careers, vital as they become to them, if their children's welfare demanded it. For, after all, children always have and always will be, a normal woman's supreme love.

We're glad that Alice Joyce is really coming back to the screen. We're sure she's a better mother because she has a vital interest in her life which keeps her abreast, young, and concerned with progress. And we're sure she's a better actress because she has the wisdom to place her woman's heritage, wifehood and motherhood, far beyond the pleasures fame can bring her.

We met Dick Barthelmess at the Algonquin one day last month and told him we were going to see Mrs. Dick, Mary Hay Barthelmess, in her new musical comedy, "Mary Jane McKane."

"Let me know the night you're going," he said, "and I'll go in the old-fashioned number again."

"Again?" we queried and Dick proceeded to explain.

When Mary was playing in Boston, before they had come to New York, Dick went on to surprise her. He arrived Saturday night in the middle of the performance while Mary was in her dressing-room making a change. The old-fashioned number in which the men wear the queer mode of bygone years was about to go on. It was the first time Dick had seen the queer costumes and they fascinated him so that he inveigled one of the men, about his size, to lend him his clothes and let him go on in his place. It is a tableau effect and Dick had seen many of the rehearsals before the company had gone on the road. While they were on the stage, someone brought Mary into the wings to watch the number and, of course, she discovered her husband in the group. In mock furiousness she awaited Dick in the wings . . . but every woman knows how she must have adored him for his boyish prank.

Dick says no one in the audience recognized him . . . thank Fortune.

The Rex Ingram caravan has returned from Tunis. And Ramon Novarro, returning with it, spent only a few days here in Gotham before hurrying off to California to begin work on his first starring picture under his new contract.

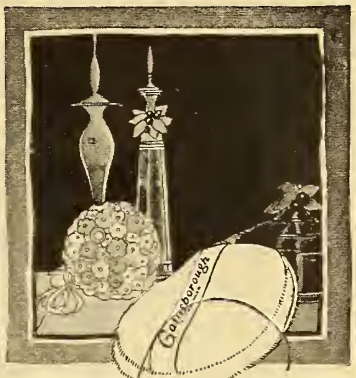
We lunched with him one day and were surprised at the sophistication he has acquired. Not an unpleasant sophistication. As a matter of fact, it serves to brush any excessive youth away . . . he seems to us even more interesting and attractive. Nor has his screen success robbed him of his interest in music. For really Ramon Novarro has a charming singing voice and a desire to go in for concert work. He has a collection of old Mexican songs and scores which he has compiled for this express purpose. . . . However, whether or not the gold of motion picture stardom will erase his desire for concert work, not nearly so generously remunerated, only the years will tell.

At the other end of the Ambassador's long dining-room this day we lunched with Ramon, Mary Pickford was Elinor Glyn's guest at a small luncheon party. It was following the long series of business conferences she had been attending with the other members of her company. And these conferences frequently lasted well into the night for great issues were at stake. Mary, we thought, looked a little weary. And we thought how much more interesting and lovely she was this way, than she would have been had she tried to cover her fatigue with make-up. For the wise woman . . . and Mary Pickford is wise indeed . . . knows there is a beauty in weariness when it comes to your face, a passing shadow, and does not remain there.

Towards the end of the luncheon Mrs. Pickford came in with little Mary Pickford and her governess. It seems hardly yesterday that she was a baby . . . and now she's growing-up. However, she didn't remain when Mrs. Pickford joined the group but, with the drop of a curtsy to the party and a kiss for Aunt Mary, went off with her nurse.

A.W.F.

Have you enjoyed reading "Thistledown"? Its charming ending will be published next month. And the first episode of "The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad" by Henry Albert Phillips will simultaneously appear



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"Jane, dear, do you remember how unhappy I was at school? None of the boys noticed me, and oh, I was so lonesome! Then one day I saw the ad for the Famous DOLLY DIMPLER, and at once I thought how popular girls with dimples always are. I answered the ad and in a very short time I had the dandiest dimples. Everyone said how much prettier I was—but the most fun was when the boys began to notice me. Now I haven't a chance to get lonesome, nor do I have to sit by and simply envy the other girls who have dimples.

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"Many of the noted film stars get their dimples the DOLLY DIMPLER way—that's the secret of their charm. And you can have them, too. Just use the coupon below and send $1 for everything mailed *sealed in plain wrapper.* Results are guaranteed—and it is as easy as it is harmless to use. Don't wait a minute longer, Jane, and you will never regret it as long as you live."

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Herewith find $1 for the famous DOLLY DIMPLER, with full instructions for use.

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How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

BY EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well — but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile—." "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose——. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—'s Maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B— had had her nose reshaped —yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it," I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast —and I am happy.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must look "your best" at all times. Your nose may be a hump, a hook, a pug, flat, long, pointed, broken, but the appliance of M. Trilety can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "TRADOS," Model 25, U. S. Patent, corrects now all ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Model 25 is the latest in nose shapers and surpasses all his previous Models and other Nose Shaper Patents by a large margin. It has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is upholstered with a fine chamois and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unsolicited Testimonials are in his possession, and his fifteen years of studying and manufacturing nose shapers is at your disposal which guarantees you entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose.

CLIP the coupon below, insert your name and address plainly, and send it today to M. Trilety, Binghamton, N. Y., for the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied, is his guaranty.

M. TRILETY,
2000 Ackerman Bldg.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Please send me without obligation your booklet which tells how to correct ill-shaped noses.

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town.....

State.....

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 107)

Protesting against Marion Davies as queen of the screen.

DEAR EDITOR: Recently The New York *Evening World* published daily the results of a popularity contest for the "Queen" and "King" of the Screen. The final results were that Marion Davies was proclaimed "Queen" and Rodolph Valentino "King." I rather expected Rodolph to be proclaimed "King," altho he is no particular favorite of mine. I admit that he does possess such qualities that have made him popular, but when the announcement that Marion Davies was chosen "Queen" was published it almost floored me.

When I happened to read the daily results, Norma Talmadge was leading by a large majority, and sometimes Marion Davies was second but there was always this sentence following the results: "Wait for the big surprise." The result certainly was some surprise. It reminds me of a political convention, where the first ballotings show the favorite in advance, but never with the required number of votes, to nominate him. Finally, after the delegates have been thoroly fatigued, "The Dark Horse" is put up and runs away with the nomination.

To my mind, a screen favorite must possess certain qualities before she may attain her position. Both "Beauty" and the "Ability to Act" are the chief qualities, and between the two, the latter is most essential. It is a gift that cannot be thrust upon one.

Has Marion Davies been bestowed with this gift? Does Marion Davies, the "actress," appeal to the public, or are the magnificent settings, the fine directing and the great publicity accountable for the great box-office receipts. I am sure that your readers will agree with me that it is the latter.

Comparing Marion Davies to Norma Talmadge is like comparing a stock company Shakespearian tragedian to John Barrymore or Walter Hampden, or like a pretty china doll to a truly beautiful woman, whose fine character is portrayed in her eyes.

Who is the true "Queen of the Screen," if not Norma Talmadge?

Very truly,
BEATRICE M. CUNTZ,
878 Longwood Ave.,
New York City.

The movies find a sensible champion.

DEAR EDITOR: There seems to be a universal feeling amongst majority of the fans, that there is something wrong with the movies. What is wrong with them, will someone be kind enough to enlighten me? I fail to see anything. Of course, there are good pictures and there are bad ones, but the bad ones can be shunned by the public if they follow the views of the critics. I usually select the pictures I wish to see, and I make it a point to shun the ones that are panned in the reviews. My favorite companies are, Griffith, Inspiration, First National, and Famous Players. Seldom will any of them produce a picture that isn't worth while.

Favorite stars? Sure. Among the ladies are, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Betty Compson and May McAvoy, among the men are; Milton Sills, James Kirkwood, Valentino, Barthelmess, Owen Moore and

Huntley Gordon. There are other great stars that I have not mentioned, but I personally do not care for them: Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Ray, Pola Negri and Thomas Meighan are among them.

It is hard to select the best pictures of this year, but I can recommend A-No. 1 classics in the following: "West of the Water Tower," "Humming Bird," "Zaza," "The Merry Go Round" and "Anna Christie."

Would like to read more letters on the flamboyant type of Miss Trix MacKenzie's.

Yours very truly,
C. E. SADLER,
Hillside Ave.,
Ocean View, Va.

Anent fan mail.

DEAR EDITOR: I have read so many complaints recently about the stars not answering their fan mail or sending their photographs, that I have been moved to take up a cudgel in their defense. I refer particularly to Miss Helen Gillet's letter in the May number.

In my time, I have written many a fan letter to many a star and only in one case did I ever fail to receive an acknowledgment or a photo. (Of course, I always enclosed the necessary quarter.) The one I refer to is that of Norma Talmadge, and it is easy to understand the reason in her case. Considering the tremendous amount of mail she gets it is almost impossible for her not to overlook some of them, and mine happened to be one of the unfortunates.

In several instances, I have even received personal letters along with the photo, and you may believe they are treasured even more than the pictures themselves. Anna Q. Nilsson, in particular, sent me the dearest, friendliest, and most informal note I have ever read from any star. Her letter expresses almost exactly her personality as portrayed on the screen. Another star who takes the time to answer her mail personally is Ethel Clayton. She wrote me a very sincere, dignified and appreciative note, which impressed me, also, as conveying the same personality in real life as on the screen. And last, but certainly not least in my estimation was the letter I received from Blanche Sweet in answer to my most enthusiastic praise of her "Anna Christie." To think that she still had time to answer my letter right after the universal success and approval met by that picture, moved me considerably. I think I treasure her letter the most—naturally, as she is my favorite.

There is one thing that never fails to irritate me and dampen my enthusiasm for film folk and that is the receiving of a stereotyped "form" letter in answer to an ardent expression of admiration. Perhaps it is because I am a "steno" and utterly fed up on any and all tiresome business necessities such as "form" letters, that I object so strenuously to this, but I simply cannot stand to receive a printed, meaningless acknowledgment smacking of a bid for advertisement or publicity on the part of the actor or actress. Perhaps it is not the actor himself who composes the letter—most probably it isn't, but it is like a slap in the face to receive such an answer to a sincere, well-meaning letter from a fan, and I do hope that in the future the actor will at least see that the letters sent out by his secretary or press-agent are sufficiently varied and convincing not to offend in this way.

But to get back to H. G.: None of the letters I have ever written to the stars have been either extraordinarily original or cleverer than any other fan's, so I think that she has merely been the victim of coincidence in not having any of her letters reach the attention of her adored ones. Some time ago in a motion picture magazine, I read an exceedingly interesting letter from Bebe Daniels in regard to this very thing. Among other things she said that she had once lost a whole drawer full of fan mail thru the overzealousness of the cleaner or whoever was in charge. It seems that she had given instructions that her dressing-room be thoroly cleaned and this person, taking her at her word, burned all of the mail in the drawer. Another instance she cited was of the time she was bringing home a suit-case full of mail in her car to be answered, and had it stolen from the automobile. I wish I could remember what else she said, but that at least will show a few of the reasons why one may not receive an acknowledgment of his letter or request for photographs.

I reckon this letter is just about long enough, but there is one thing more I cant resist writing about, and that is Blanche Sweet. (Altho she couldn't nowise be classed as a "thing.") I have not seen her name mentioned at all frequently by the fans, but presume it is because she has just recently come back to the screen. To me she is the greatest of them all. And I do not say that merely because of her work in "Anna Christie." Altho I was not fortunate enough to have known her in the old days, I did see both "The Meanest Man in the World" and "In the Palace of the King," neither of which I would have thought her capable of making after having first seen "Anna Christie." Which is proof positive of versatility equaled only by Norma, and a few others of her type. In the "Meanest Man," Blanche gave a performance as wistfully charming and youthfully appealing as her "Anna Christie" was cynical and realistic. And her Dolores in the "Palace of the King" while not so definite as the other two was lovelier and more beautiful than either. You may be sure I am waiting with the keenest interest "Those Who Dance" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," as I believe they will be the deciding factor in her career so far as the future is concerned. It is often too true that after an unusually splendid characterization, an actor or actress is drowned in a succession of inferior stories of the same type, or in more mediocre plays. However, I believe Blanche is too veteran and too versatile an actress ever to let that come to pass and so I am quite confident that in these next two pictures she will prove herself to be one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest actress the screen has yet produced.

Sincerely yours,
ANDRE MATHIEN,
243 W. 62nd St.,
Chicago, Ill.

A Chicago hunchback writes in criticism of Lon Chaney in the title-rôle of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" . . . and of the eternal evil hunchbacks of the screen.

DEAR EDITOR: Lon Chaney, in his much-advertised and heralded picture, instead of portraying the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," gives us a semihuman gorilla, and a trained ape from vaudeville could have given as creditable a performance in the part. If such a creature as Chaney's hunchback ever lived in fact or fancy, he

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would be shot down on sight, or he would be captured alive and exhibited in a zoo. Fitting incidental music for the picture would be Frances White's famous song, "Oh! I'd Like to Be a Monkey in the Zoo." To me the cathedral was a vast skyscraper jungle of marble and stone, and as Quasimodo swung from pillar to pillar in monkey fashion, I expected to see him hanging by his tail.

The production is ugly, so fundamentally ugly in fact that you leave the theater feeling that your mind's eye has registered a revolting picture you will be anxious to efface, and you almost have a bad taste in your mouth. It is indeed a feast for the morbid, without a single happy note thruout. Chaney's inspiration for his part as the hunchback must have been a nightmare he had, and I'm sure Hugo would never recognize this movie Quasimodo, this abortion, as being a child of his brain.

What is there artistic, inspiring or real about this screen portrayal of a hideous hairy-breasted man-ape, with one blind eye bulging out of its socket, a tongue that reminds one of a snake's fangs, jagged teeth like an English bulldog, as many warts as a toad, and vast expanses of hair that would horrify a House of David here. Twenty years from now they may show this picture with slight changes and under another label, as propaganda for demonstrating how monkey glands may make monkeys of us.

Another actor, with deeper histrionic ability and a little sympathy for the part, could have given us something worth while, something more than the memory of a man in a nauseating make-up. There was absolutely no depth to Chaney's delineation of the hunchback, the latter being nothing but a gorilla-man, and how can a monkey begin to register anything like human emotions? His "get-up" was so thick and grim that it was impossible for him to emote thru it. You got a chill down your spine every time the heroine cast as much as a charitable glance in the direction of the hunchback. The picture seemed to be but for the purpose of exploiting Chaney as a make-up expert and acrobat. I have studied hunchbacks and have observed imbeciles, and such a combination of the two as Chaney gives, never existed, not even in the mind of Victor Hugo.

For no good reason the hunchback makes a romantic, superstitious and gruesome figure in literature and on the stage and screen, when really he is not fundamentally different from other folks, and it is a cheap trick to exploit him for the amusement of the morbid. No serious attempt has been made to show how a man, as a hunchback, reacts to his physical circumstances and the situations in which he finds himself. Chaney might have succeeded if he made his "Quasimodo" more of a man and less of a monkey. Hunchbacks are far from being the most despicable among the maimed. They live, they love and they are loved, and what they lack physically is often compensated for by their intellectuality. A hump upon a man's back and stunted growth do not mean that the man's soul, his mind and his heart are deformed and dwarfed.

It takes more than a whiskered tale, the featuring of a man-made monkey and 2,600 people (who looked like animated pinheads when they are on the screen together) to make a truly momentous movie, and if "The Hunchback" is the acme of screen literature, I'd like to see the masterpieces the ten-cent Diamond Dick and Nick Carter novels of our boyhood days, will turn out to be via the silver sheet.

A HUNCHBACK OF CHICAGO.

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—BUT THESE SCREEN AUTHORS DID IT!

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Author

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(formerly announced as "Unguarded Gates.")

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Author

"LOST"

(Working Title—Release title to be announced later.)

THE three authors whose photographs appear in this announcement have demonstrated that "It Can Be Done."

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But creative imagination, not mere writing ability, produces photodramas. These authors had creative imagination. What they needed was knowledge of photoplay construction.

Through the co-operation of Palmer Institute of Authorship, that knowledge was obtained.

The result was another defeat for the sceptics who say "It can't be done." Today the authors pictured above are accepted photodramatists. Their plays produced by Palmer Photoplay Corporation and distributed by Film Booking Offices of America, are being shown in thousands of theatres throughout the United States and Canada. They accomplished what sceptics said could not be done.

Many other men and women are today similarly successful because of Palmer training. Through Palmer co-operation they have learned how to harness imagination and to teach it to express itself in dramatic terms. And they have learned in spare time study in their own homes. Their work is in demand. They form a trained body upon which the motion picture industry, as a whole, is leaning more and more.

Screen Plays by Palmer Authors

Photoplays now on the screen, in preparation or purchased for production, written by authors succeeding through Palmer co-operation include, besides those listed above, "Trusie Stoops to Conquer," "Love's Whirlpool," "Hollywood 1900," "Robes of Redemption," "Next, Please," "Crepe de Chine Gordon," "Light Fingers and Toes," "Tangled Lives," and "The Night Hawk."

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Palmer Scholarship Foundation has been established by Palmer Institute of Authorship for the purpose of bringing recognition to men and women whose fresh and virile stories might otherwise be lost to the screen and general publication field, but who need only training in the new technique of authorship in order to succeed.

Two Major Awards, each carrying a prize of $500 cash and the Palmer Medal of Merit, will be made by the terms of the Foundation to the authors of the best short story and the best screen play, respectively, submitted each year.

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(Doubleday, Page & Co.)
Chairman, Committee Short Story Awards

FREDERICK PALMER
(Palmer Photoplay Corporation)
Chairman, Committee Screen Play Awards

Almost without exception every person ambitious to write is faced at the beginning with ridicule and discouragement. Many struggle long years unguided before eventually gaining the heights. But how much smoother the path would have been, how much more quickly the heights would have been scaled, if the writer could have had, at the beginning, the guidance and encouragement of *someone who knew.*

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New Literature, New Methods

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Palmer Institute of Authorship, (905)
Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif.

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Do men like a touch of "Commonness" in women?

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NEW YORK CITY

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Motion Picture Magazine

The Quality Magazine of the Screen

JULY

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Leatrice Joy Tells Her Own Story

There is often more pathos . . . more drama . . . more adventure in a biography than there is in a novel. Believing that true life stories are always interesting, we are planning to run a series of autobiographies by the stars.

In the August MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Leatrice Joy tells her own story. It is replete with incident. She was a little Southern girl who believed so firmly in her ability as an actress that she convinced her conservative mother too . . . and together they came to New York to seek her fortune.

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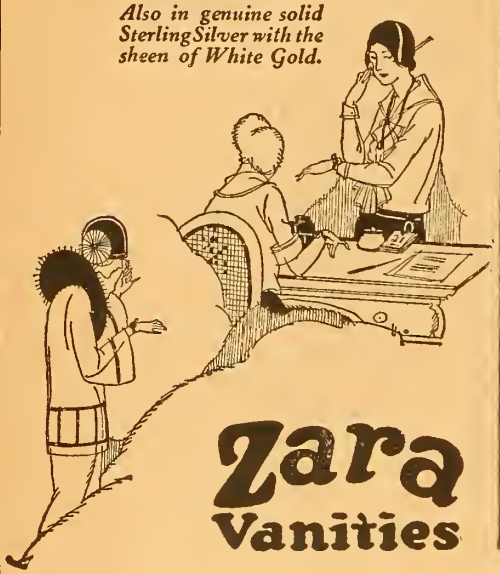

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NOW, at last you can wear the stylish, becoming clothes your heart desires —without worrying about an unattractive waistline. You don't have to wait until the fat is gone in order to appear slim. You can look more slender at once — without stiff, harmful corsets of any kind—without indulging in heart-straining exercises—or disagreeable starving diets—without taking harmful medicines. A marvelous new scientific girdle ends all need of that forever!

The moment you put on this new girdle the bulky fat on waist and hips seems to vanish and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring useless fat—and you look and feel years younger!

Reduce Fat Like Expert Masseur

This wonderful new invention known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 15, even 20 pounds. It is made of the most resilient Para rubber especially designed for reducing purposes, and is worn over the undergarment. The girdle fits as snugly as a kid glove — has garters attached—and is so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually. The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days. Women often lose 3 inches the very first week!

One Hour a Day Massages Fat Away

The Madame X Girdle makes fat vanish with surprising rapidity. In one hour during the summer this wonderful girdle reduces as much fat as it does in a day during the winter months. Works like expert masseur every second you wear it. If you want slender waist and hips this summer—if you want to have a more graceful, youthful appearance without effort or discomfort begin wearing the Madame X Girdle Now.

Can Be Worn All Day In Perfect Comfort

The Madame X Reducing Girdle really holds you in. It is form-fitting and hip-confining and gives you a distinct feeling of comfort. No boning—no stiff steels—just the softest and finest rubber known to science. The special open front enables you to move easily and freely—to bend and stoop, dance, skate, walk and indulge in all activities with a freedom and grace you haven't known in years. The lacing down the back will enable you to adjust the girdle as you grow thinner day-by-day.

Step into the Madame X Girdle and see what a difference it makes in your figure. Enjoy its comfort—its freedom from tight lacing, heavy boning and stays that poke and irritate—its softness that enables it to conform to every motion of your body and allows you to bend, stoop and move with ease—its firmness that gives necessary support to the muscles of the back and abdomen, just where you need it. You won't want to take it off, and after wearing it a few times you'll never go back to the old-fashioned, stiff, heavy corsets that hold you in like a vice and permit no freedom of motion.

Get This FREE Booklet

If you want a girlishly slim figure—if you want to indulge in all the pleasures and sports the summer time brings—if you want to say good-bye forever to bulky waist and hips, mail the coupon below for our free booklet. It completely describes this wonderful new girdle and tells how you can get one on 5 days' free trial. Mail the coupon now and you'll be in time for our special reduced price offer. Act now.

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Please send me without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and also details of your special reduced price offer.

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Address.....

City.....

State.....

Ever buy a wooden nutmeg?

A HUCKSTER stopped at great-grandmother's door. "Any nutmegs to-day, lady?"

In the tray before him he displayed his wares—big, beautiful nutmegs, and at a ridiculously low price.

Being fond of nutmeg's spicy flavor, and seeing an opportunity to stock up on them to advantage, great-grandmother bought generously.

There was to be rice pudding for supper. Great-grandmother took the golden-brown beauty from the oven and prepared to give it its finishing touch—a sprinkling of nutmeg. Out came the grater and one of the new nutmegs. She scraped and looked puzzled. Scraped again, and looked closer. Sawdust!! The nutmegs were made of wood.

How far from such methods we have traveled in these days of advertised merchandise. The manufacturer of to-day signs his name to what he says about what he makes. He knows that when you buy you will expect the goods to be what he has said. He knows that if he deceives you once, your confidence is gone forever.

Wooden nutmegs never could have been advertised.

Read the advertisements.

The fire of publicity consumes falsehood—advertised goods are reliable

Nothing But the Truth

THE truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. . . .

That is the Utopian state of veracity towards which the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE points its editorial feet.

* * * * * * * * * *

Despite the fact that the people of the motion picture are, for the most part, colorful and interesting, it has become the thing to embroider their personalities elaborately every time they are treated of in print. And despite the fact that the news of motion picture activities is, in itself, spectacular and dramatic, it has become the thing to exaggerate it out of all logical proportions.

However, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE does not engage in this practice. Its editorial policy requires integrity above everything else. Its staff in both New York and California appreciates the necessity of authenticating everything sent to the editor's desk so far as it is physically possible to do so.

Our interviews are worked with the thread of truth. When a player becomes disagreeable thru affectations, we are frank in saying so. When a motion picture is poor entertainment, ancient in theme and antediluvian in treatment, our reviewers have courage to admit these things.

Now and then a production plan or personal contact varies after the magazine is on the presses. This is unavoidable and misstatements made under these conditions are corrected as soon as possible.

However, for the most part, you may accept the face value of every word printed between the covers of a MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. We believe a magazine with veracity is better than one which is prone to sacrifice the truth to a spectacular story that has the roots of its being in nothing more substantial than suppositions and myths . . . or which is so dramatically distorted as to its facts that it might far more honestly be termed fiction.

We believe there is nothing in the world more interesting . . . more varied . . . more dramatic than truth.

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-Mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

JULY, 1924

Vol. XXVII No. 6

A woman is not self-conscious about a beautiful skin. It is when her complexion is unattractive, disfigured with ugly little defects, that she becomes self-conscious about it—awkward, constrained, unnatural. Keep your skin clear and smooth by giving it the right care, and see how much this will contribute to your peace of mind and freedom from self-consciousness.

It is easier than most women imagine —*to gain the charm of a beautiful skin*

SOMETIMES a woman suffers actual misery for years because of an unattractive complexion.

Skin defects, not serious in themselves, have been known to cause such nervous strain as actually to affect the general health.

Yet nearly any woman, if she gives her skin the right care, can gain a clear, smooth, attractive complexion.

You can rebuild your complexion

Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will! Use the right treatment daily — and see how easy it is to overcome the faults that have always troubled you.

A dull, muddy, sallow complexion can be transformed into one that is clear and full of color. Blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous nose pores can be overcome, so that they never reappear.

You will find the right treatment for your special type of skin in the booklet *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs! The very first time you use a Woodbury treatment your skin will feel the difference.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

How to change a dull, sallow skin to one that is clear and full of color—

Once or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

For ten cents—a guest-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations!

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Our Portrait Gallery

MAE MURRAY

Mae Murray always reminds us of the little porcelain dancing figures they show in the shops. To "Mlle. Midnight" she brings the demure grace and beauty in which she is pictured above. And once more her production, colorful in the tempestuous dance of jazz, is being directed by her husband, Robert Leonard

Photograph by Havra

ALICE TERRY

Alice has put aside the golden glory of her blonde wig, so long a part of her screen personality. In "The Arab" her hair will be dark, as dark as it is in this picture . . .

Photograph by Richee

NITA NALDI

There has never been obeisance to the slim silhouette which Fashion has decreed on the part of Nita Naldi. And there is wisdom in this, too. For voluptuousness complements her almost savage beauty. In "The Breaking Point," a screen version of the Mary Roberts Rinehart story, Miss Naldi is particularly effective

NORMAN KERRY

Norman Kerry is possessed of the manner of a cosmopolite and the fascination of a great sophistication. These composites of his personality bring him a very definite popularity. "Butterfly," the Kathleen Norris story, finds him on the screen in the company of Laura La Plante, Kenneth Harlan and Ruth Clifford

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

ALMA RUBENS

Alma Rubens is not planning to forsake her career in favor of domesticity. For since she became the bride of Doctor Daniel Carson Goodman, the motion picture producer, she has appeared in "Cytherea." And this production marks one of the most interesting portrayals she has ever given the silversheet

Photograph by Margaret Mather

CLAIRE WINDSOR

There is no one in the studios with more industry than Claire Windsor. Her name heads multiple casts and she counts a journey to the Sahara Desert, where she played in "A Son of the Sahara," all in the day's work. Now she is back in California at work in "For Sale"

Photograph by Charles Rosher

MARY PICKFORD

We wonder if the public will ever allow Mary to retire from the screen. Once again her voice is raised against continuing in the juvenile rôles she has created with such charm and understanding. Mary has long symbolized the poetry of childhood. "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" finds a grown-up Mary . . .

Photograph by Pach Brothers

GEORGE ARLISS

The popularity accorded George Arliss in a stage production of "The Green Goddess," in which he is appearing in his native England, is keeping him absent from our studios. That may be deplored, for Mr. Arliss is one of the most distinguished artists that ever faced the cameras. However, "$20 a Week," which he began before he sailed and which he has completed in the studios of his home country, is shortly to be issued

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

ALICE JOYCE

The public, ever branded fickle, has belied this reputation often justly applied, in the instance of Alice Joyce. Ever since the old Kalem days she has known popularity. And "The Passionate Adventurer," which marks her return to the screen in earnest, after an interlude of private life as Mrs. James Regan, will be greeted with rejoicing

Photograph by
Hoover, L. A.

To Anna May Wong

By

MIMI

Black almond eyes,
Smooth ivory skin,
With lips of lacquer red
Those tiny hands
Like two white wings
Can carry me
Across the sea
To the Land of Junks
And Flaming Poppies.
Your throat is like the lotus,
Your hair a gleaming poem by Li Po.
The music of the lute
Comes from your lips.
Pale Chinese child,
My hand is hot,
Wilt let me touch your cheek
And see if it can melt
The cool white jade of it?

She Wishes On Hay-Wagons

By LUCILLE BRYERS

Carmel Myers said she got the rôle of *Iras* in "Ben-Hur" because June Mathis insisted that the members of the cast have old-world faces . . . she has one. But she really thinks she got it because she wished on hay-wagons. She is not superstitious. But she does believe in the hay-wagon wishes

WHEN Appius Claudius Cæcus mapped out his justly famed highway, twenty-two hundred years ago, he little thought that the day would come when it would serve as a sort of detour between Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards, Celluloidia.

But strange things happen, with the passing of the centuries, and all roads lead from Hollywood to Rome, and back, these days. Directors now roar in the Coliseum, once peculiarly the property of hungry lions, and where Nero stood gazing thru his emerald at scenes of pomp and splendor, film cameramen now "set up" on ruins and movie stars.

All of which brings us to Carmel Myers and myself, sitting one rainy afternoon in the Montmartre Café on the Boulevard. Carmel is to play *Iras* in "Ben Hur" for Goldwyn's and so is to be a member of the latest Rome-going film company.

She is frankly delighted at the prospect, as indeed she should be. I'm sure I'd be glad to play one of the camels, chariots, or what have you, for a trip like that. Intent on gaining a few helpful pointers as to how to become a Roman movie star, I asked diplomatically:

"Miss Myers, how did you get this job in 'Ben Hur,' anyway?"

"Well," replied Miss Myers, and I'll say for her that she appears to be an amiable, outspoken and unaffected young lady, "June Mathis insisted that the members of the cast have old-world faces. I have one—and besides, I wished on hay-wagons."

"I am not superstitious," she continued. "That is, I am not very superstitious, but I do believe in wishing on hay-wagons. Every time I saw one I wished for this part of *Iras,* and I got it."

I've been looking for hay-wagons ever since, but it seems to be an off season.

Now, it is an indisputable fact that many an ingénue wishes to be a vampire and vice versa. Comedians long to play *Macbeth* and *Hamlet,* and the gentlemen known in theatrical lingo as heavies not infrequently cherish the desire to do comedy. The realization of such ambitions comes to but few.

Carmel Myers, tho, is one of Hollywood's lady-like heroines who has undergone the metamorphosis and emerged a siren. I asked her if it had brought her great joy and satisfaction of spirit.

"It has not," she declared promptly, "and after I've played *Iras* I hope to go back to the other sort of things. When people see me on the screen wearing backless gowns and smoking cigarets they wont believe that I live quietly at home with my mother and brother.

"I'm tired, too, of having the men push me away. That's all they do any more, as you'll notice if you see any of my recent pictures. It was terrible," she added unhappily, "to have John Barrymore push me aside all the time."

I can well imagine that this would be trying.

Carmel played with Mr. Barrymore in "Beau Brummel" and she would much rather talk about him than about herself. Really she would. When you see her in this picture, vamping him so determinedly, it may interest you to know that underneath the grease-paint was just a bashful young lady.

"Why, I was so awed at being in the same cast with John Barrymore that I hardly dared to speak out loud on the set, until the last two weeks that he was out here. Then, one day I brought my ukulele down to the studio

Both photos by Clarence S. Bull

Carmel doesn't like being a siren. "Men push me away all the time. That's all any of them have done in my recent pictures ... ever since I've played sirens. Even John Barrymore in 'Beau Brummel.'" That was too much. For Carmel is an enthusiastic Barrymore fan

Raynor, Chicago

and he heard me playing it. He liked it awfully well and got me to play one thing after another for him. Oh, he's the most wonderful person. Everyone was crazy about him.

"He left for New York a week or two before the picture was finished and, do you know, the company just simply drooped after that. Nobody seemed to care whether they worked or not, and even the electricians and property men went around in the most dejected manner you can imagine.

"We all sent Mr. Barrymore wires of congratulation when he opened again in 'Hamlet' in the East, and he answered them all. In the wire to me he said that he didn't like *Hamlet's* mama anywhere near as well as he did 'Beall Street Mama.' That was the name of a silly jazz piece I'd played for him on the ukulele. I had the wire framed, and I'm going to keep it forever."

With my usual keen intuition, I perceived that Miss Myers is something of a John Barrymore fan, as is indeed everyone else who has met the gentleman. Presently, tho, I got her back to the subject of herself.

"Fred Niblo is really responsible for making a vamp out of me," she explained. "I always had wished to work under his direction and when he offered me the part of the home-breaking widow in 'The Famous Mrs. Fair' I accepted it, altho it was entirely different from anything I had done up to that time. It really was just a small part, but every director in Hollywood must have seen the picture, and they've insisted that I stick to that sort of thing ever since.

"That is the disadvantage of free-lancing. You become known as a type and directors never think of offering you a rôle dissimilar to the ones you've been doing.

"But when I return from Rome I'll be under contract to Goldwyn's and I hope they'll give me a part once in a while where I—well, where I get the hero at the end of the picture. Seriously, I'm getting tired of being discarded by the men.

"Why, when I think of the way John Barrymore pushed me aside——"

Miss Myers lapsed into a deep purple gloom. As luck will have it, she is one of the few screen heroines who at no time cherished the desire to become a siren.

From the day that D. W. Griffith gave her her first screen test, on thru the rather dreadful years of her Universal stardom and the following years of free-lancing, Carmel's interest was only in portraying virtuous and ladylike young persons for the silver sheet.

But the directors have changed all that. Whether she likes to or not, it seems quite probable that when she has finished vamping *Ben Hur* around Rome, she'll come back to Hollywood and continue along the same lines, for there is something of the sophisticated allure about Miss Myers, before the camera.

Personally, I hope she never goes back to the innocuous

(*Contd. on page* 83)

Mr. and Mrs. Jim

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

What can we say about the happiness Mr. and Mrs. Jim have found together which these pictures do not say with more eloquence than we ever hope to phrase

* * * * * *

Not even their work has robbed them of each other's companionship, for pictures have been made since their marriage boasting both Lila Lee and James Kirkwood in their cast

Most people are not aware just how many mothers number among the stars of the screen. The public prints would paint them all as beautiful moths flittering about the flame of pleasures. Many of them are women who have turned to the screen as a profession which will support them and their children ... and others have sacrificed their careers for years in order to devote themselves exclusively to their children

Photograph by W. F. Seely

Looking at this picture of Mary Carr and her adored brood, we wonder if there is a symbolism in the name of Mary. You've seen some of the young Carrs before because they have appeared upon the screen at different times with Mother Mary

Madonnas of the Movies

Marie Gwendolyn Holubar may come home from the boarding-school in Virginia now. For the passing of her father, Allen Holubar, has left Dorothy Phillips alone in the big Hollywood house and she may want Marie with her

Photograph by Murillo

While Wally Reid was alive, Dorothy Davenport devoted her days to domestic matters . . . the Reid house and little Bill and Betty. But when family funds needed replenishing, Dorothy returned to the Kleig lights and gave the screen "Human Wreckage"

Photograph by W. F. Seely

These pictures suggest that motherhood and careers are compatible . . . and that is not at all necessary to sacrifice one to the other

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

Jane Novak is the mother of the little tow-head hiding under her arm at the right. She bears the pretty name of Virginia

Mary Hay (Barthelmess) belongs more definitely to the stage, but she is also known in the studios. The big doll she holds is Mary Hay Barthelmess II

From England, across the sea, came this charming photograph of Gladys Cooper and one of her children, Master Buckmaster. Miss Cooper has been seen on the screen in America, altho she is, of course, infinitely more popular in her own country

Mrs. Thomas Gallery, whom you know as Zazu Pitts, is the proud, proud mother of little Zazu Anne. Zazu Anne is the pride of the young Gallerys and they warn you in advance that you had better flee if you dont care to hear her praises

Photograph by Abbé

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

MOTHERHOOD

By Faith Baldwin

She has built an enduriny house
Who of her flesh has made
A laughing, living, loving child
Straight-limbed and unafraid.

She has her recompense in this
A joy too deep for song,
Who of her pain new life has borne
To gladden her, life-long.

She knows herself a soul fulfilled
Who laid her body down
On altars of dear motherhood
With Love for throne and crown.

When Claire Windsor returned from the Sahara Desert, whither she had gone to make a picture, it took her but a few minutes to get thru the customs and make a train for California. No interlude in New York for Claire. For waiting eagerly at the Windsor home for his mother's return there was a little boy with big eyes and bright gold hair, Billy, by name

Ella Hall Johnson has never let her career rob her of her motherhood. This charming picture was taken on the lawn of the Johnson house. First there is Baby Ellen Joan, then Brother (he doesn't seem to have any other name), and then Emory, Junior. We wonder if Emory Johnson directed this scene from his usual post behind the camera

Photograph by Walter Seely

When Jane and Frances were very young, Irene Rich faced the responsibility of supporting them. With what success she turned to the motion pictures everyone knows. At the very first, however, things proved difficult. And Irene will tell you that she would have found it impossible if her mother had not been with her to care for the children during the day. But, she always adds, that life wouldn't be worth the living without them

When Mabel Forrest married Bryant Washburn she gave up all her screen aspirations. It wasn't long before the room with a southern exposure was converted into a nursery. And before Bryant IV was old enough to be trusted to servants or a governess, Dwight Ludlow came along. So it is only within the last year or so that Mrs. Washburn has decided to return to the studios

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Natalie Talmadge Keaton is, as you know, the mother of two children. But the baby was so young that Buster wouldn't let them take his picture until he was a few weeks older . . . that's why only Joseph adorns the picture above. However, we promise to use another picture of Joseph and his mother just as soon as one comes in with the baby brother, too

In a Lovers' Greeting

Bebe Daniels and Rodolph Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire"

The Interludes in Which People Drop Their Masks and Tell Stark Truths Are Rare. Pola Negri, Her Guards Down, Is a Fascinating, Well-Informed Woman of the World

Photograph by Richee

A Ride With Pola Negri

By

HARRY CARR

POLA was tired of acting. She said she felt punk; she called it "ponk." So she invited me to take a buggy ride with her.

Her buggy was a big Pierce Arrow landau decorated like a boudoir with brocade and silver. She had a solemn looking chauffeur named Bruno.

As we cut down thru Griffith Park and across the river, Pola began to talk about things—everything from European politics to Mary Pickford—from Bismarck's "Drang Nach Osten" policy to religion and her love affair with Charlie Chaplin.

Pola has a beautiful voice; it has caressing cadences—the rise and fall of the vowels that makes music as you listen.

I could see that she was low in mind.

"Last year was a terrible (she called it terreeble) year for me—mad pictures, savage criticisms from the papers, and an unhappy love affair."

"Unhappy?" I asked.

"Well, it was certainly not a restful romance," she said, with a funny little laugh.

"Sharlie is a wonderful man—a wonderful sensitive mind. I adore talking to him. He appeals to the mother complex that is in every woman. But he certainly is not a restful experience. He didn't help me in the business of making pictures.

"No woman could be in pictures and be in love with Sharlie at the same time. Being in love with Sharlie is—how do you say it—a job all by itself."

And thinking about the pictures, she forgot about Sharlie.

"Oh, those pictures," she said. "You roasted them. You were cruel, but you were right. They were terreeble—especially 'Bella Donna.'

"The other night I asked George Fitzmaurice, my then director, if he had an idea in the world what we were trying to do when we made that picture. 'Not an idea in the world,' he said. 'Me too,' I said."

Pola sat in silence as we rolled on thru Glendale; then she said bitterly, "I wont do it any more, not like last year. I refuse to be like a slave standing up on an auction block—being bid for by stupid little exhibitors.

"They say I must be beautiful; I must be sympathetic. Well, I wont be beautiful and I wont be sympathetic. If they dont let me tell real stories and be real people on the screen, I am going to tear up my contract and go on the stage."

We were passing now thru the old Verdugo estate which a Spanish king of old gave to one of his sergeants. I told her how in the old days of the Spanish dons, they used to give great parties that lasted for days on the Verdugo estate; how they used to send vaqueros down

to meet the guests, waving zerapes and shouting to scare away the bears. But I dont think she was much impressed.

She turned back from the glories of California in the baronial days to the iniquities of money-making producers.

"Picture producers," she said scornfully. "They have two or three little molds into which they pour you. Every story has to be just the same.

"Even if you make them good, they take them into the projecting-room and cut them all to pieces.

"I cant go on this way—trying to make dramas to the music of an adding machine. I've got to be myself. I cant make this kind of expression because they would like it in Keokuk, Iowa. I cant do my hair this way to please the exhibitor in Mobile, Mississippi. I've got to be myself.

"Oh money—money—money," wailed Pola. "It is the death of art. I hate money. I dont want money. I dont want to hear about money. I am a Bohemian—an artist. What do I care about money?"

I contemplated Pola's gorgeous Pierce Arrow rolling along like a battleship. I reflected side-wise like upon Pola's sable coat. I caught the glint of Pola's five-carat diamond ring—the size of the top of a salt cellar.

Yes sir. Money is certainly a nuisance.

The car turned west thru the Verdugo hills down the old trail of the brown-robed Franciscan Padres as they trod the weary miles along the Camino Real from San Gabriel to San Fernando Mission in the days of old.

Pola began to talk about the stage.

"The actors over here," she said. "They are good except in Shakespeare. It is amazing! Why do they sing Shakespeare? Do they think it is opera? It's all wrong. Shakespeare is not what they call high-brow. He was an actor—a practical man. He wrote beautiful plays in a natural practical way. His conversation should be absolutely natural; that is its charm.

"If he went to a modern Shakespeare class and heard all the hidden meanings that were in his own plays, I think (Pola says theenk) he would be paralyzed with astonishment. He theenk he would be drunk with dismay. I dont think Shakespeare could ever pass an examination in Shakespeare. Certainly he wouldn't know what they were singing about."

All photographs by Richee

"I have never told the real story of my life," said Pola Negri. "It is too bitter and too sad —if suffering makes you great I should be a great artist." Below Miss Negri is seen with Dimitri Buchowitzke, whom she had brought from Europe to direct her "Men"

Pola said that Shakespeare is seen best on the continent in Europe. There, they have given and are now giving the finest performances that have ever been seen of Shakespeare since the plays were written.

I asked her if Shakespeare did not suffer in translation.

Pola turned with sudden animation to that which is one of her hobbies.

"Ah, but they dont always lose in translation. Especially Shakespeare.

"This is a subject in which I am very much interested.

"You see since I was twelve years old I have spoken four languages. Every Polish person must learn languages. Poland is such a little country that no one will bother to learn the languages. So I read in many tongues.

"And this is what I find: it is almost impossible to translate Russian into English. If

you read Tolstoy in Russian and then in English, you would never know you were reading the same book.

"The language most readily translated is English into German. There are German translations of Shakespeare that are undoubtedly an improvement on the original. After all, English is only an offshoot of German, mixed with a few other languages."

I asked her if English was hard to learn.

"It is a little difficult to pronounce, but it is very easy to understand. This is because of the simple grammatical construction. I find myself thinking in English because it is to me the most satisfying of all languages. There seems to be a vigorous, pointed, appropriate word for every need."

I asked Pola if she ever thought of going back to Europe to live.

"Not now," she said sadly. "Not any more. Europe is not the same. Art is dead there now. Europe has gone crazy. Poland, which I used to love, is strutting around like a gamecock in a barnyard. Never in the most warlike days of the Kaiser was there such a militaristic spirit as now in Poland and France. They have forgotten art and the sweetness of life. It is all army and the next war and political intrigues."

"The next war?" I repeated.

"Certainly the next war," she said in a surprised tone as tho I were asking if the sun were in the sky. And in swift, brilliant sentences, Pola showed me how the dismal prophecies of Bismarck are coming to pass. How the Russian Cossacks will, some day, tramp over the dying civilizations of Western Europe with bloody boots.

But Pola said that anyhow she had come to love America—especially New York—and wanted to stay here. She was cynical about the future of our motion pictures, but she is thrilled by the spectacle of our young drama of the stage reaching for its soul. She longs to get into the spoken drama.

And so the talk wound from pictures to the stage and back again, Pola said she regarded Griffith as the greatest American director, but felt that he was limited by his somewhat cynical attitude toward the public; that he gives them what they want instead of expressing fires that are in his own soul.

Lubitsch, she says, is the best of the foreign directors. He is a showman as well as an artist and has a marvelous sense of humor. She doesn't think so much of Victor Seastrom, the Swede, on account of his lugubrious outlook on life.

"Swedes," she said, "are not so tragic as they are gloomy. It is their cold, bleak climate."

She says the American public regards "Passion" as her finest picture; but that she herself has always thought of "Gypsy Blood" as her best work.

(*Continued on page* 75)

"Picture producers," she said scornfully. "They have two or three little molds into which they pour you. Every story has to be just the same." Above is the Pola Negri of "Passion," who took America by storm and secured the fabulous salary she now draws, while she fights to maintain her own personality. To the right, a new portrait and below a scene from "Men"

She raised her hand and smiled a little at his chivalry, and business was resumed—for a while

. . . the better the steel the farther it can bend without snapping . . . the quicker it goes back to straight

True As Steel

The Rupert Hughes Story

Told by

PETER ANDREWS

FRANK PARRY, the Parry of Parry-Morton Tires, had kept so busy all his life that his years had never quite caught up with him. This is one way of cheating time. But Mary, his wife, had been overtaken by her years. This is a pitifully commonplace situation and out of it grow many tragedies, sordid, mean, petty, great, depending upon the caliber of those involved.

Mary Parry sat against the wall of the big ballroom of the Cherry Valley Country Club and watched her husband dance by, as the whirling kaleidoscope of bright-colored figures brought him around before her at irregular intervals. He danced well and the young girl with him, Bee Laird, one of her daughter's friends, appeared slightly too appreciative of the fact. Mary felt a little twinge of pain—jealousy. But he had asked her to dance. And she had refused. Indeed the last dance with him, her shaking knees and dizzy head had forced her to discontinue. Frank had led her good-naturedly to a chair, pinched her cheek and murmured jocularly: "Getting old, Mary, my girl, I'm afraid."

But, yes, of course, she was getting old, a grown daughter to prove it, grey hairs besides; but most of all, the spirit of youth was gone; the essence, the very fiber of her being was old. As a matter of fact, she was two years younger than her husband, who was forty-eight. However, no one gave her credit for it. Frank looked younger and certainly acted younger. A tired dignity sat upon the shoulders of Mary Parry, while an alert vitality distinguished her husband.

Now Ethel, their daughter, whirled by, a beautiful girl vibrant with youth, one-stepping with amazing felicity with Jake Leighton, a substantial banker in the middle years, but whose ideas and actions were young, not to say callow. Jake was her father's friend, but Ethel admired him extravagantly. He talked to her as tho she were his own age and this flattered her. "I adore men," she often said, "from forty to fifty and nearer fifty. They talk so well. Now boys—like Gilbert—well—they simply have no conversation."

Gilbert Morse was a sort of fiancé of Ethel's and needless to say he did not share her enthusiasm for middle-aged persons of his own sex. He scowled at Ethel, who only smiled impudently over her partner's shoulder and went floating by. Frank Parry had come along and relieved him of the coquetries of Bee Laird and now he stood alone after an unsuccessful effort to cut in on Leighton.

Mrs. Parry frowned anxiously at the little tableau. She was tired and had a right to be. Fifteen years ago Parry had failed miserably, crashed against the wall, a bare blank wall where nothing remained. Mary Parry had withstood the shock gallantly: dismissed her servants, sold her lovely jewels, gave up her beautiful home and went to live in a poor pitiful little apartment, where damask and crystal gleamed oddly for the simple reason it was cheaper to keep that sort of thing than buy new ones. She did all the work, altho she had been brought up as a daughter of the rich. She made her own and Ethel's clothes, she sacrificed, scrimped, saved and denied herself, but one could not pity this woman. She was too brave. One could only admire her.

Gradually Parry, a brilliant business technician, had built up again until now they were on the old carefree luxurious footing. But the tired look had never quite left Mary's eyes. She had been thru too much and only fundamentals counted with her now. Pretty frocks and painted lips and a witty line were not the real things of life and so she did not desperately concern herself with them. This, it seems, had been a mistake. Finally, the time came around to go home and Mary was glad.

Frank Parry was leaving for a business trip to New York early in the morning. "Why," said their frank daughter, "dont you take mother along?"

"Oh, no, my dear, I feel that I should stay home to look after you," her mother answered.

"Huh," was the rejoinder, "your handsome husband and my only father will need looking after in that wicked New York, a whole lot more seriously than I will."

Frank Parry laughed. He was very fond of Ethel—but she was a bit wild. "Better come home with us," he said looking at his watch.

"Oh, I haven't had half enough yet," replied Ethel, "you old folks run along. I'll make it before dawn."

She turned toward the waiting Jake, but suddenly young Mr. Morse obtruded his presence on the map directly before her and Jake smilingly admitted his defeat. As a matter of fact, he was ready to go home, too, his conversational feats far outmatching his dancing feet.

Late the next morning Mrs. Parry came to Ethel's room with her tray. Ethel was propped up in bed reading a magazine. She was gazing with unmistakable envy and admiration at a series of pictures with the provocative title of "Business Women Who Earn Fifty Thousand Dollars a Year or More." One in particular occupied her rapturous attention.

"Look, mother," she said, exchanging the magazine for her breakfast tray, "that one on the right is Eva Boutelle of the Swansea Cotton Mills. Isn't she gorgeous? Hope our husband and father doesn't fall for her——"

"Ethel!" rebuked the mother, "your father has dealt with Swansea now for three years——"

"Yes," interrupted Ethel, "but he's never seen her before. Oh, of course, I was only joking, muddy. Dont be so literal. She must be a marvelous woman, tho. You know when her husband failed, instead of sitting down and failing with him, she went right at the business and put it on its feet again. That's my idea of a wife for you!" she added, unconsciously stabbling her mother's heart.

"I wish—I wish I had tried that," said Mary Parry, wistfully.

"Oh, well, mother, you know it really wasn't considered respectable in your day."

Eva's stenographer walked in and laid a sheaf of opened mail on the desk. Her look spoke volumes

"But after all, my dear, just being respectable isn't much to accomplish in life."

"It's enough for some women," Ethel said comfortingly. "You were just as good a sport in your way. Let's go down town this morning and look at a fur coat for your blonde daughter. She really needs it."

Mary Parry laughed and ran her fingers affectionately thru her daughter's shining hair. "Well, hurry up, dear. That's exactly what we will do."

In the big impressive New York offices of the Swansea Cotton Company, Eva Boutelle sat before her desk with folded hands. This was not an habitual position with her, but she was thinking very hard. She and her husband had gotten home late from a dinner dance the night before and he had not gone to bed at all, but packed his bag for a trip out West on business. He was one of those men who simply couldn't help philandering, but who loved his wife for all that. When he left he had looked down at her curled up and half asleep in bed, and said:

Their kiss was long and strong, mutual and reciprocal. Eternity brooded upon it . . .

"You pretty thing! I'll bet every man you meet tries to flirt with you——"

"Dont judge all men by yourself, my gallant butterfly," was her sleepy, but smiling retort.

Boutelle had the grace to look guilty. It was that little taint of guilt that made her serious now. But a business office is not particularly conducive to musing. A Mr. Frank Parry was announced. Fairfield, the president, had turned him over to Eva Boutelle—an important customer, that meant. She must treat him rather well.

Parry was fascinated from the start, as indeed all men were. It was difficult to talk business with this glamourous woman, altho she maintained a strictly impersonal attitude; getting out price sheets and cost memoranda in a most businesslike manner. Parry suddenly hitched his chair closer and immediately thereafter became embarrassed at this sweet proximity.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured, conventionally, but queer little shivers of feeling were chasing their lawless way up and down his spine.

She raised her hand and smiled a little at his chivalry, and business was resumed—for a while. He got up and walked to the window. He really hadn't felt this way about anybody since he was a kid. He looked down into the steep sides of the four walls of the building to the stone flooring of the court.

"Like a monstrous beehive," said a voice, and Eva Boutelle drew near him, "all filled with toil——"

"And money," was the cynical reply.

Directly opposite them was a law office. The lawyer had just interrupted his dictation to kiss his pretty stenographer. Parry's eyes met Eva's and they laughed. In another office was another lawyer, an old one, with his arms greedily around the waist of a young girl. This time Eva did not laugh and tried to interest Parry in her cotton samples. But he was staring now at a dentist's office, which might have been a boudoir so far as dentistry was concerned. The pretty patient had succumbed to the daring dentist. Thru another window he could see a young architect bending over his blue prints and bending over him and stroking his head was a lovely girl. Her work seemed to be entirely satisfactory.

Parry looked at Eva again and her eyes challenged him, but he dragged his glance back to the window. There was a doctor and his trained nurse, conspicuous in her starched white, and a tailor draping a beautiful model, and in another office the shades were drawn . . .

After all, Parry was a human being with his share of human failings. He turned suddenly and seized the beautiful woman in his arms. She struggled a little and smiled a great deal. He tried to kiss her full red lips, but she tossed her head cleverly and the kiss fell on her blue-black hair. Suddenly a bell shrilled thru the office. Mrs. Boutelle sat down hastily at her desk. Parry stood still, scowling. Miss Leeds, Eva's stenographer, walked in and laid a sheaf of opened mail on her desk and walked out silently, but with a look that spoke volumes.

"I—I rang the bell," volunteered Eva.

"Forgive me," said Parry. "I am a beast——"

"Oh no," smiled Eva, "you only did your duty."

"My duty?"

"Well, it seems to be the business of the average man to challenge every woman he meets to a wrestling match."

"I'm ashamed," said Parry, simply. "But may—may I come around again tomorrow?"

"Yes, of course," answered the woman trying, but without success, to make her tone businesslike.

Over her desk on the opposite wall was a framed print of a Spanish swordsman. In his hand was a slender rapier. Eva loved this picture, she loved the slender flexible look of the blade—undoubtedly a Toledo blade, the finest steel in the world. Eva felt that she was like that fine flexible steel. She would bend, but, ah—she would never break. Everyone bends, but the important thing was not to break. Well, she hadn't yet . . .

The next day in her office was like the day before. She and Parry went thru cost sheets, wrangled amiably about prices, drew closer together, looked out the window again and found everybody—working. Even so, the vivid pictures of yesterday flashed thru Parry's mind—and Eva's. Suddenly without meaning to at all he

seized her in his arms again. This time she did not struggle, but without any volition of her own her face turned up to his. Their kiss was long and strong, mutual and reciprocal. Eternity brooded upon it and eons of time went by. Suddenly thru the golden haze Parry saw his wife's face sharply, distinctly. They sprang apart as Miss Leeds knocked on the door, and entering swift upon the knock, handed Mrs. Boutelle a telegram.

It was from Harry Boutelle wiring his wife for a thousand dollars to get him out of some scrape. Calmly Eva gave the order to Miss Leeds to deposit the necessary sum to her husband's credit. Parry was stunned.

"Do you love your husband?" he asked, point blank.

"Yes," positively.

"Are you true to him?" fiercely.

"As true as steel," smilingly.

"How true is that?"

"Steel bends, you know," she said, a little wistfully. "In ancient Toledo—Spain not Ohio—they made a famous steel blade . . . the better the steel, the farther it can bend without snapping . . . the quicker it goes back to the straight . . . I am Toledo true. . . ."

"Will you let me come again?" Parry asked, as on the days before.

"Yes, of course—but dine with me tonight," she added, impulsively, with a real sympathy for Parry's emotional struggle.

He was grateful, so grateful for the beautiful evening that the next day found him making most unaccountable preparations for a business conference. After arraying himself in his most fashionable garments he went out and bought a ring, a very valuable ring, a five thousand dollar diamond ring.

Fairfield was in the office twitting Eva on the fact that she had not yet landed the Parry-Morton contract. "Oh, I'll get it today, never fear," she said as Parry was announced.

Back in Toledo a mother sobbed in the comforting arms of her daughter. "Dont cry, mother darling," Ethel said, "you know he is often delayed. You never wept before this one and it really was decent of him to telegraph. Business is business, mother. You simply dont make love in an office. It isn't done."

Ethel had been working now for several days and consequently knew all about it, working over her mother's tearful protest and fearful, "what will your father say?"

"Oh, he likes women in business, he said so," Ethel had retorted, and that was what had brought them to Eva Boutelle.

Eva was at that moment again in the arms of Frank Parry. Again and again he kissed her mouth, caressed her hair and her throat. The signed contract lay before them on the desk. With his arm still around her, Parry reached in his pocket for the ring. "I want to give you—this," he said. But the ring was not there.

He was rather concerned. After all five thousand dollars is a lot of money. He explained to Eva . . . "must have left it at home . . . just for remembrance sake . . . you cant misunderstand . . . I'll send it to you . . ." he kissed her passionately again.

"Oh," cried the tortured woman, finally, "help me—help me to be good. I want to be—but my soul is as guilty as tho my body had been——"

She drew away in a sharp revulsion of feeling.

"But you love me——" the man stated.

"No, no," was her agonized reply, "not truly. I'm not true to you or to myself—or to my husband."

"Dont cry, mother darling," Ethel said. "He is often delayed. And you dont make love in an office. Business is business"

Her husband was on his way to her office, having returned unexpectedly sooner from his business trip, as husbands are often popularly credited with doing. Eva was saying no with her lips to Parry's pleading, and yes with her eyes when Harry Boutelle pushed his way into the room. A care-free happy-go-lucky sort of man, who noticed nothing amiss, having been told that his wife was closeted with an important customer. In any event, he was so concerned over his own immediate difficulty that had he caught his wife in Parry's arms he would scarcely have noticed it.

Eva went over to him, "Oh Harry," she said, "you're almost an answer to a prayer."

Parry bowed himself stiffly out. He had no intention of being so much as introduced to the husband of this woman. Did her eyes still plead? He could not tell. Was there a flicker of hope, of appeal? It seemed so—but he could not be sure. Boutelle accorded him a perfunctory nod. No doubt about his wanting him to go, which he did without more ado, carefully avoiding the inscrutable eyes of the woman who had so lately lain warm in his arms, whose mouth had clung to his in delirious kisses . . . But Parry, as the popular phrase goes, had stepped out of the picture.

"Well, Eva, my dear," said Harry, "I'm as good as gone—absolutely ruined—unless you can raise a heap of money and pretty damn quick——

"Oh Harry," said Eva in a flat disappointed voice.

"Come on, Eva, be a sport."

"Well, here's my commission on the Parry-Morton contract——"

"Thanks, old dear—but it's not anywhere near enough. You've always come across before, Eva—you cant let me sink now——"

Eva started to weep bitterly in a very agony of fatigue, an ineffable weariness of spirit rather than of body. When her husband, who had never seen her give way before, tried to take her in his arms, she repulsed him, albeit gently. There was the memory of those other arms too close upon her.

After a little while she had figured out a way to extricate her practically worthless spouse. His gratitude was pathetic. "Eva," he said, "you're the bravest and best wife that ever lived—as sharp and as true as steel."

She smiled a little sadly as her thoughts flew back to Parry, but this time she did not avoid her husband's kiss, accepted it rather in a spirit of grateful happiness and returned it with content.

When Parry got home, there was no one to meet him. His wife was shopping and his daughter was "at work." He wandered idly thru the house taking in all the little evidences of his wife's incurable domesticity: her knitting, her household account book, and so on. Ethel's room was in great disorder. One evidently couldn't be domestic and businesslike at the same time. Prominently displayed on an untidy dressing-table was a photograph under which was scrawled in a most unbusinesslike hand: "My new ideal!" Parry smiled wryly and went to his own room to unpack.

There his wife found him and insisted upon taking over the job as was her custom.

"Ethel is working," she began.

"So I have discovered."

"Gilbert is furious."

"Has a right to be," said Parry unexpectedly.

"My dear——" expostulated his wife.

"She'd better give up her job and marry him. Lots more happiness that way."

"Oh, well, I think she will. It's just a phase with her——"

"Usually is—with women," he retorted, closing his mind to thought of the one he had left in New York.

"Tell me about this Mrs. Boutelle, Frank," Mary asked, curiously.

"Well — she — I——" stammered her husband, and was mercifully saved by a sharp exclamation from his wife.

"Is it for me?" she asked, bringing to light a ring box with its glittering treasure intact. The lost ring! Eva's ring!

"Yes, of course," answered her husband, turning red.

"Oh, you darling!" cried Mary Parry, misunderstanding the blush. She put it on her hand and then slowly drew it off. "No," she said—hesitatingly, "it belongs to some one young—and beautiful——"

"Mary," said her husband solemnly, "you are young enough—and much too beautiful."

This time Mary blushed and Frank Parry gave her her due. He grabbed her in his arms with a boyish hug and she laughed happily. Parry, too, smiled, and if there was more of sadness in his smile than of happiness, at least there was no one to see.

TRUE AS STEEL

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the Goldwyn production of the scenario of Rupert Hughes, based on his original story. Directed also by Rupert Hughes. The cast:

Mrs. Eva Boutelle	Aileen Pringle
Frank Parry	Huntly Gordon
Mrs. Mary Parry	Cleo Madison
Ethel Parry	Eleanor Boardman
Harry Boutelle	Norman Kerry
Gilbert Morse	William Haines
Miss Leeds	Louise Fazenda
Miss Laird	Jean Haskell
Jake Leighton	Louis Paine
Commodore Fairfield	William H. Crane
Mr. Foote	Lucien Littlefield
Mr. Townsend	William Orlamond
Great Grandfather	Raymond Hatton

Parry bowed himself stiffly out. He had no intention of being so much as introduced to the husband of this woman. Did her eyes still plead? He could not tell. Was there a flicker of hope? It seemed so. But he could not be sure

Torn From the Moore Family Album

Pictures of a Wee Colleen

We crossed our heart and hoped to die if these baby pictures of Colleen weren't returned to the family album of the House of Moore as soon as we were thru with them. After all, you can understand how the family would feel about them. The young Mrs. John McCormick at the top of the page is not very different from the wee Colleen in the other two photographs. We are assured the picture on the left is the first time Colleen ever cried in front of a camera

Vignettes of the Studios

Motion pictures are made in the different California studios. But here their similarity ends—as you know, if you have been reading the colorful and concise vignettes we publish every month. Miss Steele knows these studios as you know your church — your club-house — your neighborhood. She is a habituée of these hot-houses where some growths are cultivated and matured with skill and care and where others are forced to bloom too soon

IX. Vitagraph

By

SALLY STEELE

THE almost-forgotten studio of Hollywood—— Vitagraph.

Its nineteen acres spread at the base of the foothills, in what might be termed Hollywood's rural district. Streets leading to it, lined with weather-beaten cottages, trail exhaustedly to an end as they near the studio.

The surge and sweep of Hollywood, in its expansion, has been in an exactly opposite direction. It is only ebb-tide that this neighborhood knows.

Vitagraph is the easiest studio in Hollywood for the sight-seer to enter. Seldom is there a watchman at the gateway. Occasionally one appears with a fierce challenge, but as a rule it is quite possible for a carload of uninvited visitors to wander thru the archway and roam about to their hearts' content.

They may come across one company or another working on one of the seven stages—they may, on the other hand, venture in during a period of arrested production, and Vitagraph knows many of these, when the studio seems entirely deserted excepting for a small office force, and the inevitable group of loiterers under the big pepper-tree shown in the photograph.

Listlessness reigns.

Vitagraph believes in signs. One sees them plastered everywhere, on the yellow stucco administration buildings, on the crude green-painted dressing-rooms of galvanized iron, on the closed and open stages. Proclamations, orders, demands, requests, meet the eye everywhere. No one pays any attention to them. Frequently there is no one there to see them.

Alice Calhoun is the only player under contract here. A few years ago a half-dozen comedy and serial companies gave the lot a sort of circus gaiety and color, but these have long since scattered and disappeared.

There drifts over Vitagraph the melancholy of late autumn days, when sear leaves tumble in the wind. Hollywood wonders if it ever again will breathe of the spring.

But Hollywood, in the full tide of its vigor, is too busy to worry much about that. Or to care.

The almost forgotten studio of Hollywood—Vitagraph. . . . There drifts over this studio the melancholy of late autumn days, when sear leaves tumble in the wind. Hollywood wonders sometimes if it ever again will breathe of the spring

The True Story of Fred Thompson

As
College Man
World Champion
Athlete
Minister
Army Chaplain
Actor

Photographs by Seely

TOLD
BY
GRACE
HALTON

MR. FRED THOMPSON was just tickled to death when he found out he was about to be interviewed and have his pictures in the magazine and everything. He was especially delighted, I'm sure, that the interviewer assigned to the task of presenting him to the dear public was a woman. Mr. Thompson just loves to be interviewed, especially by women.

Yes, he does—*not*.

I tracked that man for a week. Martin Johnson, the movie big-game hunter, who would walk a mile for a camel and do goodness knows what for a lion, has nothing on me now when it comes to hounding his prey. In fact, I'm certain I could give him a few pointers.

If it had not been for Frances Marion, who combines the pleasant occupation of being our leading scenario writer with that of being Fred Thompson's wife, I doubt that I ever should have caught him. She invited me to luncheon one day, and before Mr. Thompson arrived, smoothed the way graciously by explaining that Mr. Thompson did not yet understand that interviews were a necessary part of a film actor's program. I had about decided to forget all about him, and interview Miss Marion, when he roared up the driveway in his roadster.

A moment later he stood in the French doorway leading to the garden, and faced me. There was, in his eye, I may say, the look of a stricken deer, done to the death at the hand of one loved and trusted. However, he rallied 'round and accepted an introduction politely enough. He is not, however, past master at concealing his private convictions. I know that he was convinced I would go and write up a lot of slush about him. Someone, sometime, I'm morally certain, has gushed over Mr. Thompson in the public press, and he never has forgotten, nor despite his Christian principles, forgiven it.

During luncheon the conversation was general, tho, of course, the leading topic was motion pictures—the criticism and censorship of pictures, the difficulty of transferring to the screen such stage successes as "Anna Christie" and "Rain"; and such books as "Cytherea," the Hergesheimer novel recently adapted by Miss Marion. She led the conversation, expressing herself freely. I should like to give you some of her

Fred Thompson hates grease-paint and the screen wouldn't have held him this long if he had not seen here an opportunity to stimulate the interest of boys and men in athletics by appearing in a series of outdoor pictures. Silver King is the name of the thorobred mount

Photograph by Seely

Frances Marion, the beautiful scenario writer, is Mrs. Fred Thompson. They met thru Mary Pickford, who was honorary colonel of the picturesque 143d Field Artillery of which Mr. Thompson was chaplain

Fred Thompson the man will always be more interesting than Fred Thompson the actor. The story of his life reads like that of a Harold Bell Wright or Ralph Connor hero, written up by Peter B. Kyne

Photograph by Evans

views, but I cannot be certain that this would please her, as she was not talking for publication, of course. You probably have heard Miss Marion spoken of as the most beautiful as well as the most brilliant woman in Hollywood. I give you my report on her in two words.

She is.

But back to Mr. Thompson. After luncheon I cornered him in the living-room, alone, Miss Marion having left for the studio—and wrung from him the story of his life. For the most part as he talked, he stamped up and down the pleasant, sunny room, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. He is of muscular build, over six feet tall I should say, his hair is brown and decidedly curly (much to his private disgust, no doubt) and his eyes are of a light-grey blue. Peculiar eyes. The eyes of an idealist.

I dont know how much you already know about him. He hasn't appeared in many pictures. His first rôle was that of a German officer in Mary Pickford's "The Love Light." Afterward, he accepted rôles in three or four other feature pictures, and last year did a serial for Universal. Now he is engaged in making feature western pictures.

But Fred Thompson the man will, I believe, always be more interesting than Fred Thompson the actor. The story of his life reads like that of a Harold Bell Wright or Ralph Connor hero, written up by Peter B. Kyne. If you think such a combination impossible, harken to the following, my friends.

Fred Thompson is the son of a Presbyterian minister, was born in Pasadena, a few miles from Los Angeles, and graduated from Occidental College here. He then departed for Princeton, where he took a three-year post-graduate course in philosophy and theological work.

During those three years at Princeton, Mr. Thompson did a few things besides study philosophy and theology. If you're a college man or woman, or a high-school student particularly interested in sports, you know that Fred Thompson won the National Ten-Events Championship of the U. S. A. in '10, '11, and '13, and in the latter year won the title of world's champion all-round athlete.

Photograph by Evans

That record has not been broken so far, his young brother now at Oxford being the only man who has even approached it. It has been predicted that Fred Thompson's record will see the century out.

At the close of his three years at Princeton, the world's champion athlete entered the ministry, his first charge being Peck-Memorial at Washington, D. C. A year later found him

(*Continued on page* 108)

The Costume Picture

According

To

HELEN CARLISLE

Illustrations by

Eldon Kelly

I HATE costume pictures
They puzzle me . . .

Half the time
It's quite impossible to tell
The leading lady from the
Leading man . . .
Give him a curly wig,
Silk stockings and
Lace at his wrists . . .
And *try* to find him!
He goes Narcissus-
Ing around . . .
Tossing rosebuds into
Marble pools . . .
Or draping himself across a
Good Hard Working
Sun-Dial . . .

When
I finally have him established
As a husky gallant
Despite his trailing
Satins . . .
Along comes the
heroine
With her hair cut
off
And a sword
dangling . . .
She swaggers up
and down in
Hip Boots and
Swears Gadzooks
she'll
Have the villain's
blood
E'er yonder sun
Sinks down behind
the
Joseph Urban
scenery . . .
Then she kicks
over a
Few urns . . .
Dangles on ivy
trelliswork
A thousand feet
above the
Ground . . .
Lands on the back
of her
Fierce stallion and
is
Off with spurs
jingling . . .

About the time
that I
Recover from this
shock and
Realize that she's
A Perfect Lady tho
Athletic . . .
My evening is completely
Ruined by some such
Title as the following:
"That Night: The Garden of
The Tuileries . . ."
I pass out shrieking when
I recognize The Garden
As belonging to the
Nifty Estate of
A local merchant who owns
Two Los Angeles Department
Stores . . .
"Our Prices Always Right . . .
Just Watch Our Bargain
Basement . . ."

I pass out shrieking when
I recognize the Garden of the Tuileries
As belonging to the
Nifty Estate of
A local merchant

This is too much . . .
Louis the Fourteenth
May come hoofing it
Down the pathway in his
Most heart slaying
Ruffles . . .
The lords and
ladies of the
Court may chase
Each other thru
the . . .
Hedges or play
Drop the Hand-
kerchief
Until they're
woozy . . .
I see them not.
I fall to wondering
whether
'Twould be cheaper
to buy a
Good Spring Suit
this Fall
Or wait and get a
Good Fall Suit
next
Spring . . .

I am still in doubt
When Louis and
the Court
Tire of their Sev-
enteenth
Century Frolics
Or what have
you . . .
And go dancing off
the
Scene with Kosloff
gestures . . .
The Noble
Chevalier

(*Continued on page* 104)

Helene from Chadwick Town

Photographs by Russell Ball

When Helene Chadwick left the little New York town named for her fathers, it is doubtful if her young dreams even approached the things she has since achieved. Chadwick town has learned to boast of its daughter

When production was delayed recently on "Monsieur Beaucaire," Helene was forced to give up playing the English girl in order to keep faith with her contract to star in "Love of Women"

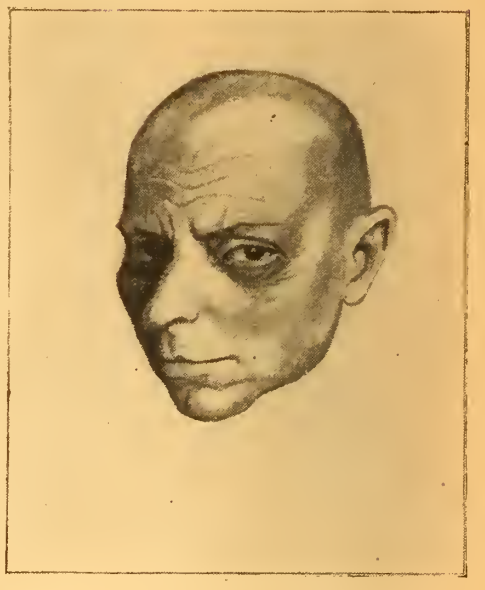
Each a Law Unto Himself

Drawings by John Decker

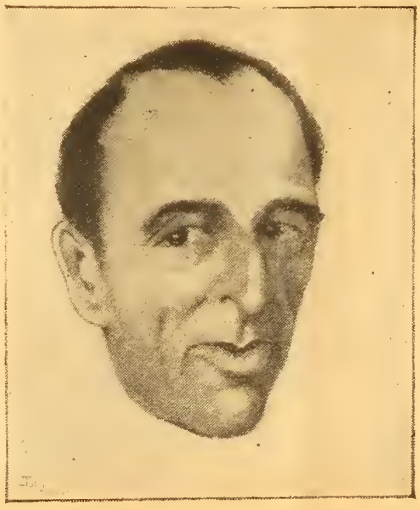
"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" brought Rex Ingram into prominence suddenly, with the brilliance of a meteor. And he has retained his prestige thru a series of widely varied productions. Alice Terry, his wife, and Ramon Novarro have found their stardom thru his direction. An artist of the brush and chisel, he is a man of unusual intelligence . . . and in his composite are the whimsies and the humors of the Celt. Despite these temperamental things, we understand he is more dependable than artists are wont to be

Eric von Stroheim deals always with extremes. He tears the cover from life, and his frankness has a brilliant, brittle sophistication. His productions delight the critics, interest and startle the public and shock those guardians of the public morals, the censors. Producers are terrified at his extravagances in time, film and dollars. But he has the unmistakable flame of genius and might find his name histrionic in the annals of the motion picture if he would accept a balance-wheel in the guise of a consulting assistant

Each of these four men, given the same story to produce, would make from it a motion picture quite unlike the others. Each would extract from it different elements . . . the elements which interested him most. For each one of these men is a law unto himself



Cecil B. DeMille makes the pictures which enjoy the greatest commercial success. He has created a new race of people, the cinematic wealthy. . . . Yet just when you are about to decide that DeMille is a showman and not an artist, he produces the first half of "The Ten Commandments" and wins your praise and profound admiration. In Hollywood, he is a czar. And his large staff which answers him in awed "Yes, Mr. DeMilles" is called "The Whispering Chorus" in film circles



D. W. Griffith is a pioneer. He knew the first motion pictures, but he has kept apace, a standard-bearer. Erudite and cynical critics have been known to sniffle "hokum" thru their tears when viewing his pictures. The first kiss . . . the tragic little country girl in the city. These things become glamorous and poignant beneath the Griffith spell. He gave the screen its memorable "Broken Blossoms," and has now added laurels to his illustrious brow with the historical "America"

Stars and Their Styles Make Interesting Talk. Here Ethel Chaffin, Modiste to a Score of Stars, Speaks With Authority

Photograph by Richee

Mrs. Chaffin's comments would seem to belie the paraphrase that no woman is a heroine to her modiste. Her latest portrait is reproduced above and, on the right, is her sketch for one of Agnes Ayres' gowns in "Bluff"

Confessions of the Stars' Modiste

By HELEN CARLISLE

WHEN Ethel Chaffin speaks on the subject of clothes, it is well to heed what she has to say. For five years she has designed the gowns and wraps worn on the screen by the Famous Players-Lasky stars, including Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Nita Naldi, Leatrice Joy, Agnes Ayres, Bebe Daniels and many other film luminaries.

Mrs. Chaffin is that individual rare in these days, a gentlewoman. She is slender and blue eyed, and soft of voice. Despite a quiet, retiring manner, however, Mrs. Chaffin has very definite ideas, and I can well imagine that the young actress who essays to cross swords with her invariably comes out loser in the battle.

During our conversation, which took place in her studio offices, she was constantly interrupted by ringing telephones and hurried assistants who wished to obtain her final word on this, that, and the other thing. Mrs. Chaffin, like a general directing maneuvers from headquarters, remained calm and unflurried.

"This department grew thru necessity," she explained. "Sometimes I am given only three or four days to get up the costumes for a picture, and we found that it

Lois Wilson expects the designer to create an impression of elaborateness. She lends no co-operation and is happiest in sport clothes. Mary Astor needs simple things—for her beauty has the spirit of tender years

was impossible to get outside dressmakers to finish the work for us in time. So we decided to take it all over ourselves. I have on hand over three thousand gowns and wraps. They are constantly being altered. We never use the same garment twice without alteration.

"Every year I make a trip to New York to study the new styles, and when time permits I go over to Paris. I prefer seeing what the women are actually wearing in these places, tho, to attending fashion shows. At the races at Longchamps and Deauville, and on the Riviera during the winter, one sees what fashion dictates.

"There is no question in my mind, tho, that the American women are better groomed than foreign women. For one thing, our girls here will not permit themselves to grow stout, and show their clothes off to much better advantage than do the Frenchwomen, who seem indifferent in this matter.

"The most difficult period I have gone thru at the studio here was the long skirt period. Now, there are some girls who simply cannot wear long skirts. Bebe Daniels and May MacAvoy, for instance, look exactly like little girls dressed up in their mother's clothes, when they attempt to wear them.

"Gloria Swanson, tho, must have the long lines. Gloria knows how to wear clothes better than any woman I have ever known. In reality, Gloria does not wear more striking things than our other stars. You may doubt this, but it is true. She is *interested*, tho, in whatever she puts on, vitally interested. She wears it with an air. She does not expect clothes alone to create an impression for her. She lends her personality to them. When women have learned this secret of Gloria's, they will have discovered how to make the most of their appearance.

"Lois Wilson, on the other hand, does not lend herself to what she is wearing. Lois is happiest in plain dresses or sports clothes. When it is necessary for her to wear the more elaborate type of thing, she expects the designer to create the desired impression, and this is impossible without her co-operation. If Lois would become interested in wearing the lovelier things, herself, she would find that she can wear them beautifully. It is a quality she should cultivate.

"Pola Negri's tastes are extremely simple. She is restless and impatient in elaborate creations. They seem to hamper and annoy her. But let her put on a little costume like the gypsy one she wore in 'The Spanish Dancer' and she just lets herself go. She's like a child.

"Betty Compson and Agnes Ayres are what I call the 'lacy type of girl.' Dainty hand-embroidered frocks, chiffons and organdies are for them. Leatrice Joy's type of beauty permits the wearing of the more striking creations. Like Gloria, she gives personality to her clothes. Nita Naldi wears the bizarre creations well. Nothing is too severe for her almost barbaric beauty."

According to Mrs. Chaffin, the Lasky stars are a tractable lot of young ladies when being fitted for their clothes. Having witnessed outbursts of temper and flares of rage more than once, in modistes' shops, I expected to find that in such a group of high-powered celebrities were some who added but little to the peace of nations when things went wrong, and costumes did not meet with their approval.

But Mrs. Chaffin says this isn't true, at all, tho I doubt that this diplomatic little lady would tell state secrets if it were.

"No, the stars never indulge in temperament, up here. Each one is quite patient about her fittings, but invariably is more interested in the clothes she is to wear in a picture, if she is happy in the rôle assigned her. The leading players gave me no difficulty, but this is not always so true of the extra girls and minor players, who frequently wish to wear the most elaborate and showy things in the wardrobe. They think the camera will pick them up—that they will be noticed more quickly in clothes of this sort, no matter how inappropriate."

Mrs. Chaffin took me thru the wardrobe department, which might be described in a word, as any woman's paradise. Gowns of every description were there, gem-encrusted robes, fur-trimmed evening wraps, frocks of the most exquisite materials, velvets, satins, metal cloth and brocades, rare imported materials. It might have been the wardrobe of a Beatrice d'Este, reigning in an Age of Gold.

"You can see," said Mrs. Chaffin with pardonable pride, "that we use no make-shift materials. Everything is of the very best quality. Of course," she added,

Photograph by Richee

Leatrice Joy's beauty permits the wearing of more striking creations. Like Gloria Swanson, she gives personality to her clothes

displaying a négligée hand-painted in elaborate and intricate design, "the colors do not show up on the screen, but our girls are only human, you know, and they enjoy wearing colors. I think you'll find every hue of the rainbow here."

"Yes," I agreed, "and a good many that the rainbow left out. Do the directors show a great deal of interest in the clothes their stars are to wear in a production?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," answered Mrs. Chaffin, "tho I should say that Cecil De Mille and Herbert Brenon show more interest than do any of the others. Probably I should include William De Mille in that statement," she laughed. "You know, as a rule he does the simple, heart-interest type of story, but when he has the script for a picture requiring elaborate costumes, you should just see him plunge! He delights in it.

Then there is Nita Naldi. Nothing is too severe for her barbaric beauty. She wears bizarre creations well

"Before production starts on a picture," she explained, "I always go over the script with the director, and we decide how many changes of costume the principal women players are to have. Then my artists sketch designs. Some of the directors can visualize more easily than others from the designs, how the finished costumes will look, and frequently have suggestions and ideas that are of great value to me. I welcome suggestions from the stars, too, when they wish to offer them."

I gained tho, that credit for the unusual and original styles created at this studio, belonged rather to the designers in the wardrobe department than to either stars or directors.

We stood now before a glass case filled with jeweled head-dresses.

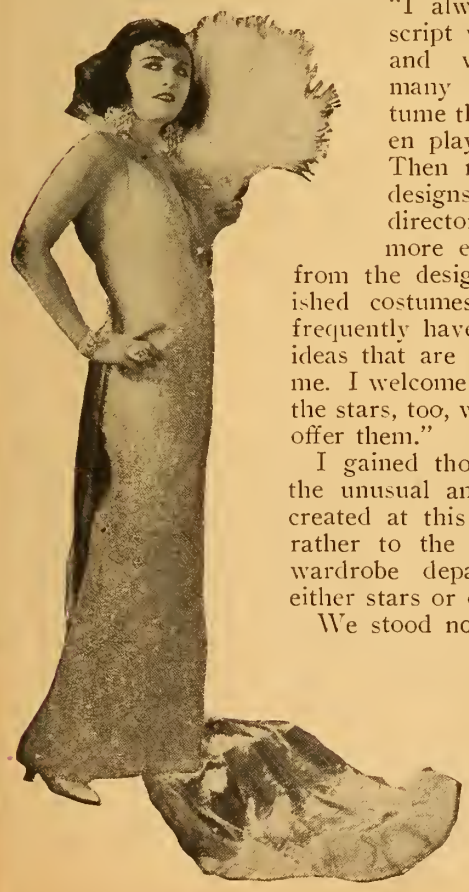
"The bobbed-hair vogue has made bandeaux and head-dresses popular," said Mrs. Chaffin, "but young women should be careful to select such ones as suit their individuality. In designing head-dresses for our stars, we study the face very carefully. The hair ornament has become part of the fashionable woman's toilette, but unless it suits the personality of the wearer, it detracts from, rather than adds to her appearance."

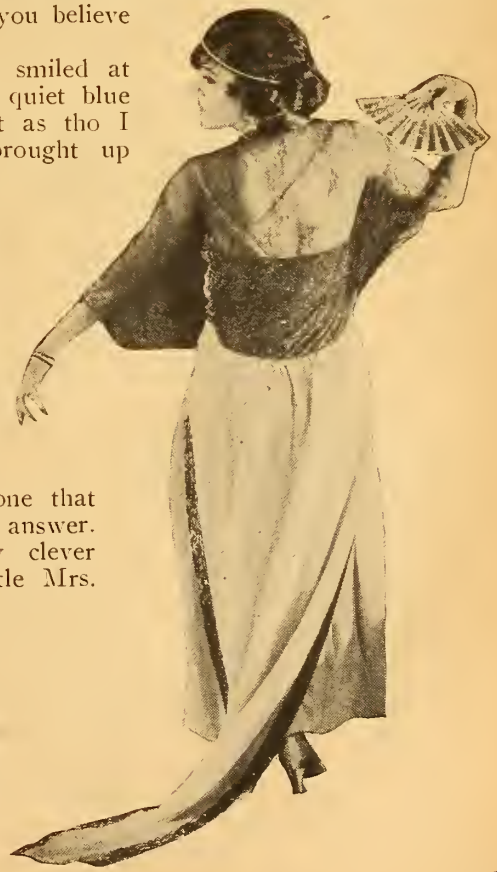
"Mrs. Chaffin," I said, "frequently the stars of the screen are criticized as being overdressed. The explanation is invariably given that the motion picture audiences demand exotic, bizarre and extreme creations on their favorites. Do you believe this?"

Mrs. Chaffin smiled at me out of her quiet blue eyes, but I felt as tho I had abruptly brought up against a stone wall.

"That does seem to be the prevailing opinion, doesn't it?" she said sweetly. "It is a question quite worth asking."

But it was one that she wouldn't answer. An amazingly clever woman, this little Mrs. Chaffin.





Elaborate creations make Pola Negri restless and impatient. They hamper and annoy her . . . And Gloria Swanson lends her personality to whatever she wears. When a woman learns this secret of Gloria's, she has learned to make the most of her appearance

Hank laughed in sheer irony . . . and the missionary leader looked to Brother Ezekiel for an explanation of such undue levity at so solemn a moment

There Is Something of the Siren in Every Woman, and This Knowledge, as Old as Eve in the First Garden, Is the Story Found in

The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad

A New Serial

By

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

MEET Miss Hope Brown! She would be very pleased to shake hands with you were it not that her hands are covered with suds from the dishwater. At this moment Hope is pleased beyond measure to meet anyone outside of her own household. Tonight she hates the Browns and everybody else in the whole of Pocustown, California.

But, before we leave the Brown kitchen with any bad opinion of Hope, let us get behind this hate complex and try to understand and bear with the young lady. No one was ever born with hate in his soul. Rather we are, all of us, aimless, loving—and beloved—in our earliest hours. If we are different when we grow up, then something has changed us. And, if we are so changeable, we can be changed a second time.

The trouble with Hope Brown was that she was spirited, whereas most of her small-town girl friends were made of sawdust. Now, that was perverse of Hope, but the poor girl simply could not help being that way. Some outsiders might have contended that she was perfectly normal and natural in her instincts and longings and in her desire to live a modern youthful life. Her parents, however, belonged to a generation of hardshell Puritans who often killed those they would save and—like bats—enjoyed the gloom and could not perceive anything but dark deeds in the happy, normal life of many others.

Hope, and her brother, Hank, were treated like children of darkness because of their rebellion against being perpetually suppressed, for their father believed and practised all the severities of the prophets; also that a sinner or one leaning towards sin is hateful in the sight of God! Thus Hope's chances both here and hereafter seemed limited.

So the only life that Hope really and truly knew

Illustrations by May Cornelia Burke

intimately and comprehendingly was the narrow existence in her own home amidst long prayers, longer faces, drudgery, constant punishment, reform discussion, sighs over evil, darkened rooms, early-to-bed and early-to-rise and other things—no brighter and no livelier than these. Thus was she made to feel and understand that all things her family did not do were evil. With the unlooked-for result that, in growing constantly to hate the things that were called "good," she came at length to desire to be "bad."

Hope Brown's mood had reached the psychological moment that evening as she stood sullenly washing the dishes. It would require but little more to rouse it into effective rebellion with a consequent rush to the other side in the swing of the pendulum.

II

Let us begin any week during the seventeen dull years of Hope's suppressed life. We will rise with Hope and the rest of the family at five-thirty on Monday morning. This is about the time that the austere, gloomy, professional and unrelenting piety began, and it was still going strong at bedtime. Hate of all unreligious evil is the only emotion that dared show itself thruout the entire day.

The Bible is the only book, and tracts the only papers or magazines that Hope and Hank have been allowed to read in all their life. Let us concede at once that the Bible is the best book that ever has been and ever can be written and that certain parts of it are the best kind of reading for both the young and old idea. But in this jazz age, tracts and treacle can no longer be swallowed by youth and they are guaranteed to bring on a violent case of dyspeptic rebellion.

So, it may readily be guessed of both Hope and Hank, tho in their later teens and full grown, that their knowledge of the world was rather narrow. Specifically, they knew that the world was full of evil and that their home reeked with goodness. They were actually taught that to smile broadly was to beckon the devil and that unrestrained merriment was the human reflection of hellfire. Dancing, movies, novel reading, tobacco, gum chewing and drinking were all sins of the first water. Fine clothes, furbelows and perfumes were all devil made.

They never, for one minute, would admit that hell could be raised gossiping over a cup of tea almost as easily as it could to the clink of highball glasses, and that dancing, might be healthier for body and soul than too much praying in a cramped and bigoted atmosphere.

But Hope and Hank were of a different generation. Parents could starve their bodies and souls like ascetics, if they enjoyed that sort of thing—and they really seemed to; they could revel in piety; they could wear plain clothes that went so well with their long faces and long prayers, but it seemed a little thoughtless and unwise of them to try to force all men to go and do likewise.

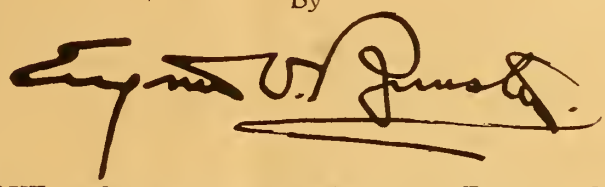
Ezekiel Brown, Hope's Puritanical hardshell father, whose one delight lay in doing the Lord's bidding from the Old Testament standpoint, did not always seem in accord with Christ's teaching—"above all, love ye one another." With his Mosaic piety he crushed and stultified, and in those sinners to whom he would show grace he often roused active rebellion. Thus he was often wont to do much harm to the cause he had espoused. He believed in no form of mirth, levity or pleasure for pleasure's sake, and sadly frowned upon them all as citric fruit of the devil. Ezekiel was Pocustown's reform leader, in addition to being an indefatigable mission worker as well. The whole world was his oyster and its sins his pearl of great price.

Mrs. Sarah Brown was in every respect just as good as her husband. Hope's mother had been born under a shadow of professional piety—a preacher's only daughter—and her soul had remained pale from never having seen the sun of a strong natural passion. Like her husband, Sarah Brown was ever seeking to do good and bring charity to the heathen Chinee, more often than not neglecting the Christian duties of motherhood and home. But somewhere behind this film of over-righteousness the true mother lingered. Really she bore a deep love for her children, even tho her stern religion did not permit her to indulge in its manifestations.

And, finally, there was Aunt Charity. We simply must

A Word About Henry Albert Phillips

By



ABOUT twelve years ago a plump young man with a tawny mustache walked into our office and asked for a job. When he told us the story of his life, filled with all the hardships poverty can bring, we gave him a trial assignment. It was writing a novelization about the story of a photoplay.

We had no idea then that we were making a novelist.

His writing interested us, however, and the letters which came in from the readers verified our own judgment of his work. Finally he was made an Associate Editor. It was when he planned to give more of his time to novel writing that this editorship terminated.

Henry Albert Phillips

Today Henry Albert Phillips is one of the new novelists. His "Other People's Lives" is already in the bookstores and is shortly to be followed by another novel.

Therefore, it is with pleasure that we present this first instalment of his serial story, "The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad," which will run in the pages of this magazine for the next six months.

Hope, with her hands in the dishwater, would be pleased to meet anybody outside of her own household. For this evening she hates everybody in the whole of Pocustown, California

not forget Aunt Charity—people never did after they had once met her. Aunt Charity was altogether too pious, with the result that she went farther than nature would let her and, unconsciously, she became a hypocrite. For, while like the others of the gloomy flock she was obsessed with piety, she took a firm step farther into fanaticism. To buoy her up under the terrible stress of her religion, she indulged freely in Parana Panacea Cure, which contained an illegal percentage of grain alcohol, with the impious result that her wildest fits of religion were nothing short of a Parana jag. Thus there was a strong breath to her religious fervor and an inquisition turn that gave her delight in seeing the victims of her piety suffer.

Pa and Ma Brown gave by far the larger part of their time to the reforming of the world in general and Pocustown in particular. In their absence, Aunt Charity took care of the house and the Parana. The children largely took care of themselves. There were hours and hours when Aunt Charity dozed beside the kitchen sink in a half-stupor. And just as the devil had come sneaking into the kitchen, it seemed a good time for him to go stalking about the rest of the house!

III

When five-thirty arrived, Hope and Hank Brown would rather have slept than risen, even tho it was the day of the annual church picnic. But they were duly routed out of their comfortable beds by the pious Ezekiel, who frowned on their sloth as he did on practically all of their industry as well.

Several hours later, they met with the rest of the congregation—a slightly mournful appearing crowd, pastored by a minister who was the worst quince of all. This was the band on the high road to Heaven, candidates for the Angel Chorus and all the other celestial happinesses . . .

Let's go!

The girls were transported to the picnic in separate "carryalls" from the boys—much to their disappointment. Of course, their elders were furious over their admission of disappointment. When they arrived at the grove they were restricted to such amusements as were fitting for the ecclesiastical occasion. Here and there a little levity burst the stout seams of solemnity, but the pious elders suppressed any attempts to become unduly merry. Thus, long before the arrival of high noon, youth had been curdled to the same sourness of pious age. All was as it should be on such a Sunday School occasion, when the young people were assembled with ravenous appetites around the long table piled high with shoe boxes of dry sandwiches and plates bearing sticky layer cakes. A long grace intervened and enlarged their appetites. Praise the Lord! The poor things!

When they returned home the same afternoon—the girls in their closed carriages—they were wearied with their well doing!

But, let us get on with our week of goodness. It was Tuesday at breakfast time and the inevitable grace was being said by Brother Ezekiel. Hope and Hank happened to look up and catch each other's eye in mutual agony—and smile! But Ezekiel's sharp eye is always half on the Lord and half on the devil. He always manages to see all that the devil does and take for granted a large part of the Lord's works. Because of this sin, he prolonged his appeal for all sinners. The prayer over, righteousness burst forth and the children were ordered to their rooms, sans breakfast, for their impious behavior!

Hope showed herself to be unregenerate by objecting to being treated—with her brother—like a child. It was the strongest outburst of rebellion, temper and spirit that she had ever manifested.

Wednesday. Now for lunch with the Browns. Hope and Hank had labored hard all the morning and were now more than ready to devour their midday meal. But they waited in vain for their parents, who were right in the midst of the hot campaign for the anti-wet candidate and had utterly forgotten that they had a home or needed a meal.

Aunt Charity who is always ready to receive the lash of righteousness uncomplainingly—provided others suffer with her—accepted the sacrifice and refused to serve the meal until the parents came home. Hope and her brother protested in vain, and went hungry in consequence—but bearing a new grudge against the narrow religion that was grinding the savor out of their young lives.

Be it said, honestly, however, that the parents with all the other solemn crusaders were rescued from the qualms of hunger when a lean one of their number fainted for lack of food. Then they all realized that they had not broken bread, and refreshments were provided in the White Ribbon Sewing Rooms without delay.

It may seem like imposing on inhospitality, but we simply must spend the whole of this week at the Browns, if we are to get the true psychology of what follows. So we join the rest of the band, and troop in there on Thursday to the Missionary Tea. Now, it may seem a little mean under the circumstances, but we cant help observing many of the petty ills of the flesh thriving right here under the very eyes of stern religion. Gossip, envy, uncharitableness and hypocrisy are in evidence!

These missionaries were a hungry crowd and it took

all that Hope and Hank could do under the driving power of Aunt Charity to serve the dealers in heathen souls. And, having worked like slaves, Hope and her brother found hours later that there was practically nothing left for them. This made Hank laugh out in sheer irony. The activities of the Missionary Tea ceased for a moment as tho a bombshell had burst in their midst. The missionary leader looked to Brother Ezekiel for an explanation of such undue levity in his house at such a solemn moment.

Brother Ezekiel stalked into the kitchen like an avenging angel and sent his two recalcitrant children to their rooms. And in this he added to the smouldering embers of rebellion.

On Friday evening several of the leaders of good cause gathered at the Browns for supper. Again Hope and her brother were ignored, except for a constant demand on their labors. Again they went almost supperless, being obliged to take the leader's cold leftovers.

Saturday wound up by Hope and Hank being severely punished by their father for scrutinizing, with an obviously thirsting curiosity and desire, some lurid movie posters that had been plastered on the board fence of the empty lot across the way. Other young people were looking at the posters at the same time and they were telling each other what a wonderful afternoon they were going to have seeing that eight-reel super-special "The Dark Woman's Secret."

On this occasion, the rod that had been spared and spoiled the children was used, with a resultant open rebellion on the part of both Hope and Hank that astonished Ezekiel and brought out all the godliness in his right arm. After his pious labors he was obliged to go to his room and take an extra dose of Parana Panacea Cure, with instant stimulating effects. An hour later he was sleeping the sleep of the righteous under the devil's subtle sway.

And thus endeth a good week.

With Hope Brown in her room indulging in a very elaborate tantrum, in which she has wrecked every emblem of righteousness and finally expressed the hate she feels by telling the bedpost in no uncertain accents: "Yes, and the very first chance I get, I'm going to run away and then be bad, *bad*, BAD!"

And if this should ever come to pass—which, of course, we hope it wont!—we shall know the reason why, and, in telling other people about it, be in a good position to say just who is to blame and how much so.

In this day and generation, we would—for want of a worse name—call Mr. Miles Orkney a bootlegger.

But Orkney, like most of us, had been other and better things. Among others, he had been a pretty fair sort of a husband—and father. But Orkney had always been a "pretty" man—they called him that when he went back to his little home town after conquering (or so he thought) many of the vices of the city. And it was the natural thing for Jennie Folsom—the prettiest girl in town—to fall in love with him. Orkney married Jennie and took her back to the city with him.

Then Jennie began to learn things about her Miles. He was a traveling liquor salesman. This may or may not have been against him in the city, but it certainly was not in his favor in his home town when they found it out. It affected Jennie directly in that her Miles periodically consumed a large quantity of his samples. Jennie did

When Hope and Hank caught each other's eye in mutual agony at the interminable grace, they smiled . . . only to have Ezekiel's sharp eye, half on the Lord and half on the devil, catch them

her best to reform Miles and he assisted her to the best of his ability, especially after the birth of their daughter. From that time on the daughter was Orkney's only good angel and all might have gone well if the girl had lived longer than the slim seventeen years which were given to her.

Within three years' time, Miles Orkney had descended the ladder to almost the lowest depths. Despite the incoming of Prohibition, wine, women, and song engaged all his leisure attention and Jennie went back home to her mother. Released of all restraints and obligations of decency, Miles Orkney made his pace faster and faster. He became exceedingly more prosperous as a bootlegger. He continued to serve his old customers in small towns and picked up many new ones.

It would be at this time in his career—good looking at forty-one, if you liked his type—that Orkney blew into Pocustown to serve his regular customers.

Ezekiel Brown was, of course, the greatest foe of the bootlegger in all Pocustown. Steve Brodie, the leader of the local bootlegging ring, had reason to remember Ezekiel because of the discovery of ten thousand dollars' worth of wet goods which the reformers had exposed to the revenuers. Steve Brodie, therefore, had been looking for a chance ever since to get even with Ezekiel and his weak-livered tribe. When Miles Orkney came to town, Brodie thought he saw an opportunity to unload a little vengeance. He knew Miles Orkney from the ground up.

"Still like the women as much as ever, I suppose, Mr. Orkney?" he asked that gentleman.

"No—a little more than ever," Mr. Orkney assured him with a wink.

"Seen any girls around Pocustown that suit your fancy?"

"I dont look for 'em in country towns as a rule—I found one country girl, you know." Orkney had become a trifle sober in every sense.

"Only one?" asked Brodie, persisting in being jocular.

"Only one just like her—I married her." Orkney sighed.

"Well, that's news to me! I didn't know you'd be one who would go and make a mistake as that!"

"It was a mistake all right—for her."

"Oh, come now, Orkney. Buck up! Here, have another drink of that Scotch you brought us—it will steady you. There! Well, there's one girl in this town that they're all talkin' about. She's been led around by a halter all her life. Never been out in the pasture! The prettiest thing you ever see!"

"Lead me to her!" cried Orkney, throwing off all restraint again. "I'll spend my last dollar on her! I'll blow her to anything she says, anywhere she wants to go—that's the kind of a candy kid Miles Orkney is!" He took another glass from the bottle of Scotch, rose and put on his gray felt hat with a black band at a rakish angle and twisted his mustache.

"Here, here—not so fast! You're in Pocustown, not in Denver!" laughed Brodie. "Why, if anybody should run down Main Street here, he'd be arrested for exceedin' the speed of the Blue Laws!"

"Well, I'd like to see any rube in this town in my way—Miles Orkney speaking, if you please!"

"Well, all I ask is, that you run up against our Ezekiel Brown and I'll say you wont come out without scratches!"

"Bring him on! Then bring on his brothers and his uncles—and tie one hand behind my back!"

This is exactly the drunken bravado Brodie had hoped to rouse. "Well, this Ezekiel Brown is the man who is killing honest drinkin' in this town—and the whole state. We've got to do somethin' with him and to him, or our business wont be worth a tenpenny nail!"

"So that's the kind of a herring he is, is it? And now you speak of it, I have heard of him—Zeke Brown, head

(*Continued on page* 85)

Several hours later, they met with the rest of the congregation—a mournful appearing group—pastored by a minister who was more like a quince than a human

The Editor Gossips

THERE are two kinds of ugliness. One has interest and poignancy and might easily mask a beauty of spirit. The other would seem to have its very birth in a mean and cramped nature. It is repellent.

We were talking about this to Dick Barthelmess the other day *à propos* of May McAvoy in "The Enchanted Cottage." Both Dick and May are ugly people in the story. But while Dick essayed the first ugliness, May's ugliness, to our mind, was the second kind.

It may be that Dick's explanation is right.

"May is so very beautiful," he said. "She had to go to the very last extreme to efface her loveliness. Make-up suggesting shadows, unbecoming clothes and a lined face weren't enough in her case. Almost any other girl on the screen could have played May's part without going to such lengths. As a matter of fact, she was a bad choice for the part so far as her physical being was concerned. Her face is one of unsurpassing beauty."

We think this is very gallant of Dick, and we think he means what he says, but we disagree with him. May McAvoy is all that he says she is, but we stubbornly insist that she might have achieved an equal degree of ugliness with more subtle measures.

This picture, which is, incidentally, one of the most charming productions that has come from the studios in moons, was shown at a preview and tea at the Ritz Carlton, New York.

Mary Hay, the musical comedy star, who is Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, did the musical score and she was there, sitting with the musicians, in a supervisory capacity. Mrs. Barthelmess, Dick's mother, was there, too. When we spoke to her after the picture was over, her eyes were misty with tears. Dick is her idol and the realism he gave the war-twisted cripple was too much for her emotions.

"Cytherea" also had a preview at the Ritz. It was shown in the evening and followed by buffet refreshments. A number of interesting people were there. Alma Rubens came in just before the picture was shown with her mother and sister and her comparatively new husband, Doctor Daniel Carson Goodman. When we met them on our way into supper and asked him if he wasn't proud, he told us quite simply that he had been proud for months.

Miss Rubens might easily have swanked a little. It was her evening. But instead of arriving in beautiful evening clothes, she wore a dark dress and a hat which shaded her face. Her retiring manner is an inevitable part of her. But after all it is the little things people do, seemingly unimportant, inconsequential things that form your liking for them.

Constance Bennett, the flapper in the story, was also there in a party which included her distinguished father, Richard Bennett of stage fame. She was lovely in a shell-pink evening frock. We wouldn't be at all surprised to find her enjoying an early stardom. She has beauty and youth and undoubtedly a flair for the screen. And how many times have those first two qualities proved sufficient . . . for an interlude of starring at least.

In the foyer was one of the Cytherean dolls. It is the new variety of doll with the long pipe-stem arms and legs . . . and its face is a replica of Alma Rubens'. Someone said they were going to be manufactured for the shops, and if this is true they are sure to have a vogue.

A perfume has been created for "Cythera," too. If we remember correctly, it is called "Goddess of Love."

The whole world is dieting and counting its calories anxiously.

One half seeks slim lines.

The other half hopes for a rounder curve.

All of which reminds us of an amusing story a member

(*Continued on page* 117)

Photograph by Havrah

The whole world is counting its calories . . . seeking slender lines or rounder curves. When they were making "The Arab," Rex Ingram put Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro on diets—for the foods in Tunis were heavy and rich. . . . Everyone, it would seem, even movie stars, who are generally believed to be in high favor with the gods, have to pay for beauty

That's Out

Fearless Criticism and Frank Observations on Things Cinematic

By TAMAR LANE

A Little Credit for R. A. Walsh, Please!

IN reading the reviews of the Eastern critics on the magnificent and exquisite production, "The Thief of Bagdad," it is noticeable that with but one or two exceptions the critics were so anxious to sing the praises of Douglas Fairbanks (after they had first irrelevantly and at great length extolled the greatness of Morris Gest) that they quite forgot to make mention of any of the other members of the company, who undoubtedly must have had some influence in the making of the production. R. A. Walsh, director of the picture, for instance, did not come in for half the glory that should be his.

I happen to know something of the making of "The Thief of Bagdad." I have also had many talks with various staff members who worked on the production, and in all fairness Director Walsh must be given a generous share of whatever praise the film merits.

While Fairbanks is unquestionably a man of brilliance, and it would be an injustice to argue for a moment that he does not bear a mighty influence in every phase of any production in which he appears, still there are very often others who also play important parts in the success of even a Fairbanks production.

R. A. Walsh has one of the keenest and most imaginative minds to be found in the directing fraternity, and his masterful supervision of "The Thief of Bagdad" was undoubtedly a big factor in creating many of the qualities which have won the picture praise.

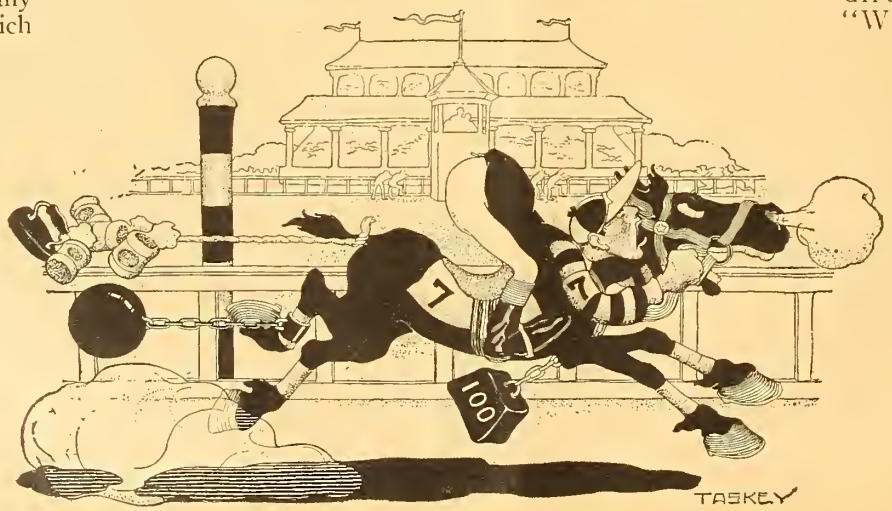
In Which "Doug" Is Out-Gest

The manner in which Morris Gest grabbed all the glory for "The Thief of Bagdad" provides one of the most humorous incidents in theatrical history. For the presentation of the production in New York, Fairbanks contracted with Gest to manage the affair. When Doug read the "reviews" in the Manhattan dailies on the morning following the opening of his greatest effort, he was probably uncertain whether to laugh or weep. Everything was about Morris Gest. Here, for instance, is the way the *Telegraph* "reviewed" the film:

"More than a thousand persons surged about the entrance to the Liberty Theater last night for no other purpose than to see the distinguished audience which witnessed the première of *Morris Gest's* motion picture, 'The Thief of Bagdad.'" The article then goes on to tell how "Mr. Gest was on hand to personally greet them," how "the rugs and other hangings included many which Mr. Gest had brought from the Orient," how Mr. Gest said this and Mr. Gest said that, and last but not least how "Mr. Gest was highly pleased with the opening." Concerning Mr. Fairbanks and the production, matters are left to the imagination of the reader.

A Brief for Jack Pickford

Several times in these columns we have paid our respects to the acting ability of Jack Pickford. We think so much of Jack's talents, in fact, that in our recent book, "What's Wrong With the Movies?" we classed him among the twelve greatest actors on the screen. For certain reasons Jack has been handicapped by prejudices which many theatergoers have held against him, and our naming him as one of the silversheet's finest actors was greeted with much disapproval—if not ridicule. However, as time passes, we are firmer than ever in regard to our choice, and to those who doubt Jack's capabilities we suggest a viewing of his latest film, "The Hill Billy." In this picture young Pickford does some very excellent work.



Our Idea of a Good Picture

"Wild Oranges." Nothing great or unusual about the story, but perfectly directed by King Vidor, who gives it such superb treatment that it is lifted right out of the ordinary. Beautiful scenery, a small cast, splendid acting, and a smooth running, convincing continuity. A model picture for other directors to imitate. "Wild Oranges" not only shows what King Vidor can do when he wants to, but it puts forward Virginia Valli as a gifted actress with a very promising future.

No Film Complete Without One

It is announced that De Mille, for a change, will film a simple story

of every-day life. Nevertheless, we will wager our ouija board against a Mah Jong set that Cecil B. has at least one glorious fade-back to ancient times.

More Movie Statistics

Henry Ford states that he will turn out no less than 2,000,000 flivvers this year. At least half of these will be bought by motion picture comedy concerns.

Stars That Will Shine

Clara Bow. This little miss has one of the most magnetic screen personalities that we have viewed in many a day. As for acting ability—it will take a few more portrayals before a definite decision may be rendered. Her work in "Black Oxen" was impressive. But personally she is irresistible. Clara Bow will go far and high in the screen heavens.

You Can't Judge a Film by Its Length

Recently we journeyed to the cinema, as they say in jolly England, to view a widely advertised "special production." It was a terrible mess. The slapstick comedy which followed was even worse. We were just reaching for our hat, figuring that another perfectly good evening had been thrown to the canines, when there flashed on the silver-sheet a one-reeler entitled "Sing Them Again," which I later learned is one of a series being released under that name by the Educational Company. This little "Sing Them Again" reel gave the spectators, including myself, one of the most enjoyable fifteen minutes that it is possible to have in a picture theater. The reel consists of a picturization of several old familiar songs, and while the idea sounds by no means inspiring, the film had been so admirably directed and so splendidly executed in every detail that we hope the clever individuals responsible for it will make many more reels like it.

How to Succeed in the Movies: Lesson II . . . For Heroines

The first thing to do is to pick out a fancy name—something sweet and simple—such as May Blossom or Caramel Bonbon

Douglas Fairbanks contracted with Morris Gest to manage "The Thief of Bagdad" in New York. And the way he has grabbed all the glory provides one of the most humorous incidents in theatrical history

How to Succeed in the Movies In Five Complete Lessons Lesson No. 2—For Heroines

The first thing to do is to pick out a fancy name—something sweet and simple—such as May Blossom or Caramel Bonbon. Next engage a publicity man and announce that you were discovered by D. W. Griffith. If possible, imitate some popular star—bead your eyes a heavy black and repaint your lips and eyebrows. Affect a sweet, sweet smile, and insist upon plenty of close-ups showing glycerine tears running down over your cheeks. Keep your hair nicely marcelled at all times, even if you are playing a ship-wrecked maiden or poor country girl—it is much more attractive. If you haven't a good profile—get one. They are absolutely necessary on the screen.

Tickling the Public Rib

Is it easy to make the public laugh? See "Her Temporary Husband" and judge for yourself. Here is a comedy filled with nothing but the oldest of moss-covered gags—and not so well done at that—yet it is throwing theatergoers into fits and gales of laughter. I dont know what the moral is but there must be one.

No Doubt About It

A young fellow from Kalamazoo arrived in Hollywood recently.

"I want to get into the motion picture business the worst way," he said.

"Then make a Western serial," advised a local producer, "there's nothing worse than that."

Ambulance Creates Speculation in Hollywood

Considerable excitement was caused in Hollywood recently when an ambulance rushed thru the streets and stopped in front of the biggest office building in town. A crowd quickly gathered and there was much speculation as to what might have happened to cause need for an ambulance. Here are some of the guesses made by

(*Continued on page* 83)

Who Is It?

For years he has longed to paint his face with the grotesqueries of the clown . . . to cut capers with the tan-bark his stage . . . for years "The Mountebank" has interested him as a motion picture.

Allow us, gentle reader, Mr. Ernest Torrence . . . proving he is not a villain, but an actor of wide versatility

Across the Silversheet

"Cytherea" and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"

Reviewed by

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

ONLY a very few people in this world have the courage to do the things they want to do. Human beings find it advisable to settle down to whatever routine promises them the highest reward in the world's goods. The glamourous and highly impractical dreams of adventure and romance which beset youth are soon put aside. Life, we learn early, is a practical affair.

This is the premise upon which Joseph Hergesheimer built his novel "Cytherea," which has come to the screen under the intelligent direction of George Fitzmaurice. Lee Randon, the hero, is a man of about forty-five, comfortable in the financial security he has earned for himself; husband to a thoroly worthy and entirely unimaginative woman, and father of two fine children whom he adores. In a moment of rare vision, it comes to him that he is letting the life he was going to make gay and adventuresome slip thru his fingers in a dull procession of unchanging years. It is here the story begins.

A curious doll which intrigues his fancy from a shop window and which he names Cytherea, synonymous with Venus and the Goddess of Love, gives the story its name. This doll's face embodies a sensuous placidity which haunts him. She symbolizes those things which his life lacks. Then he crosses the path of Savina Grove, the wife of a wealthy banker, and finds her a counterpart of the Cytherean doll.

"Cytherea" is a curious doll whose face embodies all the colorful things the hero's life lacks. It is a motion picture that will interest you. Lewis Stone and Alma Rubens are featured. Below is a dramatic scene from Mary Pickford's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," in which our generous Mary gives Clare Eames as Queen Elizabeth opportunities for many honors. Once more Mary forsakes starched pinafores for graceful womanhood

If Alma Rubens has found it necessary to take liberties with Savina Grove and make her a darkly exotic woman of rare beauty rather than the repressed woman of great passion as Hergesheimer painted her, it must be blamed upon the censors. They resent honesty where emotional life is concerned. It is unfortunate.

Getting back to the story, Savina Grove and Lee Randon learn the lesson which the papers tell us of other lovers learning day after day. No man can break the laws of the herd without being trampled upon. Conventions may chafe, but they are the pillars of society. And society is something you cannot run away from tho you go to the farthest corner of the earth.

Irene Rich's characterization of the wife is replete with all of the little annoying traits of the woman who is too nice to be human. She suffers thru a lack of understanding. She adheres to even the tritest convention and is possessed with a zeal for punctuality which makes of her house an organization rather than a home.

Constance Bennett as the flapper will be sure to win your attention. She is new to screen prominence and has yet to learn the camera's propensity for exaggerating gestures and mannerisms. However, she photographs effectively, and we have no doubt that she will have offers to play many other rôles in which she may profit by her experience.

(*Continued on page* 120)

This Mary Roberts Rinehart melodrama is compact with incident, and in it Nita Naldi is extremely effective. "Lilies of the Field" is decorative and worth seeing, with Corinne Griffith beautiful and charming, while Conway Tearle seems at ease in the opposite rôle

Comments on the New Pictures

By THE EDITORIAL STAFF

The Breaking Point

THE ground—and the years are thoroly covered in this picturization of a Mary Roberts Rinehart story, which is melodrama compact with incident. Of course so much happens that one will naturally wonder how Herbert Brenon managed to tell it all in six reels. Yet he succeeds in showing a bit of Broadway and much of the boundless West. Nita Naldi carries the burden—that of an actress whose husband is murdered. Before she recognizes the supposed assassin in the audience of a tank town theater, we are given much hectic action which features the elements known as mystery and punch.

It is fairly exciting, even if a bit far-fetched. The director sees to it that atmosphere must be recorded. So we have a colorful blizzard—views in front and back of a Broadway curtain—and the melodrama on a western ranch. What of it? Well, it carries a good story interest, and some effective acting by Nita Naldi, Matt Moore and the ever so reliable George Fawcett.

Lilies of the Field

They've kept an eye on the censors—these sponsors, and by not offending the scissor experts, much of the original red meat of this play has lost its flavor. It suggests a dash of spice in its revelations of the manner in which the pretty ladies live. These ladies of the evening get along in the world thru sharp wit and adaptability. They compose the background of a "sister" who would play on the level. Her story is one of man's inhumanity—of a husband's violation of the sanctity of the marital vows. But she is judged by the company she keeps—so along comes a gentleman of the clubs who tests her and finds her sincere.

This picture will not put ideas in the heads of adolescents. It might, on the other hand, teach them a lesson in good manners. It is a decorative piece of work, lavishly mounted, and splendidly acted for the most part by Corinne Griffith, whose poise, charm and beauty carry her by the few emotional moments she neglects. Conway Tearle puts himself at ease in the opposite rôle, and actually overcomes his habit of frowning by releasing several smiles. He is a good foil for the lonely Corinne Griffith.

"His Darker Self" was to mark Al Jolson's début on the screen, but is finally released with Lloyd Hamilton as the star. He helps the picture, which is too long and minus spontaneity

His Darker Self

This was the picture which was to mark Al Jolson's début on the screen. Then when he registered temperament, Lloyd Hamilton was engaged—and as a blackface comedian he succeeds in flashing his individuality and proving himself capable of joining a minstrel troupe as end man—when the spirit moves him. As a comedy it is not so rollicking, because the gags are not ingenious. It should have been trimmed to three reels, for much of the action is revealed thru the titles, and these often

"Second Youth" is an effervescent comedy with a sparkle. Jobyna Howland and Mickey Bennett do the best work—and Alfred Lunt and Mimi Palmeri are also in the cast. "The Night Message" is a feud story with an element of novelty incorporated

Paragraph Reviews Which Serve As Guide Posts to the Better Pictures

miss the mark because of their "wise crack" character.

Hamilton suggests that he might have had a hand in the employment of certain gags, because his individual touch is so familiar. He employs economy in expressing his incident. And as a blackface detective whose mission is to catch the ebony leader of the darktown bootleggers, he runs away with the picture. There's one original moment—which arrives when Ham is being baptized. As he emerges from the water with his face washed of the burnt cork, the superstitious colored gentry becomes panic-stricken. The laughs are not spontaneous. And the fault lies in the producers' giving the piece to a dramatic director. Dr. Sennett or Prof. Keaton would have made it scintillate all the way. As it is it is really of a more or less uneven merit, humorous in places. Comedies must have invention behind them, and they must be carried on with spontaneity.

Second Youth

This one records the making over of a soft-boiled silk salesman of distinguished ancestry into a regular buyer; and while it has numerous weak spots—and features too much hokum, there is a sort of effervescent sparkle about it that makes it easy on the mind. The screen adventurer will be guided on a bumpkin's Cook's tour. He will be taken into a boarding house, and behind the counter of a department store. And Greenwich Village and Broadway cabarets will also be on his visiting list. The s. b. salesman escapes matrimony until he meets the right girl.

Old stuff, you say? Yes indeed, but there are several laughs—even if they come from the situations rather than from the efforts of the players. Alfred Lunt would not be our choice for the salesman, competent actor that he is on the stage. And Mimi Palmeri is mostly decorative. The best bits are offered by Jobyna Howland as a boarding-house mistress and Mickey Bennett, the youngster who helped make "Big Brother" so enjoyable. The thing taken in its entirety is too picturey, which, of course, makes it miss the mark as a consistent and convincing comedy.

The Night Message

If all feud stories could be treated with the element of novelty incorporated here by Perley Poore Sheehan, they would not be accepted by audiences as further tributes to the Obvious. There's no gun battle — and not a sign of uncouth horsemen lurking in ambush. The author gets right down to his facts—and these concern a youth condemned to die for a crime of which he is innocent. There is really no murder. A boy of the opposing faction is killed by imitating a turkey call, and the local telegrapher while hunting wild turkeys is the man who dispatched the bullet.

The finish is entirely melodramatic

In "The Storm Daughter," Priscilla Dean has her emotional sails trimmed and Thomas Santschi carries the acting honors. It is an ordinary melodrama

Harold Lloyd has made a rollicking comedy in "Girl Shy." When it overcomes its preliminaries, the last three reels are the fastest and most exciting Lloyd has ever made

"A Boy of Flanders" is a sentimental journey, with Jackie Coogan playing his rôle of a pitiful little waif with true understanding

and convenient. The governor refuses a tearful plea from the youth's mother. Which puts it up to Providence. A storm intervenes—and lashes the countryside. And the telegrapher is killed while sending a confession over the broken wires. The last minute rescue is the only familiar device employed here. Good restraint is shown by Gladys Hulette and Margaret Seddon. Mr. Sheehan, who also directs for the first time, gives evidence of being more competent than a lot of the boys back of the megaphone who try to be talented with the pen.

The Storm Daughter

Jack London started the fashion of capitalizing brutal skippers of the deep. And he has had a host of imitators. The rugged, primitive character who tyrannizes over his motley crew runs true to form here—tho we cant for the life of us understand why the censors "killed" the big punch scene featuring the mutiny. Here is Tom Santschi with a reputation at stake. Ever since his celebrated fight in the first edition of "The Spoilers," we have looked forward to seeing him duplicate it. There is a faint suggestion that he put up a vigorous battle. So with the punch gone, the story interest goes with it. Yes, the skipper meets a girl whom he rescues from the deep—and his relentless manner is replaced by one of sweetness and light.

There was opportunity to perk up the plot with some romantic by-play—showing the girl matching her wits with the cap'n's brawn. But both characters sit around registering retrospection. Priscilla Dean has had her emotional sails trimmed—so Santschi carries the acting honors. William Davidson is the handy first mate—and not a very good one. He's out of character with his sleek manner. Just an ordinary melodrama with a fair coloring of atmosphere. The usual climax—a storm at sea—does not carry sufficient vigor.

A Boy of Flanders

Jackie Coogan takes you on a sentimental excursion here—in a picture which is flawless in projecting the fancies of childhood. This gifted little thespian, attired in a Dutch costume, makes a tremendous appeal upon one's humanities because of his pitiable experiences as a waif. Kicked and cuffed around, he succeeds in melting the hearts of his tormentors. The picture is much more adaptable for Jackie's expression than some he has had recently. You will be highly charmed by the settings, you will be moved by the pathos, and you will laugh with the youngster when he masquerades as a girl, especially when he tries to keep his pantaloons from falling.

The film is adapted from Ouida's "A Dog of Flanders." The dog is in the picture—Mack Sennett's Great Dane—and as he draws Jackie in a cart or runs errands for him, you will say to yourself—"there's a pair of aces." It is told compactly, and with commendable spirit. And the humanities are finely expressed. No flaws here except when the director would lead Jackie to assume an attitude of maturity. The youngster is quite capable of playing his parts with true understanding. He's too good an artist to be spoiled. The matured gestures, fortunately, are in the minority.

Girl Shy

Here is Harold Lloyd in a rollicking number, once it overcomes its preliminaries. It packs the thrills of "Why Worry"—and packs them more legitimately; it sheds the pathos of "Grandma's Boy," altho it does not take itself as seriously; and to complete the job, there is a dizzy climax which completely overshadows the giddy climb executed by Harold in

Elinor Glyn's famous "Three Weeks" has come to the screen as fairly pleasant entertainment. She had much to do with its production. Conrad Nagel is not the great lover . . . but Aileen Pringle gives a graceful portrayal

"Broadway After Dark" has a fine cast numbering Adolphe Menjou, Anna Q. Nilsson and Carmel Myers. It is an interesting, if melodramatic, story of theatrical boarding houses and the bright lights

"Safety Last." The comedian, surrounded by a remarkably efficient staff, has projected a comedy of invention, tho its plot has done yeoman service on the screen. The new gags and incident—not forgetting that high speed climax—make it a rare treat. And we defy any spectator to sit unmoved when Lloyd takes up the chase to reach his beloved in time to prevent her marriage.

It skips merrily along after a slow start, with the begoggled humorist playing a bashful boob. He would be an author—and his manuscript is rejected. Where have you seen this idea before? But you'll forget its ancient vintage—in the oodles of fun and excitement dished up in the climax. The bashful boy commandeers every type of vehicle but a circus wagon—and it's a mad chase. The laughs are legitimate most of the way—and Lloyd—keeping faith with his public—gives them another rich comedy. Pay attention to the titles. You'll like them. Pay attention to the new leading romanticist, Jobyna Ralston, for she has a wide-eyed charm and personality. Those last three reels are the fastest and most exciting that Lloyd ever put over.

Three Weeks

That grand passion—"Three Weeks"—which was widely read by the youth of the land—not forgetting their elders—a decade and two ago, has been taken up by a new generation. But they are not reading it via the printed page, but via the silversheet. And while the celebrated asterisks are missing in the captions, there are several places in the film which called for them. The story has lost some of its meat, naturally. But it is a story which had to be treated as it was written or left entirely alone. A fair sting comes thru the subtitles, the w. k. tiger rug, and some very close embraces. And a child is born.

The idea is pretty shop-worn now and much of it will remind you of an old-time operetta. The beastly king, the conniving gentlemen of the court chamber, the regal Imperatorskoye (Mrs. Glyn doesn't use this title, she merely uses Queen), her faithful retainers, and the innocent fledgling from England whom she marks as the quarry in the chase. There must be an heir—and the king is no fit personage to become a parent.

The story is followed in its essentials, and it has been given a most sumptuous mounting. We see bizarre trimmings (Alan Crosland goes in for this sort of thing) — and atmospheric trappings — not forgetting glittering garments. It is a dressy picture—the attention being arrested by the backgrounds, and not so much by the story. It seems artificial because the plot is so laboriously planted.

Mrs. Glyn had a great deal to do with this picture. She was right there on location picking the cast and offering suggestions. And some of the titles lead us to believe that she wrote them. Only the asterisks are missing. It is not a clumsy love affair—thanks to a well-poised performance by Aileen Pringle, whose hauteur and grace and languor fit admirably into the characterization. She is always natural, and there is a wholesomeness and charm about her work which dignifies the story and saves it from becoming ridiculous. Even the jokers who would make capital of the title, the tiger rug and the infatuation, will admit that she rises above the story. Conrad Nagel is not the great lover, and while he is Mrs. Glyn's choice of the English Paul, he doesn't fit the character in the book. Stuart Holmes, dressed up like a Uhlan on parade, registers his customary stoic villainy—a lifted eyebrow, a frown, and a stroking of the mustachios indicating his plottings. There are too many long shots, and too much "graustarkian" ceremony. Fairly pleasant entertainment.

(*Continued on page* 86)

You'll like "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," despite its Pollyanna note. It is a cockney story of London slums with Jacqueline Logan, Raymond Griffith and David Torrence

Thistledown

The Concluding Episode of the Dana Gatlin Serial

Illustrations by

HAROLD LUND

"Would it ease you," Hi asked, "to know that Dolly's been living up there this fall because she owns the place? Her mother was a De Bossert"

MISS JULIA was, of course, caustically explosive when her scapegrace brother reannounced to her his intention of marrying his Thistledown. A movie actress! Miss Julia launched anew into a tirade involving some of her pet phrases.

After hearing her out, Hi asked, very mildly:

"Would it ease you, perhaps, to know that Dolly's been living up there this fall because she owns the place? Her mother was a De Bossert."

Miss Julia's chagrin thereupon, and her unsuppressible delight and swift knuckling down would have been amusing had it not also been rather pathetic. For, altho she was a Daggett, the De Bosserts were to the Daggetts as queens are to ladies-in-waiting.

She became pathetically eager to welcome the young couple into the family mansion of the Daggetts—provided the mansion could be saved out of the wreckage; the possibility of losing her home had, these past days, been a big contributing force to her fretfulness.

But Hi, it seemed, had other plans.

"No," he said, "Dolly and I had talked that all over, and we've decided we want to live up there—and in the little house on the hill. But you may rest easy in the assurance you'll keep this place; I know it means a great deal to you, and I want you always to have it. I'll see that you have it."

"How do you know that you can do that?" she exclaimed, amazed at his tone of calm confidence. "Simpson, or Judge Light, give me no such definite assurance."

"They cannot do that," Hi smiled, "because they dont yet know me as I know myself, or feel what I am feeling."

"What do you know—how do you feel?" more startled and bewildered than ever.

Hi answered her with a manner he had never before used with his sister.

"I'm going to get down to work, Julia," he said, simply. "For the first time in my life I want to get down to work. I'm going to show what can be done with that old business, before it dodders down to collapse."

Miss Julia stared at her blithe and uncaring brother, too flabbergasted to speak; he went on, still speaking with that simple earnestness:

"I've got a little speech to make to you, Julia—see if you can stand it," with a little twist of a smile. "I've made the astonishing discovery that I've been a fool. I've been on the wrong track. I acted like the devil in general—because it seemed only the proper, fitting thing to do when the world was such a devilish mess. And that was all right, too, I guess—for it's come to me that everything in this world has its price, and is paid for with coin of its own kind. We pay for all that we are and all that we have—and we pay for all that we are not and all that we do not have. No wonder I woke up to find myself almost bankrupt—bankrupt in every way."

Miss Julia gaped, and he proceeded:

"I dont want to seem to blame father; I think he'd have been kinder to have left me penniless than leaving me all murked up on life's meaning and responsibilities—but no use passing the buck. I'm awake now, and if I fall down in the future I'll have no one to blame but myself.

"But I'm not going to fall down. I can hardly wait to get up on my feet again. I want to put my affairs in order. Now is the time for me to show what I can do."

Then, at last, Miss Julia managed to gasp out:

"Hiram! what on earth's got into you? You talk like a preacher!"

He smiled, a half-serious smile, but with a good balance of the old light-hearted teasing.

"Oh, no, Julia! I assure you I dont feel like a preacher. Really I dont want to feel like a preacher."

"But you're so changed!"

"Yes," he agreed. "I think I've changed."

"What's done it?" somewhat anxiously. "Do you think it's this sickness?"

He grinned at her humorously. Then he replied, very soberly:

"No, Julia; I think it was love."

. . . . . .

So Doris Claiborne, last of the De Bosserts, came back to the home of her fathers to live. But no one knows how happy might have been her return had no Hi Daggett, with her coming, entered also upon her fullest heritage.

One December afternoon, so mellow it might have been Indian summer, they went up the familiar way to the quaint, homely little house, to start their life together.

That day of their marriage, had they known, there were many people in various walks of life speculating about them and their case.

Deputy Sheriff Voights happened to encounter Traffic Cop O'Sullivan upon the main street of Fairfield.

"Saw the young Daggett fellow," said the cop, "driving with his bride toward the old De-Bossert place a little while ago. You could tell by the looks on their faces they'd just been married—but they were going barely twenty an hour."

"Humph," said Mr. Voights.

"Dont know what's got into him," the other pursued. "I've followed him more'n a dozen times since he's been up and around—on slick pieces of road, too—but never once has he really hit 'er up." There was a note of grievance in the policeman's voice.

"I know what's got into him," said Mr. Voights, with heavy significance. "The fear of God—of the law."

"How come? That blamed cuss got well of his injuries, and the case again Daggett petered down to a piffling fine."

"Yes—and it was too bad in a way," the deputy complained. "If we coulda got Daggett up for manslaughter, we coulda read a warning worth while to some of these young smart-alecks. But, anyway, we got under Daggett's hide. Guess he got enough to hold him a while."

"Think he'll bust loose again?" inquired the cop, hopefully.

"Of course," replied Mr. Voights. "That kind never learn a lesson for keeps—unless you jail 'em and keep 'em jailed. They're spoiled rotten."

At about the same time Mr. Percy Claiborne and his friend, Mr. Van Antwerp Reeves, were conversing together in the lounge of a luxurious New York club. Their demeanor was gloomy.

"The girl's gone clean daft," said Uncle Percy. "I wash my hands of her! Think of marrying that young whelp the minute after his firm went on the rocks!"

"It didn't seem to be money she was after," observed Mr. Reeves, cheerlessly.

"Well, what *was* she after?"

Mr. Reeves shook his head drearily.

"She doesn't know, herself," fussed the uncle. "She's just flighty and harum-scarum and unbalanced and selfish—like most of the selfish harum-scarum of this impossible younger generation. No sense of proportion, no proper sense of dignity, no solid considerations at all!"

Mr. Reeves' expressionless face was a dismal mask.

"When I think of all I've done for that girl!" Uncle Percy burst out passionately. "Her ingratitude is what stings me, Van—her rank, heartless ingratitude!"

His friend was too immersed in his own self-pity to offer consolation.

"She's gone back," Uncle Percy wailed, "to that estate no one's been allowed to touch or turn to a penny's profit. Heaven knows how she expects to carry *that* thru. It's a fine old place—one of the prizes of this country if one had the money to restore it," near to tears—"but this fellow'll never be able to swing back into line; not if what I hear about him is true. I hope," vindictively, "he *does* go on the rocks. It's what she deserves!"

Mr. Reeves didn't speak, but the wrathful uncle could sense a sympathetic seconding of this wish. Self-pity offers some human souls peculiar bonds of kinship.

At about the same hour old Simpson, of the factory,

What Has Gone Before

In the rôle of a waitress in the notorious road-house of old Leon, the Alsatian, Dorothy Claiborne, of royal lineage, meets Hi Daggett, the millionaire rounder of the village of Fairfield, Conn. He tags her "Thistle-down." Dolly, as she calls herself, is in disguise because she is hiding from her uncle, and avoiding an unwelcome fiancé. She meets Hi accidentally in the village as he is about to be arrested for speeding, and as she has brought the law upon him she frees him and drives off into the dusk with him. She leaves his car because he kisses her, and gives up her work at Leon's to escape him. Rumor has it that a fast woman is an interloper on the De Bossert place. He intuitively drives there, finds Dolly, apologizes and confesses his love for her, still believing her to be a servant. On one occasion he discovers her accepting the caresses of a loud-looking stranger. He stays away as long as he can stand it; and then seeks Dolly again in their old trysting-place. She confesses her love for him and acknowledges also that she is not a waitress, but the mistress of the De Bossert place, but she begs Hi to drive her to Nanny, Leon's wife, and her old devoted servant. Hi drives like a demon. Dolly takes the wheel. The car skids—a smash-up ensues. They speed off to avoid the traffic cop. Arrived at Thiebaud's, Dolly tells Nanny secretly of her love for Hi, but declares she must go to Mr. King, her fiancé. The next morning Hi is arrested, charged with manslaughter—someone was mortally hurt in the accident. Out on bond, he hastens to warn Dolly. She has disappeared, Nanny will not tell where. He returns home ill, and is informed his firm is bankrupt. The next day he tries to reach Nanny on the phone, but falls in a swoon. Meanwhile Nanny and Leon have made their way to Mr. King's office, where they find Dolly, her uncle, who has trailed her there, and with him the millionaire rou' whom he is trying to force Dolly to marry. Just as Dolly is about to announce Mr. King, her affianced husband, Nanny tells her of Hi's desperate illness and misfortune. Dolly declares her love for Hi and tho her uncle storms and Mr. King reminds her of the thousands that he has spent to feature her in pictures, she goes to nurse Hi. Her lover begins to recover, as does the victim of the smash-up, but bankrupt, Hi refuses to accept Dolly's love and sacrifice in marriage.

was conferring with Judge Light in the latter's office.

"I suggested walking over with you from the wedding," said Simpson, "because I wished to speak of something Hiram mentioned to me this morning—he didn't forget the business even if it was his wedding-day," with a dry chuckle.

"There's real stuff in the boy, after all," acquiesced the lawyer. "Evidently it took a taste of trouble to wake him up."

"Well, what'd you say," asked Simpson, with an unwonted dramatic air, "if Hiram's found a way to save us from insolvency? To take up those notes, and re-establish our credit? And not only that, but to swing our future business on a bigger, more solid and more up-to-date scale?"

"I'd say he's a wizard," replied the lawyer. "What's his scheme?"

"Henry S. Loft," uttered old Simpson with the air of an actor, who, in three words, mounts to the climax of a play.

"Loft!" Judge Light exclaimed, properly astonished, "you mean the plumbing millionaire?"

"Henry S. Loft," Simpson affirmed.

"But how does *he* come in?" asked Judge Light, still amazed.

"That's just what Hiram's been arranging," Simpson explained, with much apparent satisfaction. "It seems he's been conferring with Henry Loft on his own hook—the results subject to the directorate's approval, of course. And Loft stands ready to take up the Daggett notes, and to back a thoro, modernized, stabilized reorganization."

Judge Light gaped, and Simpson went on, complacently:

"That's just what the Daggett Company needs, Judge—no one knows the old organization is feeble better than myself," humbly. "I'm getting old and tired. And I told Hiram as much—told him I'd be glad to see Henry Loft's finger in this pie."

"Better not let him get it in too deep," said the lawyer, "better look out for that."

"Well, I've a notion Hiram's taking account of that—I've a strange feeling the lad knows what he's about."

"But how on earth did he get next to Loft? An easy-going scalawag like Hiram—and Henry Loft's the cagiest, shrewdest proposition in a radius of five hundred miles," marvelled the lawyer, who was a cagy and shrewd proposition himself.

Simpson chuckled. "I guess Hiram convinced him, too, Judge." Then, more soberly: "Hiram's been a scalawag, all right, but I've always recognized there's a driving force in him—bigger even than in his father. The trouble's been that he's misapplied it, let it run wild. But now—well, I've a strange conviction that the best and biggest days of the Daggett Paper-Box Manufacturing Company lie ahead."

"I hope you're right," said the lawyer, who was too cautious by nature to bind himself to a positive statement. But his expression was quite cheery as he began figuring on the back of an envelope.

He added, as he penciled the figures:

"I only hope, tho, that this marriage won't upset everything. It'd be a pity if this rather harum-scarum girl should send Hiram plunging off on a wrong track again, just after he's found his footing."

"She seems right fond of him," answered Simpson. Then, hesitantly, for he was old and a bachelor and awkward about sentiment; "Did you notice the way they looked at each other?"

Judge Light nodded, also looking slightly embarrassed, for he also was old and a bachelor and not sentimental.

Forty miles away, in New York, as Sam King was leaving his office building he was tapped on the shoulder by a business acquaintance.

"Say, Sam, happened to see a little notice in this afternoon's paper—a Doris Claiborne getting married today to some fellow up in Connecticut. Doesn't chance to be *your* Doris Claiborne, does it?"

Sam King nodded.

"You dont say! Isn't that sorta bad business—letting her get married before you get her safely put over?"

Sam King's lips twisted into a peculiar smile. "Miss Claiborne—I should say Mrs. Daggett—has withdrawn from pictures," he said.

"You dont say!" Then, skeptically: "That's just a stall—tho she shouldn't try to pull it, it's bad business. Bet she'll be back inside of six months, asking for a job."

"No," said Sam King. "She's out of pictures. She's made an absolute decision."

"Well, I'll say that's pretty raw. I happen to know you put in a lot of effort on that girl, Sam—and sunk a pretty penny to boot, I bet!"

"I have no kick coming," said Sam King.

"Well, you oughta have." Then: "What's the matter with the girl, anyway? Was it that she landed a sucker with money?"

"No. I believe the young man's financial prospects are not too bright at present."

"Then what's the answer, Sam?"

"Why, she fell in love—that's all," answered Sam King.

The other guffawed, as at something hilarious and preposterous. "Poor little simp—didn't know they made 'em like that any more; what's the matter with her noodle?"

"Nothing," replied Sam King, "nothing at all."

(*Continued on page 93*)

"It smells different here from any place in the world," Dolly told him. "It smells like home"

The Wedding March, Please!

Photographs
by International Newsreel

With Benjamin Thropp, Pittsburgh's coal magnate, as the bridegroom, and Yancsi and Roszika Dolly as attendants, Rubye de Remer was a Lenten bride in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Thropp have since returned to America, leaving the Dolly sisters over there. Whether Rubye will continue with her screen career, is not yet known

On The Camera Coast

With

HARRY CARR

Here's to the barefoot days . . . Reading from the left, Joe Cobb, Jackie Condon, Mickey Daniels and Jack Davis. Do you remember the heir to the throne in "Three Weeks"? The little son and namesake of Alan Crosland assumed the responsibility of this rôle and here he is in his regal splendor

If you have any doubts about the difficulty directors have in finding suitable stories, gaze upon the harassed Ernest Lubitsch on the left. Below, Lottie Pickford Forrest, Allan Forrest and Tom Geraghty, on the right, welcome Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford upon their return to Los Angeles after a spring sojourn in Florida

IT'S tough on crockery and glassware; but it's very spiffy — the new way that they drink toasts in Hollywood.

Some Russians introduced it the night of Carmel Myers' farewell party to some newspaper writers before she left for Italy.

Two Russian dancers brought in two little casks, like miniature wine casks. Surrounding them were a little flock of wine glasses. The girl dancer poured some tame Volstead drink and carried it to Carmel Myers as the guest of honor. And then she sang a little song to which all the folks in the café shouted a resounding Russian word that means "God Bless You!" and sounds like a hippopotamus sneezing. The Russian girl quaffed the cup; Carmel quaffed the cup. Then Carmel ran out on the floor and flung the glass down, breaking it in a thousand pieces.

The Russian girl went around the room drinking toasts to all the celebrities, and as each celeb drank he flung the glass crashing to the floor. The idea of course is that the glass must never be polluted by other lips after it has been honored by this toast. It is an old Russian folk custom.

All the people in the glassware business in Hollywood think this is the loveliest and sweetest custom they ever heard of.

The biggest *soirée* of the season, even eclipsing Carmel's, was the farewell party given by Paul Bern to Barbara La Marr who, according to her press agent, is touring the East in behalf of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, exploiting the land of sunshine and so on. She was hardly out of town, however, before some of the club ladies got very catty about it, and demanded to know why Barbara should represent the city, etc., etc. They didn't approve of Barbara's somewhat decorative matrimonial career.

Dimitry Buchowitzke, Pola Negri's director, is in disgrace with all the flappers in Hollywood who wear their hair shingled. The other day I called on him in the cutting room where he is slashing up the film for Pola's picture "Men." With both hands full of film, he followed me into the hall to ask me a question that was weighing on his

Retailing the Gossip of Hollywood's Professional and Social Circles

soul. "When a girl asks me how I like her shingled hair, should I tell her truth or should I make flatteries?"

"Sure: tell her the truth."

"Well," sighed Buchowitzke, "it's this way. When girls wore their hair long, each one had an individuality of her own. Now they all look just alike from behind. They look so much alike that I think every girl with shingled hair should wear a little sign on her back, reading: 'Another Nash.'"

Viola Dana walked out of a big contract with Metro the other day. She told them she was tired of being an ingenue and wanted to do some real trouping, so she will free lance from now on, working in whatever pictures suit her fancy. Only she stipulates that she will not be a cutie in any picture ever again. "I got cured," she said, "when I went out on the road recently to make some personal appearances and every audience expected me to be the perfect little flapper. It was too much of a strain."

What is filling May McAvoy's nights and days with agony is that she cant get back to New York. She is kidnapped by one producer after another. She is playing in "A Bedroom Window" with William De Mille right now; next, she is to play in a picture with Lubitsch with Pauline Frederick and Lew Cody. From that she goes to play "Tarnish" with George Fitzmaurice, and still another with Fitzmaurice, "Stella Dallas."

As a result of the bills following an automobile accident in which Virginia Pearson was badly hurt, both she and her husband, Sheldon Lewis, have gone into bankruptcy. They gave their debts as $9,920.

Theda Bara came out of retirement last week and is acting as the judge of a newspaper contest about vamps. A year ago Miss Bara came back to Hollywood with the intention of renewing her movie career. For some reason the business arrangements fell thru and the lovely Theda has been living a life of absolute seclusion in her bungalow in Beverly Hills.

Hugo and Mabel Ballin are coming back to Hollywood to make some more pictures for Goldwyn, the first one being "The Prairie Flower." They have been away for about a year.

A huge movie combine has been perfected whereby Metro, Mayer and Goldwyns are to combine forces. The

(*Continued on page* 74)

Cecil De Mille directs Leatrice Joy and Victor Varconi in the ways of those immortal lovers, Romeo and Juliet. It is not for a future production of the Shakespeare tragedy . . . but for a vision in "Triumph." And, on the left is the eternal feminine, typified in Miss Peggy Montgomery

Miss Lita Grey has signed a contract with Chaplin to play with him in his new comedy. James Cruze directed his fiancée in "The Enemy Sex." Below, Betty Compson is sitting next to Percy Marmont. Sheldon Lewis and James Cruze are at the head of the table

Our Reporter's Notebook

The Latest News In Paragraph Jottings

Gathered by

RUTH G. BOWMAN

SINCE the lid has been clamped on the studios and an unfriendly "No Admittance" sign greets the tourist to Hollywood, the restaurants and cabarets where the screen celebrities eat have become the Mecca of traveling movie fans. Hence the film people make or break a restaurateur. For instance, the film folk find a nice cozy secluded eating-place and flock to it as to the Promised Land, but no sooner do they settle down to quiet meals and privacy than the tourists' guides nose around, find their oasis and use it as a bait to draw custom to their busses. If Mary and Doug or any such high lights are expected at the cabaret, something like a near-riot is apt to ensue between hungry actors and curious fans. Should the place have the bad luck to be small the film stars are soon crowded out, and with the attraction gone, tourists no longer patronize it, and the restaurateur finds his cupboard bare and his cash register empty. So lately cabarets big enough to accommodate *tout le monde* have become the vogue with dancing, midday and evening. Here the t. b. m. and his serious-minded spouse on tour go to get their fill of screen gossip at first hand, and feast their eyes on scintillating stars, while they mutilate pies the like of which mother never saw. But what matter with such cinema stars about as Barbara La Marr, Viola Dana, Carmel Myers, Anita Stewart, Ben Lyon, the Beery brothers, Robert Edeson, and—Jack Dempsey!

Tommy and Dick paused for the cameraman to get this informal picture of them together when Dick Barthelmess visited the Long Island studios where the Meighan company was at work. Both stars are looking particularly fit. And no wonder! Tommy had just come back from a vacation at Atlantic City and Dick had just returned from a sojourn beneath the balmy skies of Bermuda. Kada Abd-El-Kadir is the Arabian protégé of Alice Terry and Rex Ingram. They brought him back from Algeria and plan to educate him. Below is one of the trials of filming scenes on city streets. The crowd are not extras in the new George Arliss picture, "$20 a Week," but curious spectators

Hero worship comes high—Jack Dempsey has signed

a contract with Universal to make ten pictures in two years for the trifling sum of $1,000,000. He should worry if he loses the championship. The first picture is already in the making and is, as all of them will be, on a sporting theme. The scenario is being prepared by Gerald Beaumont, former sporting editor of a Western newspaper. Dempsey's entrance into filmland was celebrated by a big dinner and dance with a dancing contest as a climax.

Another dinner-dance with a dancing contest as the *pièce de résistance* was one given by Carmel Myers as an *au revoir* to her friends before sailing for Italy where she is to play Iras in "Ben Hur." The place cards were strips of film bearing the invitations as a title card.

Dorothy Dalton and Arthur Hammerstein driving tandem—the one the former wife of Lew Cody the ingenious he-vamp; the other thrice married and divorced and nothing loath to put his head thru the halter again. The affair started in Palm Beach last winter and culminated in Chicago, Dorothy's old home town where they were married in her apartment in the Drake Hotel. We suppose that Dorothy looked like a million dollars and had quite a few greenbacks in her under-the-arm bag, for Dorothy has been drawing her pay envelope without acting for some months past as no suitable story for her was to be found and it was cheaper, as the saying goes, "to pay rent than to move." After the ceremony the couple left for Europe.

Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor have returned from abroad, where they played under Edwin Carewe's direction in "A Son of the Sahara." The news cameraman photographed them on the deck of the liner with the new French dolls which Miss Windsor brought back with her. Montague Love was also a member of this company. . . . He posed for this snap-shot with two supporting members of the cast. The 26th Infantry has an honorary Colonel. Marion Davies was given this office when she was at the Plattsburg Barracks, New York, for the purpose of filming scenes of "Janice Meredith," a story of the Revolutionary War. This picture shows Colonel Davies with Colonel J. Malcolm Graham, commanding officer

Life in a nutshell is the order of the day; Van Loon gives us "The History of Mankind" in a few thousand words of one syllable more or less, so that children can lap it up without even the aid of a spoon; H. G. Wells goes a bit further and develops "The Outline of History" for grown-ups, and now Louis N. Tolhurst is making a film showing the origin of life from the beginning to the end—the evolution of life. Judging from Tolhurst's pictures of insect life, we wont even have to know our A. B. C.'s to get the whole story in one delicious gulp. In his work Mr. Tolhurst has shot the biggest mob scene that ever rioted before a camera's lens—eight million extras, and all confined on a set two inches long, one wide and one-sixteenth of an inch high. The set was glass and the actors those diminutive insect creatures that Mr. Tolhurst makes so human. In the filming of his story on the evolution of life, it has been necessary for him to magnify some of his tiny subjects to the size

(*Continued on page* 80)

Letters to the Editor

Every reader of the "Motion Picture Magazine" is invited to write to the editor. This page belongs entirely to the readers. It is an open forum. However, we cannot use any letters unless the writer's name and address is given. And if it is desired that only the initials be used in publication, this is quite agreeable if the writer requests that the letter be printed in this way

A protest against the practice of releasing old Valentino pictures in which he has no prominence, under false pretenses!

DEAR EDITOR: At Loew's State, the biggest and best theater in this city, they had a picture advertised as follows: Rodolph Valentino in "Society Sensation"—it's a Universal. This theater always has had first-run pictures, and this Universal must be at least three years old.

It is also an injustice to the actor, for it does not compare with the work he is now doing, and many people seeing it, and not realizing what an old picture it is, say "Well, what do they see in him!"

C. SMITH,
107 Mass Ave., N. Y. C.

In praise of Cullen Landis.

DEAR EDITOR: May I voice a word of praise for Cullen Landis? Why an actor of his apparent ability is not given more chance, is beyond my reasoning powers. I feel that Mr. Landis has done his best with the vehicles that he has had, but they have been mighty poor ones. "Masters of Men" was, in my estimation, the best picture that he has ever had. It was perfect material for him. But here I want to raise my voice in protest. I have just recently seen "The Fighting Coward," and want to "tell the world" how badly the South was misrepresented. Being a bred-in-the-bone Southerner myself, I know whereof I speak. I cannot understand why a director of Mr. Cruze's ability should produce such an atrocity. I do not think that it would be an untimely suggestion for these directors to read up a little on the subjects that they are attempting to film. All of the so-called Southern dramas that I have seen, were about on the same order—and I always feel the desire to scream, "'Twas never thus." It is time that somebody produced one without all the usual hokum. It gives persons outside of the South such distorted ideas concerning our beloved Dixie.

And the exhibitors of this city advertised "The Fighting Coward" as comparing with "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Covered Wagon." Words fail me.

Getting back to Mr. Landis again, why is it that we have never had an interview with him, or a single picture of him in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE? I have made a thoro review of my magazines for the past year, and am unable to find even a paragraph about him. Please give us more of Cullen!

I was very much gratified to read Wallace MacDonald's letter in the May issue—to know that the stars really read the fans' "Letters to the Editor." We fans may be a little harsh at times with our criticisms, but for my part at least, the praise that I feel for the Shadow Stage more than counterbalances the few brickbats. Here's to the stars, large and small! Long may they reign and successful may they be.

Most sincerely yours,
FLORAMYE BONNEY,
4930 Erskine St., Omaha, Nebraska.

IMPORTANT

Hereafter we plan to pay for all letters which are accepted for publication. Five dollars will be paid for the letter we deem the most interesting and worthy of illustration. Three dollars will be paid for the others.

This is your opportunity to express your opinions about the movies and earn money into the bargain.

That screen classic, "The Birth of a Nation," is at last permitted to be shown in Kansas.

DEAR EDITOR: Kansas has at last admitted "The Birth of a Nation," after barring it for eight years.

(*Continued on page* 92)

One reader writes, "It is an injustice to Valentino that old films in which he played an inconspicuous part should be advertised as Valentino productions." And we applaud this protest of the false pretenses under which so many productions are shown

It gives the nails a lovely rose brilliance

More Women · · use this liquid polish than all others combined

At last there is a Liquid Polish with all the features you have longed for in a nail polish.

So thin a single drop spreads over the whole nail giving a lustrous smooth surface. So firm it won't crack or peel off; water will not mar it, and its brilliance lasts a whole week.

The tiny brush holds just enough polish for one nail. It dries almost instantly. There is no bother with a separate polish remover — almost enough to account for its popularity alone.

No wonder that after such a short time more women are already using Cutex Liquid Polish than all other liquid polishes combined. Try it at the end of your very next Cutex manicure. And when you are ready for a fresh manicure just take off the old polish with a drop of fresh polish, wiped off immediately before it dries.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish at drug or department stores in the United States and Canada for only 35c, and at chemists' shops in England. And it is in two of the complete Cutex manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

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Send 12c for Introductory Set

First shape the nails with the Cutex emery board. Then soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin with Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then comes Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails smooth and healthy with a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort).

Send the coupon at right with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. M7, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

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The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter

ALOTA ASKS.—Come on and ask, I feel like answering questions today. Harold Lloyd is thirty-one, and his last picture is "Girl Shy." Enid Bennett in "The Sea Hawk." The song, "I Love You," is from the musical comedy, "Little Jessie James," which is to be filmed with the original cast of the stage play.

PATCHED.—No, I dont mind this weather at all. Another week or so and I'll be out in my bathing suit. Clara Horton was born in Brooklyn, June, 1904. She has brown hair. William Desmond is playing in "Heart of the Night Wind." I can see you are rooting for John Bowers. Write me again sometime.

JACKYE DEAME.—Dont believe all you hear. Years ago the ushers used to tell wild tales about the players, now the public imagines them. There is no truth in the rumor that Gloria Swanson is dead. I saw her only the other night at a dinner. Yes, Ben Turpin is actually cross-eyed. Well, the hero's wife and the celebrity's husband are really to be envied.

JACKIE B.—Right now Ivor Novello is in England. Write Richard Barthelmess at Rye, N. Y. Charles Ray's first picture under his new contract with Ince will be "Smith," directed by Ralph Ince.

GERTRUDE E.—But the greatest test of feminine beauty is a sea voyage. I know, I have just seen twenty-three days of it. If you will send your letters to the players direct to me, I will readdress them to the proper addresses. I cant very well ask them to send you pictures. Harold Lloyd in "Why Worry" and "Girl Shy" and Buster Keaton in "Sherlock Holmes, Jr." You bet I was glad to hear from you.

OKLA.—I haven't bobbed my whiskers as yet. I've been thinking seriously of the boyish bob. Cherio, old top, but you will never get a picture of me. Of course, Mary Pickford's curls are blonde. Marion Nixon has the lead with Tom Mix in "The Last of the Duanes."

MURIEL B.—I know how you feel, Muriel, but about the best way to retain your ideal of a lover is to let him become another woman's husband. Yes, Bebe Daniels has the lead, and Doris Kenyon and Lois Wilson have prominent parts in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Glad you liked "The Humming Bird." Richard Barthelmess was with Marguerite Clarke in "The Seven Swans." Thomas Meighan in "Missing." So long, Muriel.

BOB.—You know there are people who are almost in love, almost famous and almost happy. I've been almost in love so many times that I have given it up for automobiling. Address Marion Davies at Cosmopolitan Studios, 2478 Second Avenue, New York City.

ELSA.—What doI get—to settle the argument, John Barrymore played in "Here Comes the Bride." I see, I win, but I dont get anything, is that it?

CHARLES N.—No, I certainly dont agree with you when you say women are too imaginative and sensitive to have much logic. Some of them have much more logic than men have. Charles Jones is playing right along and his next will be "The Circus Rider." He is twenty-eight, born in Vincennes, Indiana, five feet eleven and three quarters, and weighs 173 pounds, married, of course. Address him at the Fox Studio, 1401 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

REBECCA.—Forty love! You have the advantage. I never contradict a lady. So Lloyd Hughes is your favorite. Playing in "The Sea Hawk." Born in Bisbee, Arizona, 1899, and married to Gloria Hope. Lucille Ricksen and John Harron have the leads in Universal's "Souls That Pass in the Night." Now if we were speaking of soles? There's the rub-ber. Creighton Hale and Ethel Shannon are playing in "Riders Up," formerly named "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

LORETTA R.—Gaston Glass was born in Paris, France, and he is not married. Most of the players have secretaries.

GOOD-LOOKING.—Well, there is nothing like being satisfied with oneself. I'm well, thank you! Laura LaPlante and Ruth Clifford have the female leads in "Butterfly" with Norman Kerry and Kenneth Harlan.

PELL.—Hello there. By the way, did you see the Circus? I did. Went with a couple of kiddies, and had a great time. Never ate so many peanuts in my life. I liked "Rosita" too. Always enjoy your letters, they're so nice and newsy.

DEAR KITTY.—Kitty, I dont understand why you keep sending your letters to our Mr. Hopfmuller, the artist. He shines with the ladies, still he doesn't get as many letters as I do. Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wynn. Lon Chaney is surely very popular.

LOTTIE D. T.—Well, well, well, one of my old correspondents of twelve years ago. You must be a big girl now, Lottie. I dont know what happened to Monroe Salisbury, he isn't playing now. Yes, Mary Astor surely is beautiful. You know that William Russell is engaged to Helen Ferguson.

ZENA Y.—Faneuil Hall was built in Boston in 1742 and was called the "Cradle of Liberty" because it was there that the Revolutionary patriots were wont to assemble. The reason we dont say much about Nazimova is that she is not playing in pictures now. Last I heard of her she was in vaudeville. We had an interview with her in the January, 1922, issue.

REGINA R.—Watch your calories, Regina, and the best book I know on the subject is by Dr. Lulu Hunt Peters. Then you want to get a few reducing records, take plenty of outdoor exercise, give up eating and I'll guarantee you'll be sylph-like in no time. George Eliot says "Men who paint sylphs, fall in love with some *bonne et brave femme*, heavy-heeled and freckled." No, we have never had an interview with Reginald Denny.

ADVICE I. D.—Viola Dana is playing in "The Beauty Prize." No, I never did try to swim in a pool-room. That'll do there! Yes, Kosloff is the leader in that line. Unless you called at the studios personally I dont think there would be much chance. Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Malley and Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams welcomed the stork recently. Both were daughters. The Answer Man sends greetings!

ISADORE M. K.—Yes, John Bowers is playing in "The Range Boss," his first picture for Vitagraph, opposite Alice Calhoun. He was born in Indiana. Pauline Frederick and Lew Cody will play for Warner Brothers in a picture directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

J. A. MANILA.—I'm sorry, but I haven't a list of all the screen stars, and dont know where such a list may be obtained. Montague Love, Maurice Costello, Mary Thurman and Helene Chadwick in "Love of Women."

EMIL.—Thanks very much. You say Farina in the "Our Gang" comedies is Allan Clayton Hoskins.

OSCARITA.—Yes and the women who have the most sympathy for the sorrows of the world at large often have the least for their own families. You know that Pearl White is abroad right now. Ramon Novarro is five feet ten. Violet Mersereau in "Lend Me Your Husband." That's an awful request to make. Some girls dont bother asking. Rénée Adorée and Lew Cody in "Defying the Law." Thanks, I never felt better. For an old man of some eighty years I manage to keep going, especially in New York City.

RUTH M.—You know that I love buttermilk. I have it all the time in the hot weather. Well there is Nita Naldi, Katherine MacDonald, Irene Castle and Anita Stewart who are five feet seven or more. That is pretty tall for the screen. Mae Busch, Pat O'Malley, Robert Frazer,

Arms as White as the Foam

~ *and as free to fling as the gesturing waves*

Highly magnified cross-section of skin and hairs. New hair grows in the bulb-like root (papilla). Injury to the papilla from pulling out hairs frequently causes two or three hairs to grow in place of one.

This shows the stubs of hair left after shaving with a razor. Note the blunt ends. Shaving stimulates a harsher and quicker growth.

This shows how Neet dissolves the hair below the surface of the skin, and leaves the projecting end finely tapered. Growth is slower and finer, none of the discomfort of shaving.

No longer muffled and hobbled in voluminous and stuffy clothes, nor hampered by old-fashioned conventions of sedateness and inactivity, the American girl is reviving the type of beauty admired by the ancient Greeks—the ideal of an active, supple body.

Today's vogue has decreed that women's arms shall be conspicuous and free to fling and sway without hindrance, alike in the great outdoors and in the drawing room. Under-arm hair has hence become a positive disfigurement, and many women promptly and thoughtlessly adopted shaving, without regard for the inconvenience and the fact that it brings in a quicker and harsher growth.

Galatea, by Marqueste after the myth of Pygmalion and the statue, said by the Greeks to have come to life because of Pygmalion's great love of her.

Neet, on the other hand, offers a safe, certain, pleasant and feminine method of keeping the armpits white, smooth and free from distressing odor. One application of this velvety pleasant cream enables you to *rinse* the hair away. It is ready for instant use. Full directions accompany every package.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

It costs you nothing unless you are perfectly satisfied. You are invited to test Neet on our absolute guarantee of entire satisfaction or refund. Go to any drug or department store—purchase the generous package for only 50c. Apply it according to the simple directions enclosed. If, after using Neet, you are not thrilled by the soft, hair-free loveliness of your skin, let us hear from you. Neet must absolutely please you in every way or you can remail the package to us and we will refund your purchase price plus the postage it costs you to return it to us. If you are unable to find Neet at your favorite drug or department store, use the coupon below for a generous trial tube.

Nurses and Physicians:

The sterile, antiseptic, hair-dissolving qualities are so highly developed in Neet that it is in favor with many of the profession for depilating in preparation for obstetrical and surgical work.

A liberal trial tube with complete instructions for use will be mailed free to any physician or registered nurse requesting it.

Neet

Removes hair easily

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619 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

I am unable to get the regular 50c tube of Neet from my dealer, so I am enclosing 10c for a trial size tube of Neet.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

My Dealer's Name is_____

Wanda Hawley and Hobart Bosworth in "Bread" for Metro. Write me again sometime.

M. E. C.—Better send a stamped, addressed envelope for the cast of "Prisoner of Zenda." Yes, and a man may wear out a suit of clothes, but a suit at law may wear a man out. Alice Lake and her new husband, Bobby Williams, are to tour in vaudeville.

GOLDEN K.—Irene Rich has been engaged for one of the three feminine leads in Vitagraph's next J. Stuart Blackton picture, "A Woman of Hollywood." Rodolph Valentino is Italian, and Pearl White intends to direct abroad.

RENNY, MANILA.—Novelty to love is like the bloom to fruit; it gives a luster which is easily effaced, but never returns. So you dont think I am as sarcastic as I used to be. Thanks. Hope Hampton at 1540 Broadway, New York City. Eileen Pringle at Goldwyn, Culver City, California. Tom Moore is playing in "Manhandled." With Gloria Swanson.

TUT, TUT.—Your letter was mighty interesting. Roscoe Arbuckle is writing scenarios for Buster Keaton. Charlie Chaplin is to supervise and direct another dramatic production in which Edna Purviance will have the lead. Mr. Chaplin will not direct Mary Pickford in her next picture. Virginia Browne Faire and John Gilbert in "Colorau." You're welcome.

GLORIA A.—Goethe says, "In girls we love what they are; in lads what they promise." Yes, the book has a different ending from the picture. That was Mary Pickford in "Pride of the Clan," released January, 1917. Leatrice Joy attended the Sacred Heart Academy at New Orleans. I dont know whether John Gilbert is a Mason. What next!

MONIE.—How do I know what kind of perfume Pola Negri uses. Probably Champs Elysées. Why, Francis Bushman played in "Beverly of Graustark" some years ago. Harold Lloyd in "Girl Shy."

DIANA.—Here goes—Lady Godiva was the wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, who offered to remit certain exactions to his tenants if she would ride naked thru the streets of Coventry. She did so, all the people closing their doors and keeping within except one "peeping Tom" who was struck dumb for peeping at her. So you really love Valentino. Forget it! Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of the Correspondence clubs. Most of the players will send their pictures if you enclose twenty-five cents in stamps. Adieu!

JUST PEGGY.—Yes, there seems to be a lot of songs about "rain." And now the latest thing in umbrellas has been designed by a Frenchman. The handle of this umbrella is placed at an angle with the frame, which keeps it over the carrier's body and protects all sides. No, Bobby Agnew is not married. You certainly make some strong statements. You dont know what you will do if you are in love. It's a dangerous disease. Ramon Novarro is twenty-three. Write to me any time.

GRACE W.—I give up—why doesn't Buster Keaton smile? Do you know the answer? James Morrison in "On the Banks of the Wabash." Jobyna Ralston in "Why Worry." William Farnum's first for Famous Players will be "The Man Who Fights Alone." Elsie Ferguson will appear in vaudeville for two months.

SASSY SUSIE.—Mae Murray is married to Robert Leonard. Wesley Barry is about seventeen.

ANN.—Well, it's a good idea to nurse a grouch, however, if he has one foot in the grave and you married him for his money. Jack Mulhall in "The Goldfish." Kenneth Harlan in "Poisoned Paradise." You've got the right idea, keep it up.

PEGGY.—Write to Bessie Love at Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

R. C. B.—Shakespeare was called The Bard of Avon because his home was at Stradford-on-Avon. Joseph Striker was Jacques in "The Woman in Chains." Cullen Landis is twenty-eight. Dont scold like that.

MAYIE.—That's right, let me hear from you often. You must see Richard Barthelmess in "The Enchanted Cottage." Betty Compson in "Ramshackle House" filmed at Miami, Florida. Barbara La Marr in "Sandra."

ELVA L.; MARY G.; BERKLEY; MAZIE; LYDIA; MOKIT; SKEEZIX; H. B. W., NO ZEE; DON JOHNNIE; C. B. M.; W. S. J.; MAYBELLE; PRINCESS PAT and RUTH R.—Glad to hear from you all again.

JULIETTE B.—Let us respect white hair—especially our own. Gloria Swanson was born March 27th under the Zodiac sign of Aries. Rodolph Valentino, May 6th, and Nita Naldi, April 1st.

FLIP.—Yes, they do say they are engaged. Bert Lytell was with Goldwyn last, but he free-lances. Helen Ferguson has been chosen for an important part in Douglas MacLean's "Never Say Die," with Lillian Rich.

BEVERLY.—So you dont like Zane Grey's pictures. That settles that. And while we are on the subject, photography is the art of taking a likeness and changing it into a satisfactory picture. Thomas Meighan in "Whispering Men," written especially for him by Booth Tarkington.

JEAN P.—That's right you, keep at it until you get an answer—well you won! Here, take this silver loving-cup? Valentino was born in 1895. *Voilà tout.*

BEBE.—I should say that was some paper-bright orange. You say you were going to use green ink, but your sister was using it. God bless your sister. Virginia Lee Corbin is twelve. Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix in "Unguarded Women" with Mary Astor in the east.

ETHEL K.—No, I never thought I knew it all. If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you. Arthur Edmund Carewe was Svengali in "Trilby." John Barrymore in "Beau Brummel." Lawson Butt has been chosen by Fox for the rôle of Dante in "Dante's Inferno." Ralph Lewis and Pauline Starke will play the leads in the modern part of the story.

HELEN WARD FAN.—I'm sorry, but I cannot tell you anything about her.

PERT.—Scientists say it takes nearly 700,000 spiders to produce a web and that one spider has been known to spin a thread 34,800 yards long. Rex Ingram is with Metro. Well, right now Claire Windsor is not married.

ANNETTE D.—Katherine MacDonald retired from the screen.

D. H. C., SAN FRANCISCO.—Well a "cockney is one born within the sound of the Bow Bells," which are a set of bells in the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, London. Paul Powell directed "Borderland." Harry Beaumont directed "The Five-Dollar Baby." Fred Newmeyer directed "Grandma's Boy." You sure do write some letter.

HELEN Y.—No, not too many. Kenneth Harlan is playing in "Butterfly" for Universal, with Laura La Plante. No, I guess you wont see Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish in "Romeo and Juliet" now.

H. F. D.—Well, if I were you, and someone offered me one thousand dollars for the novel form of your story, I would take it quickly and then you would have a better chance to sell the picture rights.

F. MC., PHILA.—A *Cavaliere Servente* is an escort of a married woman. Bertram Grassby was Prince in "Dancer of the Nile." That was Charles Mack in "Dream Street." There is no truth in Lillian Gish's engagement.

JOHN A. M.—Yes, that was Ralph Lewis in "The Mailman." Universal have re-issued Rodolph Valentino and Carmel Myers in "A Society Sensation."

BETTY.—Well, remember that the superiority of some men is merely local. They are great, because their associates are little. Yes, Charles de Roche in "Shadows of Paris" and "The White Moth." Estelle Taylor was Miriam in "The Ten Commandments."

IRVIN A.—How do you like Norma on the cover? Ethel Shannon is married to Robert J. Cary. You will see Marc McDermott in "The Sea Hawk."

BOBBIE B.—Children sweeten labors, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death. Constance Talmadge is making "Penelope" from the pen of Somerset Maugham.

ICELLA.—Address Ruth Roland at 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Yes, Owen and Tom Moore are brothers. Allene Ray, one of our contest girls, is playing in "The Fortieth Door," which is her second serial for Pathé.

LILLIAN.—And you would like to meet Julian Eltinge. Really? Edward Earle in "Gambling Wives." Frank Mayo and Sylvia Breamer are to play in "The Woman on the Jury" from the stage play.

DIDO.—Remember that woman is born for love—and it is impossible to turn her. Kenneth Harlan was born in New York City in 1895, and he has brown hair and eyes. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

BILLIE; M. de V.; J. A. M.; DOT and CULLEN and THISTLEDOM.—See you next month.

EMILY H.—Really, a woman should endeavor to make her husband happy. His being otherwise is such a reflection upon her amiability and charm. Richard Dix is six feet, and he sure is very attractive. He is very popular right now. Anna Q. Nilsson is playing in "Between Friends" and "The Mountebank."

DAN CUPID.—Well when a man swears that he will remember, and a woman laughs that she will forget, you are safe in wagering to the contrary in both cases. No, Vivian Rich is not playing now. Buck Jones is married. May McAvoy is to play in "Tarnish" from the stage play.

SPORT.—Sorry, old man, I have no record of Sadie McDonald.

(*Continued on page* 111)

HE had never seen her before—he hadn't even heard her name—yet he wanted to know her. It wasn't just her slender grace, her masses of hair, nor her sparkling eyes. It was her delicate coloring—her creamy neck and brow, the glowing color of her cheeks, the coral curve of her lips. Any man would want to know her!

Choose powder that matches the tone of your skin

By MME. JEANNETTE

THE foundation of a successful beauty toilette is the correct and effective use of powder. It is of first importance to select the shade of powder *for your particular skin-tone.*

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in four shades, each one carefully compounded to most nearly match each of the four typical shades of the American woman's skin. These shades are called Naturelle, Rachel, Flesh, and White, and unless you have a very unusual skin-tint you will find among them exactly the shade you should use!

There are four typical shades of skin

Naturelle is the shade that most American women should use. Women with the warm little rose and ivory tones in their skin find this a shade of powder that can be used successfully both day and night.

Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is a slightly darker tone of powder than Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder. It is designed for the Spanish type of beauty, generally the woman with deep brown eyes and dark hair. Yet often women who have not such a definite tint of brunette in their general appearance should use this Rachel shade. It gives a lovely tone of rich beauty to the skin, and I would advise more women to try it.

Flesh Pompeian Beauty Powder is quite a decided pink, like a young baby's flesh. And many "pink and gold" blonde women should wear this shade. If your skin is inclined to flush, you will do well to use this powder. The pink powder over the pink skin tones down the too-high coloring, and forms a natural little finish that takes away the shine.

The most effective way to use your own shade of powder is to use it generously. Then go over the skin with a clean cloth and smooth off all superfluous particles till you attain the desired effect without your powder being obvious. Pompeian Beauty Powder is a rarely fine powder, with a delicate perfume and an exceptional quality of adhering for a long time.

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POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER, *60c per box*
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The newest Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist, and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7½ in.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom, and Night Cream. *Tear off the coupon and mail today.*

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YOUR SKIN DEMANDS PROTECTION

The supreme wisdom in taking care of the body is to supply whatever nature actually *demands!* A skin that feels "drawn" or "tight" indicates a definite demand to give your skin more oil—more nourishment.

You Must Feed Your Skin

Pompeian Night Cream furnishes the exact nourishment required by a dry skin. As one grows older this oily secretion is lessened, and wise women replace it to a great extent by the frequent use of Pompeian Night Cream. Many women use a little of this cream every time they cleanse their faces during the day.

If your skin already tends toward oiliness, you should counteract this condition by the use of Pompeian Day Cream. Apply it after your morning bath, and use it as a powder base at all times! It is slightly astringent and antiseptic—two essentials in making an oily skin more normal.

Remember—your skin never sleeps!

While your skin may *rest* at night—it never sleeps! It acts and reacts with the temperature of the room. It absorbs and rejects just as it does when you are awake—and because of this it will be using to good advantage the nourishment in Pompeian Night Cream. Its use at night is beneficial to both types of skin.

Unquestionably all women remove the traces of the day's powder, rouge, and accumulated dust. Whether this is done with cleansing cream, or with warm water and soap, it is still a cleansing process, and cleanliness is essential to good skin. But as a final touch of wisdom, rub a little Pompeian Night Cream into your cleansed skin for the night, to feed it during the hours when *you* are asleep and your *skin* is awake and active.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

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What shade of face powder wanted?_____

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Well kept hair is the most important feature of a man's looks today

No matter how you wear your hair, Stacomb will keep it in order all day. In jars and tubes—at all drug and department stores.

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FREE OFFER

Standard Laboratories, Inc. Dept. 11-O
113 West 18th Street, New York City
Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name .....

Address .....

Let the children have all the Beeman's they want—it's healthful and tasty—its use is *"a sensible habit"*

BEEMAN'S

Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page* 65)

Mayer and Metro Studios are to be closed and all future productions are to done at the big Goldwyn Studio in Culver City. Altho combined for convenience' sake, the three companies will maintain their individuality and will produce pictures under their own separate banners.

Louise Fazenda has parked her funny clothes and let her back hair down. She has forsaken comedy, forever she hopes. For the first time in her life she will have a part without a shadow or suspicion of comedy as Deborah in Grace Flandreau's "Being Respectable." Louise once told me that she never saw Lillian Gish on the screen that she did not go home and cry herself to sleep. Because that was the stuff her soul hankered after; not comedy. She says she has always hated comedy.

Jack Dempsey, the champ, has been besieged by many kinds of agents and admirers ere this; but never this kind before. His hotel room is fairly cluttered up with agents for rouge and eyebrow pencils. Jack's disgust was terrible to witness when some one asked him for a testimonial for a lipstick. But it's all part of being an actor and Jack is about to be an actor out at Universal, in a series of Gerald Beaumont stories.

Antonio Moreno is to have a special clause put in his next Lasky contract whereby he gets a two months' vacation in order to go back to Spain to visit his mother. He has been trying to make the trip for years, but a new picture always catches him and holds him back. Tony's mother lives in a little town in the south of Spain near Gibraltar. She has never seen Tony's wife, who, altho a very rich woman all her life, has never made a trip abroad.

A great celebration took place in Hollywood recently when Theodore Roberts' physician allowed him to smoke the first cigar the veteran actor has smoked in four months, since he was taken sick in Pittsburg on his vaudeville tour.

Ralph Graves has signed a contract with Mack Sennett to make a series of two-reel light comedies. These will be an abrupt departure from the old-time Sennett style, being no slapstick affairs, but more like the Van Bibber atmosphere. Sennett says that Graves more nearly typifies the modern young American than any boy he has been able to find in Hollywood.

Margaret Livingston made such a hit in "Wandering Husbands" that Ince has decided to star her in a series of flapper pictures. Warner Baxter has also been signed by Ince on a long-term contract.

Leatrice Joy having been raised to stardom on account of her brilliant work in "The Ten Commandments," Cecil De Mille will use Estelle Taylor as the featured player in his next pictures.

Jackie Saunders cast her bread upon the waters a few days ago by lending two handsome fur coats to some flapper friends who were coatless. While they were still being borrowed, burglars broke into Miss Saunders' house and stole her other fur coat. This shows us, children, that it pays to be warm-hearted.

Charlie Chaplin has dashed away to Alaska to get there before the snow melts. He sent on ahead of him twenty-five carpenters and property men. He was accompanied by a grand retinue consisting of a personal chef, house staff, butler and assistant butlers. With all of which support, Charles is to play the part of a rough Alaska miner.

At last accounts, Norma Talmadge was on a wild hunt for a story. They had three different continuities written for "The House of Youth"; then threw them all away. Also the story. Constance has been having similar adventures. They had a story all started with thousands of dollars' worth of sets built; then dropped the whole thing. An S. O. S. call was then sent to New York for Anita Loos, who came out and wrote an original story for Connie.

Lew Cody is to go on a vacation trip to the South Seas some time this summer as the guest of Cliff Durant, the automobile magnate.

New York's famous actor hotel, the Algonquin, is to have a counterpart in

(*Continued on page* 78)

Carmel Myers demonstrates how simple it would be to hide as a stowaway and make a flight around the world. Gertrude Olmsted and Major F. L. Martin are her audience

A Ride With Pola Negri

(*Continued from page 30*)

I think so too. The Carmen that she plays in that picture was the real gypsy of Prosper Merimee's story—the vicious, lustful, primitive little slattern who would slit a throat for a dollar. It was not especially a popular picture. Gave too great a jolt to our conventions. The usual Carmen of the stage is a frolicsome young person in red silk stockings who sometimes isn't quite a lady. That's what we expected in "Gypsy Blood."

And speaking of this and that, Pola spoke of American girls.

"There are no other such beautiful girls in the world. Once in a long time in Poland you will see a really beautiful peasant girl. She is always natural without make-up, and is lovely beyond rivalry. Your girls are all manufactured beauties; but they are amazing. The first night I went to the Follies my eyes almost popped out of my head. I kept grabbing Mr. Zukor by the coat sleeve and gasping, 'Good heavens, there is another one!' I didn't imagine there had been that many beautiful girls in the whole world since the world began."

At sunset we left the car and we were standing on a hill watching the dying day.

The distant peaks of the Santa Susanna range glowed like coral in the distance with the Santa Inez peaks seen faintly thru the haze. Far away on the sky line we could see the snow cap of old San Antonio; while nearer, Sister Elsie Peak and the cross of good San Ysidro looked down upon the fading day like a benediction. On the slopes of the hill where we stood the acacia trees flamed with golden blossoms and the mountain sage filled the air with a faint musty fragrance.

Solemnly the rose glow faded. A wave of pure violet color that changed to amber and dun and then to the color of old sherry wine swept across the precipices of the Big Tujunga in royal pageant.

It was a sight to fill the soul. Pola began to talk of religion.

"For four years," she said, "I have studied theosophy. It has changed my outlook on life. When you understand that we are only passing thru a phase when we live and suffer in this life, then we realize that nothing matters. It is all a moment in a life of thousands of years. You know, *en passant*.

"Without this philosophy I should not have been able to have endured life.

"I have several times given what I called the story of my life to various American publications which seem to have a taste for such things. But believe me—no. I have never told the real story. And I never shall. It is too bitter and too sad.

"My life has been just one long tragedy. They say that one has to suffer to become an artist. Well, then, I should be a great artist.

And so we went back down the hill and Bruno started the car and we went whirling out of the day that lay dying in the last faint glow of lavender shadows—back to Hollywood which was just beginning to stir and feel frisky in preparation for the evening.

The First Step in Beauty

is more beautiful teeth

Look about you. Note the glistening teeth you see. Note what they add to beauty.

This offers you a ten-day test of the method which brings these results. Millions now employ it. In justice to yourself, learn what it means to you and yours at once.

Film forbids beauty

You feel on teeth a viscous film. It is ever-present. That is what causes most tooth troubles and the wreck of pearly teeth.

That film is clinging. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. Soon it becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose their beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Even among careful people, 49 in 50 suffered these film-caused troubles.

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many tests have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists everywhere began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations use Pepsodent every day.

Other benefits

Pepsodent brings other benefits. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva—there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva — there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

These multiplied effects are bringing to millions a new era in teeth cleaning. Let it bring those same effects to your home.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

Watch it act

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will see new beauty in the teeth. You will realize new protection.

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Only one tube to a family.

She's A Flapper Now

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Do you remember little Virginia Lee Corbin, whose golden head used to grace the fairy tales of "Jack and the Beanstalk" and other familiar stories? Sometimes, as in the resurrected picture on the right, she was a heroine to the hero of Francis Carpenter. She's a flapper now. We offer the portrait above as proof of the swift passing of years—and refer you to her rôle of the flapper in "Mary the 3rd"

Are Your Family Ties a Leash?

Do the Bonds That Should Be Tender Cut Heedlessly Into Your Soul?

HOPE BROWN, SEVENTEEN AND LOVELY, lived in an atmosphere of gloom with her family who looked upon the normal life of youth and joy and gaiety only as wickedness. Dancing, movies, novel-reading, were all considered sins of the first water. Fine clothes and perfumes were all devil-made——

HOPE CAME TO HATE THINGS that are ordinarily called "good" and to desire most ardently those which are considered "bad." Hope's brother, almost as youthful and as spirited as herself, was of the same mind. They determined to drive tandem Hell-bent —not to Heaven——

INTO WHAT STRANGE PLACES, among what garish people, this urge for light and happiness took these two young people, is told with an alluring frankness——

It is a compelling picture, drawn with a pen that exhibits a knowledge of youth and its problem of meeting the demands of an older generation——

MEET MISS HOPE BROWN! *She would be very pleased to shake hands with you were it not that her hands are covered with suds from the dishwater. At this moment Hope is pleased beyond measure to meet anyone outside of her own household. Tonight she hates the Browns and everybody else in the whole of Pocustown, California.*

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August Motion Picture Magazine

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Prof. I. Hubert, Dept. 174, Toledo, Ohio

On the Camera Coast

(*Continued from page 74*)

Marie Prevost assures us regarding the wisdom of the old proverb that necessity is the mother of invention. For she employed a slate eraser to powder her shiny nose when no powder puff was at hand

Hollywood; the financial backer thereof is Doug Fairbanks.

A baby girl has arrived in Pat O'Malley's family. He already has two daughters—Eileen, aged 6, and Sheila, aged 2.

The dread foot-and-mouth disease has made all kinds of trouble for the movies in and about Los Angeles. A rigid quarantine has been laid on all kinds of live stock. This made it impossible to move stock or horses anywhere within the county. Several companies working with horses on location have been forced indefinitely to hold up their pictures. An Arab picture at the Fox Studio was held up because the quarantine officers refused to give a permit for the transportation of three camels to the location. Universal was hard put for a time to keep the zoo animals from starving to death for lack of horse meat, their regular diet.

William Fox, the film magnate, has been in Hollywood for some time arranging for the removal of his companies to the new Fox Studio at Westwood. His present studio at Gower and Sunset Boulevard has netted Mr. Fox a fortune on account of the rise in real estate values.

Score one for San Francisco in the fight to get the movies away from Los Angeles. Frank Woods has signed a contract with some Bay City capitalists to make ten pictures up there. Patsy Ruth Miller will be starred in the first one.

Lois Lee, the pretty little film actress who had to retire from pictures some months ago on account of spinal trouble, recovered after a plucky fight and went back to the screen. Now she's retired again. This time, matrimony. She is Mrs. Jack Kiefer, wife of a young broker of Hollywood.

Jesse L. Lasky has signed a new potential star, a young French girl named Jetta Goudal, who played in "The Bright Shawl" and in "The Green Goddess." He has also elevated four scenario writers to be directors; they are: Paul Bern, Paul Sloan, Frank Tuttle and R. H. Burnside. Mr. Bern wrote most of the scenarios for the foreign directors who have worked over here, Lubitsch, [illegible]owitzke and Seastrom. Mr. Sloan adapted "If Winter Comes" and "Over the Hill." Mr. Bern's last work as a scenario writer has been adapting "The Song of Songs," in which Pola Negri is to appear. It will be called "Compromised" on the screen.

In an interview with a Los Angeles reporter, Mr. Lasky says that other companies may kill 'em in heaps and have plays ending with gore and writhings; but he is going to stick to happy endings to the end of the chapter.

EVERYONE who is interested in motion pictures is interested in writing about them. That is one of the reasons for the vast popularity of the "Letters to the Editor." And hereafter we will pay for the letters which we publish. There is an important announcement on page sixty-eight to this effect. Read it.

THE HEROINE

By Jane Cuthrell

There are a dozen different types, but one
Seems dearer than the rest;
A little thing, with hair that mocks the sun,
Small feet that eager, thru the picture run,
And young, ecstatic breast.

Styles change in women but this one remains,
For she is each man's dream,
With hair that binds him with its golden chains,
With tears as easy as the summer rains
And smiles like sunlight's gleam.

She may not seem quite real . . . but she is near,
And moves across the screen
Like Spring herself, with youthful eyes and clear;
And each man loves her, of his dreams the dear,
The Unpossessed, the Queen!

THOMAS MEIGHAN

By Thomas J. Murray

There is no sleeping passion in your eyes,
To draw a maid out to the desert sands;
No air exotic that would advertise
And spread your prestige thru the Movie Lands.
No fair and frail Narcissus who demands
Unending tribute as the seasons rise,
The soulful glances and the waving hands,
And tender notes despatched with sundry sighs.

But in the silent shows reflecting Life,
You play a part from affectation free;
A splendid struggle thru dim days of strife,
To win at last a clean-cut victory.
And in the virile field we like to scan,
We find you there, out where a man's a man.

JIMMY AT THE MOVIES

By Faith Baldwin

The picture news, it left him cold,
The "Star Romance" much colder still,
He wriggled in his seat and said,
"Oh, gee, that Romeo's a pill!"

The cartoon made him laugh; he loved
The prancing dog and saucy cat,
He liked the comedy, the way
The lady kicked off Uncle's hat. . . .

But, Oh, the Western picture . . . how
His eyes grew big at virile strife,
He watched the cowboys ride, and said,
Sincerely, "Gosh . . . ain't that the life!"

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Dreams of a fascinating, radiant beauty—of a soft, pure complexion filled with bewitching charm. How often have you gazed into your mirror and longed for that "subtile something" your appearance seemed to lack? That illusive "master touch" of beauty that would inspire the admiration and attention now going to others. Your Dreams can come true. You can give to your skin and complexion "Beauty's Master Touch." For over eighty years

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Our Reporter's Notebook

(*Continued from page 67*)

of horses and elephants for his "close-ups" and then cut them down until eight million of them can be shown in a single shot. His success depends upon his ability to throw a "cool light" on the actors so that they will be illuminated without being burned. Why not a "cool light" to replace old King Kleig, who is so merciless on the eyes.

Old loves — old friends — it's a Sweet combination. Blanche, of course, with her husband, Marshall Neilan, directing her in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and they're working together so harmoniously that the professional relationship is to remain permanent, as well as the matrimonial one. It's far from being an experiment at that, for in the old Biograph days Mr. Neilan and Miss Sweet acted together and later when he was made director he directed her in "The Unpardonable Sin," and other attractions.

The Daily Dozen—you might have guessed it—is the vogue in the Fairbanks Studio when a picture is being filmed, and the shooting of arms and legs in the air is as important as the shooting of any scene. Steamrooms and showers are as hard worked as any typewriter in a t. b. m.'s office and hikes and climbs are as strong an element in the pay envelope almost as histrionic ability. Fairbanks's actors are not likely to have to slip a medico a ten—twent—thirt—at the finish of a picture because they are all in; they are more likely to be arrested for picking up the Court House or some such little object as that and walking off with it on their shoulders.

Mary, Mary, we know you aren't contrary, but we hope you're spoofing—or were misquoted. Today in the *Daily News* we read a cabled interview stating that after making three or four more pictures you will retire, because you are not a Duse or a Bernhardt—because the type that you created is no longer in vogue—and because the public continues to demand that you stick to your type. Well, there's no telling, by the time you complete a trio of pictures the sweet, old-fashioned girl may be on the boards again stronger than ever. Meanwhile we hope, as you do, that Charlie Chaplin will direct you in the part of a Whitechapel waif in London's East Side—even tho he says he wont.

In numbers and versatility, candidates for the rôle of Peter Pan, to be produced by Paramount, almost outdo the Presidential Hopefuls. A few of the actors suggested include May McAvoy, Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Viola Dana, and Jackie Coogan. If the promise that Maude Adams was supposed to have given to Barrie, the author of "Peter Pan," that a girl should not play the part of the enticing Peter, holds good, Jackie, by all means, has the rôle—unless we page Charlie Chaplin! Norman Bel Geddes, it is reported, will make the sets for the production, and this will mark the entry into film production of the most distinguished designer of sets in America today. Herbert Brenon's name is being mentioned most often as the one who will put the delectable Peter thru his paces.

Separations begin early in Hollywood—

(*Continued on page 82*)

Flora Finch, remembered as a co-star of John Bunny and a member of countless old Vitagraph casts, is one of the chattering, gossiping ladies of the Louis XV court in "Monsieur Beaucaire." She is perfect in the rôle

MAIN STREET IN SUMMER

By Leslie Hale

There are trees to cloak them, as they go
Down the wide street, beneath the youngest star,
In long dusk, turning silver; couples, linked
Hand fast in hand, or groups of gay-gowned girls
Leaving a wake of laughter. There's a scent
Of dewy gardens and of sea and beach,
And from the old, frame houses lights shine out
And children play at games upon the porch . . .
The picture house is not so far . . . just near
Enough for pleasant walking . . . two and two,
Or in more social groups, they turn aside
From strolling and from banter, and with low,
Delighted laughter greet the Little House
Which shelters dreams, and watch, all breathlessly,
(Old Age and Middle Age and Youth alike)
The moving shadows of some dear romance,
There, in the quiet darkness with the air
Of summer stirring thru the darkened aisles
They sit awhile. And when the play is done,
Walk once again beneath the gracious trees,
Crowd to the drugstore for a plate of cream,
And linger, finally, at their painted gates
With light, familiar laughter, hating so
To say goodnight and know another day
Has sped forever, as all dear days must.

THOUGHTS FROM THE GALLERY

By Helen Hugh

How come that girls are so uncommon queer?
I watch them at the moving picture show,
When Valentino's on the screen; I hear
Them burble, "Heavensakes, ain't he a *dear*. . . .
Tie that for lovin'! Ain't he handsome, tho!"

Novarro or Moreno . . . hear them coo,
"Oh, Mame, those eyes . . . they sure have got my goat!
Dont it just seem like he looked straight at you,
And thrilled you, Mame, just awful—thru and thru?
I'll tell the world that boy can have my vote!"

I've heard 'em rave. And just across their street
There's that young, dark Italian kid . . . he's quite
A decent boy, hard-working, always neat,
Good-looking, too—and lonesome. When they meet
Him at the drugstore sometimes, then—*goodnight!*

It's . . . "Have a heart, Mame, here's that Wop again!"
And "Hasn't he the crust to speak to me!
I cant stand Ginneys . . . Hope I've made it plain
Him and his melting eyes give me a pain,
Just lamp him once! Ain't he got nerve for three?"

Say, what's the answer? Louder! I cant hear . . .
How come that girls are so uncommon queer?

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"Wash"—Don't Scour Them

The more beautiful your teeth, the more they deserve to be cleaned with the right dentifrice.

Keep yours beautiful and healthy by "washing" them three times daily with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. It contains no grit—for grit scratches and scours your tooth enamel. No cure-all properties are claimed for Colgate's because the purpose of a dentifrice is to clean, not to cure. A Dentist, not a dentifrice, corrects unhealthy mouth conditions.

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Why can't you build a plot around it? The successful photo-dramatists use the simplest themes; the biggest pictures are built around trivial incidents of everyday life. The successful screen writers are men and women who see the dramatic value of everyday occurrences. A few years ago these men and women were receiving ordinary salaries for doing humble tasks. Now their incomes are thousands and tens of thousands of dollars yearly.

Not Skilled Writers Just Ordinary Men and Women

You do not need writing ability. It is not hard to write a photoplay synopsis when you understand the principles of dramatic construction and photoplay technique.

If you want to write stories—if in your day dreams you make up tales about yourself—you are creating. And remember, it does not take fine writing, but just the instinct to create and a knowledge of photoplay construction. If you are ambitious—if you are really anxious to write film stories, *write us* today. The crying need of moving pictures today is fresh, new stories. In order that we may assist in the development of a limited number of *new writers* who have not had experience in writing either for the magazines or the screen, we have made arrangements for a limited number to receive *almost without cost* the Famous Fox Course of Photoplay writing which has heretofore sold for $85.00.

To Help NEW Writers

If you feel you have imagination, write us today. Simply say, "I have never sold a story to a magazine or motion picture company. Send me for 5 days' examination the regular $85.00 complete course of the Fox Plan of Writing for the Movies.

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If I feel that these instructions will enable me to become an accomplished writer and enable me to turn my thoughts into salable ideas, I will, within five days, send you only $1.50 and a further payment of $1.00 each month for 5 months until a total of $6.50 has been paid, otherwise I will return the course and owe you nothing. If I keep the course, at the end of 6 months I will write you my honest opinion as to the benefits I feel I have derived from it."

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WRITERS AND ARTISTS CLUB OF AMERICA
703 Clarkson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Our Reporter's Notebook

(*Continued from page* 80)

Mickey McBan, the Bimini Baby, so called because of the swimming exhibitions he gives at the famous resort, has left Baby Muriel MacCormac high and dry to play an important rôle in the current Harold Lloyd picture with Josephine Crowell as his side partner. You will remember three-year-old Mickey and Baby Muriel as the "Twins of Suffering Creek," the Fox production in which Dustin Farnum took the lead. Another separation even more tragic, perhaps, is that of Katherine Lee from her sister Jane, the two who formed the famous pair of the screen and the vaudeville stage. Katherine has been signed for the rôle of Evadne in "The Mountebank," and there is no part for Jane in the play. "The Mountebank," featuring Anna Q. Nilsson and Ernest Torrence, is being directed by Herbert Brenon for Paramount, and since Mr. Brenon first brought the Lee sisters into film prominence it is significant of their success that he still keeps a place open for them. Katherine first appeared in "Neptune's Daughter," Jane joined her when "A Daughter of the Gods" was made, and the girls worked so well as a team, that they were featured in many films together. Katherine's present rôle, however, will be her first on the screen in four years, the vaudeville stage having claimed both the sisters during recent years.

And more sob stuff from the juveniles: Jackie Coogan has not only lost Priscilla Moran, his adopted sister-to-be, but the little girl who was supposed to have in her the making of a feminine Jackie, seems herself to be lost in the shuffle. Priscilla went to live at Jackie's so that Papa Coogan could promote her to stardom, but daddies will be daddies and Papa Moran came along, took her home and said he'd form a company for her himself. For a time everything went merrily, and it was rumored that C. B. De Mille and other prominent film men were financially interested, then one day thru an ad in a local daily, the public was invited to partake of Priscilla Moran stock. We haven't found a market report on it yet. Meanwhile Jackie is doing rough-and-tumble stuff in his mountain ranch in the Sierra Nevadas to celebrate the finishing of "A Boy of Flanders," and it will be some months before he has to face the camera again, for, as we told you last month, Jackie is to head the Milk Fund Campaign for the Near East Relief and that will mean a ten-week trip across the United States and overseas. Maybe the sea trip was thrown in for atmosphere in view of the subject of his next picture—"Little Robinson Crusoe," an original by Willard Mack; and Jackie's third picture for Metro.

Baby Peggy has brought Draper Daugherty, the son of the former Attorney General, into the limelight by letting him act as an extra with her in "Helen's Babies." That's what he got for wandering around on the lot where Richard Tucker, his friend, was at work. But it seems young Daugherty's ambitions lie behind the screen, in the technical department.

Once-upon-a-time stories seem to come true nowhere so often as among movie folk, the latest being that of Rubye de Remer, the beautiful cinema actress, and Ben Throop, Prince Charming of American Millions, who were married in Paris where Miss de Remer was making a picture. Fanny Ward, who lives in the French capital now, and who has earned the title of "Mrs. Paris," because of her hospitality to visiting Americans, was a true fairy godmother to the pair and acted as hostess at the wedding reception. Among those present were the Dolly Sisters, Maurice, the dancer, Leonora Hughes, and a host of others.

It looks as if Romeo and Juliet have been locked in the closet with a few other movie skeletons—Dick Barthelmess in a lawsuit with his company, and Lillian Gish already on her way back to America after completing "Romola." Another romance too—if it ever was one—has been scrapped, according to report — Lillian Gish is not going to marry Charlie Duell, and the romantic Italian purser, likewise, no longer blocks the horizon. It was rumored that Dorothy would not return with Lillian but would remain in Italy to film "The Storm Bird," an adaptation of Ouida's "In Maremma." But this, too, is false—the Gish trio will return to America *ensemble*.

The atmosphere of the old country seems to be unhealthy for our one-hundred-per-cent. American directors, and illness in the ranks of directors of the first water is in vogue. Rex Ingram's condition since his return to America, after a sojourn in

(*Continued on page* 84)

"The Passionate Adventurer" took Alice Joyce to England. For she is going to star in this production now being filmed under the Kleig lights of a British studio. This picture shows her with her new sleek bob which is so very becoming

Photograph by International Newsreel

She Wishes on Hay-Wagons

(*Continued from page 22*)

sort of stuff she used to do. She has developed a much more interesting screen personality since she has busied herself with leading the men astray. (You will understand that I speak only of her film activities.)

When I think of the rest of the cast June Mathis has selected for "Ben Hur," I dont know whether to roll on the floor with laughter or burst into bitter tears. But I'm rather counting on Carmel Myers to give us an alluring and altogether satisfactory Iras, even if she is still young enough to wish on hay-wagons.

I know a grand opera tenor who plays tiddle-de-winks.

That's Out

(*Continued from page 53*)

celebrities who happened to be in the vicinity:

Conway Tearle: "Some star refused to take an increase in salary because he felt he wasn't worth it, and the producer collapsed."

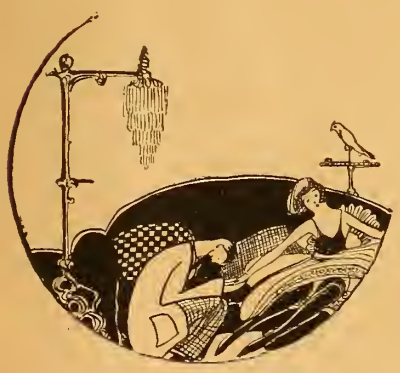
Edward J. Montagne: "A scenario writer actually sold an original story—the shock was too much for him."

Bertram Grassby: "A film company has at last paid a dividend and one of the stockholders has fainted from surprise."

Ruth Dwyer: "More likely some publicity men are fighting a duel to settle the question as to who is the best dressed woman on the screen."

And it was only a one-reel comedy company making a scene.

On the screen, the only way an individual is ever placed under arrest is by having the policeman or detective walk up to the culprit, tap him roughly on the left shoulder, and nod his head off-stage in the direction of an imaginary jail. If this exact method were not followed, it would not be an official movie arrest and the culprit would probably refuse to be taken away.



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Our Reporter's Notebook

(*Continued from page* 82)

Europe where he shot most of the scenes of "The Arab," has been such that he has had to slip off for a vacation, presumably to Miami, before completing the scenes that were to be made in the East.

The one best bet is that Theodore Roberts wont allow himself to be pried loose from sunny California for some time to come. The grand old man of the movies has improved so much since beating it back to the Golden State that he is now able to sit on his sun porch and chew the end of his famous weed. Roberts has sent word to Jesse Lasky that he'll soon be able to resume work at the studios.

But just as one favorite of the screen comes up, another goes down: Reginald Barker, in the midst of cutting and editing "Broken Barriers," was stricken with a serious disease of the throat; Clara Kimball Young, while acting on the legitimate stage, became so ill that she had to be carried away to be operated upon; Lawrence Trimble, producing director, while working on "Sundown," the First National special, has had to relinquish his megaphone to Harry Hoyt. Mr. Trimble collapsed while on location in Arizona and had to be rushed to the hospital. Monte Blue, too, had to be out of the cast of "How to Educate a Wife," because of an infected eye.

But here's one you must take with a laugh and a tear: anent Margaret Livingston and her dimpled knees. At present Margaret is under contract to Thomas H. Ince and playing with James Kirkwood and Lila Lee in "Wandering Husbands." Margaret met with an automobile accident that completely plugged up the dimples in her knees. Dimples being Margaret's jewels, as it were, she consulted a dimple-medico and was told to ride a bicycle to restore the million dollar dents. Then there's Gertie Short—Gertie supports Alberta Vaughn in the "Telephone Girl" stories of H. C. Witwer—first she let a horse step on her foot and break a bone or two, then she got smashed in the nose and fractured a couple more. Gertie ought to learn how to plug in when Maude's in a good humor and plug out when her hoofs fly.

Charlie Chaplin has at last selected his new leading lady—little Lita Gray, who was one of the kids in "The Kid," and has now grown up into a full-fledged cream-puff. Charlie denies that Edna Purviance is out of the running, since the Dines affair, and says she is drawing her weekly pay envelope just the same as if she were acting. Meanwhile little Nellie Bly Baker, former stenographer for the comedian, has chucked her typewriter and turned actress. Her initial rôle will be that which was first assigned to Louise Fazenda in "How to Educate a Wife."

An ill wind—because "Tarnish" has been postponed, May McAvoy has been loaned to Warner Bros., and will appear as the daughter in the next Lubitsch production. The story is an original written by the director in collaboration with Hans Kraly and concerns a modern mother and her grown daughter living in New York. Pauline Frederick will take the part of the mother, and Lew Cody will have another important rôle.

A boost for Havana: Tom Terriss, who went to Cuba with Pedro de Cordoba, Renée Adorée and a supporting cast to

(*Continued on page* 90)

"Say, who is that doll going into the big house? Oh Boy! What a beauty! Get me a knock-down to her!"

MAY CORNELIA BURKE

The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad

(*Continued from page* 50)

of the State Federation of Anti-drinking! Tell me, just what do you think I can do to hurt this guy and his mean sneaking around?"

"I ain't sure yet. I want you to come around and see where he lives, that might give you an idea. We certainly have got to spike him some way!" The two men went down the street together, striving to look like the other pedestrians in Pocustown—their breaths were the only evidence against them.

"Now that's the house there," said Brody, pointing out Ezekiel's substantial-looking, tho gloomy, big house on the corner. But Orkney was staring with undisguised admiration in the opposite direction.

"Say, who is that doll going into the big house? Country and all that, but, Oh Boy! what a beauty! Get me a knock-down to her and I'll see that you get that case of Five-Star within ten days! Why, I'd——"

"Before you go any farther, I'll tell you who that kid is—she's Zeke Brown's pearl of great price—his daughter!"

"Out of luck!" sighed Orkney. "He'll put a stop to it!"

"That's just where you're wrong; a little. He and his wife have gone to one of their conventions in Frisco—to be gone a week—and I'm going to fix it for you!"

THE cameraman is, in a sense, the godfather to the star he photographs. He has it in his power to give the actress graceful beauty and the actor his share of masculine good looks. For a great deal lies in the photography . . . in the angle from which the cameraman "shoots" and the lighting effects which he uses. So we thought it would be interesting to use a series of pictures of the different stars and their cameramen . . . and these will be published next month.

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Comment on Other Productions

(*Continued from page* 59)

Broadway After Dark

The old-time melodramas of yesteryear (there's an inexhaustible supply of them) are coming back to us via the screen. We may miss the villain's raucous laughter—and his hissing between his teeth—we may miss the quaking of the heroine's voice—and the manly gutterals of the hero—but their actions on the silversheet speak as loud as their erstwhile language. Naturally, in dressing up this particular sample of gallery melodrama, the producers have injected some modern atmosphere, and the range of the camera permits wide latitude in giving the picture a substantial foundation.

It is directed by Monta Bell who left Chaplin, with whom he had worked as scenarist and biographer, to make his début with the megaphone. And it is a first rate job he has turned out here. He shows us a girl more sinned against than usual—and guides her thru a series of harrowing experiences. He shows us the atmosphere of a theatrical boarding house—as well as the bright lights of Broadway and some of its much-talked-of studio parties. And he has a cast that makes this old-time melodrama occasionally exciting and often appealing. Adolphe Menjou uses his eyebrows effectively—and gives as polished a performance as he did in "A Woman of Paris" and "The Marriage Circle." And helping him out are Anna Q. Nilsson, whose charm and vivacity are always in evidence, Carmel Myers, Norma Shearer and Willard Louis.

Mr. Bell has caught something of Chaplin's direct treatment—and the manner in which the comedian handles the players. There is a lot of good stuff packed away in this piece—crisp incident, ripe comedy—and absorbing atmosphere and detail. You'll enjoy it.

The Dawn of a Tomorrow

Frances Hodgson Burnett's story of a little slum girl who finds happiness by thinking it, makes a most refreshing excursion into the realm of sentiment. The idea has often been used, but it has been treated intelligently and with fine sympathy. If it carries a Pollyanna note, it never becomes syrupy because the humanities are finely expressed. Here we have the ragged heroine, the reckless sinner, the philanthropist, the philanderer—and the unkempt Cockneys of London's slums. They are in their places—as well as the bobbies, the London fog—and some other tidbits of atmosphere.

It preaches a fine optimism without moralizing; it carries thrills—and it is finely acted by Jacqueline Logan, who injects a heart touch in her expression of the slum girl. Raymond Griffith, always colorful, tho inclined to play Raymond Griffith too much, makes a swaggering crook. This young actor has personality and a style all his own. And rounding out the cast are David Torrence and Roland Bottomley; the former lending a mellow bit, while the latter is unduly stagey as the villain. You'll like this picture. And you'll come away refreshed.

The Moral Sinner

A typically movie title, this—adorning one of the oldest, but most favored formulas of fictionists, playwrights and scenarists. Any story of a crook's redemption carries melodrama and the over-

worked heart interest. When the central figure is of the feminine gender, it takes on just so much more appeal. But the conventions are obeyed here. You will find them in the girl's unwillingness to follow her criminal father's commands; you will find them when she runs into the law, represented by a criminologist—and falls in love with him—thus assuring her regeneration.

The picture is treated with good repression by Ralph Ince. But he doesn't use any ginger for his climax—so the plot sort of vanishes into thin air. Dorothy Dalton, who comes back to the screen after a long vacation, gives a fairly effective performance. She doesn't use any shading, so her acting becomes somewhat monotonous. And James Rennie, playing opposite, gives a stiff, colorless portrayal. He appeared to be conscious of the fact that he was well dressed. The original of this was once known as "Leah Kleschna"—and served much more colorfully on the stage—with Mrs. Fiske in the title rôle. It has been filmed before by Famous Players. Why not again—seeing that the pattern is a tried and true one?

Women Who Give

Look for a homespun drama here, a sentimental gesture of pathos in the blighting of a romance. Look for a heart drama spun with the humanities expressed by seafaring folks. Look for the sea and feel its tang, its sense of tragic consequences when men fare forth in ships as their wives and sweethearts weep. The story is slight and depends upon local color, incident and some character drawing. If you expect vivid drama you will be disappointed. It is much too sentimental for that. So we put it down as an atmospheric picture, one pointing some fine marine shots showing fishing smacks at sea during a storm.

The slight plot vanishes into thin air because there is no substantial climax to save it. So the director resorts to detail, and places emphasis upon the character sketches. The romance follows the caveman formula—a haughty girl being tamed by an uncouth skipper. Its sentiment and its little humanities will strike a popular chord; and the performances of Joseph Dowling as an old "salt" and Frank Keenan as a crabbed cod-packer will kindle humor. They seem real. The pathos is admirably handled by Rene Adoree. The story may be slow in unwinding, but it is free from melodramatic hokum.

Galloping Gallagher

Fred Thomson, the husband of Frances Marion, is the exponent of this title—and with his horse, Silver King, he enlivens this hoary plot with some adventurous incident—particularly as it pertains to the noble steed. The animal is used to help capture some bandits who have over-run a western cow-town. It is typical of its kind in that the customary hard riding, gun toting, and rescuing the heroine are exploited. The novelty enters only when the horse is employed in a deputy-sheriff rôle. There is a hand-to-hand brawl which is ridiculous thru being overstressed. Thomson is an earnest fellow, who has screen personality and a dare-devilish manner and he's sure to get on in the screen world. And his horse should help him quite as much as Bill Hart's painted pony helped Bill.

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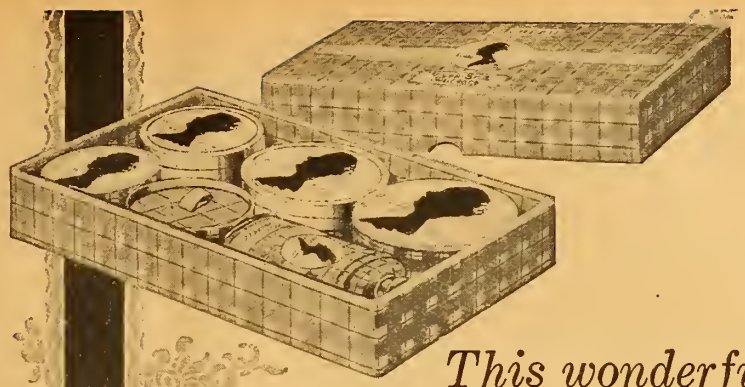

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one might be called a serial compressed into feature size. The elders in the audience will recognize it, for it came bounding into the towns years ago when Lincoln J. Carter's name meant much more than Somerset Maugham's. You simply must overlook its improbabilities and merely take into account its crackling action and its suspense. And nothing, absolutely nothing, is forgotten in carrying this suspense to the breaking point. You may see thru it all, or better still, you will see thru it all, but it has its compensations in its exciting adventures.

We will tell you that the innocent hero's sister has a tough time ahead of her in reaching the governor so that he will grant a last minute pardon. Virtue triumphs after a series of melodramatic scenes involving a murder, a jail delivery, and a fast train. The players work hard, with Pauline Stark and David Butler carrying the burdens. They deserved vacations and insurance policies. You may laugh at it, and even patronize it with a superiority viewpoint, but at the same time—you are apt to get a thrill. The hour will slip by unnoticed.

$20 a Week

If you dont believe that George Arliss is as clever in sketching humor as he is in sketching subtle villainy, look him over in this new opus. Here is a comedy drama rich in mirthful situations and delightful character portraits. The inimitable Arliss draws upon his emotional reserves and gives a study admirably limned. He plays a wealthy father who takes his son's bet that he cannot live on $20 a week. And before this amusing effort has run its course, we are treated to some capital situations and pranks. Let it be said that both father and son make good.

Helping out with the fun are Taylor Holmes and Ivan Simpson. And the youth who made such an impression in "The White Sister"—Ronald Colman—plays the son with good feeling. It's an admirable piece of celluloid — this picture. And Arliss demonstrates still another side of his versatile talent. His comedy is subtle —pantomime with a meaning in every gesture and expression.

Why Men Leave Home

Avery Hopwood's intimate bedroom stuff is given a screen dressing—and because his idea is treated with a measure of subtlety and some delicacy, it has gotten by the penetrating eyes of the censors. Of course such a story needed excellent interpretation. It has received such. And so neatly do the players touch the satirical threads that the plot never becomes heavy with entanglements. Much of this credit belongs to Lewis Stone who has a comedy gift akin to George Arliss. He can do as much with an eyebrow as Adolphe Menjou—and his eyes are nearly as expressive as Chaplin's.

The comedy is diverting in its revelations of smart sophistication. We have a wayward husband, his neglected wife, and a dashing stenographer. When events loom up disastrous, along comes grandma, played a trifle too sentimentally by Mary Carr, with a trump card (a quarantine sign), and the quarrelsome couple are brought together again. Propinquity lends its charm—and it's all over. It's a neat little number directed with good spirit—and we recommend it as worth your while.

The Blizzard

True to the Scandinavian spirit, this picture borders upon tragedy. Its author, Dr. Selma Lagerlof, who has won a Nobel Prize for Literature, plays upon a theme of broken romance, which was doubtless more interesting in its original shape. There is much revealed here which is reminiscent of the early days of celluloid drama. Its value here rests mostly upon the pictorial side, tho there is offered a forceful climax when a herd of reindeer stampede over the white wastes of the Scandinavian northland.

The scenic quality lends a distinct novelty. And anyone seeing this herd dashing panic-stricken thru a furious storm — with the helpless hero being dragged at the heels of the leader—is certain to have a quickened pulse. The romantic issue is not so good. There is a stubborn mother who refuses to be reconciled to the boy's love affair. So he gives up his violin for the reindeer. The experience leaves him stark mad. But his mind is soothed by a lullaby strummed on the fiddle by the girl. It's realistic naturally—for the Swedes go in for realism. Look over its unpleasantness and pay heed to its vivid stampede and its pictorial quality.

Virtuous Liars

This picture is movieish all the way—from the title to the final fade-out. It portrays a domestic upheaval in which a long-suffering wife sends her intoxicated husband about his business and proceeds to eke out a living and find a measure of happiness by telling white lies. It defies logic and insults the intelligence because of its conveniences. Much of the plot is detailed thru the captions, and the situations are clumsily executed.

The husband steps out of the picture, or rather steps out of his wife's life until he learns that she has inherited a snug fortune. When she gives him fifty thousand dollars to clear out—a bullet speeds his death. He met his end by stepping into a dark alley. This bit of convenience is typical of nickelodion days. The story drags, which shows up the artificialities. Among the players Maurice Costello manages to be the most genuine.

Excitement

Even farce-comedy must carry a semblance of rhyme and reason to score these days. Time was when directors fashioned this form of entertainment to bring out the slapstick hokum—speed of action being the only element considered. There is no deft touch here. It capitalizes the spirited girl who is tamed by her husband after he adopts cave-man tactics. The plot is so wild and haphazard that one might guess it as a dream. But the dream situation isn't employed at all.

The girl cuts up considerable didoes—which are heavy with slapstick and not the least bit suggestive of humor. To brighten it up, the title writer resorts to "wise cracks." If people talked as these characters do—life would be nothing but one long round of nimble wit. It lives up to its title at times—but with considerable straining to create a thrill. Laura La Plante employs a roguish smile and makes herself quite appealing. But her company is incapable of meeting the demands of slapstick.

Which Shall It Be?

A sweet little study in sentiment is revealed in this picture, which is free from any hokum, sex appeal or melodramatic punch. It tells a story of parental love, and tells it quietly and with fine simplicity. It is based upon a poem which appeared in the Fourth Reader a quarter of a century ago. Here is the peaceful rusticity of a

Vermont farm—with a toiling farmer and his wife working themselves to the bone for their seven children.

The plot — extremely slight — concerns their problem of giving up one of the youngsters to a relative. But love proves too strong and the child remains at home. Not much to it—is there? But it is told with such admirable tact, with such fine sensitiveness and understanding, that it strikes deep as one of the better things. There is pathos and—there is humanity. Anyone with half a heart will come away with a kind thought. Mothers everywhere will prize it highly. It speaks a universal language.

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By Phyllis Green

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She makes us think in pictures; makes us know
Strange fancies, alien to this iron age,
Wine in an ivory cup . . . a garden-close,
A red rose crushed upon a poignant page.

With weary eyes and lovely, yearning mouth,
She lives, with regal freedom; with each breath
She loves, and gives, with regal sacrifice,
And smiling, goes, a Queen indeed, to death!

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Our Reporter's Notebook

(*Continued from page* 84)

shoot "The Bandolero," announced on his return to the States that he intends to build a modern, fully equipped studio near Havana, and make his future productions there. Something tells us it will be the most popular location on the map.

"Born Rich," by Hughes Cornell, a story that ran serially in the daily papers, will be the first production of the Garrick Pictures Corporation, a New York State Corporation just formed. The picture will be filmed at the Biograph Studios and Bill Nigh, thru the courtesy of E. L. Smith, will direct it. The officers of the corporation are: Mr. Jess Smith, representative of many famous stars and directors, and Mr. Leland Hayward, a former newspaper man associated for a number of years with the United Artists.

We're wondering if there's any connection between a young man's fancy and a young woman's in the gentle springtime —the young woman's bent seems to be toward shopping, but that may be merely a means to an end, anyhow they're all doing it. Mae Murray stuffed ten days full of it to the breaking point—but she had an alibi from the love bunk — twenty-one changes of costume for one picture. Not so bad—no, not if you belong to the order-by-number-ready-made try-ons; but Mae rolls her own—that is, originates and designs every rag she wears. To get thru in the allotted time she had to schedule her day with a rigid pen: 9 A.M. to the costumers, thence to the bootmakers, wigmakers, and a dozen other places in order to have every detail of her costume correct. The costumes in question are those to be worn in "Circe," the story written especially for Miss Murray by Ibañez. The scenario is said to be built on a brand-new idea and was inspired by Miss Murray's fine work in "Fascination." Robert Leonard, Miss Murray's husband, will direct the film.

Clothes make the man—how about the woman? Gloria's going to show 'em. In "Manhandled" Gloria Swanson wears a little taffeta evening dress that cost $7.50, cheap lisle stockings and ordinary oxfords. As the story progresses, however, she annexes some stunning clothes costing seventy-times-seven as much as the little taffeta garment. So Gloria has a chance to hit back. Arthur Stringer, the author, did have a heart, after all.

"Hands Up!" The lady burglar has attacked the silversheet—the result, a picture entitled "The Bobbed Hair Bandit," filmed by the Mutual Film Company of England on Staten Island. Quite clever of the Englishmen, we should say, to catch the atmosphere and all that. If they'd catch the bandit, it would be more to the liking of our American hearts. But no. Ruby Blaine, who has recently finished her rôle in "Plastered Saints," will take the titled part. Extra! She's been caged!

The mills of the gods grind slow, but Alice Mills cranks her dynamo to the twentieth century speed rate. She will make a flying trip to Paris, light on the chic French soil just long enough to film one scene of a picture and purchase some gowns—computed time ten hours—and then will return to America to finish her work in "Crossed Wires." Her plans after that are uncertain. An offer to make some pictures in Buenos Aires, is one of the tempting things dangled before her.

The King is dead—long live the King—George Sidney has replaced the late and beloved Barney Bernard in the rôle of Abe Potash in the famous Potash and Perlmutter stories that are to be filmed. Mr. Sidney was chosen after some fifty possibilities were looked over. Sam Goldwyn, who immediately upon the selection, left for the Coast, to supervise the production, stated that he intends to make the "Potash and Perlmutter" pictures an institution and will film but one a year.

My country right or wrong — my country! That's the sentiment of John Griffith Wray toward Hollywood, and we admire his loyalty. Mr. Wray says that the young actors of the screen are idols of the public and when newsmongers shatter those idols by publishing wild stories, that may or may not be true, they not only harm the actor but destroy faith and illusions without which the public and actor alike are dead wood.

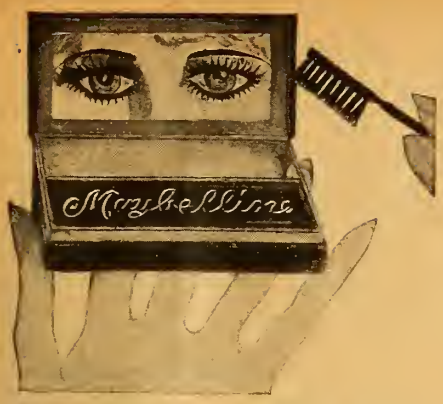
The Detroit Motion Picture Company—will it crank 'em up as fast as the company that makes our internationally known tin Lizzie? "Mary" will be the first picture made by this company. Stella Day, the wife of the president, Frank L. Talbot, is the leading woman, supported by Kenneth Harlan, Alan Hale, Arnold Daly, Mary Thurman, Tyrone Power, Henry Sedley, Florence Billings and Nellie Peck Saunders. Miss Day likes to have the cast changed for each picture because, she says it is more inspiring, but she means to have Tyrone Power in as many of her plays as possible.

Come seven! This is what King Vidor said when he started filming Rachel Crother's stage success, "Mary the Third," and had to look about for seven leading men. This is his catch: Johnny Walker, Ben Lyon loaned by First National, William Haines who had a part in Rupert Hughes' "True as Steel" for Goldwyn, Creighton Hale appearing in Seastrom's "Name the Man," William Collier, Jr., James Morrison, and Niles Welsh. Eleanor Boardman will have the leading rôle with Ben Lyon who played the same rôle on the stage opposite her. Pauline Garon will have an important feminine rôle.

The Land of the Free—Viola Dana is headed for it, that is, the film part of it, after nine years with Metro. Miss Dana is tired of being an ingénue or flapper or whatever fashion calls the sweet little thing at the moment, and she is angling for a more serious rôle; being an A-1 business woman, owning tracts of land, houses, and being the proprietor of a garage on Hollywood Boulevard, she's apt to be able to hold out for what she wants. It is rumored that Famous-Players may use the specified bait to land her in their studios.

"The Enemy Sex," not the story that you would choose ordinarily for fiancés to film, but James Cruze and Betty Compson have made such a success of the job that the picture is said to be second only to "The Covered Wagon." Betty's next starring vehicle will be "Ramshackle House," to be shot in Miami, Florida, with Harmon Weight, who directed George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God," handling the megaphone.

Mae Marsh has taken passage for Berlin, where she is to be starred by the Stern Film Company of Germany in a story of



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circus life. Miss Marsh was the first American actress to invade England's film production and now she is the first to try her luck in Germany's. It is rumored, also, that Miss Marsh may be the American actress that Griffith will feature in the film he is to make for a syndicate of Italian bankers. Foreign films, it seems, are doing more than yawn and stretch—they are determined to get both feet into the game. J. Gordon Edwards, for years director-general of the Fox Film Corporation, accompanied by Mrs. Edwards, is off for Rome, too, for a conference with the directors of one of the largest cinema companies of Italy. He wasn't willing to talk until he had had his say with the folk on the other side.

Twenty persons from the East Side of New York in a talking film—this is the latest undertaking of Dr. Lee De Forest, inventor of talking pictures. It is the first time that such a large cast has been attempted and inaugurates also exterior sounds to fit exterior sets. The roar of the elevated, as the train passes overhead, the cries of the street vendors, and the shrill voices of the children mixed with the noise of their roller skates and other playthings are amazingly realistic, as is the music of a "little German Band," which plays with all the vim and discord for which such bands are noted. The story's title is "East Side, West Side," and deals with life in that congested district.

If you want to know what will happen if you cast an actress, who can wear Paquin and Genet models like a queen, in a rôle where she must dress, not in the picturesque costumes of long ago, but in the mode of ten years past only, ask Anna Q. Nilsson. Miss Nilsson is being featured in "The Mountebank," and must wear clothes of the prewar modes, but—she happened to go on a shopping tour with Alice Joyce, her old chum of Kalem days, and all her inhibitions in regard to lovely clothes melted like the April snow. Miss Joyce was choosing a wardrobe for work abroad and every time she ordered a coat, hat, dinner and evening dress, a pair of pumps or what-not, Miss Nilsson did the same. To make matters worse, another friend who is opening in a Broadway production spoke for Miss Nilsson's services on a shopping jaunt too, and she fell into more extravagances until, according to her own story, she has enough clothes to last ten years and no bank account worth mentioning. Her latest resolution is what yours would be under the circumstances.

Glenn Hunter, that appealing youthful actor, who brought "Merton of the Movies" to the footlights, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court, with liabilities amounting to $14,096. His assets, consisting of personal effects and silverware, practically covered his indebtedness. It seems too bad that an actor who gave so freely of himself in the poignant characterization of Merton Gill should have, somehow, run amuck against the shoals of prosperity. Mr. Hunter is now on the Coast and is registering "Merton of the Movies" on the silversheet with Viola Dana as the Montague girl who intrigues him into taking a comic rôle unknown to himself and incidentally winning stardom for him. James Cruze is directing.

Type-setting is threatening the movies—no, not typography—nor anything so simple—but the type-setting of the players—that is, the demand of the public and directors that they always appear in the same type

(*Continued on page* 96)

slighted!

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 68)

I think the production is a huge success of dramatization, as might be implied, knowing that the leading rôles were carried by Lillian Gish, Henry B. Walthall and Mae Marsh.

D. W. Griffith deserves credit for the direction. His battle scenes were splendid and natural.

A word for Joseph Henabery, who played the character of Abraham Lincoln. He displayed a broad mind, and a big heart true to the character.

My conclusion is—"Why cant we have such pictures as 'The Birth of a Nation,' instead of the kind which have 'manufactured' plots?"

Sincerely yours,
A FAN FROM TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Praise for Marion Davies and Harrison Ford after personal observance of them.

DEAR EDITOR: Just a word to the Marion Davies and Harrison Ford fans. The Cosmopolitan Productions have been working in my home town for nearly a month on "Janice Meredith," and I have seen a number of the players, including Marion Davies and Harrison Ford, as I have been on location real often and watched them.

Marion Davies was made honorable Colonel of our regiment at the Barracks of which she presented the Infantry with a silver service. Her acting in "Janice Meredith" will certainly outdo "Yolanda," her latest picture.

Now for Harrison Ford. He is a wonderful actor and deserves a great deal of credit. I have seen him on location as well as at the hotel and he is always the same, very quiet and always alone. Girls, here's a little secret. One day while on location he had a treat on me thru a friend of mine from the company, chicken sandwiches which any player would enjoy while on location, as it's so hard to get a meal while working. He sure enjoyed them, BUT, here is the point, he doesn't like the other kind of chickens, so girls dont fall too hard for him, for you wont succeed. He sure is a wonderful fellow and should get more credit in your magazines than he's getting. His acting in "Janice Meredith" will also be fine.

Here is hoping your magazine prints a picture of Harrison Ford, for I have failed to find one, and I hope if the Cosmopolitan Company likes this part of the country as well as they say they do, they'll return to make "Buddy." Let's hope so, Billie!

Sincerely yours,
I. F. S.
Plattsburg, N. Y.

Commentaries on several stars.

DEAR EDITOR: I have never written a fan letter to a star, nor have I written a letter of comment to any magazine previous to this. At last I have summoned sufficient courage to voice my sentiments publicly.

I have at times tried to believe that I liked only the beautiful stars of the screen, but I found upon checking up that I was mistaken. There are several actresses I like who wouldn't be in the beautiful class at all. Some people just make us like them no matter what they look like.

Let's have some photographs of Aileen Pringle very soon. She is exquisite! No other actress on the screen, except Mary Pickford, has as much charm, beauty and grace of movement. Her face is beautiful

(*Continued on page* 100)

Street scenes are the despair of movie people. Here are King Vidor and Laurette Taylor as they discussed a scene from "Happiness" while their audience looked on, impatient for them actually to begin the filming of the scene itself

Thistledown

(*Continued from page 62*)

His acquaintance looked at him, amazed. "You mean to say you're in *sympathy* with this foolishness?"

"Certainly," replied Sam King, quietly. "Why not? She has found a man she loves deeply and who loves her deeply. She has found the biggest thing in the world."

"Not bigger than a smashing picture success," scoffed the other.

"Dont you think so?—— I differ with you then," said Sam King. "There are simple, eternal verities that are bigger than any picture you or I will ever make, Dave. The verity is always bigger than the semblance, the counterfeit. You should believe this—it'll help you make better pictures."

His friend guffawed again, but secretly he was impressed; Sam King might talk like a fool, but he was no fool!—— What was he driving at anyway?

Up in their little sitting-room at the Inn, Leon and Anna, just returned from the wedding, were drinking to the bride and groom from Leon's choicest champagne.

"Tst, now," warned Anna, "wine of this flavor is to sip, Leon—not to gulp." Then, in the same breath: "Did she not look like an angel from Heaven, our bright-eyed little Miss Dolly?"

"Heaven's own light it was that was shining in her eyes with that brightness," answered Leon. "That love-light, it is a torch dropped to poor mortals lest this poor workaday world grow baffling and dreary. Ah, they shall be happy and blest, those two!"

Under cover of his eloquence Leon's hand was stealing to refill his glass. The covert act did not escape Anna's eyes; she opened her lips quickly, but closed them again without voicing the admonition. After all, it was Miss Dolly's wedding they were celebrating—her joyous wedding. And if Leon should drink himself ill—well, he could recover tomorrow, the dear, glad-hearted, wise-hearted old Leon.

Miss Julia's reflections during this afternoon period were perhaps the most puzzled and most muddled of all. She was sitting alone in the gloomy splendor of the Daggett mansion. There had seemed no one she cared to invite to share her meditations after the wedding. She wished they'd been married here in the mansion; that simple little church service had been pretty, but it should have been more gorgeous, impressive—the expense could have been managed. She'd have liked to exhibit Hiram's wife to better advantage . . . a De Bossert . . . yes, things promised to come out well after all . . .

Dolly was really a bright, lovable little thing. Funny, tho, that Hiram hadn't known who she was, not at all, when he first wanted to marry her!

And curious, this odd change in him. She couldn't forget some of the things he had said . . . they pleased her, of course, for his alteration was decidedly for the better—but they bothered her, too . . . they didn't sound like Hiram . . . and she couldn't quite grasp what he meant.

Well, he was settling down to the business anyway; she'd always known he had a good head, if only he was willing to apply himself . . . Nice she wouldn't have to give up the home! Too bad that Hiram and Dolly didn't want to live here—a De Bossert living up at the De Bossert place . . . maybe, some day, they'd rebuild up there—a large and splendid house—befitting their position . . .

What were the two of them doing now? She wished they had asked her up to dinner—tho, of course, that couldn't be ex-

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CHARLIE CHAPLIN has picked a new leading lady—Lita Gray, the big-eyed little girl who was one of the kids in "The Kid." Lita has now reached the Apple Blossom age—hence the honor. Charlie is going to stick to comedies

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pected, their first dinner together. But she hoped they would invite her soon—she must invite them down here often—she felt strangely lonely . . . Yes, Dolly was a sweet girl and singularly unspoiled . . . a De Bossert . . . they certainly must build a suitable house . . .

Yes, things had turned out well, after all . . .

Miss Julia communed with herself until it was time to dress for her solitary dinner; this was a rite she seldom neglected, and tonight she made a slightly more formal toilette—had not a Daggett today married a De Bossert?

Meanwhile Hi and Dolly, up on their hill, were far away from thoughts of financial operations or motion pictures or entanglements with the law or any views of an urbane world.

They went down the familiar way to the old summer-house, basking now under a warm December sun. And Dolly began to sniff the air, like sea-folk do when, long inland, they first smell the tang of the sea.

"It smells different here from any place in the world," she said. "It smells—like home."

Hand-in-hand, they made a pilgrimage over their domain. Their talk was of no momentous topic—only it was the most momentous of all topics; the birds would be chattering it presently when, up in those stark boughs, they would start building their myriad homes.

As the sun was slipping behind the trees, they climbed the slope to the cottage. On the little front portico they loitered a moment. Briggs, peeping out thru a window, saw them and hastily vanished.

In the living-room, logs were blazing in the fireplace; there was no other light. The quiet was like a living, brooding thing, it touched them like soft, gentle fingers. The fire-glow leaped out and caressed them.

Dolly gave a deep sigh. "It *feels* like home, doesn't it? After long and arduous traveling—coming back home——"

"Oh, Dolly," he said.

"Oh, Hi."

And then, presently, she murmured: "And to think—that tomorrow——"

"All the days of our life," he amended.

She glanced up with tear-bright eyes. "Oh, isn't it a beautiful world!"

"Beautiful," he answered, for he was looking in her eyes.

(*The End*)

What Do You Intend Doing After Graduation?

Are you one of the vast army of girls and boys that will graduate from High School within the next few weeks? If you are, you no doubt desire to enter college next fall, but probably the question has arisen as to how and where you can obtain enough money to finance your course—now, maybe I can help you earn enough money this summer to pay your tuition fee and also give you enough spending money for all of next winter.

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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

AFTER THE SHOW . . .

By Janice Treat

The screen is dark; the music's final blare
  Sounds thru the lighted house; we rise, and go
Half-dreaming, up the crowded aisle-ways, where
  A hundred voices blend, "You liked the show?"
"I thought it wonderful . . ." "Oh, isn't she
  The dearest thing!" "O'Brien's perfect, Jim!"
"I liked the travel picture . . ." "Did you see,
  "There, at the last, just how she looked at him?"

They lose their gloves, they drop a bon-bon box,
  A sleepy child cries out . . . and lovers take
Their homeward way . . . for them the show unlocks
  The gates to new Romance; the actors make
Their own love come alive and find new speech,
  And set a spell upon them; all the earth
Spins to their heartbeats . . . moons within their reach
  Rise to illumine pictured love and mirth.

SCREEN BABIES

By Gertrude Forbes

Why must they toddle sweetly thru
  The adult plot in nighties white,
And interrupt with prayers the fine,
  Accustomed and parental fight?
How can they, at the age of two,
  Hawk Swedish matches on the street,
In order that stern Grand-papa
  They may, in such surroundings, meet?

Why must they almost drown or burn,
  And why, when Daddy finds that he
Would be much happier divorced
  Must they intrude with "childish plea"?
Or catch convenient chickenpox
  And wear—but why?—a bandaged head,
Uniting with their "little hands"
  Distracted parents by the bed.

If you should meet them off the screen,
  These interfering little mites,
You'd spank them well and wish them ill
  According to their pious lights;
But as the screen imprisons them
  You gulp a gulp and drop a tear,
Unnatural they may be, but——
  The author knew their charm, I fear.

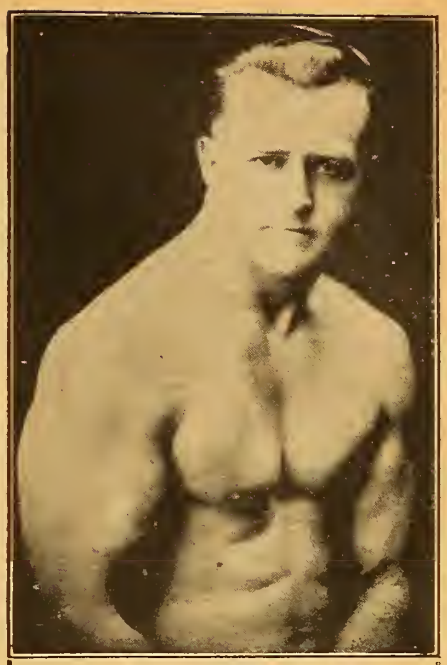
PICTURE NEWS

By Faith Baldwin

The pageant of the world goes by
  Upon the screen; we see
A baseball game; a flaming sky
  A giant redwood tree.

We watch disaster and delight,
  The humble and the grand,
A group of trooping lads, "Squads right!"
  A devastated land.

And once the Prince of Wales' bright head
  Flashed on the silversheet,
The shop-girl near me sighed and said,
  "Oh, Harry—ain't he *sweet!*"



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
The Muscle Builder

A Slap in the Face With a Cream Puff

is not a man's way of fighting. Neither can you do a man's job with balls of mush on your arms where muscle ought to be. How long are you going to drag along this way? Don't try to kid yourself by saying: "Oh, I'll start regular exercise next week." I know a lot of fellows who kept doing that until—Zowie—it was too late. They couldn't make a come-back no matter how they tried.

This Is a Big Day for You

Don't put this off another second. If you want to make the best of your life, you'll have to start right now. Come on, let's go—**you and me**—and you're going to bless the day you read this message. I'm going to make you work—you can bet your old shirt on that. But you'll thank me for it, 'cause—oh boy! —what a different looking chap you're going to be. Just for a starter I'm going to put one full inch on those arms of yours in exactly 30 days—and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that's nothing. Then comes the real works. I'm going to build out that neck of yours and put a pair of shoulders on you that will bulge right out of your old coat sleeves. I'm going to fill out your chest with a perfect pair of lungs that will pump real oxygen into your blood, shooting a thrill over your entire body and sending a quiver up your old spinal column. I'm going to put a ripple of muscle up and down your stomach instead of that roll of fat that is now hanging over your belt line. And while I'm doing this, I am also going to build muscle in and around every vital organ. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye. In fact, you will say to yourself: "What a terrible oil-can I was turning out to be; why didn't I start this long ago?"

Let's Go

Why waste time over these things. You want **muscle.** You want **strength.** You want **life.** What you want, I can give you—it's yours for the asking. I don't try to kid you on with a lot of idle promises. I **guarantee these things.** You don't take any chance with me. Come on now and get on the job. Be the man you have always wanted to be.

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It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is ten cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obiligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

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"Sitting Pretty"

KENNETH ALEXANDER, the eminent New York photographer shown at the right, has checked his camera to the Coast in order to make sittings of various brilliant women stars in the atmospheric setting of Hollywood. Mr. Alexander has won a reputation by his artistic, sensitive, and expressive studies of the fair sex.

Exclusive studies by Mr. Alexander will appear in:

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The Aristocrat Among Women's Magazines

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Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

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Our Reporter's Notebook

(*Continued from page* 91)

of character. Mary Pickford, as we have said, threatens to leave the screen because of this restriction, and Norma Talmadge declares that actors must be allowed to act—not to be patternized. The days are gone when vamps must do nothing but vamp, and ingénues nothing but ingénues. One cant, she says, with success be the same sort of girl over and over again, love and laugh and marry and weep and go thru the usual emotional contortions like an adding machine. There must be versatility in screen acting as there is in stage acting. It was the wide scope in interpretation that made filming "Secrets" so delightful for Norma. Covering a period of fifty-two years from the time of crinoline days to the present time, she played four different characters from a miss in her teens to an old lady, with locale, costume, and atmosphere, all varying. Miss Talmadge is at present seeking another story as interesting. Meanwhile Constance Talmadge is filming "Learning to Love," under the direction of Sidney Franklin. Constance has taken on another rôle as well—that of godmother to the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams. Connie is Mrs. Williams' closest friend and the baby has been named for her, Joan Constance.

The "Houseboat on the Styx"—is to be drydocked in Hollywood. Emmett Flynn, who made such a hit with "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," that irresistible comedy-satire of medieval chivalry by Mark Twain, is to film it. The "Houseboat on the Styx" and its sequel, "The Pursuit of the Houseboat," was written by the late John Kendrick Bangs a score of years ago and immediately became a catchword of humor. The stories describe the experiences of spirits of famous characters of history who organize themselves into The Associated Shades, and live in a houseboat on the Styx. Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, Lucrezia Borgia, Ophelia, Shakespeare, Hamlet, Marc Antony are all there. The men of the party all desert their loves to sneak off to see a prizefight between Samson and Delilah.

"The Man Without a Country," that poignant tale of banishment afloat, is also booked for filming. Edward Hearn will play the lead with Pauline Starke opposite him. Richard Tucker, Earl Metcalf, and Lucy Beaumont are in the cast too. The story will be directed by Rowland V. Lee.

Another mermaid has lost her scales—little Mary Astair, one of Sennett's most famous bathing beauties, has slipped into the Christie Film Company to play the feminine lead in Al Christie's next comedy, "Nerve Tonic." Mary's a good tonic for any malady.

"Araby Bound," a Century Comedy, has been shot in Death Valley with Jack Earl, the giant, and Al Alt, his antithesis, playing opposites. Why wouldn't a better title be "Before and After"? We've known Death Valley to do as good a job as that in the way of shrinking. Other members of the cast are Hillard Karr, the fat comedian, Elizabeth Kavanne and the Century Follies Girls.

As there is eternally a bumper crop of Valentinos, so there seems to have started a harvest of Sessue Hayakawas. The latest

(*Continued on page* 98)

MOSTLY SOUR GRAPES

By Faith Baldwin

I'll never write scenarios
  No matter how they need 'em,
And, like the purple cow, I vow
  I'd rather write than read 'em.

I would not be a movie star
  For all the wealth of Persia,
For such display, for goodly pay,
  Alarming brain-inertia.

I'd not direct the greatest cast
  That ever salaries captured,
My limbs are far too bow, I know,
  To be puttee enraptured.

No captions will I perpetrate,
  Nor put my wits in pawn,
Lest I should say, some thoughtless day,
  How sweetly CAME THE DAWN!

I will not live in Hollywood,
  For patio or palace,
A swimming-pool would leave me cool
  I state it without malice.

In short, I know I could not do
  Nor be nor have these pickin's,
A sage am I to blithely lie
  While yearning like the dickens!

SHOP-GIRLS

By Dorothy Allen

I like to watch them when the lights go down
And Romance treads the pathway of the screen,
Beneath the hard veneer of shop and town
They are as young and wistful as the green
Slim trees in springtime; and their eyes are bright
With hidden dreams and unattained delight.

Each looks much like the other; thin, and dressed
In styles that ape great shops and tawdry shoes
Bestrapped and buckled; ankles soft caressed
By flimsy stockings . . . Thus they sit and choose,
Munching at gum or bonbon, those glad ways
Of Life they only know thru picture plays.

DOROTHY GISH

By Jane Cuthrell

I think she was a changeling child,
  That in her veins there fleetly runs,
The blood of elf-folk, sweetly wild,
  The wine of moons, the wine of suns.

A little rogue, with wistful eyes
  And laughter quirking at her lips,
As mischievous as Puck, and wise
  With humor, to her finger-tips.

The fairies at her christening
  Were kind to her beyond belief,
And gave her happiness, to sing
  A lullaby to lurking grief.

O. K. AS "BEST MAN" *But* JUST *How* GOOD *Are* YOU?

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

UNFITNESS for marriage is the most humiliating thing in life. It stings like a lash to see your friends stride masculinely to the altar with their heart's beloved . . . to feel your own bachelor circle growing sparser, emptier, lonelier, until you perceive in yourself an outlaw of Nature, a flat, stale, incompetent specimen of man.

Yet what can you do? It would be sheer villainy to wed a pure and lovely girl whose mate you are physically unfit to be, of whose children you can never honestly become the father, whose hate and contempt would be upon your head as surely as you led her to the altar.

Slipping, Slipping, Doomed?

You can only let yourself go just so far . . . and then you're done for, squeezed dry, scrapped. Nature will stand for only so much defiance of her laws and when she punishes the penalty is a fearful one. . . . Sentenced to the doom of a companionless existence from youth unto the grave.

But Here's the Cheerful Side of It

There is more power, more vitality, more come-back ability locked in that body of yours than you would ever dream of. All you have to do to become a healthy, virile and dynamic man is to release the forces of nature in you by the Master-Key of intelligent and non-experimental body culture.

Working always and altogether with natural means, I have salvaged countless ship-wrecked lives, and reinstated thousands of despairing souls in the man-power of the nation.

Don't for a moment think that I can't do the same for you

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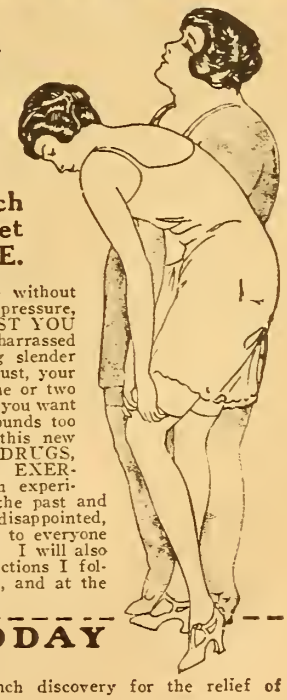

In Paris I learned a secret for which millionaires have paid thousands. Let me tell it to you FREE OF CHARGE.

If you are one of many who has tried everything to reduce without success—if you are suffering from a weak heart, high blood pressure, tired feeling, shortness of breath, all due to obesity, AT LAST YOU CAN BE RELIEVED. If your figure is such that you are embarrassed to appear in public with your husband or your smart-looking slender friends, you can now entertain new hopes. Perhaps it is your bust, your thighs or your arms that you want to reduce, or maybe only one or two rolls of fat have lately appeared? Whatever your case may be, if you want to reduce only certain parts of your body, or if you are 10 pounds too heavy or 100 pounds, you owe it to yourself to investigate this new discovery, WHICH DOES AWAY WITH DANGEROUS DRUGS, WEAKENING DIETS, ABSURD CREAMS, TIRESOME EXERCISES, and WORTHLESS REDUCING GIRDLES. From experience, I know how many worthless things you have tried in the past and in the effort to help you regain slenderness without being again disappointed, I have decided to send ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, to everyone who mails coupon below, full details about this new discovery. I will also give confidential information to fat people with the exact directions I followed to reduce from 180 to 130 pounds in a few short weeks, and at the same time greatly improved my general health and appearance.

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Madame Elaine, Dept. 41, 350 W. 31st St., N. Y. C.

Send me Free of Charge, full information on the French discovery for the relief of Excessive Fat.

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If you care to, enclose 5¢ in stamps to help cover expense.

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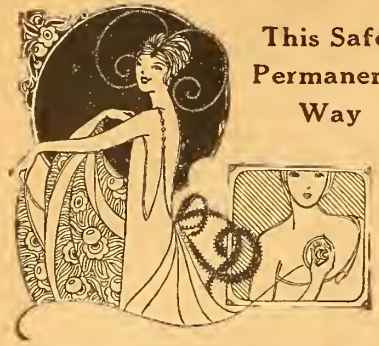

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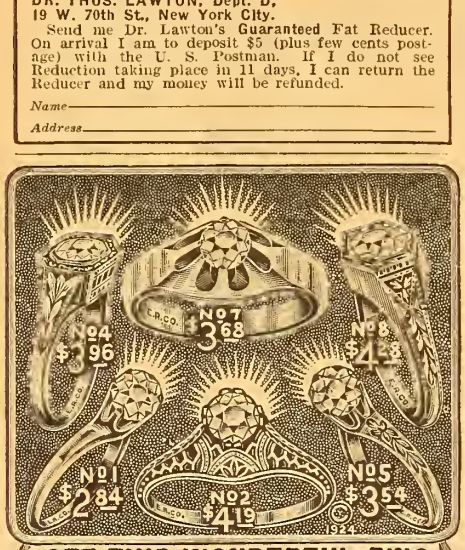

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Our Reporter's Notebook

(*Continued from page* 96)

to appear on the silversheet is Ylon Kalo, a Yale graduate and one-time pitcher and sprinter. His latest rôle is in the cast of "Souls That Pass in the Night." In "The Throwback," he acted the part of the Oriental aviator. He originally intended adopting engineering as a profession, but the screen proved too alluring. He ground the camera for two years before stepping into the Kleig. "Souls That Pass in the Night" is an adaptation of an original story by William J. Flynn, former chief of the United States Secret Service. The cast includes, besides Ylon Kalo, Lucille Ricksen, Winifred Bryson, John Harron, Charles Clary and others.

Prisoners by brevet—Booth Tarkington, Thomas Meighan, Victor Heerman and Paul Sloane—recently spent several days in Sing Sing Prison to get atmosphere for "Whispering Men," the original story Mr. Tarkington has written, location Ossining. What's one man's cross is another man's plaything.

Up to the minute—H. M. K. Smith, head of the costume department of the Famous Players Long Island Studio, has stepped over to Paris to study the fall fashions. He will return ere long with sketches and models of the latest styles in dresses, suits and coats. Famous Players stars will look as if they have just come along from the Place d'Opera, and the Rue de la Paix.

Love at first sight—correspondence at first hand always carries a thrill, or so Tom Mix thinks. It is rumored that he is studying both French and Italian so that he can peruse without aid of clergy or translator, fan letters from these passionate countries.

Clara Bow has been signed for an important rôle in "Wine." She will portray a New York society flapper, who runs amuck because of her disregard of conventions. The rôle seems to be much like the flapper rôle she portrayed in "Black Oxen." "Wine" is adapted from William McHarg's story dealing with illicit liquor traffic.

Raoul Walsh, director of "The Thief of Bagdad," has inherited some hundreds of thousands from an aunt. A good portion of this newly acquired fortune Mr. Walsh intends to invest in productions of his own. It is rumored that he is casting a longing eye on "The Miracle," with Lady Diana Manners and Orville Caldwell in the leading parts on the screen—the same as those they take in the stage production. It looks as if Morris Gest, producer of "The Miracle," in the legitimate, will get a luscious slice of the inheritance.

On again—off again—Lucy Fox has been engaged by the Elmer Harris productions to make five pictures in San Francisco. The first, "The Foolish Virgin," is already begun. Patsy Ruth Miller and Matt Moore are in the cast also. A second and more important engagement, at least to Miss Fox, is her engagement to marry Jules Forman, a silk merchant, in October. Miss Fox will then retire from the screen.

"The Worst Woman in Hollywood," by Adela Rogers St. John, is really going to reach the screen, Will Hays notwithstanding. It was reported that the movie czar

(*Continued on page* 105)

New Easy Way To Beautify Eyes

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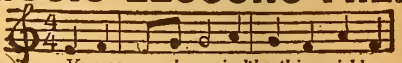

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THEN he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any *other* man would have been equally helpless in *her* hands. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just your name and address on the margin of this page with 10c for packing and mailing will bring you our free booklet (in plain wrapper), outlining these amazing revelations. Send your dime today. **PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 12-G, 117 So. 14th St., St. Louis, Mo.**

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is now more than ever the key-note of success. Bow-Legged & Knock-Kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U.S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent.

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Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

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Chin Reducer . . 2.50
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BARTHELMESS

By Colette Vidor

He has his kingdom . . . women watch
His pleasant shadow on the screen,
And think him very like the son
That is, or was, or might have been
Their own . . . their eyes are sometimes wet
With memories or hopes forlorn,
They catch their breaths to see him smile
So like the boy they might have borne.

And uncomplex and vivid soul
He moves across the shifting stage,
And holds, between his strong, young hands
The hearts of youth, the hearts of age,
And women say, in simple praise,
In splendid praise (their eyes are wet)
"He seems just like the nicest boy,
"Somehow, that I have ever met. . . ."

THE MOVIE TOWER OF BABEL

By John Flowers

"Terrible," wrote the reviewer.
"Lacks life and beauty," said the professional.
"Too much sex appeal," wailed the preacher.
"Cut that out," ordered the censor.
But the Exhibitor ran the picture to packed houses!

EXPLORERS

By Betty Tuttle

The picture house is a galleon,
A sailing ship of gold,
And we who tread its gleaming decks
Are heroes, brave and bold.

For there wait ports innumerable,
With trails we dare explore,
And Treasure Islands mark the chart
Off Lands of Nevermore.

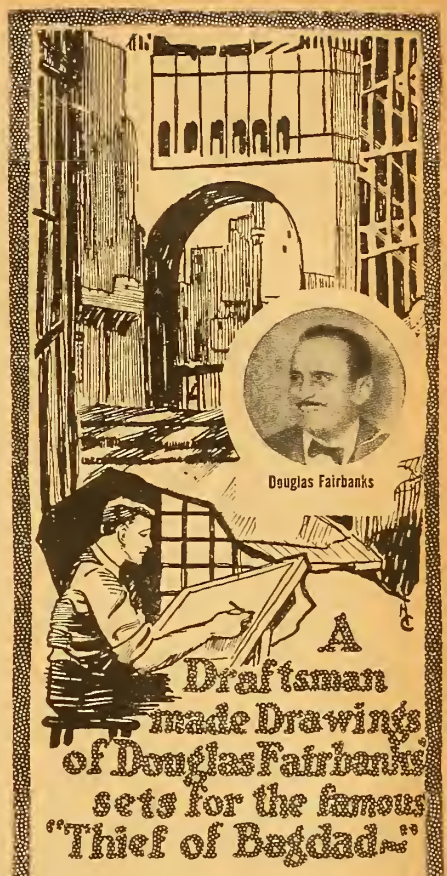
We know Adventure's stormy seas,
We taste of Danger's brew,
And sail on oceans of delight
Until the play is thru.

SCREEN FLAPPERS

By Ethel Ferris

I like to see them flap across the screen,
These pert young things, slim-swathed in gorgeous gowns,
With tilted eyes and quick, street-urchin wits,
The hybrid blossoms of the fevered towns.

Excitement-mad, and seeming hard as nails
Their beauty, like a careless flower flung
For scandal's feet to trample on, I know
How dear they are, how fearless and how *young!*



A Draftsman made Drawings of Douglas Fairbanks' sets for the famous "Thief of Bagdad"

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—you start right in drafting
—you need no previous training

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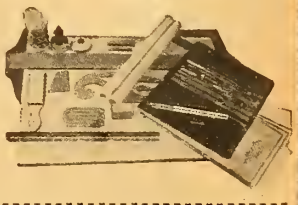

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State.....Age.....

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Noted Doctor's Prescription Offers Safe, Easy Way to Reduce

THERE is no longer any excuse for carrying around a burden of dangerous, unsightly fat when it is so easy to reduce with comfort and safety. No woman who values health and happiness can afford to ignore the accumulation of fat, for sooner or later she will pay the penalties of sickness, bodily discomforts, waning beauty and loss of charm.

A Remarkable Discovery

Thanks to the remarkable discovery of Dr. R. L. Graham, famous stomach specialist, it is now possible to reduce quickly and *safely*, without drugs, creams, diet or exercise. Dr. Graham found that yeast-producing alcohol in the stomach results in obesity, anemia, rheumatism and diabetes. Years of study enabled him to perfect a remedy that would check fat at its source and quickly reduce surplus fat without injury to any vital organ in the body. He avoided the depleting effects of starving, excessive exercise, weakening baths and electricity and produced the simple, harmless remedy known as Neutroids.

100,000 People Have Used It

Neutroids, Dr. Graham's famous prescription, has been used by more than 100,000 people who wanted to reduce to normal weight and health. "How wonderful it feels to be slender at last!" is the testimony of thousands of grateful people whose letters are on file at the Graham Sanitarium, Newark, N. J. What Neutroids has done for them it can do for you. Just as yeast preparations are taken by those who desire to *gain* flesh, so Neutroids are prescribed for those who want to *lose* it. Neutroids are guaranteed to contain no thyroid or habit-forming drugs. They are absolutely harmless, pleasant to take and highly effective.

Personal Consultation Free

Dr. Graham himself, or a member of the Graham Sanitarium staff will gladly answer personal inquiries from people who wish to take advantage of Neutroids in order to reduce with ease and safety. You may feel free to write in confidence at any time. This offer is made only to those who send for a two weeks treatment of Neutroids, using the coupon below. Send no money—mail the coupon today.

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Dept. 222--215 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

Send me 2 weeks' treatment of Dr. Graham's Neutroids, which entitles me to free personal mail advice and free booklet on Obesity. I will deposit $2. [plus postage] with postman on arrival of Neutroids in *plain package*. It is understood that my money will be refunded if I do not get a satisfactory reduction from this treatment.

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 92)

in every expression, and this cant be said of very many others.

I can hardly wait for Mary Pickford's next picture. What a delight to the eye our beautiful, talented, golden Mary is. No one else has yet achieved her fame. She has remained with us as the brightest star while dozens of others have come and gone.

Gloria Swanson's fine acting in "The Humming Bird" has established proof of her acting ability. Some have said that she was only a clothes-rack. If it were true, wouldn't a lot of us like to be one too? I wouldn't class her as a great beauty, but I love her "sassy" profile and her eyes which "have it what gits 'em."

Norma Talmadge was lovely in "Smilin' Thru." Too bad she doesn't have more pictures as suited to her type. I didn't like her at all as the Oriental dancing girl, in her last picture "The Song of Love." She didn't seem the same old charming Norma.

In "When Knighthood Was In Flower," Marion Davies was a picture that I shall never forget in those lovely old-fashioned costumes. Her acting couldn't have been improved on. She was such an adorable boy in "Little Old New York."

Corinne Griffith seems to be one of the most popular stars at present. Several of my friends agree with me that she has the expression either of having a pain somewhere, or of being bored to distraction.

The only picture I liked Pola Negri in was "Passion." Why, with her square-shaped face, does she wear her hair sticking out in bunches at the sides? It is anything but attractive that way. She also used too much make-up around the eyes.

Little Jackie Coogan is a child genius, if there ever was one. He is able to express any emotion with his dear little face and large soulful eyes. It's too bad he'll have to grow up.

Of the men, I select Richard Barthelmess as the best looking and the most lovable. He has such kind eyes and such a beautiful profile. Considering everything, I think he represents the ideal type of man.

Other stars I like very much are Anna Q. Nilsson,, Claire Windsor, Viola Dana, Rodolph Valentino, Ramon Novarro, and John Barrymore.

It would be very bad for the motion picture industry if we all liked only the same certain few actors. It is best for all that our tastes are wide and varied.

Sincerely,
ALVA M. JOESTING,
1104 M Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Deploring "Three Weeks" and a brief for "The Courtship of Myles Standish."

DEAR EDITOR: I wonder if you'll be interested in hearing what a good laugh all the middle strata is having in Washington, D. C., these days? (By the middle strata I mean school-teachers, government clerks, honorable housewives and all the honorable husbands of the aforesaid.) Well, Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks" has been here two weeks and it is a perfect scream. People go and—laugh; come home and tell their friends who had no notion of going and they attend and LAUGH. Nobody could possibly take the thing seriously, and from the lawyer who attended every night for a week, in the vain hope "that just once they would forget to draw the curtain over the bed of roses," to the gum-chewing waitress from the cheapest restaurant who laughed herself sick when the noble hero fainted on the breakfast table, they are of the same opinion: it was one of the most woeful attempts in the history of the cinema to

(*Continued on page* 102)

It's bad luck to be kept busy in California studios when the baseball season is on in the East. However, Wes Barry "listens in" and hears the score and all that sort of thing. The next best thing to seeing the Bambino hit a homer—is hearing about it

Your Face Is a Tattle-Tale

You can make it your Fortune or—your Misfortune

EACH HUMAN FACE is a positive index to its owner's character, so states Penelope Knapp in the first of a series of articles on: Your Face and Your Character. You will want to read them in order to "save your face."

THE GREEDY ONE—your subconscious self. Its quality gives or denies us beauty. An article by Florence Dorsey Welch.

A FOLIO OF TYPES—all positive object lessons in beauty thru character, the stamp of the inner on the outer self.

TAKEN UNAWARES—by Charles Le Maire, in which he tells you to dress your personality instead of your features. Mr. Le Maire designed the costumes for *Poppy, Wildflower, Mary Jane McKane, Vogues of 1924,* and the new Comstock & Gest show, *Sitting Pretty.* It will pay you to learn how he does it.

THE CHIC FRAME, being woman's background, the art of interior decoration, as supplementing the art of costuming. The true decorator insists upon seeing his client in opposing moods, in varied costumes, and at different times of day. The article is generously illustrated with unique and lovely studies.

July **Beauty** July

Dancing Thru Life, by Marie Cherer-Bekefi, soloist of the Imperial Ballet of Petrograd. It tells of dancing as conducive to longevity.

Care of the Skin in Summer, an article in which you are told how to protect your skin from Old Sol, and the Old Man of the salt sea.

Their Philosophy, four successful writers and artists in intimate interviews tell how they achieved success and beauty of life thru work.

They Haven't Bobbed Yet, an illustrated article on the long-haired stars of the screen — they need long locks for emotional rôles.

The Mad Masquerade

A Gripping Story, by W. Carey Wonderly, of a girl driven to desperation by starvation; a millionaire with an eye for beauty, an ear for affinities, and—a wife; a man deliberately engaged in a frame-up. You'll want to read it for yourself.

On News-stands June 15

Special Introductory Offer — 5 Months for $1.00

Because we want you to know that BEAUTY is in reality the aristocrat of women's magazines, we will send you the next *five big numbers* upon receipt of the introductory price of $1.00. Put a dollar bill into an envelope and mail it right now before you have time to forget it.

Pin a Dollar Bill to this coupon and receive the next five big numbers of "Beauty" Magazine. Mail at once to BEAUTY, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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When I can stop it

To let gray hair spoil your looks, by making you seem old, is so unnecessary when Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer will bring back the original color surely and safely. Very easily applied—you simply comb it through the hair. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky or stringy, nothing to wash or rub off — just beautiful, natural, becoming hair.

My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No danger of streaking or discoloration, restored color is even and natural in all lights. Faded or discolored hair restored just as successfully and naturally as gray hair.

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Send today for the absolutely Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street.....*City*.....

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 100)

put across something racy. People laugh and laugh; yet they feel cheap, too, even while they laugh, they have the sense of having had the indecency to go to a "Fatty" Arbuckle comedy and smile at some low inference.

I fear Conrad Nagel has "cooked his goose," if you know what that is. The girl's name doesn't mean a thing to the majority of movie fans and she can possibly afford the reproach she has drawn upon her name in the interest in similar rôles she MAY be called upon to perform for the delectation of certain gross elements of movie goers.

(Is this too strong? We are getting so tired of having trash dished up to us in the form of MAGNIFICENT, STUPENDOUS SUPERPRODUCTIONS, which, boiled down as to story, plot and pleasure in the film, dont amount to a fly in the desert compared to one of Dick Barthelmess' wholesome real life shows.)

There is another film I feel called upon to report. That is Charles Ray's "Courtship of Myles Standish." I have read a few adverse criticisms; I have heard none. It looks to those of us who have exhaustively discussed this (and we number not a few school-teachers and clerks in Uncle Sam's departments), it looks as tho the critics had got scared to death about John Alden's development of faith in the God of the Pilgrims, so they had to make haste and pick the production to pieces. Some of us dont have to freeze and starve to have funnier dreams than William Carver's vision of the Capitol. The storm at sea was far more acceptable than a game of strip poker, a petting party or a society swimming mêlée would have been, yet many of the gigantic productions are tossing such scenes into films where they are about as fitting as they would have been in Charles Ray's latest.

Nothing this actor has offered, so far, has been anything but true to human nature at its best, yet he is not namby-pamby. He does not need to advertise a multitude nor a whirlwind to bring the crowd to a Charles Ray production.

Other artists who invariably leave a good taste when the show is over are: Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Harold Lloyd, Monte Blue, Kenneth Harlan, Richard Barthelmess and Thomas Meighan.

Now Editor, please page MACK SENNETT COMEDIES.

DEAR MACK SENNETT: Cant we have a really good THREE WEEKS show in a day or two? Call it THREE WEAK: The King, Paul and the Queen. Let Louise Fazenda be Queen; Ben Turpin, Paul, and Bull Montana, King. I know Ben would get a jag on that bed of roses. The blonde curl of the bald-headed baby could be more emphasized—well, Ben and Louise could get it about right, I'll wager.

Thank you, dear Editor.

Sincerely yours,
E. M. SOUTH,
3501—5th St., N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

An interesting, gossipy letter.

DEAR EDITOR: I've just got to write this letter! I've put it off long enough. I've read MOTION PICTURE for six years and still like it. The first issue I ever bought contained an interview with Harold Lockwood and a serial of Ruth Roland. I

(*Continued on page* 110)

MAH JONG

Learn This Fascinating Game in a Few Minutes

Do you know how and when to "pong" — and when to "chow," and what the "winds" stand for, and how to go "Mah Jong"? Do you know what "characters" are? and "tiles"? and "Dragons" and "Bamboos" and "Circles"?

Sounds mysterious and complicated—but it is not. Mah Jong is a wonderfully interesting game that you and your family and friends should enjoy. It combines the pleasures of all games. It is truly the "game of games."

Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, publisher of Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Beauty, is the author of a book that will unfold this game to you. Go to your news-stand or book store today, and purchase a copy of

MAH JONG

Simplified and One Hundred Winning Points

***By* EUGENE V. BREWSTER**

This handsome little book (red, green and yellow dragon cover) will teach you in a few minutes fully to understand Mah Jong. It explains the meanings of expressions used, customs, pieces, how to score, and gives you "One Hundred Winning Points" that will positively help you to win. You can easily become an expert player with this book as your guide.

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Parisian beauty doctors remove crows-feet, wrinkles, frowns and mouth lines, moles, hair, scars, tattoo and powder marks, freckles and smallpox pits without the knife. This method has been introduced in America by a nationally famous plastic surgeon and dermatologist and can now be secured in the form of Home Treatments only through us. No exercises, cutting, electricity, massage, astringent lotions or messy clays. A perfect home treatment that takes from 10 to 40 years from the appearance of your face to STAY OFF.

The Social and Dollar Value of a Face—

a new booklet just out—is a worth-while story for every man and woman. It contains photographic proof showing how people up to 85 years of age have been restored to look 20 to 40 years younger. This booklet will be sent to those interested on request by the Gordon Com., 710 Tramway Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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Dissolve Them With New Cream

Why let freckles spoil your complexion? Domino Freckle Cream will erase freckles quickly. Yes—almost over night.

This remarkable, exquisitely perfumed cream is applied with the finger-tips and allowed to remain over night. Every woman who has tried Domino Freckle Cream finds that it not only removes the freckles, blemishes and brown spots, but refines and beautifies the texture of the skin as well. Don't let the sun and wind wreak havoc with your complexion. Use Domino Freckle Cream now. Our guarantee of satisfaction, backed by a $10,000 deposit in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia, insures the return of your money on request if you are not surprised and delighted with the results. Get Domino Freckle Cream at your favorite store to-day. If they haven't it in stock, send $1.00 to Domino House, Dept. F. 257, 269 So. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Soothes and Heals Rashes and Irritations

Cuticura Soap Keeps the Skin Clear

BABY PEGGY

By Margaret Clark

Is she fairy, rogue or elf,
Changeling-child, or just herself,
Baby Peggy?
Is she infant, witch or nun—
Or a ray escaped the sun,
Baby Peggy?

Should she laugh or weep or smile,
All our hearts are captured, while
Baby Peggy
Plays her many pretty pranks,
For our fealty and thanks
Baby Peggy!

Just a girl-child dancing there,
Young as springtime, light as air,
Baby Peggy,
All of summer in her face,
All of childhood in her grace,
Baby Peggy!

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOVIES

Five-year-old Bobbie knelt to say his customary evening prayer before climbing into bed.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," he began, then opening his eyes, he asked in animated tone:

"Where did you get this idea, Mamma? At the Movies?"

Is it possible for a man and woman to find happiness outside of the social laws and conventions which man has set up in self-defense? "Cytherea," the Joseph Hergesheimer novel which has recently come to the screen, finds much of its colorful interest in this very question. You'll be moved to thought and speculation by the short story based on this motion picture which is to appear in the August magazine

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IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

EPILATOR

Every Trace of Superfluous Hair GONE!

When you go to the beach are you going to be afraid to raise your arm? Are you going to shrink from the scrutinizing glance of your friends? Are you going to permit unsightly hair on your face, arms, underarms and limbs to spoil the freedom which awaits you there? Now is the time to eliminate every unwanted hair. An application of ZIP today will do more than all the continued use of ordinary depilatories thruout the summer, for it does not merely take off surface hair—it gently lifts out the roots with the hairs and thus **destroys** the growth!

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You want to be modern in beauty's requisites and you will profit therefore in learning to distinguish between ZIP and earlier methods (tweezers, shaving, electrolysis, depilatories and pumice). Your superfluous hair is too serious a matter to tamper with.

Scientifically Correct

You will be delighted after becoming familiar with the merits of ZIP and seeing that it is a preparation that does all that is claimed for it; one which is guaranteed absolutely harmless to your skin; contains no injurious drugs; is easily applied at home and delightfully fragrant; leaves your skin as soft and smooth as a babe's; and above all is acknowledged by experts as the **scientifically correct** method.

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Inecto Rapid, Notox, is specifically guaranteed to color—and permanently—naturally gray, faded or streaked hair to its original shade in 15 minutes; and not alone this; it also brings back all the normal brilliancy without injury to the texture. The tint is both natural and permanent in 18 distinct shades. It will neither rub off nor be affected in any way by sunlight, shampooing, salt water, Russian or Turkish baths, nor by permanent waving or any other hair treatments. The majority of high-class hairdressers from coast to coast, use and endorse it.

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The Costume Picture

(*Continued from page 40*)

And his lady are at last
Alone . . .
With courtly grace he
Draws her into a
Fond embrace . . . her
Head against his shoulder
And in the charm of that
Romantic moment . . .
Almost I forget the
Haberdasher's Tuileries . . .
But not for long!
A voice breaks thru the
Stillness saying:
"There's one scene she
Didn't take away from me . . .
She hogged the camera all
Thru the picture . . .
But in that final
Closeup I got her head down
And I held it down . . ."

It is the leading man.

I hate costume pictures
They puzzle me . . .

Our Reporter's Notebook

(*Continued from page* 98)

objected to the title, but this has somehow been glossed over, and Sam Wood will direct the story, probably for First National.

"Face," a *Saturday Evening Post* story, will make its bow on the screen as "Unguarded Women." It is a strong drama of Oriental atmosphere, with many of the scenes laid in Peking, China. The cast is headed by Bebe Daniels, and Richard Dix, and further includes: Mary Astor, Walter McGrail, Frank Losee. It is being directed by Alan Crosland.

Ben Lyon opposite the Negri—in an adaptation of "Song of Songs," an A. H. Wood production in which Irene Fenwick starred on the stage. Mr. Lyon, already a stage favorite, made a meteoric leap to film stardom. On the Coast for his vacation, he was induced to take a part in Maurice Tournier's production of "The White Moth," opposite to Barbara La Marr, and also a rôle in the screen version of "Mary the Third," in fact, the part he had made famous in the stage production of the same play. From there he stepped up to share laurels with Pola.

"The Goose Hangs High"—it did to the tune of $30,000, but Famous Players paid it! The play is by Louis Veach and has had a successful Broadway run. Now Famous Players is angling for "The Rabbit's Foot," by Rida Johnson Young, that is having a successful career in Boston. We're wondering if they're carrying a talisman of title-rôle in their pocket.

Mrs. Sydney Drew is at last making good her promise to come back to the screen. She will produce, as an independent, five four-reel comedies on the order of those that registered with such forcible risibility when she was starred with her late husband, Sydney Drew, the dry-wit comedian.

Looks before he leaps—that's Lew Cody—not in affairs of the heart, perhaps, but in affairs of the screen. Mr. Cody has an urge to become a producer on his own, but he's not burning any bridges. He has bought a one-act play and plans to film it in the evening after he has finished his work for the Goldwyn Company. It will run two reels and will have only three people in the cast. It will be a sort of vignette of movie production. He will give private showings of it and if it is a success, will then offer it for general release.

Earlier in this column we spoke of Gloria Swanson's hardship in having to wear cheap clothes as the star of "Manhandled"—that wasn't a circumstance to some of the other things she had to do: twice she served as a clerk in department stores selling ribbons behind a counter, and another time she submitted to getting splashed with mud for several hours—"Manhandled" is a good title.

Florence Vidor, according to the Thomas Ince offices, will play the title rôle in the John Griffith Wray production of "Barbara Freitchie." It was at first rumored that Blanche Sweet would have the rôle.

"The Queen's Love Story," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, will be Gloria Swanson's next vehicle. Ian Keith, he of tall mien,

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black hair and deep blue eyes, than whom no one could be a more romantic looking lover for a queen—or a maid—has been chosen for the male lead. Frank Tuttle, who adapted "Manhandled" for the screen, is working on the scenario of the new story.

Goin' to show 'em—Mack Sennett has gone on a fishing trip along the Mexican Coast, where he expects to make a haul of tuna, whale and sword fish. And he allows he's going to tell as big a fish story as was ever told when he returns, and no one will dare gainsay him. *Pourquoi?* Because he has taken a cameraman along with him, and if he gets a thousand feet of a big feller in action he's going to build a picture about it.

"Her Own Free Will," a novel by Ethel Dell, has been chosen by Helene Chadwick for her first starring vehicle for Hodkinson release. It is a story of a loveless match between a young American girl and a middle-aged lover from across the seas—quite modern in all details. Holmes Herbert, who recently played with Lois Wilson in "Another Scandal," will have the male lead.

"To be or not to be"—Bert Lytell refused to give a positive answer as to whether he would marry Claire Windsor when divorce proceedings instituted by his wife, Evelyn Vaughn, became effective. Claire and he have always been the best of friends, he said, and she is the finest little woman in the world. He exonerated Miss Windsor from any responsibility of the divorce proceedings and declared that he and his wife had decided to separate before he left for Africa to take a leading part in the filming of "A Son of the Sahara." Mrs. Lytell, in her suit, claimed desertion. Africa seems far enough away to make her point sound. She will soon return East to be featured once more on the legitimate stage.

"Beau Brummel" is responsible for the shooting of at least one actor into stardom—before the filming of this production Willard Louis was looked upon as a good support in any cast—now since he has acted the Prince of Wales in "Beau Brummel," he has been swamped with star offers. At present he is playing the title rôle in "Babbitt," a Warner production.

"For Sale," an original from the pen of Earl Hudson, author of "Sundown," promises to be another super-film for First National. Already engaged for the cast are: Claire Windsor, Adolphe Menjou, Robert Ellis, Mary Carr, Tully Marshall and many lesser lights. George Archibaud is directing.

"Grandma's Girl," in other words Kathleen Clifford, who will take the part of both boy and girl in the story, is a new Christie satellite.

EYES OF FOUR SCREEN FAVORITES

By Dora S. Weatherall

MARY'S eyes are like Springtime,
Like an April day,
Just ready for a shower—
But smiling anyway.

NORMA'S eyes are like Summer,
Soft as the Summer breeze,
Warm as the Summer sunshine
Sifting thru the trees.

POLA'S eyes are like Autumn,
With passion set afire;
Silent as the falling leaves,
They bow to Fate's desire.

GLORIA'S eyes are like Winter,
Sharp as the wind that blows;
Their tenderness is hidden
By the drifting snows.

ALMOST ANY WOMAN

By Grace Green

Girlhood's silver slippers,
I have danced them thru,
Laid away my ball gowns
In sachets of rue.

Gravely, I have mated;
Borne my careless young,
Learned the talk of housewives,
Once an alien tongue.

Why should these things stir me—
Shadows on a wall,
Foaming peach in blossom,
And a far bird's call?

So sedate my footsteps,
Could one guess, by chance,
That my feet remember
Measures of a dance?

And when pictured passion
On the screen drifts by,
Could one guess the envy
Or translate the sigh?

WITCHCRAFT

By Helen Clark

There's surely magic in this play
Of living shadows on a sheet
Of silver . . . and a magic way
To spread before the watchers' feet.
As, wrapped in dreams, they sit and mark
The Rose of Romance light the dark.

No dearer spell the world has seen,
No more enchantment has it known,
Than shadow-figures on a screen,
Like seeds in fairy gardens sown,
That, momently, full-blossom there
To patterned joy or brief despair.

The screen is but a magic loom,
On which the players weave their spell,
Whereon the trees of heaven bloom,
And Love's green paradise—or hell—
And those who see no magic here
Are dull and blinded folk, I fear.

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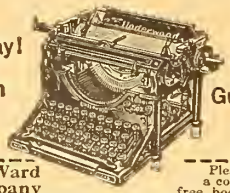

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The True Story of Fred Thompson

(*Continued from page 39*)

shepherding a flock at the Hope Presbyterian Church in Los Angeles, and shortly afterward he took his two-fisted Christianity to Goldfield, Nevada, where he remained among the miners there until the World War broke out.

Honestly, I hardly dare go on. This gets more story-bookish every minute. I dont see how you're going to believe it all, since you were not with me, and couldn't see Mr. Thompson stamping up and down the Chinese rug in his living-room as he told me about it. I would think the life-story of the handsome Mr. Thompson pure fiction, myself, if I didn't know that it is true.

Well, to resume—when war was declared with Germany, Thompson became chaplain of the 143d Field Artillery, stationed at Camp Kearney near San Diego.

Oh, that picturesque 143d Field Artillery! It was the "Mary Pickford Regiment" and she was its honorary colonel. One of Miss Pickford's closest friends was Frances Marion, and it was during this time that Miss Marion met the handsome young chaplain of the regiment. I remember that there was a great deal in the local papers about him at the time, and I'm certain that next to the Prince of Wales, there wasn't a young man in the country whom we California girls so wished to meet.

Presently the 143d went overseas, but as was the case with a good many Western troops, failed to get into active service before the Armistice put a stop to hostilities. Miss Marion was overseas also, with the Committee of Public Information, and she and the young chaplain were married while they were still abroad, if I remember correctly.

Returning home, Miss Marion plunged into the writing and directing of "The Love Light" for Mary Pickford and Mr. Thompson put away his uniform and became an actor.

He couldn't give it so much, tho, and I doubt that the screen would have held him long, had he not seen here an opportunity to stimulate the interest of boys and young men in athletics, by appearing in a series of out-of-door pictures, himself.

"I'm making pictures for boys," he said. Fred Thompson speaks in short forcible sentences. "Children learn a great deal from the screen. Much more than you may imagine. I found that out in Goldfield. Pictures were pretty wild at that time, as you may remember. No censorship.

"There was a Catholic priest there, and he and I worked shoulder to shoulder. We knew that motion pictures were becoming a force in community life that couldn't be ignored. They were reaching more people than we were. I would have, perhaps, a hundred people in my church on Sunday. There were between two thousand and three thousand persons in the town. Some of them went to see the films every night, and the children were seeing things they shouldn't see.

"The favorite excuse of producers in putting sex-dramas on the market, is that their stories serve as object lessons to those who see them. That is not true. An adult person never learns right living from seeing that sort of a picture. After you've passed a certain age you know whether you're doing right or wrong. You dont need the screen to teach you."

Mr. Thompson fixed me with a cold eye. He was at that moment every inch the minister.

"With children it is different," he continued. "They do learn from the screen.

"I was Scout Master in Washington, and Boy Scout Commissioner in charge of the Scout troops of Nevada, while I was in Goldfield. I like boys. In making motion pictures myself my only interest is to encourage them in outdoor activities, to show them the benefits of living clean, athletic lives. The moral standards of young men in college today are considerably higher than they were ten years ago. This is directly due to the increased interest in athletics. I wish to stimulate this interest thru my pictures, too. They will all be outdoor pictures. Children like those, you know. There will be lots of action, and thrills. I think they'll like my

Winston Miller was determined not to remain eligible to the Only Their Sisters Club. So he turned his face towards the movies which have brought Patsy Ruth her fame. His name has come to be sought after in casts these days

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

horse, Silver King, too. I trained Silver King, myself."

Mr. Thompson sat down abruptly and stared moodily at a cluster of yellow spring jonquils in bowl of Chinese blue.

"But I hate grease-paint," he announced vigorously. "I hate to act. Hate to see stuff written about me in the papers, too. Always did."

If Mr. Thompson could find someone else to carry out his ideas and do his stunts for him, he probably wouldn't appear on the screen himself, at all. But the disadvantage of being the world's champion athlete is that you cant find a double, and he is so sincere in his efforts to provide clean entertainment for the youngsters that he endures the grease-paint, and interviews too, since they're part of the game.

And now listen to me, particularly if you're the father or mother of growing children, believe in an intelligent censorship of pictures and a clean screen. The next time you see a Fred Thompson picture advertised in your neighborhood, take the kids and go to see this champion athlete, this man who is bending every effort to give your children proper amusement. I know of no one else in Hollywood who has their interest so at heart. I rather imagine that he's going to be popular with a lot of grown-up boys and girls too.

While he was chaplain, the men of his regiment gave him a silver horseshoe, and inscribed thereon the words: "To Fred Thompson, world's greatest athlete and a he-man."

At the risk of getting slushy, I humbly wish to add that those lads certainly knew what they were talking about. He-Man is right.

The dual interviewers, Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher, have written a one-act playlet with Mary Pickford. "We Interview Mary" is one of the most amusing and interesting of these double interviews which we have ever published. And it is to be illustrated with new and exclusive pictures which were taken of Miss Pickford during her recent visit in New York

Photograph of the hand of Miss Mildred McKamy before and after just four nights wearing of the Magic Gloves

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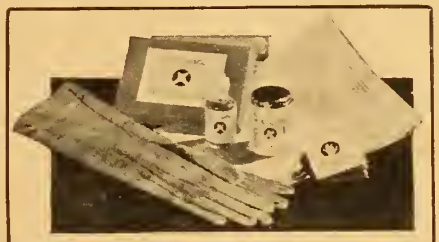

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 102)

always remember those two articles, tho I've forgotten everything else. Now I often wish I had kept that magazine—I always keep them now.

I sure like the articles that Harry Carr writes. I always turn first thing to "On the Camera Coast." Second—"The Answer Man." He has been eighty years old for six years so I dont believe he is old at all. His sense of humor is wonderful—and he quotes poetry in every answer. I like lots of interviews. Why isn't there ever any with John Bowers? And Ruth Roland, Lois Wilson, Marion Davies, Forrest Stanley, Buck Jones, Edith Johnson and William Duncan? Please give us an interview with each of them. I sure did like the interview with Patsy Ruth Miller, recently, also the one with Mae Marsh.

I'd love to see articles about the girls of "Our Club," especially Clara Horton, Helen Ferguson, Vola Vale, Carmelita Geraghty and Gertrude Olmstead. I think they are the sweetest girls. I belong to the "Our Club Fans," possibly that's why. I am Vice-President and Western Representative of that club and anyone who wishes to join, I'll be glad to make a member—for I'm sure strong for anyone who likes the girls of "Our Club."

I hope the above doesn't get blue-penciled because this is the best and really only way I can tell fans of our little club.

I sure did like John Gilbert in "Cameo Kirby." I'd like to see him in another rôle like that. The entire cast of "When a Man's a Man" was certainly first-rate. I wish John Bowers would play in all of Harold Bell Wright's books. He sure fits them. Marguerite de la Motte is deserving of stardom. Why wasn't she a star long ago? Robert Frazer was excellent as Phil—June Marlowe is fine, I want to see her often after this. John Fox is a second Wesley Barry in looks. But he is an original kid in his acting all right. I never thought such a wonderful picture as "Little Old New York" would ever be made. Marion Davies is certainly getting there. I'll never forget her Pat O'Day. And Mary Pickford was wonderful in "Rosita." I didn't think she would be, but she is an actress of rare ability and did fine. I still insist tho, that "Pollyanna" or "Tess" was much greater and that Mary should give us more child parts. If she dont—who will? Not will—but can? I'd love to see her as "Mary Marie."

I sure admire Jane and Eva Novak. "Thelma" was truly fine and a success for Jane—as for the two in "The Man Life Passed By"—I didn't see much to it. It was uninteresting—no plot. Just close-ups. I like close-ups, but not six or eight reels of them. I only blame the story—the acting was very good.

Isn't Pola Negri wonderful? I hated "Bella-Donna," but "The Cheat" was fine. One of the best pictures I ever witnessed.

One more word for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and I'll take no more of your valuable time. I sure like to read anything Adele Whitely Fletcher writes. I always look forward to the two stories of late films and the one continued story.

In fact, the whole magazine and its force are great.

I hope to live to see the day when the Answer Man gives his right age—he surely cant be eighty!

Gratefully,
HELEN GILLETTE,
986 E. 52nd Place,
Los Angeles, California.

A letter almost evenly divided in praise and criticism.

DEAR SIR: Being an ardent reader of your magazine and enjoying the letters to the editor more than any other part of your "all good" magazine, I feel I would like to contribute to your section with a few bouquets and criticisms for the stars. It's only fair to start with a bouquet and that to Clara Bow! I saw her in "Down to the Sea in Ships," and thought her acting superb, her acting was of complete naturalness, she showed no signs of self-consciousness as do so many of the stars.

Why do they allow Mary Miles Minter to play in pictures? She has absolutely no ability. Her beauty doesn't distinguish her from any of the other stars and most certainly not her acting.

Lois Wilson is an actress! To my mind Lois would fit in any rôle and fit well. She has the all-American unaffected wholesomeness that appeals to all. Wish she would marry Richard Dix and thereby unite two of the cleanest stars of filmdom.

Three cheers for Gloria Swanson, for at last deciding to take up character rôles! I feel certain that she will be better able to display her talent in these rôles rather than those of society that she has been playing when she just donned beautiful clothes and posed pretty before the camera. If she succeeds in these character rôles, I'll be one of the first to give her due credit.

Why dont we see and hear more of Ivor Novello? His acting was fine in "The White Rose," except for some of the pulpit scenes where he actually acted stage-frightened. He is splendid-looking and a good actor and the public would like to see him more.

I saw Claire Windsor for the first time recently in "The Acquittal"; there is another example of beauty without talent. Thruout her acting was exaggerated even to the extent of melodrama. In the same play Barbara Bedford's acting was good. She did far more real acting than did the star and her beauty is more wholesome.

Well, I fear I have said far too much for the first time, and that I will be kindly asked not to come again please, so will try to smother those remarks seething within me.

Thank you for the opportunity of a first time.

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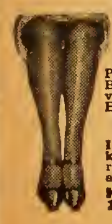

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 72*)

I. L. H.—Malcolm McGregor is playing in "The Bedroom Window" with May McAvoy.

THE LEAP YEAR TWINS.—So you think I am old and crabby. Hold on there, I'm not so old. Yes, Ben Lyon is married. Richard Dix is from St. Paul and Marguerite de La Motte, Superior. Glad to hear from you.

CURIOUS.—As La Rochefoucauld says, "Every one speaks well of his heart, but no one dares to speak well of his mind." Colleen Moore is twenty-two. Marion Davies, twenty-six. Mary Hay is playing in the musical comedy, "Mary Jane McKane." Leatrice Joy is twenty-five. Huntley Gordon in "Blue Beard's Eighth Wife." George Hackathorne is playing in "Checkers" for Fox.

MISS E. D., ROCHESTER.—Thank you very much for the rabbit you sent me. It was mighty thoughtful of you.

HIGH-SCHOOL FLAPPER.—"The Fighting Coward" was taken at Natchez on the Mississippi. Richard Dix in "Icebound" and "Sinners in Heaven." Address George Walsh at Goldwyn, Culver City, California.

VIOLET H.—Your letters will reach Mary Pickford by writing to her at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Los Angeles, California. Yes, but not any more. The second James Kirkwood-Lila Lee production is to be released as "Wandering Husbands."

MARCE.—Right now Grace Darmond is not playing in pictures. Conrad Nagel has the lead opposite Blanche Sweet in Marshall Neilan's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Yes, I guess it must be Spring fever.

CUTIE.—I dont blame you. Sometimes greater impression is made by a small tenderness than by the ardent appeal of passion. Colleen Moore was born August 19, 1902. Yes, married to John McCormack, and she is five feet three. Is that all?

LOTTIE D. T.—Thanks again. I dont know what has become of Romaine Fielding and his wife, Naomi. You know Florence Lawrence did play in "The Unfoldment." Mabel Trunnelle isn't playing now either. Guess they all have had their day. Write me again sometime.

MARION O'D.—Richard Barthelmess attended Trinity College at Hartford, Connecticut. "Twenty-one," was taken around New York. Did you know that Rex Ingram and Alice Terry brought back an eight-year-old Arab, Kada-Abdel-Kadir, as their ward. He has an important part in "The Arab."

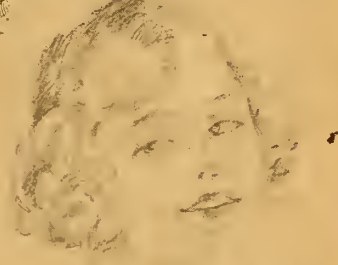
DICK'S ADMIRER.—No, I have never been to Spain. The Escurial is the largest structure in Spain, and one of the most splendid in Europe. It was erected as a royal residence by Philip II, is twenty-two miles from Madrid and contains a palace, a church, a monastery, free schools and a mausoleum. Hoot Gibson is married to Helen Johnson. Richard Barthelmess in "The Enchanted Cottage." Lillian Gish is twenty-eight. Dorothy is twenty-six and Richard Barthelmess is twenty-nine. You're very welcome. Come again.

CINDERELLA.—Yes, choose an old physician and a young lawyer. Bertram Grassby was the villain in "The Young Rajah." Lois Wilson is twenty-five. Richard Dix thirty.

ETHEL K.—J. W. Kerrigan is thirty-five and not married. His last picture was "The Man from Brodney's."

IVANOVITCH.—That's some steel-grey stationery. Edna Purviance is to play in

Radiantly Beautiful



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another Charlie Chaplin picture. David Butler and Pauline Stark have signed up with Fox for "The Arizona Express." Agnes Ayres in "The Guilty One." Bebe Daniels and Antonio Moreno in "The Wildcat." Hope to see you soon again.

Doris W.—Conway Tearle is forty-four and that is his right name. George O'Hara at F. B. O. Studios, at 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles. No, he is not married. Evelyn Brent and John Gilbert in "The Mark of Cain." Yes, indeed, Raymond McKee is playing in "Along Came Ruth."

Ginger.—Feeling kinda peppy. So you like my quill pen. It's a pretty thing. No, Gloria Swanson is not dead. Edward Burns in "The Country Kid." Norma Talmadge at 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Julia A. V.—Pauline Frederick is with Warner, and Sylvia Breamer with First National, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Adelaide K.—No, not yet. I sure would look funny with the bell-bottom trousers. There will be another Tarzan picture—Elmo Lincoln is going to do "Tarzan and the Golden Lion." May Allison in "Flapper Wives."

Thelma B.—Yes, that was Carol Dempster in "Dream Street." John and Jack Gilbert are the same and they are married to Leatrice Joy.

Mac W.—No record of Rex Lease. What has he played in?

Clemens.—Thanks for the picture. Cant very well tell you who the managers are. When you come to this country, I would advise you to get in touch with the studios, or go direct to Hollywood. There is no way I can help you. Sorry.

Florance Mc.—The statue of the Apollo Belvedere stands in the Vatican Palace at Rome. It is considered one of the most perfect representations of the human form. Yes, Reginald Denny has a daughter, Barbara. He is playing right along. Wesley Barry is sixteen.

Rose B.—Just send for a list of the correspondence clubs. Richard Dix in "The Unguarded Woman." Yes, Bert Lytell played in "The Eternal City." Your letter was very interesting, wish I could do something about it.

Mrs. R. E. B.—Ramon Novarro in "The Arab." He is twenty-four. Leatrice Joy in "Changing Husbands," which is from Elizabeth Alexander's "Roles."

Lottie D. T.—Howdy! I'm surprised that you didn't care for Edna Purviance in "A Woman of Paris." You're the first one not to like it. You say you liked her in comedies with Charlie. Well so did I for that matter. Jane Mercer was the crippled girl in "The Day of Faith." Edith Robert in "Big Brother." Pearl White has been married to Victor Sutherland and Wallace McCutcheon. Come in again.

H. R. H.—No, I am not so very old. Eighty isn't bad. The "beauty artists" can restore youth to our faces. Would that some kindly magic could renew it in our hearts. Yes, George Arliss is married. He was born in England, you know. His latest picture is "Twenty Dollars a Week."

Marion; Ruby P.; Joe; Blue Eyes; Miss O.; Frenchie; Bing; Palmera; Dorothy B.; T. Y.; Mildred P.; Princess Pal; Clara I.; B. B.; P. of W. Betty N.; Co-Ed. Sorry, but your questions have all been answered before.

E. M. H.—Well a woman's gossip smirches, but that of man stains indelibly. Address Ronald Colman, c/o George Fitzmaurice Prod. Goldwyn, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City. I dont think he has ever played on the stage.

Ruth Mc.—Well, the people who always say "just what they think," seem

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mostly to have mighty unpleasant thoughts. No, I dont think Roscoe Arbuckle will go back to the screen. Conrad Nagel and Bebe Daniels haven't played together for some time. Address Baby Peggy at 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Jack Holt is married to a non-professional and they have three youngsters. Jackie Coogan with Metro.

DORIS.—Gladden James is not playing now. So you would like to play opposite Richard Barthelmess. Who wouldn't? Helene Chadwick and Lowell Sherman in "The Masked Dancer." Yes, Alice Joyce is in London playing in "The Passionate Adventurer." Marjorie Daw is also in the picture.

V. M. PRAHA.—Mary Osborne—dont you mean Baby Marie Osborne? She is not playing right now. Henry Walthall and Alice Lake in "The Unknown Purple."

HAZEL.—So this is your first letter to me. Whoo-ray! Dont be afraid to write, I like to receive letters. Mae Murray in "Mlle. Midnight" and "Circe," and after that von Stroheim may direct her in "The Merry Widow." Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. Taking one's self seriously is a mistake, but taking other people so is a greater mistake.

ALTHEA T.—So you see your letter got here all right. Just address me as The Answer Man, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York. Your letter was too late for May.

EVELYN K.—Give him a chance. No man is a faithful judge in his own cause. Alfred Lunt completed "Second Youth" and is back on the stage in "Outward Bound." Frank Mayo at 1708 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, California. Herbert Rawlinson at Universal. Pat O'Malley at Metro. May McAvoy is with Famous Players. Dont mention it.

BROWN FAN.—Well, I wouldn't want to say. He hears but half, who hears but one side only. Count me out. Adolphe Menjou is with Famous Players, and he is married.

MARION OF HARLEM.—How's things up your way. So you think I am pretty nice. I'm glad somebody thinks so.

FLUFF.—Glad to see you again. No, I haven't married yet. And you like Genevieve Tobin. The art of understanding is desirable, but that of knowing when not to is now and again of more value. Clara Bow and Crauford Kent are playing with Baby Peggy in "Helen's Babies." Give my regards to hubby.

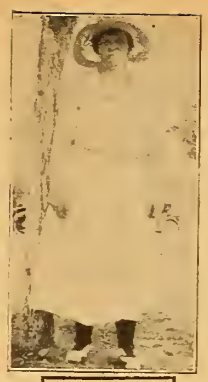
ADELINE L.—You shouldn't mind that. The inability of the average man to differentiate between qualities is often exasperating. He is likely to expect the writer of books to cook the dinner and make her own gowns, simply because she is a woman. Dorothy Mackaill has the lead in "The Man who Came Back," for Fox. George O'Brien opposite.

A FAN.—So you would like to know my name. Tell your girl friends that I am just an old Answer Man. Constance Talmadge will do an original story by Anita Loos, entitled "Learning to Love."

TED.—Why Bebe Daniels is twenty-three. No, she is not married. I dont think she ever intends to marry. Miriam Cooper is Mrs. Raoul Walsh. Reginald Denny will be featured in the George Barr McCutcheon story "The Husbands of Edith." Mary Philbin in "The Rose of Paris."

BETTY L.—So you like Norman Kerry. Yes, he is married. Carlyle Blackwell is starring in "The Beloved Vagabond," which is being released thru F. B. O. It was made abroad.

JAX.—I dont know who said "Friendships of women are cushions wherein they stick their pins." I dont agree. So you


AUG. 11

NOV. 2

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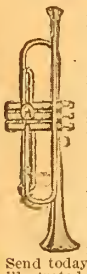

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In the July
CLASSIC

Imported Romeos
Do you like 'em American made—lovers we mean? An article by Dorothy Donnell on whether foreign lovers are crowding our domestic product off the screen will help you to decide.

The Kid Grows Up
Charlie Chaplin has chosen a new leading lady—Lita Gray, the big-eyed little girl who was one of the kids in "The Kid." Lita has now reached the Apple Blossom Age—hence the honor.

A Family Affair
An article about the Bennetts—Richard, his brilliant better half, and their two lovely daughters—all celebrities of Kleig and footlights.

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are all for Lewis Stone. Dorothy Dalton married Arthur Hammerstein recently in Chicago. Dolores Cassinelli is playing in "Lend Me Your Husband."

MARJORIE J.—So you dont think I am pretty clever. My hat is off to you. We can easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves. Bert Lytell is with Goldwyn. Address the Barrymores at the Lambs Club. Mary Astor and Bebe Daniels have the leads with Richard Dix in "The Unguarded Woman."

JAN AN.—Welcome to the throne. Always glad to welcome newcomers. Guess we will have to appoint a welcome committee for the new members. Corinne Griffith is married to Walter Morosco. Monte Blue and Marie Prevost in "Daughters of Pleasure."

LISTEN LESTER.—You want more of Gladden James. Gladden, where are you?

WINNIE WINKLE.—No man can answer for his courage who has never been in danger. Malcolm MacGregor and Ricardo Cortez have the leads with May McAvoy in "The Bedroom Window." Dorothy Mackaill and John Harron in "What Shall I Do?" So you wish that Pearl White would come back in the old serials. I doubt whether she ever will. She's signed up tho to play in pictures for the Stern Company in Berlin.

MILDRED.—Norma Talmadge is twenty-nine. Oh yes, I liked "The White Sister" very much. Pauline Garon in "Mary the Third," Johnnie Walker also in the cast.

OLD TIMER.—Yes, I am the same old chap who answered questions in this department twelve years ago. My life is of a questionable nature. So you still look for Olga 17. She has deserted her poor old Answer Man.

LORENCE S.—Why Gladys Walton is married to H. M. Herbal and she has a young daughter. Claire Windsor will have the lead in "For Sale" with Tully Marshall and Mary Carr.

VIRGINIA ANNE.—Well I am glad to hear that Anna Q. Nilsson sent you a picture. She has played in "Ponjola," "Flowing Gold," "The Montebank" and "Between Friends" recently. Well I would advise reading some of the new books.

BUNTY M.—Warner Baxter has just signed up a three-year contract to play for Thomas Ince. Neil Hamilton, who had the lead in "America," has been chosen for the juvenile lead in "The Montebank." Conway Tearle is forty-four, and if you send twenty-five cents in stamps he will send you his picture. Married to Adele Rowland. Your letter was mighty interesting.

PEGGY.—Why the Ghetto is a quarter of Rome to which Jews were formerly restricted. The Ghetto in New York City is free for all, the more the merrier. Carol Dempster at the Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York. Laurette Taylor at Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. Write to Mrs. Wallace Reid at Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, California.

RUTH B. W.—Agnes Ayres was born April 4th 1898. Percy Marmont in Mary Roberts Reinhart's "K," to be released as "K—the Mysterious." Charles de Roche has been borrowed from Paramount to play in Universal's "We are French." No, I dont mind answering questions. Of course I drink buttermilk. Whenever I can get it.

JUANITA.—Well you see what has come of your letter—I am right here to answer it. Rod La Rocque is six feet. Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven. Monte Blue is six feet two.

BUTTERCUP.—Universal were negotiating with Jack Dempsey and he has signed to appear in pictures for them, the offer being

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a million-dollar one. Dempsey is to make ten pictures at $100,000 each. Can you imagine anyone counting their salary of $100,000? So you think the Prince of Wales is the best-looking thing. My word!

ROSE R.—Gloria Swanson in "Manhandled" and Bert Lytell in "Son of the Sahara." Ann Pennington and her partner, Brook Johns, are to appear on the screen in Miss Swanson's new picture. They will not desert the "Follies" for the screen for long.

K. C., CHICAGO.—That's just it. Life is a joke and we picture it so serious. You must be wrong. Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wynn. I know, but what does the K. C. stand for. Tell me more.

DE HUMMIN BOID.—And where from? Rodolph Valentino appeared in vaudeville for three years with Bonnie Glass and Joan Sawyer. He also appeared in musical comedy for two seasons. Yes, Roscoe Arbuckle played on the stage for several years. Mildred Harris in "One Law for the Woman."

PEGGY VAN S.—Well you surely have traveled some. You say you have been in forty-two states out of forty-eight. You are a regular globe-trotter. You didn't bore me—I enjoyed it—much.

RACHELE.—The "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" is from the pen of Thomas Gray and was written during the seventeen hundreds. Surely everybody has read it. Yes, Antonio Moreno is a Spaniard and he is married to Mrs. Daisy Danziger. Rodolph Valentino is playing in "Monsieur Beaucaire." He is twenty-nine and Italian. Dustin Farnum finished a picture for Vitagraph not so long ago.

BETTY L.—No, I never get peeved. Norman Kerry is six feet two. Watch out, Betty, this is still leap year. Katherine Lee, the older of the Lee children who have been appearing in vaudeville, has been cast for an important part in Famous Players "The Montebank." This is her first screen appearance in four years.

BILLIE.—Lloyd Hughes is twenty-five and he is married to Gloria Hope. Address him at F. B. O., 780 Gower Street. Los Angeles, California. Never heard of the young lady.

ELEEN K.—Anita Stewart's last picture was "The Great White Way." She has a sister Lucille and a brother, George.

BETTY.—Well I will do all I can to have those pictures appear for you. Anna Nilsson is playing in "Between Friends." Frank Mayo and Lew Cody will play in "The Woman on the Jury." Yes, Ben Lyon and Josie Sedgwick are playing in "The White Moth" in which Barbara La Marr, Conway Tearle and Charles de Roche have the leads.

MEDICA W.—Yes, send it along and we will forward it.

LORANIE C.—Ruth Roland is thirty and she has chestnut hair. Married to Lionel Kent. You can reach her at 605 South Norton Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Yes, Warner Brothers are going to do "Babbitt." Willard Louis has been selected for Babbitt, Mary Alden plays Mrs. Babbitt and Carmel Myers and Raymond McKee also in the cast.

LUDLOW FLAPPER.—Why Maurice B. Flynn was born in New York City and educated at St. Paul and Yale University. He is six feet three and weighs 200 pounds.

MARION DAVIES FAN.—Laurette Taylor at Metro. Robert Agnew in "Mary the Third." Charles Jones in "Double Dealing." Ronald Colman in "Twenty Dollars a Week."

DE HUMMIN BOID.—You here again. Jacqueline Logan is twenty-two. No, I dont think Mary Pickford will ever play on the stage. Station W O R K signing off for the evening.

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Well, They Wouldn't Starve

By HARRY CARR

EVEN if they lost their movie jobs and the Hollywood real-estate boom blew up, some of them could still keep the wolf from the door.

* * *

Milton Sills could earn his living, even if he weren't rich already: he is a teacher by profession—a professor of psychology.

* * *

Rodolph Valentino could earn his living in several ways if the screen were suddenly abolished. He is a dancer, a riding-teacher, and a designer of women's clothes.

* * *

Ramon Novarro is a dancer and a singer. Before getting into the films, he earned his living as a cabaret singer.

* * *

Mary Thurman was a school-teacher—and a very successful one as a young girl in Utah.

* * *

Mary Pickford could go back to the stage, as could Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Viola Dana and Mary Miles Minter.

* * *

Renée Adorée was a bareback rider with a circus, and Pat O'Malley a tight-rope walker. They both say they haven't forgotten how.

* * *

Etta Lee, the Chinese-American girl, was a school-teacher in Hawaii.

Barbara La Marr was a cabaret dancer. Marguerite de la Motte and Julanne Johnson were both interpretative dancers, as was Carol Dempster.

* * *

Rex Ingram was a sculptor.

* * *

Malcolm MacGregor has two lines open for him. He is an architect and worked himself up to an executive job in his father's woollen mills.

* * *

Ralph Graves was an official in a steel company before becoming an actor.

* * *

John Bowers was a lawyer.

* * *

Erich von Stroheim was a newspaper writer and a riding-master and could still work at each job.

* * *

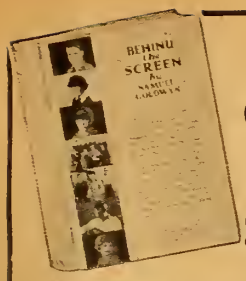
Frances Marion, the scenario writer, was a successful designer of advertising posters.

* * *

Robert Frazer was a famous portrait photographer, just as Ford Sterling was a famous landscape photographer.

* * *

Monte Blue, Will Rogers and several others were skilled cowboys and could still work at the trade.



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The Editor Gossips

(*Continued from page* 51)

of the Rex Ingram caravan, recently returned from Algeria, told us about Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro.

The dishes in Tunis are extravagant with calories. Alice and Ramon decided a diet would be necessary . . . decided, he said, after an impressive lecture from the directorial Rex. Spaghetti and pastries, favored by both of them, were tabooed among other things.

But one day neither Alice or Ramon was in the scenes scheduled to be filmed so they remained behind at the hotel when the company went on location. After a morning of leisure, reading and letter-writing, Ramon met Alice at the luncheon table. Alice had given her order. Among other things she had asked for the spaghetti and a pastry for her sweet course. Ramon followed her example and his order was a perfect revel of forbidden fruits.

The member of the company who told us this story arrived in the dining-room just as their lunches were being served and he says that two children caught stealing jam never looked any guiltier.

Everyone, it would seem, even the movie stars who are generally believed to be in high favor with the gods, has to pay for beauty.

Helen Carlisle, of our staff, wrote us the other day, and there is one portion of her letter which we remember with such pleasure that we are going to pass it on.

It was a gloomy twilight with a steady rain(*) falling when she met Noah Beery. Mrs. Beery was out of town, attending her mother's funeral, and the younger Beery was in bed with the measles. Noah was depressed and lonely and asked Helen if she would have mercy upon him and take dinner with him. Men are always pathetic at such times and he is such a kindly, gentle soul that she acquiesced.

After dinner he took her to the sun porch where he keeps all of his treasures. There are all manner of trophies there, and guns, snow-shoes, buffalo-hides and such things. Queer men-things. He showed them to her individually and some of them had a story. But finally he held up something, saying:

"This is the most prized of all my possessions."

It was a canvas chair cover, such as you would see in any studio, and on the back in old faded letters were the words, "Wallie Reid's Chair. His Friends are Welcome When He is Not on the Set."

This story has warmed our heart. For it is all too seldom that you hear an admission of sentiment. Sentiment has no vogue in this age of materialism and friendships suffer because of its denial. So we shall always be glad to remember nice Noah Beery's treasuring the old canvas back of Wally's chair.

A motion picture studio reminds us of a bad dream . . . the kind of dream which is so confused that you can only call one or two of its fantastic fragments to mind when you awake, and doing so fear for your sanity.

The other day we spent the afternoon at the Famous Players Long Island studios and we went home to seek our bed, exhausted . . . our eyes strained and

---

* *Anticipating an indignant letter from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, we will explain here that this occurred during the rainy season and is not meant as any aspersion upon the Land of the Perfect Climate.*

A Free Book for Writers—

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EVEN the writer who has arrived will find in "The New Road to Authorship" information of intense interest and inestimable value. To the unknown writer—to any earnest person who has felt the urge to seek expression through the short story, the novel, the photoplay—this book opens a new vision—new avenues to success.

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All correspondence strictly confidential

When Lincoln Was A Barefoot Boy—

EVERY scrap of printed paper that came to his hands was a treasure trove. He read it eagerly—conning every line—getting every worth while word.

What a harvest he could have garnered from a modern publication! And not the least interesting to him would have been the advertisements, with their stories and their pictures of products, appliances and services that have smoothed the course of life to a degree unknown and unbelievable in the rough pioneer days.

Nowadays new comforts and conveniences slip into our lives almost without our realizing it. We are liable to be rather matter-of-fact about it all. And advertising that has made it simpler to make and distribute profitably innumerable products at reasonable prices, has played a leading part in making our life so eminently easy to live.

Read over the advertisements and try to think what the things you see there would have meant to our forefathers. Then you'll realize what a service and what a convenience advertising is to you.

Read it. Make use of it!

red . . . our head throbbing. We're almost convinced that stars actually earn their salaries, whatever they may be.

In the first place, it doesn't matter who you are or where you come from or how many times you've been there before, it is easier for a foreigner with a criminal record to get by Ellis Island that it is for anyone to get into a studio. The High Functionary who guards the portals never remains any length of time so it is impossible to be remembered. And it takes hours for anyone inside, whose name you chance to mention by way of identification, to be discovered in the maze of sets being demolished, sets being erected and sets being used.

When we finally entered the sanctum the other day, the first set we stumbled upon was a circus. In proportions it was, without exaggeration, something like a dirigible hangar. There was the old tanbark . . . rows upon rows of seats encircled it. There was the circus smell, because there were the circus animals crying, grunting and snarling behind the bars of their cages, the firmness of which we distrusted on general principles.

Then, just around the corner, we came upon a candle-lit drawing-room of Louis XV of France, where gallant courtiers bowed low over the jewelled and perfumed hands of beautiful ladies . . . while several bobbed-haired flappers giggled on the side-lines.

French soldiers, bar-maids, grande dames, Apaches and diplomats shouldered each other on their way to the cafeteria. They shared the extras' fortune . . . seven-fifty a day and a dream of arriving in a Rolls Royce and dressing in a room with a star painted upon the door.

The star's maid hurrying by with mirror and powder caused them to stand aside for her to pass. She went with haste, for the cameras were still and an overhead which sounds like the war-debt was mounting while the company waited for a make-up to be examined and repaired.

Contrasts in bold relief under the supernatural glare of the Kleigs . . . and a sawing and a hammering, while sets are struck and sets are built and a respite from stark reality is created for an audience as far-reaching as the world.

Five of us . . . Betty Blythe, Gladys Hall, Susan Brady and an interesting English girl, a Miss Forbes, . . . lunched at the Elysée one day last month before Betty left for California by way of the Panama Canal.

We had an interesting time. That was expected by all of us, for Betty is one of those people who manage to have interesting things happen to them and who is forever hearing of things more dramatic and fascinating than novelists ever dream of. She attracts Life like a magnet attracts steel.

One of the stories she told us was about a man who, thru a combination of strange circumstances, became a star in the movies without ever having had any theatrical experience whatever. He had been poor all his life, enjoying no more wealth or prestige than a clerkship brings. His first picture was a tremendous success. But this also was due to attending conditions at the time. Money which he had known before in small denominations now came to him in hundreds and thousands. He felt generously disposed towards every member of his company and gave them handsome gifts. He gave his director an automobile. He gave one of the girls in the company a gold mesh bag set with diamonds and sapphires. He gave Betty, then a stranger to fame, a cover on a theatrical newspaper

which cost hundreds of dollars. Every stage-hand in his company received some gold novelty. His cameraman was also given something costly and elaborate. He couldn't seem to spend his gold fast enough. It was his Mecca.

That was about five years ago. And only a few months ago he found it necessary to seek a loan.

No one present had any condemnation for this man. He was, after all, only human. That is the very worst you can say about him. For money coming in stupendous sums dazes you. If you have known only hundreds, how can you know how swiftly tens of thousands can disappear. You become drunk with the power it brings. You find in extravagance a compensation for all the mean skimping you have ever done. You erase poverty's grey memories with gestures of magnificent generosity. You fling gold in every direction with the intoxication of abandon.

It is, after all, the people earning fifty dollars or thereabouts a week who are the most consistent savers. The wage-earner doesn't win his funds easily. He learns to have a respect for every dollar.

And this talk brought us to Betty. We asked her if she was being prodigal . . . if she was squandering the hundreds that come to her every week with a spendthrift hand. She shook her head sagely in a denial.

"I've learned to save," she said. "I have a horror of being a toothless old character woman, living with dusty relics of past splendor. That has made me put money by in lump sums. I've taken out an endowment policy and paid several years in advance. I've made practical investments in bona-fide securities. I've developed a business acumen. I never let myself forget that my harvest years are few."

And as we looked at her, sitting opposite us, young and regal, we thought it would not have been strange if she had not taken such an honest stock of herself . . . her lucrative years . . . her future. In the adulation of youth, beauty and success, it would be small wonder if a perspective became dull.

But we think Betty is typical of the majority of the motion picture stars of today. The others who went before them . . . squandering their gold on their way to oblivion . . . have taught them their lesson. However, there will always be a few foolish prodigals . . . alas, for the lean years just ahead of them.

A.W.F.

Mary Pickford, in her far-sighted wisdom, is thinking of what she would like to do when she retires from the screen. You'd never guess the plan which she is turning over in her mind. "We Interview Mary" to appear in the August MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE tells all about it

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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 55)

If we leave Lewis Stone until the last in our mention, it is to give precedence to the three ladies. Mr. Stone is entirely logical in his acting. He never gives the impression of going thru motions before a grinding camera and he invests his work with an understanding and a naturalness which once more acquit him nobly.

"Cytherea" isn't a motion picture which has cost fabulous thousands to produce. But it treats of interesting human contacts and relations and will interest you.

DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL

If Mary Pickford feels that the time is upon her when she must leave the walks of childhood and forsake what for so long promised to be a perennial Springtime of years, then Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall is a happy compromise. For Dorothy is valiant and a madcap . . . and beautiful in her slim eighteen years. Her qualities are prism-like . . . she is child and woman . . . daughter and sweetheart. And Miss Pickford gives in Dorothy a portrait of true dramatic values and contrasts.

More and more we recognize a Fairbanks' influence in the Pickford productions. And this tayle of merrie England in the days when Queen Bess ruled with her iron hand, and the beautiful and desired Mary Stuart threatened the throne from her island-prison in Scotland, offers Mary numerous opportunities to essay the tendencies of her athletic husband. For the coincidental action of the story, at times straining your credulity, demands far-fetched feats of daring.

As a matter of fact, it is a benevolent Fate always interceding in behalf of the heroine and her lover which threatens to ruin the high romance and imaginative spell of this beautifully produced picture. Dorothy's lover was the sworn enemy of Haddon Hall but he seemed to have entrée there whenever he was possessed with the desire to see his beloved. Guards in the grounds and on the frontier of the castle were not nearly so numerous as history leads us to believe they were in this century.

However, coincidental or not, you have an interest and sympathy in the vicissitudes of Dorothy. For in this day of individual freedom, in so far as affairs of the heart are concerned, we are outraged at the idea of betrothing two children . . . and our sympathies are certain to be with the young lovers, adoring each other, while pledged to others.

Clare Eames as Queen Elizabeth doesn't come on the screen until the picture is half unreeled but, nevertheless, she is one of the most vivid memories that the picture leaves you. Perhaps the lady will upset some of your traditional, conventional and preconceived notions of England's virgin queen, "a king in petticoats," but we have a conviction that she is more nearly truthful to the woman whose rule went so far in making history, and further in making legendary romance, than others have been. Miss Eames dares to lift the imperial mask Elizabeth wore and we find her a woman torn by jealousies, vanities and ambitions.

The rest of the cast is adequate if not brilliant. Lottie Pickford Forrest is Jennie, Mistress Dorothy's loyal maid. Allan Forrest is the lover. Marc MacDermott is Malcolm, betrothed of Dorothy and heir to the House of Vernon, thru a cousinship. And Estelle Taylor is an imaginative and lovely Mary of Scots.

The photography which gives the beauti-

When Grandma Was a Girl —and Now!

The Modern Woman Needs More Money —*and Gets It!*

The modern woman needs more money than her grandmother did. The demands of her every-day life are far more complicated, involve expenditures undreamed of "when grandma was a girl." And, unlike the women of past generations, the modern woman can—and does—go after whatever it is that she wants.

Extra Money *for* Extra Things!

How much more interesting and enjoyable life is when we can bring color and variety into its prosaic routine, by indulging an occasional whim.

Yes, of course, whims are apt to cost money. But that need not worry you.

To show you why it need not, we have taken the time and space here to tell you about a little booklet called "The Open Road To An Independent Income," which will tell you how you can easily earn from as little as $5.00 to as much as $100.00 extra each month.

We can use representatives at once to collect renewals and solicit new subscriptions for the **Motion Picture Magazine, Classic** and **Beauty**, and we stand ready to pay you liberally for either spare time or full time work.

Motion Picture Magazine is one of the most firmly established magazines in the country, and now has a serial novel in addition to all its other splendid features. **Classic**, which has been combined with **Shadowland**, offers a more diversified and cosmopolite appeal than ever before. **Beauty** is the only magazine published which caters exclusively to this subject, so all-important to women, and because of its unique appeal, is acclaimed with enthusiasm everywhere.

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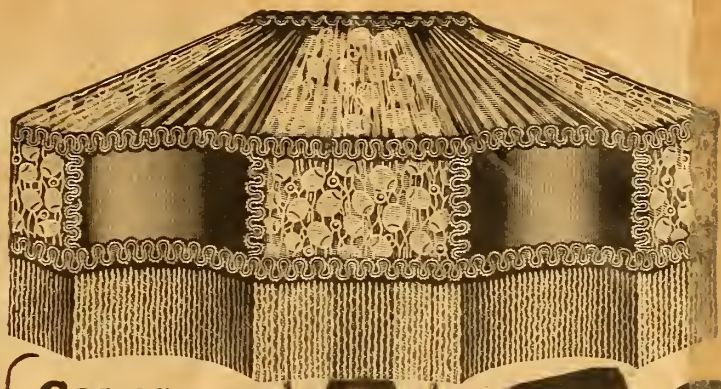

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"I won't be home for dinner to-night"

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Probably the only thing he is hu[illegible] Delicious, unusual dishes pro[illegible] lightfully served—the kind of [illegible] and hotels, but not at home!

To-day there is no excuse for [illegible] cooking. The New Butterick [illegible] not only hundreds of recipes to [illegible] expert advice on serving, setti[illegible] foods, carving and scientific in[illegible] values. No recipe can possib[illegible] the careful instructions given [illegible] The New Butterick Cook Boo[illegible]

Just a Few Items from the Table of Contents

- Appetizers
- Soups and Soup Accessories
- Garnishes
- Stuffing and Sauces for Fish, Meat, Poultry and Game
- Pressure Cooker
- French Recipes
- Entrées
- Made-Over Dishes
- Meat Substitutes
- Chafing-Dish Recipes
- Casserole Cookery
- Fireless Cooker

What Does Your Husband Really Think of Your Pie-Crust?

Not what he says, but how he *eats* it, will tell you the truth. A good pie-crust covers a multitude of domestic sins. Give a man good pie and good coffee and he will tell the world you are a good cook. Good pastry isn't hard to make—but you must know—not experiment; you must [illegible] not guess. See The New Butterick Cook Book.

The New BUTTERICK CO[illegible] BOOK

Every Possible Kind of Pickle, Preserve and Jelly

is included in the "canning" section of The New Butterick Cook Book, starting page 673. The cold-pack method of canning, the open-kettle method, various hot-water bath processes, are all discussed; and time charts for all these methods and the various foods are also given.

53 Ways to Quench Your Thirst

Drinks for hot weather, cold weather, any weather—you will find concoctions to suit every taste in the beverage section of The New Butterick Cook Book, starting page 603.

Unusual Recipes

En Casserole cooking, made-over dishes, meat substitutes, appetizers, garnishes — all found in The New Butterick Cook Book.

In Case of Illness

can you prepare an invalid's tray day after day so that it will be both tasty and nourishing? Beef tea, egg-nogs, chicken broth, rice jelly—these are a few suggestions in The New Butterick Cook Book. See page 662.

A Day of F[illegible] a [illegible]

Fish en coquilles [illegible] mocha pudding—[illegible] Parisian delicacie[illegible] New Butterick Co[illegible]

Can You Ser[illegible] In Ru[illegible]

For information [illegible] the table, for plac[illegible] seating the guests, [illegible] Butterick Cook B[illegible]

Can you Co[illegible] In the F[illegible]

The next time you [illegible] and won't be bac[illegible] prepare dinner, t[illegible] New Butterick C[illegible]

A Chafi[illegible]

Seventeen delicio[illegible] suppers—lobster [illegible] etc.—you will find [illegible] Cook Book. See [illegible]

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